

I Am Loaded 551

Chapter 551: The Violent Storyteller

“Saint Servant, Storyteller!”

Almost at the instant the red dress Fell, Night Guardian’s gaze was fixed on the person who had arrived.

He was certain that the Storyteller who had appeared this time was no longer the avatar that he had faced the other time.

This was because if it was an avatar, it was impossible for the other party to control all the Red Coats present at the same time in the blink of an eye!

Almost at the same time, the Red Coats all recognized the red-clothed man from the bottom of their hearts.

Furthermore, they had a clear understanding of the strength of this person.

“The Peak of Cutting Path, survivor of the Nine Death Thunder Calamity.”

“He is only half a step away from the Higher Void stage!”

It could be said that this was a man who had one foot at the peak of the world!

“Screech—”

The first to be released was not the Red Coats, but the Holy War Black Angel with the Fourth Sword.

The Storyteller could control the entire scene.

But it was clear he could not control the Fourth Sword.

In just an instant, the Holy War Black Angel broke free from the restraints. Then, he lifted the black sword and slashed towards... Heiming!

Heiming’s face instantly turned angry.

He had experienced the Storyteller’s tactics before.

But every time this guy appeared, he was always caught so off guard.

In a situation where there was no time to react, it was a difficult problem to break free from the restraints.

This ghost beast... Must be sick!

Was it trying to add insult to injury?

“I’ve been waiting for you for a long time.”

Just as Heiming was still struggling to dodge the attack of the Fourth Sword, Lan Ling’s red lips curled up slightly and she laughed softly.

“Heaven Sealing Array, draw!”

With a soft shout, the power that was trying to break through the ancient book space gathered in the Red Coat's bodies was instantly sucked dry by the Heaven Sealing Array.

Before anyone could react, Lan Ling's fingers, that were also restrained, trembled slightly.

"Release."

Dozens of light beams descended from the sky and instantly enveloped the Red Coats.

The Storyteller's vision blurred, and Lan Ling had already disappeared from his hand.

He raised his eyes again.

All the Red Coats appeared above his head.

Night Guardian, Xin, the panicked Heiming, and the dozens of confused Red Coats lowered their heads at the same time, and their gazes fell on the storyteller below.

The scene seemed to have quietened down.

Even the Red Coast did not expect that their own power, which seemed to be about to break through the realm, could be used to deal with the Storyteller.

"Lan Ling, this?"

Xin turned and moved to Lan Ling's side immediately.

The situation had been urgent previously, so Lan Ling's telepathic communication only gave a rough description.

They understood that the situation had changed, and they needed to break through this world first.

Who would have thought that the Storyteller would come out!

Had this fellow been hiding here all this time?

"The Yin Yang Life and Death Trap, ancient book space?" Night Guardian also tilted his gaze, and he had already noticed something.

"Mm."

Lan Ling nodded her head, and before she could say anything.

"Damn!"

A furious curse came from the side. Heiming looked at the Holy War Black Angel who continued to pounce on him like a clingy spirit, and his entire person became irritable.

"Don't act alone."

Just as he was about to rush over to execute a battle to the death, Lan Ling stopped him.

"Heaven Sealing Array, shift."

She waved her hand.

The Holy War Black Angel, who was holding a sword, and the four Minotaurs who were still imprisoned, were suddenly shifted several kilometers away.

“The most urgent matter now is the Storyteller.”

Lan Ling’s gaze never left the red-clothed man from the beginning until the end.

When this person appeared, the center of the battlefield had already shifted.

Even if their Red Coat and Ghost Beast were their main objectives.

Seeing that Heiming still wanted to continue, Lan Ling immediately added, “If you act alone, you die.”

Click.

Heiming’s stomp tore through space and braked forcefully, stopping his footsteps.

This damned woman...

Although he was somewhat displeased with Lan Ling’s order, Heiming also thought that he couldn’t act recklessly once the Saint Servant appeared.

At that time, the fear of being dominated by the Storyteller’s fantasy realm in the Eighth Palace surged into his heart once again.

If he really left the Red Coats, perhaps this step of his would really lead him straight to death!

“Pop, pop, pop.”

A crisp sound came from below.

The Storyteller couldn’t help but pat his left and right palms with his right hand, his face full of praise.

“Amazing, tsk tsk, amazing.”

“As expected of a Red Coat...”

Second Brother was right. He had really underestimated these guys.

“I didn’t expect that he could use the power of the great array to change the Way of the Heavens within his space,” the Storyteller said while shaking his head.

“You flatter me.”

Lan Ling narrowed her eyes and said, “But he’s just a spirit array master. He’s just well-prepared. He can’t be compared to the legendary Seventh Chief, Saint Servant.”

“Hmm...” The Storyteller tilted his head and made a long sound. Then, he snapped his fingers.

“You’re right.”

“He’s just... Well, you’re very self-aware.”

Xin was immediately provoked by the red-clothed man.

He chickened out and didn't say anything.

Why were his words so hateful?

"Damn pervert, can you put away your finger? I... Mmm."

As he spoke, Xin suddenly felt as if he had been silenced and couldn't say anything.

He turned his head.

Obviously, at this time, the thing that could shut him up should be the power of Lan Ling's great array.

He rolled his eyes.

"Mmm mmm mmm?"

— Why did you shut me up?

Lan Ling didn't pay attention to him, because the atmosphere in the world seemed to have turned cold because of Xin's words.

Others didn't know, but she knew it clearly.

The word "pervert" was like a thorn in the Seventh Chief Saint Servant's side. It was completely and utterly taboo!

As expected..

"What did you say just now?"

The corners of the Storyteller's mouth twitched, and his eyebrows were even squeezed to the point that one was bigger than the other because he couldn't suppress his anger.

"Pervert?"

His arms thrust forward.

"Whoosh!"

Before everyone could react, they felt the void distort.

They came back to their senses.

Xin had been caught by the Storyteller.

"No!" Lan Ling shouted.

It was too late.

Sizzle.

Two fingers stabbed into Xin's throat, and his blood splattered.

Xin's throat was pierced through. When the Storyteller pulled his hands back, a bloody piece of cartilage had appeared between his two fingers.

“Pfft!”

Xin spat out a mouthful of blood. The hole in his throat was bleeding profusely.

He wanted to resist.

However, even though Xin tried his best to muster up all the spiritual source in his body, he could not even make the slightest mark on the thin, delicate hands that were on his neck.

The veins on his neck bulged.

However, all the energy movement in his body had been sealed.

Even the Way of the Heavens around him had been completely cut off by the Storyteller.

His Red Coat companions was clearly not far above his head.

However, at this moment, Xin could only feel helpless and isolated from the rest of the world!

All he could do to resist was to force his injuries to worsen and the blood in his throat to spurt out faster.

To the Storyteller, it was meaningless!

“This guy...”

Xin’s heart suddenly clenched.

Pain was nothing to him.

But with just this move, he knew.

He knew that the strength of these two parties were not on the same level.

They were completely crushed!

As long as the Storyteller wanted to, no one on the Red Coat’s side could stop him.

This was an existence that only the Moonless Sword Deity could capture!

“Adam’s apple...”

The storyteller played with the small bone in his hand and knocked his own with the back of his hand.

But it didn’t.

He smiled and pressed the small bone into Xin’s throat again. He whispered into Xin’s ear, “Remember, there won’t be a next time.”

“Pfft!”

Xin spat out another mouthful of blood after being hit by the second attack.

He felt that his supposed “golden mystic spiritual body” was more like a decoration in front of this red-clothed man.

The other party did not even need to use any spiritual source.

He only used the Way of the Heavens to seal everything.

A casual attack could cause fatal damage to him.

At this moment, the Red Coats above them were once again released from their restraints.

“Xin!”

Night Guardian’s face darkened.

In front of the Red Coats, Xin was taken down in one go.

This was not just a matter of face. The other party’s provocation was simply intolerable!

“Darkness, devour the sky!”

Almost at the moment when the raging killer instinct bloomed, the sky was immediately engulfed by darkness.

“Oh, it’s you?”

Once this familiar power appeared, the Storyteller could not help but cast his gaze over.

Night Guardian did not even dare to hide even half of his strength. His move was his trump card.

Not only did he use the dark power to change the Heavens and Earth Order at the first moment, his entire body also began to emit Grand Vital Energy.

“Little Old Man...”

The Storyteller’s palm tightened, and Xin’s throat was distorted.

“Cough cough... pfft.”

Xin spat out another mouthful of blood.

Killer instinct appeared in the Storyteller’s eyes.

The anger of an incarnation that had been destroyed for no reason not long ago surged into his heart.

The Storyteller, who had not planned to explode at this moment, could not hold it in anymore when he saw that the Night Guardian had actually made a move.

He raised his hand.

“Wait!”

Lan Ling shouted, just in time.

She immediately dashed to the side of the Night Guardian and clapped him on the shoulder.

“Relax, let me do it.”

The Night Guardian looked sideways. His eyes were full of awe and he was silent.

“Trust me.”

Lan Ling nodded very seriously.

Only then did the Night Guardian suppress the impulse in his heart and withdraw his Grand Vital Energy.

However, the darkness in the sky continued to advance and took control of the battlefield directly.

In a situation where their strength was weaker than the other party's, the Red Coats would not be able to fight at all and would be at the mercy of others even if they had a geographical advantage.

“Little girl...”

The Storyteller squeezed out a smile again. “You're so confident.”

“Storyteller, you don't want to kill people, right?” Lan Ling tilted her head and looked over.

“Oh?”

The Storyteller raised his eyebrows. “Are you provoking me? Do you have a grudge with him?”

He looked back at Xin and exerted force on his palm.

“Crack... crack...”

The sound of bones cracking instantly exploded from all over Xin's body.

In just an instant, Xin was drenched in blood.

Under the infusion of the storyteller's spiritual source, Xin's physical body could not withstand any longer. Even his internal organs were shattered.

The bones in his body were basically shattered into pieces.

“You!”

Night Guardian's eyes narrowed. He wanted to make a move.

Lan Ling held him down and looked at the Storyteller. She gritted her teeth and said, “Give him back to me. You can have whatever you want.”

“This...”

Heiming turned his head to look at her in disbelief.

“Shut up, let me do it!”

Lan Ling could not help but berate him.

This time, Night Guardian finally took a step back and gave the power back to Lan Ling.

“Oh, how impressive!”

The Storyteller smiled coquettishly and said, “Of course it's a little impressive. What right do you have to take people from my hands?”

His hand tightened again, and Xin, who was on the verge of death, collapsed immediately.

This time, even the spiritual altar could not hold on and fainted on the spot.

“Hiss.”

Everyone was dumbfounded.

The Red Coats standing at the back didn't even dare to move.

They all knew that the Saint Servant Storyteller was very strong.

But in the past, the strength of this person was only theoretical.

Now that they saw it with their own eyes, this..

No one could stop him!

Even Xin was like a giant baby in the hands of the Storyteller, allowing him to do whatever he wanted.

“That's it?”

The Storyteller looked at the big figure who had completely fainted and could not help but frown. “How weak.”

Lan Ling reached out her hand to suppress the angry people behind her and slowly said, “I know you won't kill anyone. At least, you won't want to kill Red Coat.”

“You know, this doesn't benefit you at all.”

The Storyteller immediately narrowed his eyes. “You're threatening me again?”

He tightened his grip.

Lan Ling hurriedly took a step forward. “Wait!”

“Hmm?”

“It's not a threat. Your opponent isn't the Red Coat. If you kill someone here, all the Saint Servants will be in danger once we get out, not just you.”

She paused for a moment before adding, “This isn't a threat either. I'm just stating a fact.”

The Storyteller let go of his hand and weighed the big guy in his hand a few times.

It was quite heavy!

“Although you keep saying that it's not a threat, it sounds like a threat.”

“Anyway, if others have heard these words...”

The Storyteller closed his eyes and thought for a while, then said, “I'm very unhappy. Listen.”

“But it's the truth, isn't it?” Lan Ling retorted.

“Yes.”

The Storyteller actually admitted it. He smiled and said, "You're very smart. At least among these people, you should be the one with the best brains."

He placed Xin in the air in front of him and took out a handkerchief from his ring to wipe away the blood. He said, "It's true that I don't want to kill people, but these people all need to be taught a lesson. I have no choice but to take action. Can you understand?"

"Yes."

Lan Ling nodded and stretched out her hand. "Then should we send him over first?" She pouted her lips and gestured to Xin who was lying in the air.

"Dong!"

The Storyteller kicked him away in a swift motion.

"Remember."

"I can return him to you, but this is because I don't like to kill people. It's not because your threats worked or anything like that."

"Understand?"

Night Guardian took Xin over and immediately fed him a mouthful of elixirs.

He clenched his fists tightly, but didn't say anything.

Even Heiming, who didn't get along with Lan Ling at all, didn't feel the slightest ripple in his heart when he saw Xin get beaten up. This time, when he heard the Storyteller's words, he couldn't help but be infuriated.

This was simply too disrespectful.

But, attack?

He glanced at the crowd from the corner of his eye.

There was no one here who was a match for this red-clothed man.

In fact, even if everyone joined forces, they might not even be a match for him even if he were one-handed.

How were they going to fight him?

After the Storyteller wiped off his blood, he threw his handkerchief away and looked at the crowd. "It's fine as long as you all behave yourselves. I said that I won't kill anyone."

"As long as you all don't make any noise, nothing will happen."

"I didn't come here for you, but..."

"Screech—"

At this moment, a screech sounded from behind.

The Holy War Black Angel, who had been teleported away earlier, had returned to attack. It held Fourth Sword in its hand and slashed at the storyteller who was closest to it.

“Hey!”

The storyteller clenched his fists in anger and stomped his foot fiercely.

“Why do people always like to interrupt others when they are talking?”

He turned around in anger and glared at the black sword energy that was coming at him. He raised his hand and cut across the air.

“Can you shut up?!”

A high-pitched roar sounded.

The black sword energy that was coming at him was directly split into two.

The Storyteller stretched out his hand and twisted the air again.

The Holy War Black Angel was like a moth flying into a flame, directly sending himself into the hands of the Storyteller.

“Sizzle!”

Taking out a dagger from his bosom, the Storyteller suddenly cut through it, and one of its heads was lifted high into the sky by the blood pillar.

“Noisy, noisy, noisy!!!”

Chapter 552: Three Gifts

“De.. Dead?”

The Holy War Black Angel was stabbed by a dagger.

It had to be said that this really made everyone’s jaws drop.

The super ghost beast that had been entangled with the Red Coat for so long was instantly killed by the Storyteller the moment it emerged?

“How strong must this person be?”

Red Coat could fight the ghost beast to the death, but if this was the enemy they were facing, there was no way they could match its existence no matter how hard they tried.

Everyone couldn’t help but feel a strong sense of despair.

How could they fight?

There was no solution!

Lan Ling could clearly see a pale gray color rising on the faces of all the Red Coats. It was a sign that they couldn’t muster any fighting spirit.

“Stay calm.”

She immediately sent telepathic communication to everyone, “The Storyteller is strong, but he’s not that strong. Don’t forget, this is his ancient book space.”

“Everything he did was nothing more than borrowing spatial power to deify himself. His goal was for everyone to put down their weapons and listen to his orders.”

“To be afraid before a battle. Is this proper attitude from the Red Coats?!”

Everyone’s hearts jolted.

That’s right.

That was indeed the case.

Although the Night Guardian had changed the Heavens and Earth Order into a dark tone and obtained some geographical advantages, this was present in the ancient book space.

No matter how they modified it, they were still in the space controlled by the Storyteller.

It was as if they had entered the enemy’s sovereign domain.

The opponent seemed to be strong.

However, from another perspective, if everyone was in the Night Guardian’s bounded domain, the Night Guardian might be able to do all of this.

“Restrain yourself and don’t lose your nerve.”

Lan Ling said solemnly, “Set your position straight. As long as you break through the ancient book space and have the help of the Heaven Sealing Array, the Night Guardian alone...”

She looked at the night guardian.

The night guardian nodded silently.

“I can do it.”

As soon as these words were said, flames of war were reignited in the eyes of the Red Coats.

Yes, the Storyteller was indeed a little stronger.

But on their own side, excluding the heavily injured Xin, there was also Lan Ling, Heiming, and the Night Guardian, as well as the Heaven Sealing Array.

As long as he broke through the ancient book space, he might be able to take down the Storyteller.

Heiming glanced at the Night Guardian indifferently.

He could see that the Night Guardian had a solemn expression.

Could he?

Hehe.

If he really could, with his irritable personality, it would be impossible for him to still be able to endure Xin's injuries.

But at this moment, faith was extremely important.

Heiming wouldn't be stupid enough to attack his own people.

The real way to break out of this situation was to blow up the ancient book space and contact the outside world.

White-clothed should have been the one to deal with the Saint Servant!

Shouldn't he?

..

"What are you thinking about again?"

The storyteller looked at the many Red Coats who had regained their fighting spirit and said in amusement, "This meaningless struggle won't bring you a good result. Just stay put."

"I've already said that I don't like killing people."

"The reason I came here this time is only because..."

As the ghostly energy dissipated, the Storyteller snatched the black sword from the headless figure's hand directly.

"Fourth Sword. Forget it."

Crash!

Bang!

The head and body of the Holy War Black Angel smashed onto the ground one after another, sending dust flying everywhere.

Yu Zhiwen's star-shaped pupils suddenly trembled.

The Holy War Black Angel, which had been shrouded in the ghost fog from the beginning to the end, only revealed its true appearance when it died.

But why did the head that had rolled on the ground look so familiar?

"Cheng Xingchu?"

Yu Zhiwen's heart suddenly tightened, and she couldn't hide the shock in her eyes.

Cheng Xingchu was actually a ghost beast?

"Do you know him?" Lan Ling sensed Yu Zhiwen's emotions fluctuating and tilted her head to ask.

Yu Zhiwen still didn't dare to believe it, but she still explained, "He's from a branch of the Holy Divine Palace in Dongtianwang City. He's a member of the Cheng family, Cheng Xingchu."

Lan Ling frowned.

After a moment of silence, she sighed softly.

“He’s been used.”

After saying that, she immediately came to her senses.

In a battle, besides the terrifying existence of the Storyteller, there should be one last person who hasn’t appear.

As her spiritual senses immediately connected with the Night Guardian. Lan Ling asked, “How was the situation earlier? The person from Xu Yue Grey Palace...”

“He’s here.”

The Night Guardian’s gaze swept downwards.

At the same time, the void suddenly shook.

Even the Storyteller who was holding onto the fourth sword could not help but lower his head.

Beside the ground where Cheng Xingchu’s head had rolled down, a smooth arm suddenly stretched out from a rift in the void and grabbed his head.

In the next second, Caramel’s figure walked out from the rift.

Her gray robe was torn, and the purple chain was no longer there.

Even her hairband was broken. Her hair was disheveled, as if she had encountered a great battle in the spatial fragment.

“Oh, there’s another one?”

The Storyteller smiled and took a step back. Sensing a strong ghost beast aura on this new arrival, he slowly said, “Your mission?”

He looked at the Red Coats.

Killer instinct instantly filled the Night Guardian’s eyes.

This woman’s pathetic appearance was created by him in the spatial fragment.

At that time, the aura on her body wasn’t as terrifying as this. She was just at the ordinary sovereign stage,

But now, after stepping into the battlefield, the Night Guardian knew with just a glance that this woman had already removed the Legendary Beast Control Artifact.

“Cutting Path... as expected of a ghost beast, another troublesome existence!”

“Moo –”

Accompanied by an angry roar, four incomparably tall minotaurs rushed over from the sky.

The Night Guardian wanted to move, but Caramel immediately turned back and said softly, "Can you give me some time?"

"Time?" The Night Guardian was momentarily stunned, turning to look at Lan Ling.

Lan Ling immediately knew what Caramel was thinking.

In the ancient book space right now, the biggest enemy of the Red Coats and ghost beasts was not each other, but the Storyteller.

And when the Red Coats were still unable to deal with the Storyteller, Caramel seemed to have the intention to fight against him?

"Fourth Sword?"

Lan Ling's thoughts stopped and her gaze fell onto Fourth Sword on the storyteller's body.

Was it because of this?

That's right!

All the people who came to the Lijian Grassland came for the Fourth Sword, didn't they?

In other words, this ghost beast host body that seemed to only have the strength equal to the Cutting Path Stage wanted to snatch the Fourth Sword from the Storyteller's hands?

Although she did not know what this woman's plan was, but..

"Should we cooperate?"

Lan Ling hesitated for a moment.

The Red Coats and ghost beasts cooperating was the the most ridiculous idea in the world.

However, under the pressure of the Storyteller, it became a choice they could consider.

One side wanted to have the Fourth Sword, and the other side wanted to break through the ancient book space..

Lan Ling stopped and couldn't make a choice immediately.

"Okay."

Night Guardian agreed.

After fighting with the woman, he could faintly sense that she had an even more terrifying trump card.

At this moment, the best solution was to let the Saint Servant and the Xu Yue Grey Palace fight among themselves.

As long as the battle was serious enough, it wouldn't be a problem for the ancient book space.

As for the grudge between the Red Coats and the ghost beasts..

He would deal with it after he got out!

“This?”

Heiming turned his head and couldn't accept it.

However, before he could question it, Lan Ling had already made up her mind.

“Everyone, retreat!”

She waved her hand.

With a flash of light, the power of the great array directly sent all the Red Coats to the rear.

Watching the fight from the other side was not a bad thing!

..

“Little sister, you want to fight with her?”

The storyteller looked at Caramel with interest. He did not know where this little girl's confidence came from.

Just because of the Fourth Sword?

Do you have the ability to do that?!

“I just want to ask a question...”

Caramel took a deep breath. “Is Elder Feng in your hands?”

She didn't want to fight.

Originally, she just wanted to collect the ghost beast bead. But when she came closer, she felt the ghost beast's aura on the Storyteller's body.

The seal aura!

He thought back to what Xu Xiaoshou had said before.

Perhaps, there was no way to find it anymore.

Elder Feng was really on the Storyteller!

“Elder Feng?”

The storyteller tilted his head and thought for a while. “Who is that? I've never heard of him.”

“To put it another way,” Caramel's eyes were burning. “Seal Ghost Beast.”

“Oh, you mean that?”

The Storyteller seemed to have realized something and said nonchalantly, “That's my new pet. Is that your senior?”

After a pause, the Storyteller shook his head.

“I'm sorry, this is a small gift. It's unlikely that I'll return it to you since I'm giving it to someone else.”

“Elder Feng...” Caramel’s eyes were filled with fervor.

Only God knew how many twists and turns she and Xin Gugu had gone through to come all the way from the South Region for this mission.

In the end, Elder Feng was actually trapped?

“Saint Servant...”

“Storyteller...”

The enemy was indeed very strong.

If possible, Caramel didn’t even want to think about talking or provoking him.

But as long as it was for the mission, all obstructions should be eliminated!

“Then there’s nothing to say.”

He slapped Cheng Xingchu’s head.

Caramel originally wanted to retrieve the ghost beast bead, but she also turned it into a seal.

“Dissolve, Xu Yue seal.”

There was a loud boom.

The ground was directly shattered by a blast of gray air that exploded from Caramel’s body.

A gray full moon suddenly rose in the sky that had been dyed by the darkness.

Under the moonlight, Caramel’s hands flew up, and her face gradually became ferocious.

“Holy War Black Angel, open!”

The blood on her pretty face was instantly drained, and Caramel seemed to have aged dozens of years, with a few more wrinkles on her face.

The ghost beast bead, which had obtained the essence of life, was no longer restricted by the ghost beast host body, and directly floated into the air.

“Bang!”

A loud explosion.

Cheng Xingchu’s head didn’t even last for a moment before it was blown into a bloody mist.

In the next moment, the dense bloody mist was directly absorbed by the ghost beast bead.

The Earth began to squirm.

The Blood Sea that Xin Gugu had summoned earlier, as well as the bloody color that had seeped into the bottom due to the collapse of the Earth, was also summoned.

The void was floating with a hazy bloody tint.

Wisps of the dense mist turned into a thick fog and were swallowed by the ghost beast bead in large mouthfuls.

Behind them, the Red Coat and the others who were watching from afar frowned together.

This kind of bizarre and inhuman method was something that almost everyone could not endure.

However, this time, it was the ghost beast who wanted to fight the Saint Servant.

Even the Night Guardian clenched his fists and endured it.

“What terrifying power...”

Xu Xiaoshou, who was hiding underground and only wanted to escape from the battle scene, could not help but be attracted at this moment.

Indeed.

The Ghost Beast’s methods were very disgusting.

Even he couldn’t help but feel disgusted at this moment. He faintly understood the determination of the Red Coats in wanting to exterminate them.

As for Cheng Xingchu’s death..

It was indeed too regrettable!

Although he had a very poor impression of Cheng Xingchu, to die like this...

Well, it wasn’t incomprehensible.

After all, every person who came to the Lijian Grassland should be prepared to die.

Death was something that happened in an instant.

What Caramel did was just to take advantage of the remaining value of a dead person.

Even Red Coat couldn’t bear to look at such a method.

However, Xu Xiaoshou understood that Lan Ling’s method was, in essence, also taking advantage of the life of the those who experienced the White Cave.

“In any case, there isn’t anyone good.”

Xu Xiaoshou was full of worry.

He had thought that once the Storyteller, who had been in the game for such a long time, appeared, he would be able to suppress all existences.

But now, the situation seemed to have undergone a transformation?

And yet..

Looking up at the indifferent storyteller, Xu Xiaoshou wanted to curse out loud.

Can't you control your gaming mentality?

Must you allow the enemy's strength to take shape and then openly compete with them?

This situation must be cursed!

He wanted to persuade them, but now everyone was in the middle of the battle.

Xu Xiaoshou didn't dare to expose himself easily.

He could only hope that his backer wouldn't expose him at the crucial moment.

..

"Holy War Black Angel... ?"

The Storyteller was indeed watching.

He had vaguely heard of the legend of this ghost beast, but it was very vague.

Previously, when he saw the ghost beast's explosive battle strength, he was also greatly disappointed.

But now, it seemed that this ghost beast was only restricted by its host body. Could its strength be even stronger?

"To what extent will it grow?"

The Storyteller's eyes were filled with curiosity.

If it was possible, he could give one more gift to his brother. After all, good things come in pairs.

"You won't stop me?"

Caramel swallowed an elixir and managed to remove the wrinkles on her face.

However, the loss of life force was not something that could be made up for in a short period of time.

Originally, she had prepared many methods to prevent the true formation of the Holy War Black Angel from being disturbed.

Unexpectedly, the Storyteller was too arrogant.

"An opportunity!"

"This is an opportunity!"

Caramel, who had been secretly glad, suddenly realized that four huge minotaurs were rushing over behind the Storyteller. This scene was so familiar.

Wasn't this the scene where the Holy War Black Angel was about to die?

"Stop!"

Caramel instantly became anxious. "Xin Gugu, stop!"

"Moo —"

A bull's roar sounded from the adjacent area.

Xin Gugu, who had completely transformed into a ghost beast, had lost all reason. He could not understand Caramel's words at all.

How could he stop?

The Storyteller turned around with a smile and looked ahead with a calm and collected expression.

In the next second, he clasped his palms together.

"Boom!"

The space in front of the four minotaurs suddenly collapsed. The black hole fragments twisted repeatedly, directly swallowing the four minotaurs that were rushing over.

"Chi, chi, chi..."

Blood splattered in all directions.

Before they could fly far, they were sucked in by the black hole fragments.

"Fission?"

The Storyteller's eyes were filled with delight.

He really wanted to know if this ghost beast really had such an ability.

If so, then would every drop of blood be able to transform into a little ox devil after this wave of attacks?.

If that was the case, then this third gift should be even rarer.

"Xin Gugu..."

Caramel looked at Xin Gugu, who had been completely swallowed up by the black hole space and no longer existed. She stretched her hand into the air and froze.

"Cackle, cackle."

The strange laughter that Xin Gugu would deliberately let out after his brain was hit echoed in her ears.

Every time after she kicked him, he would drop all his defenses and let his body explode.

Then, he would use that disgusting blood reincarnation technique to disgust her.

But..

But!

Caramel covered her head and kneeled on the ground weakly.

"But... it shouldn't be, it shouldn't be like this. Just wait a little longer, just wait a little longer!"

Her brain was filled with too many thoughts.

The scene of Xin Gugu parting with her in the White Cave seemed to reappear in front of Caramel.

“Don’t worry, leave it to me. Go and find Xu Xiaoshou first.”

“I’ll lie in ambush in the Lijian Grassland for a few days, and then refine the Blood Sea first. I’ll hide it deep underground, so deep that even the Red Coats won’t be able to find it.”

“When the time comes, as long as you come over, I’ll go up for the first wave, and everyone will be dragged into the water.”

“At the very least, if anything goes wrong, the blood energy will be able to awaken the ghost beast bead. As long as the mission is completed... then what about Elder Feng?”

“I don’t know about that either. Anyway, I’ll just be in charge of fighting. All right then!”

From the Southern Region, to the Xu Yue Grey Palace, and to Greedy the Cat Spirit..

Until now!

“He was clearly so cowardly...”

Caramel’s eyes were about to pop out of their sockets as she gripped onto the rock tightly.

She suddenly realized that the so-called ghost beast did not need emotions. The so-called Elder’s orders and instructions..

All of them were useless!

Before Xin Gugu was crushed, she thought that she could do it too.

Everything was for the mission.

But now..

With one hand holding onto the ghost beast bead, Caramel did not even think about its violent aura. She swallowed it directly.

Mission?

We’ll talk about it later, if we can withstand this wave.

Right now, Caramel only wanted to make this pervert in front of her... Go to hell!!!

“You’d better die!”

Chapter 553: Eruption, Double Ghost Beast Host Body!

“Screech –”

After a screech, Jiao Tangtang flew into the sky.

Her scarlet eyes were filled with a crazy desire to destroy.

The dense ghostly energy entered her body in an instant.

“Whoosh!”

A pair of ten-foot-long wings spread out on her back.

Everyone was shocked.

However, this was not the end of the change.

Compared to the Holy War Black Angel that Cheng Xingchu had transformed into, Jiao Tangtang’s current aura was many times more terrifying.

The extremely dense ghostly energy did not weaken much after a pair of wings was formed.

It only stopped for half a breath.

“Swoosh!”

Another pair of wings grew on the first pair of wings.

“Four-winged Black Angel?”

Heiming, who was standing behind, trembled.

The Two-winged Black Angel and the persistence of the Fourth Sword had caused him to complain endlessly.

Now that the Fourth Sword was gone...

This fellow was using the extra wings to replace it?

Compared to the power of the Fourth Sword, which did not suit him at all, the aura of the Four-winged Black Angel was simply breathtaking.

“Are you confident?”

Heiming turned to look at the Night Guardian.

At this moment, if he had to face the Holy War Black Angel alone...

To be honest, Heiming was already a little weak.

“Peak of the Cutting Path...”

The Night Guardian muttered with a look of shock in his eyes.

The increase of the ghost beast’s power was so simple.

This kind of growth that transcended the Way of the Heavens’ operation was something that the World Order did not allow.

And among them, those special existences that exchanged for power at their own expense were even more terrifying.

At this moment, Jiao Tangtang clearly had these conditions.

Not answering Heiming directly, the Night Guardian had a deep gaze.

“And that’s not all.”

As if confirming his words, opening her four wings didn’t completely consume the power that Jiao Tangtang had obtained after swallowing the ghost beast bead.

“Swoosh.”

Another soft sound was heard.

Jiao Tangtang, who had already been pushed into the sky by the ghostly energy, once again spread her wings.

The six-winged gray light that was imprinted on the dark sky seemed to be vowing a resolute heart. Its energy ripple merely shook and spread, causing the ancient book’s space to crack apart.

“My God...”

Xin, who had woken up in the arms of the Night Guardian, even forgot to struggle out of his embrace for a moment. He stared at the Six-winged Black Angel in the sky with a face full of disbelief.

“Is this the ghost beast bead, one of the trump cards of the Xu Yue Grey Palace?” he asked.

The Night Guardian lowered his head. “It’s just one of the Holy War Black Angels.”

Then, he threw Xin, who had regained a little mobility, out of his embrace.

Xin steadied himself in mid-air. His footsteps were still a little unsteady. He swallowed elixirs and gulped. “Is it at the height of the Nine Death Thunder Realm?”

“It should be the third transition.” The Night Guardian gave his own judgment.

The Nine Death Thunder Realm was the final necessary path to the Higher Void for a peak Cutting Path.

After enduring nine thunder calamities, there was a slight chance of comprehending the Power of the Higher Void and stepping into that realm.

However, with a 90% chance of death, not every Cutting Path had the determination to take this step.

The Night Guardian was determined but his strength was not even enough to support him through the first thunder calamity.

As for the ghost beast...

“Just by swallowing a bead, it could reach this stage directly from the Sovereign Stage?” The Night Guardian narrowed his eyes as he thought. He had seen such a huge change in strength several times but it wasn’t that much.

This was perhaps the true attitude of the Red Coat’s higher-ups towards a ghost beast.

Once such an unstable power factor was obtained by someone with ulterior motives and took revenge on the continent, it would definitely be a world-shaking tragedy.

The Storyteller looked at the spatial fluctuation in the surroundings and allocated a portion of his power to maintain the stability of the space. He accurately judged the transformation of Jiao Tangtang's aura and was still full of smiles.

"It's about the third transition of the Nine Death Thunder Realm..."

"But the aura and power can't be controlled at all."

"Not to mention the power of the first transition, even the slightly better Cutting Path can be killed."

"If it's a special attribute, a Sovereign with the ability to cross realms and fight, even if it's to the death, it might be able to kill both sides..."

Using spiritual sources as a barrier, the Storyteller pinched the hilt of the Fourth Sword with his orchid finger and completely sealed the energy movement of the vicious sword that was fiercely resisting. He stared at the transformation on the other side and shook his head.

"Seriously, there's no threat at all!"

"But I'm liking this gift more and more... hmm?"

As everyone watched, when Jiao Tangtang spread her sixth pair of wings, the aura was supposed to fade away.

But at this moment, there was a new transformation.

Everyone had seen the Holy War Black Angel before.

Its transformation was only the increase in the number of black wings.

But at this moment, Jiao Tangtang seemed to be squeezing out her potential.

With a face full of pain and struggle, her body began to transform.

Under the cover of the ghostly energy, her legs began to mutate into snake patterns.

Under her gray robe, her slender legs exploded and turned into a red python tail that was more than a hundred feet long.

"Bang!"

Two dancing python tails smashed down from the sky, causing the space to burst inch by inch. The ripples that were created even forced everyone to retreat in shock once again.

"This?" The Storyteller licked his red lips, and his eyes suddenly burst with a sharp light, as if he had seen some supreme delicacy.

"What the hell is this?" Xin was completely dumbfounded.

Looking at the grayish-red dragon scales condensed on the red python tail, as well as the wings that belonged to the Holy War Black Angel on Jiao Tangtang's back...

"What's going on?" He turned to look at the Night Guardian.

“A double ghost beast host body!”

The Night Guardian was also shocked.

As a Red Coat who had been on missions for so many years, he had never seen a double ghost beast host body.

He had rarely even heard of it.

In fact, during the war in the Southern Region’s Green City, a double ghost beast host body had never appeared in the arena.

“Double ghost beast?”

Lan Ling and Yu Zhiwen looked at each other and saw the curiosity in each other’s eyes.

Then, they realized that the other party was as clueless as they were and turned their heads away.

No one in the arena had ever heard of a double ghost beast.

Even the Storyteller retreated when the python tail hit the air. He did not dare to disturb Jiao Tangtang’s transformation.

“A gift!”

“A mutated gift. Brother is going to fall in love with me!”

There was a sick infatuation in his eyes as he shouted, “Go for it, mutation!”

“Roar –”

An extremely hoarse low moan came out from Jiao Tangtang’s throat. It sounded like a dragon’s roar, but it was also a little strange.

Soon after, Jiao Tangtang tilted her head and a sarcoma grew on the side of her neck.

The sarcoma grew and changed rapidly.

Then, like Jiao Tangtang’s head, it turned into a huge red python’s head.

The python’s head grew a horn, scales had also grown on its body, and there were six wings on its back.

The onlookers were dumbfounded.

No one could describe the shock they felt at this moment.

The double ghost beast and also the ghost beast’s complete transformation...

This was a rare sight in this world!

In the air, ghostly energy surged out once again and fused directly into the python’s back.

At this moment, Jiao Tangtang’s complete ghost beast form had finally taken shape.

“Whoosh!”

The moment the fourth pair of black wings spread out, the energy that seemed to be able to topple the sky leaked out and the sky shattered like a bright mirror.

The area within a few miles was swept into a vacuum by the ghostly energy.

A huge black hole was formed!

The black hole's suction was trying to swallow everyone.

Lan Ling immediately spread out the barrier and covered all the Red Coats within. She moved again and teleported away from the side of the battle.

"Oh my God!" Xin was so shocked that his mouth could not close.

The giant python shed its skin and a new life emerged from it.

As far as the eye could see, there was a winding red python that coiled above the black hole and was several miles long. If one did not see it with their own eyes, nobody would believe it.

"Rumble!"

In the nine heavens, thunderclouds gathered, as if wanting to completely destroy the power that heaven and earth could not tolerate.

"Red thunderclouds..."

Lan Ling raised her head to look at the sky in shock. After muttering a few words, she found it difficult to make another sound.

"Red divine lightning, oh my God!"

Xin turned his head to look at the Night Guardian again. "How many transformations?"

The Night Guardian swallowed a mouthful of saliva with difficulty.

He hadn't even survived the first tribulation of the Nine Death Thunder Calamity, so how could he be qualified to judge the other party's strength?

"Red Twin Dragon Python. This girl's ghost beast also has a great background. I've seen the picture before." The Night Guardian sighed.

Xin rolled his eyes. "So, how many transformations?"

"No, it should be..." The Night Guardian looked at the eight wings on the back of the two-headed, two-tailed, gray-red dragon python. He was silent for a moment before adding, "Eight wings, Red Twin Dragon Python!"

"So, so strong."

The Storyteller looked at the supreme ghost beast that was coiled above the black hole in the distance. He felt that the power contained within its body was almost comparable to his own. He was so excited that he was trembling.

"A gift, this is the most perfect gift!"

“An ordinary Sovereign can grow to such an extent in an instant.”

“Brother said that he wanted to find a ghost beast. If this can be given to him...”

Rumble!

Suddenly, a loud sound exploded in his ears.

The Storyteller suddenly felt that the world was spinning, and his thoughts suddenly froze.

He lowered his head.

The blood splattering from below, as well as the Fourth Sword, which had also been sent flying after breaking free from its restraints, were slowly spinning.

Time seemed to have slowed down.

It was only at a certain moment when the pain in his chest was felt that the Storyteller suddenly realized that he had been sent flying!

His gaze focused on his chest.

His red dress was already soaked in blood.

The exposed skin on his shoulders and neck should have been snow-white and flawless, but at this moment, his skin was split open and it was unbearably ugly.

“Python tail?”

It was also at this moment that the image of the eight-winged Red Twin Dragon Python’s attack was transmitted to his mind.

When the Red Twin Dragon Python’s eight wings barely flapped, the opponent had already disappeared.

That towering python’s body could actually possess such speed?

“Holy War Black Angel!”

The Storyteller immediately understood.

The Red Twin Dragon Python’s attack power was indeed strong.

However, at the same time, its huge body would inevitably restrict its speed.

However, when this ghost beast and the Holy War Black Angel were combined, and it was even the Holy War Black Angel in its eight-winged form, all its shortcomings were made up for!

“Rumble!”

There were a few more explosions.

The scalps of the Red Coat onlookers immediately exploded.

The Storyteller, who had looked down on the world just a moment ago, was like a child who had encountered a giant when the eight-winged Red Twin Dragon Python was fully formed. He was completely helpless.

In the next instant, he was sent flying into the air.

Before anyone could react, he had already suffered a series of critical hits from the Red Twin Dragon Python.

With that terrifying speed, even the people present could only vaguely see a huge black shadow whipping around.

As for the Storyteller, he was constantly knocked around in mid-air.

He directly transformed into a red lightning bolt, moving in all directions above the black hole without any rules or inertia.

“Hiss!” Xin immediately hugged his head.

“This speed, this attack power...”

The Night Guardian couldn’t help but take half a step back.

He was completely shocked.

Not only was his strength at its peak, even with his unparalleled speed and battle awareness, but the Storyteller also couldn’t react in time?

“This is... a double ghost beast host body?”

The Night Guardian’s heart was in turmoil.

He had heard of the legend of a double ghost beast host body.

Compared to the ghost beast itself, this terrifying existence that relied on the ghost beast host body to forcefully combine two different powers was simply unstoppable.

But only after seeing it with his own eyes did he understand.

Legends were legends after all.

Those who couldn’t see wouldn’t be able to understand such power.

This was definitely... underestimated!

“Rumble... rumble...”

The void rippled, and the Order of the Heavens was completely unstable.

The red calamity clouds in the nine heavens were still gathering, forming a huge mass.

A destructive aura was brewing within as if it was complementing the intense battle below.

Everyone felt that the situation had completely gone out of control, and there was nothing they could do to reverse it.

“So strong, so satisfying!”

“Unrivaled attack power, defensive power, and even speed...”

“The supreme treasure that I’ve always dreamed of!”

The Storyteller laughed maniacally as he watched the flesh and blood on his body were sent flying bit by bit. His four limbs turned into debris that splattered out one by one. His eyes were filled with madness.

“Let the storm come even more fiercely!”

“Rumble...”

The Red Twin Dragon Python had also completely gone mad.

It didn’t even need to move at this moment.

The Storyteller, who had lost the rhythm of the battle, couldn’t even resist. He could only move back and forth as the two huge python tails lashed out.

Blood and flesh flew everywhere, and the scene was extremely bloody.

“He’s still controlling the battlefield!”

Lan Ling controlled the great array, wanting to take advantage of the battle’s momentum to use the power of the great array to completely shatter the ancient book’s space and return to the White Cave.

However, she was shocked to find out that even though the Storyteller had been swept into a complete mess, he was still able to maintain the strand of mental energy that he had previously used to hold on to the space of the ancient book to prevent it from shattering.

In other words, the Storyteller still had some strength left!

“This guy...”

Lan Ling was drenched in a cold sweat. “He is indeed abnormal!”

During the battle, everyone seemed to have temporarily lost their attention to the red calamity clouds above the nine heavens.

However, the majesty of the Way of the Heavens would not allow a Cutting Path expert who had yet to overcome the Nine Death Thunder Calamity to possess an ability that was comparable to the nine transformations of a Cutting Path.

“Boom!”

The instant the thunder calamity took shape, a red lightning bolt that was as thin as a pinky finger descended from the sky and instantly pierced through the enormous Red Twin Dragon Python’s body.

“Roar!”

A painful dragon roar resounded.

The Red Twin Dragon Python curled its two gigantic python tails and in the next second, its entire body was penetrated by the red thunder calamity.

“Boom Boom Boom Boom...”

An explosion sounded from within the python’s body.

The red divine lightning’s energy that had been compressed to the extreme exploded and the sky was instantly covered by the python’s blood.

It was like a rain of blood. Every drop of blood that splattered was accompanied by a terrifying thunder calamity power.

Not only was the void corroded by the python blood’s own power, but it was also about to experience an explosion of the power of the thunder calamity.

“Rumble...”

The entire Lijian Grassland was completely overturned.

The experts at the Cutting Path Stage unleashed their full power, along with the Nine Death Thunder Calamity.

That scene was like the end of the world. The magnificent scene did not stop at all.

“It feels good, it feels really good...”

In the shattered space, there was a faint sound of excitement.

Red Coat’s pupils contracted. He noticed that the broken Storyteller, who had caught the rhythm of the half-break attack due to the thunder calamity and had escaped the shackles, suddenly spat out a new Storyteller from his mouth.

Then, taking advantage of the fact that the thunder calamity numbing effect of the red divine lightning had not yet passed.

The Storyteller, whose entire body was filled with saliva, immediately disappeared from his original spot.

When he reappeared, he was already in front of the twin python’s head, which was dozens of times bigger than him.

“Slash!”

He took out a small dagger and slashed it across.

The space completely shattered, and a ray of black light instantly approached the python’s head.

“Whoosh!”

In a flash, the Red Twin Dragon Python recovered from the thunder calamity’s attack.

The eight wings trembled slightly, and the huge python disappeared from its original spot.

“Boom!”

The Storyteller who was spat out from his mouth was directly crushed by the heaven-shrouding python's tail, and even the corpse fragments were pressed into the ground.

"Boom!"

Everyone's heartbeat suddenly stopped, and they felt as if their souls were about to be pulled out of their bodies by this attack.

"My God..." Xin was completely dumbfounded.

Just looking at it made his heart tremble and his legs go weak, let alone receiving this attack. He couldn't withstand it at all.

Even if the seal ghost beast which was known as the king of the White Cave appeared at this moment, it probably wouldn't be as shocking as this attack, right?

"Boom!"

The Red Twin Dragon Python wanted to continue attacking.

But at this moment, another thumb-sized bolt of lightning descended from the calamity cloud.

The thunderbolt was thin and small.

However, its color had changed from red to orange.

"Orange Origin Death Calamity!"

In an instant, the thunderbolt penetrated its body.

This time, the Red Twin Dragon Python couldn't withstand it at all.

Its strength was originally piled up forcefully. To be able to withstand the red divine lightning of the Nine Death Thunder Calamity was considered good.

When it was penetrated by the Orange Origin Death Calamity, the python's body completely exploded.

Flesh and blood splattered everywhere.

Dragon scales flew everywhere, and blood rained down from the sky again.

"Condense!"

Between the body of the ghost beast that seemed to have no consciousness at all, a weak and painful female voice sounded out at this time.

The body of the python that had been blown away turned into ghostly energy and returned to its body.

In the blink of an eye, the Red Twin Dragon Python took shape once again!

"That is so powerful!"

The Storyteller's eyes were wide open as he stared at the Red Twin Dragon Python that had taken shape again, his eyes filled with uncontrollable love.

At this time, even if his injuries were serious...

In the space of the ancient book, he still used the Way of the Heavens' Force of Rules to re-form half of his body and half of his arm.

"Sword."

"Yes, the Fourth Sword."

As if recalling something, the Storyteller looked down.

In the underground, the Fourth Sword had been drawn deep into the ground by the python's tail.

However, with a wave of his hand, the vicious sword was bound by the Way of the Heaven's power and entered his palm.

"Since my dagger can't hurt you, then I should try it with the Fourth Sword!"

The Storyteller used his spiritual source as a barrier and held the Fourth Sword with one hand.

With a flash, he appeared once again on one of the Red Twin Dragon Pythons' heads.

The Orange Origin Death Calamity was too terrifying!

Even though Jiao Tangtang still had a bit of consciousness, she was able to condense the python's body back.

However, the remaining power of the thunder calamity in her body was still not something she could resist.

She watched as the Storyteller reappeared on her head. She mobilized 120% of her strength and finally when the Fourth Sword was about to come into contact with the dragon scales on the python head, she flapped the eight wings of the Holy War Black Angel.

Even the Storyteller who was in such a state did not dare to hold the Fourth Sword tightly.

If it was inserted into her body...

What would be the outcome? She would be able to meet it!

To a swordsman who had obtained the recognition of the Fourth Sword, the vicious sword was a supreme treasure, a supreme spiritual weapon that could increase his combat strength.

But to outsiders, even if they were at the peak of the Cutting Path, even if they had the power that could only be obtained from the Nine Death Thunder Realm, if they grasped the Fourth Sword, they would die!

"Shua!"

The eight wings moved.

The Red Twin Dragon Python dodged at light speed and disappeared in front of the Storyteller.

Jiao Tangtang's blurry consciousness had yet to be activated, but the incomplete body formed by Perception in the snake's eyes had already turned back.

"This is really powerful!"

"You can even temporarily suppress the Orange Origin Death Calamity's attack. You are simply the most perfect existence!"

The Storyteller licked his red lips, his face was covered in blood.

However, he had already predicted that the Red Twin Dragon Python would be able to dodge the attack.

"Such a powerful ghost beast can even suppress the power of the thunder calamity. If you became mad again, what kind of scene would it be?"

The Storyteller went crazy.

Without even thinking, he directly threw out the Fourth Sword in his hand.

"Come on, hold on."

"Burst out all your strength and let them see your potential!"

All the Red Coats who was standing at the edge of the battle shuddered.

This pervert was indeed a madman!

While everyone was still worried about their own safety, this Storyteller was able to use his own body as an experiment.

Not to mention personally experiencing the Red Twin Dragon Python's attack power.

He still wanted to use the Fourth Sword to provoke the other party's so that they would go mad?

If the double ghost beast host body at the Nine Death Thunder Realm's stage were to go mad again...

"I..."

Xin grabbed Lan Ling's hand. "Can't you break the array yet?"

Lan Ling's body trembled. Her entire body was drenched in sweat, and she could not help but look down.

It was already difficult enough to deal with that perverted man in the red dress.

Why were you trying to get involved?

"Let go!"

"Oh."

"Whoosh!"

The Fourth Sword transformed into black lightning and shot towards the Red Twin Dragon Python.

The eight wings moved.

The Red Twin Dragon Python was just about to dodge.

However, among the people present, the speed was even faster!

“Boom!”

In the nine heavens, the thunder calamity changed from orange to gold.

A golden light as thick as a wrist fell from the sky.

Like a divine sword, it pierced through the eight wings of the Red Twin Dragon Python.

From Heaven to Earth, it was nailed firmly in the void.

Pure Golden Light Calamity!

“Roar...”

The painful roar was interrupted by the energy of the Pure Golden Light Calamity.

Golden thunder calamity power burst out from the cracks on the gray-red python’s body.

The scene looked as if it was going to explode completely, and it was too horrible to look at.

And the Red Twin Dragon Python, which was completely unable to move after withstanding the power of thunder calamity, faced the Fourth Sword that was passing through in front of it...

It could not avoid it at all!

“Sizzle.”

How terrifying was the sword that was infused with the Storyteller’s spiritual source power?

But even so, with the advancement of the Fourth Sword, it could only move from the python’s head to its body.

Halfway through, it was powerless to move forward.

The Red Twin Dragon Python’s body was too long!

In addition to the mixed thunder calamity energy in its body, the Fourth Sword could not penetrate it at all.

Even so, starting from the python’s head, devil veins were directly imprinted on half of the Red Twin Dragon Python’s body.

“AO –”

The gray ghostly energy in the python’s eyes was directly replaced by devilish energy.

A shrill cry echoed in the void and it sounded pitiful.

“Half of its body?”

The Storyteller looked at the Red Twin Dragon Python that was only half-soaked in the devil veins and could not help but be stunned.

“How can it be only half of its body?”

A red light flashed in his eyes and he directly rushed forward. “I’m here to help you evolve!”

“Sizzle!”

Using the dagger, the spatial power, and the Way of the Heavens’ power, he barely broke through the python’s skin’s defense. The Storyteller plunged his head into the python’s body.

In the next second, the bloody red-dressed man rushed out from the python’s flesh with a slender black vicious sword in his hand.

“Slash, slash, slash, slash, slash...”

“Chi Chi Chi Chi Chi Chi...”

He coiled around the python’s body and flew, one step at a time.

The black vicious devilish sword energy was sent into the python’s body one by one from the cracks in the python’s skin that had been opened up by the power of thunder calamity.

The Storyteller worked hard for a long time before flying high up into the sky around the python’s tail.

He was completely excited.

Such cute prey was simply hard to find in a lifetime.

How could he not have fun today?

“Second Brother, take the sword!”

The excited Storyteller even forgot that the Second Brother had not been discovered yet. Without any scruples, he threw the Fourth Sword in a certain direction without turning his head.

He wanted to have the Crazy Red Twin Dragon Python alone.

At this time, he no longer needed the Fourth Sword!

Under the gazes of the Red Coat, the vicious sword flew through the air, but no one dared to intercept it.

“Go for it, go for it.”

The Storyteller wiped the sticky blood on his forehead, bent his waist, bent his knees, and clenched his small fists, cheering on the Red Twin Dragon Python that was completely covered in devil veins.

With only half of his body and one arm left, he didn’t even care about his injuries.

His eyes were filled with the double ghost beast host body that was about to be demonized by the devil invasion.

“Xin Gugu...”

Jiao Tangtang looked at the incomplete human figure in the snake's eyes as if she was once again seeing the last scene of the Blood Sea blooming.

"Is this the best I can do..."

She couldn't even maintain the hatred anymore.

Jiao Tangtang's last bit of consciousness was finally completely swallowed up by the intense devilish energy.

"I'm sorry, Big Sister can't avenge for you."

Chapter 554: Sword in Hand, Enter the Arena!

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz.

Different from the huge commotion on the battlefield, the sand and mud in the underground pit trembled and fell down quietly.

The rock mines that were as hard as rocks cracked under the inexplicable pressure.

Then, with a few light cracking sounds, they turned into crushed stones.

The crushed rocks cracked again.

With a Chi Chi sound, they turned into powder again.

"What am I doing?"

Xu Xiaoshou's eyes were bloodshot as he stared at the eight-winged Red Twin Dragon Pythons that were completely crushed on the battlefield.

No.

That was not the Red Twin Dragon Pythons.

That was Caramel!

Caramel was fine.

In the end, this woman did not have much interaction with him.

Xu Xiaoshou felt that he was only worried because he sympathized with the weak.

But..

Where was Xin Gugu?

Just now, with his "Perception", he could only watch as the four minotaurs charging towards the Storyteller were directly destroyed in the black hole.

That wasn't just a mere Ghost Beast minotaurs!

That was Xin Gugu!

“Hu!”

Xu Xiaoshou felt his breathing quicken.

“What am I doing?”

He asked himself again.

He covered his forehead with one hand, and cold sweat covered his hand. Xu Xiaoshou was stunned.

“Dead?”

“They’re all going to die? !”

Looking at the sweat on his withered palm, Xu Xiaoshou curled up his Ji Sword in pain, completely absent-minded.

“Xin Gugu is dead?”

“And I . . . What am I doing?”

Xu Xiaoshou’s footsteps came to a halt, and his hands suddenly supported the soil on both sides.

He raised his head and realized that he had passed through the sea of blood barrier that Xin Gugu had summoned from the deep pit underground.

He was just one step away from breaking out of the ground.

“No, no, no...”

“Saint Servant, that’s the Saint Servant!”

“Xu Yue Grey Palace, that’s the Xu Yue Grey Palace!”

“This is a war between a bunch of big shots at the Cutting Path Stage. What can I do if I go?”

Xu Xiaoshou grabbed his hand desperately, trying to calm himself down.

“Putting everything else aside, what about the other side, even if we completely forget about the Storyteller and the Ghost Beast?”

Like him, more than ten red-robed were watching the battle from the sidelines, waiting for an opportunity to make a move.

“There are all Red-robed, Night Guardian, Lan Ling, Yu Zhiwen, and the Heaven Sealing Array.”

“I’m just a little innate ant, what am I thinking?”

“Get out?”

Xu Xiaoshou’s red eyes were filled with a primitive desire to destroy. Xu Xiaoshou’s breathing became faster and faster.

“Hu!”

“Hu!”

“Hu...”

He grabbed a handful of soil and rubbed his face.

Even the wrinkles on his old face, the pain of his skin being crushed and embedded into the sand, were not felt at all. He allowed his face to bleed and heal.

“Buzz, Buzz, Buzz.”

Ji sword tried his best to suppress his screams.

At this moment, his fear was not due to Xu Xiaoshou’s huge force that was about to strangle him to death. Instead, it was due to the demon king’s crazy emotions.

What was wrong with this guy?

Was he having a seizure?

“Feared, passive points + 1.”

Xu Xiaoshou panted heavily.

“I can’t go out, I can’t go out.”

“What can I do?”

“The most I can do is to release Aje, and then watch Aje get maimed, beaten to death, and then expose my identity.”

“Finally, I’ll be beaten to death by the Storyteller, who is both embarrassed and angry, as well as Red-robed!”

“What can I do?”

“I have a skill of ‘Passive Fist’ that can heavily injure myself and leave half of my body behind, begging others on the battlefield not to kill me?”

“What can I do...”

Xu Xiaoshou muttered to himself and answered his own question, “I can’t do anything!”

“If I go out now, I’ll die!”

“But...”

Seeing that Caramel could swallow the ghost beast bead that knew the outcome without any scruples, he wholeheartedly fought for Xin Gugu.

“What about me?”

Xu Xiaoshou’s mind went blank.

A thought suddenly appeared in his mind.

Hiding in the ground like this, even if he really survived in the end..

What was the purpose of living?

“For myself?”

“For selfishness?”

Xu Xiaoshou clutched his heart, and a hint of confusion appeared in his bloodshot eyes.

The former him might really have lived only for himself.

No one could say that he could live for the world after being terminated by a disease and having a lifetime of experience.

Xu Xiaoshou couldn't do it either.

Windcloud Competition, assassination in the rainy night, Tianxuan Gate of the inner yard, City Lord Mansion framing Zhang Taiying as a ghost beast..

Which time did Xu Xiaoshou not live for himself?

But along the way, he realized that he had changed.

Everyone would grow.

No one could really “only” live for themselves!

But!

When the black hole shattered Xin Gugu, blood rained down from the sky.

The scene that appeared before Xu Xiaoshou's eyes was the first time the two of them had met.

At the entrance of the Plenty Gold Company, that guy was hiding behind Caramel.

He had forgotten whether he had spoken to him or not.

He had roughly spoken a few words. He was basically a passerby that no one would remember.

But why was this scene..

Xu Xiaoshou held his head and lowered it to hide.

Even so, the scene in front of him was still playing.

After Red Dog's subordinate fainted, the first thing he saw when he woke up was the person drooling on his bed.

The person who had been at the front line during the night attack on the Zhang Mansion.

The person who had turned into a ghost beast under the virtual image of Zhang Taiying of the city Lord Mansion..

“Xin Gugu, what is he living for?”

“Also for himself?”

Xu Xiaoshou sneered.

He felt that this answer was too ridiculous.

A discerning person could tell at a glance that the bull’s head did not match the horse’s mouth.

His vision suddenly blurred, and he saw Xin Gugu holding the gold card when he bought the manor in Tiansang City. A hint of envy flashed in his eyes.

“If you can, leave a room...”

Bang.

In the underground pit, the mud and rocks in all directions suddenly exploded with a dull thud. Then, they were suppressed by an unknown pressure and were firmly embedded into the mud layer.

Xu Xiaoshou suddenly had tears in his eyes.

He did not understand what Xin Gugu was living for and why he was risking his life for.

This kind of question..

Perhaps, even that fellow himself did not know!

But suddenly, there was a moment where he could sympathize with it.

“If it weren’t for those brutal ghost beasts, there wouldn’t be a Red-robed who loved genocide.”

“And if it weren’t for those brutal Red-robed, these ghost beasts who lived for unknown reasons wouldn’t have to fight for hatred.”

“If...”

There were no ifs!

Xu Xiaoshou’s thoughts suddenly stopped.

Reality was so cruel.

If... It could never exist.

And those vicious cycles of karma were left all over the place!

The people of the world were not stupid.

Everyone knew that they had long been trapped in a chess game. The more they struggled, the tighter they would be bound by the outside world.

But if they did not struggle, they would die.

Under such actions, what was the point of living?

It was already good enough to be alive.

“That’s not right!”

“This kind of world is deformed, isn’t it?”

Xu Xiaoshou suddenly understood what he longed for and what he was trying to pursue.

It was not an extremely complicated matter of living for anything. It was just a simple yet pure word:

“Freedom!”

Just like a sparrow in a cage yearning to come out of its cage, a fish in a pond trying to leap into the air, a tiger in a mountain wanting to come out of the forest..

Freedom, there was no reason.

But freedom was simple. Every step one wanted to take was a restriction.

How could one break out of a cage in a battle between trapped beasts?

When everything about fate was arranged properly, everyone was like a cannon soldier who had been given the rules to advance since birth. Freedom was easier said than done?

There was a thud.

Xu Xiaoshou collapsed on the ground, allowing the soil above his head to bury him.

He understood that what he had been fighting, rejecting, and pursuing... was nothing more than freedom!

Night Guardian, Saint Servant, Ghost Beast..

Every big shot and power who had offered him an olive branch seemed to be saying, “You, Xu Xiaoshou, are the strongest, the one with the most potential. Join us!”

But?

“I can’t do anything!”

Xin Gugu, Caramel..

Under the pressure of the Storyteller, one by one, they seemed to be friends, but he could only watch them die before his eyes.

Xu Xiaoshou, who had witnessed everything... was powerless!

What was the use of having potential?

Everyone knew that he, Xu Xiaoshou, was out now.

Other than sending himself to his death, he could do nothing.

But, just because of this, was he going to choose to continue living?

“Live...”

“Hehe!”

Xu Xiaoshou laughed at himself.

The soil around him was clearly supported by the spiritual source, opening up a spherical living space.

But at this moment, the soil and rocks were still falling in large pieces, as if a small earthquake had occurred.

Xu Xiaoshou felt that even the earth was laughing at him.

He lowered his head and looked at the Ji Sword that had been deformed by him. His hand loosened.

“I’m sorry, I forgot about you.”

Xu Xiaoji desperately whimpered, as if he wanted to make a sound, but the sword body trembled violently and could not speak at all.

“Feared, passive points + 1.”

“Feared, passive points + 1.”

“...”

Xu Xiaoshou looked at the information bar and could not help but laugh.

He knew that Xu Xiaoji was very afraid of him, but he did not expect this guy to be so afraid.

Was it necessary?

“Xiaoji...”

“I remember your name. It seems that I gave it to you, right?”

Xu Xiaoshou felt that he was watching a movie. The funny scene of this guy desperately calling his brother outside the City Lord Mansion suddenly appeared in front of him.

“Wu Wu, Wu Wu.”

Large chunks of soil fell down.

The ground trembled slightly, and fine lines were cracking.

“Feared, passive points + 1.”

“Received plea, passive points + 1.”

“Not speaking?”

Xu Xiaoshou glanced at the Xin again. Plea?

He laughed bitterly, raised the Ji Sword, and stabbed it into the ground.

“Pa!”

However, the Ji Sword was like a bent straw, directly sticking to the ground.

“It softened?”

“Am I that scary?”

Xu Xiaoshou was stunned for a moment, as if he thought of something and said, “Don’t be afraid. I had a plan earlier, and you should have heard it. The storyteller and I have exactly the same thoughts.”

Xu Xiaoji’s incarnation had four swords. It was too similar to the Fourth Sword.

As long as the battle reached a critical moment, everyone would go all out. They would not borrow the strength of the Fourth Sword.

The Storyteller gave him the Fourth Sword. After the switch, no one would be able to detect it.

But..

Xu Xiaoshou muttered to himself and sighed.

“But living like this is really meaningless.”

“At least you’ve followed me for so long. It’s good to think about the underhand.”

“Now...”

Xu Xiaoshou looked up at the tragic scene in the battlefield. “I really can’t do such a thing.”

“Am I right?”

“SOB, sob...”

“Feared, passive points + 1.”

“Received plea, passive points + 1.”

“Sick!”

Xu Xiaoshou rolled his eyes and held the Ji sword again.

“Turn into a straw hat.”

“SOB SOB...”

It couldn’t be changed.

Xu Xiaoji was about to cry.

What was going on?

Why was it that in this small pit, it was as if the gravity was increased by hundreds of times.

I can’t even stand up, how can I turn you into a straw hat?

“Then forget it.”

Xu Xiaoshou tightened his grip on the Ji Sword and suddenly raised his eyes.

The image in front of him flashed, and it was as if the chaotic space and time had been restored. The soul that was muttering to himself had returned to his body.

..

“Second Brother, take the sword!”

In a split second, the Storyteller’s voice that had no scruples was finally heard from the battlefield.

At the same time.

There was also the vicious sword that was flying through the air under the pursuit of many Red-robed’s gazes!

Xu Xiaoshou swept away his confusion with a glance and broke out of the ground, holding onto the Fourth Sword in one go.

There was no spiritual barrier.

He had no other worries.

He grabbed onto it.

He really grabbed onto it!

The suppressed emotions that had been completely gathered in the area of the underground pit, when they saw the light of day again, were like a mountain flood breaking through a dam, suddenly bursting out.

“Freedom...”

Xu Xiaoshou’s body trembled as he took a deep breath of the dust that was filled with the remnants of the battle.

It was different from the darkness underground.

It was different from the cramped and narrow space.

The sky and flying were the simplest freedom that everyone yearned for.

The spying in the darkness had been going on for too long.

It was so long that Xu Xiaoshou had become numb to himself. He was single-mindedly focused on the so-called survival.

But he clearly knew.

That so-called cozying up to his thigh. If he really left the ancient book’s space, how would he be able to escape?

There was no other way!

The strategy of not thinking about the outcome was just out of fear of the unknown, and he chose to deceive himself.

If he could survive, he could survive.

If he couldn't survive, that was how life should be!

Then he should be like the free Cheng Xingchu after the silence of the darkness, blooming with his own glory.

Sometimes, fate was about not compromising, it was about the unexpected turn of events that occurred during the resistance.

“Freedom...”

The moment he held the Fourth Sword, Xu Xiaoshou suddenly realized that everything was no longer important.

This sick world was not worth thinking about.

When everyone was fighting for the peak, if there was nothing he could do, then he would hold the Fourth Sword and stand at the peak!

“Rumble...”

The arena of qi that could last for an entire battle, swallow the mountains and rivers, how powerful it was, Xu Xiaoshou did not dare to say.

The black hole above the Lijian Grassland had already been repaired, and the space had been restored to its original state following the truce between the Storyteller and the Red Twin Dragon Pythons.

However, the instant Xu Xiaoshou's aura exploded, the space within a radius of several kilometers collapsed again, and the Earth was destroyed again.

The black hole spread, and the path mechanism was in disorder.

A small space of an ancient book had already suffered too many injuries.

At this moment, it was as if it was about to completely collapse. The mountains and rivers changed color, and the sky turned dark.

“Freedom...”

Xu Xiaoshou let out a low groan. Devil vein wrapped around his body, and Fourth Sword slanted in the air.

“Fight! There's no reason!”

Chapter 555: I'm Sorry!

“Who is this?”

The moment the old man with the straw hat, who was holding a sword and soaring through the sky with a disdainful aura, appeared, the hearts of the people in red-robed tightened.

That skinny figure, an aura that looked like he was in his twilight years, the iconic straw hat, and the thick dark circles under his eyes..

Night Guardian swallowed a mouthful of saliva with difficulty.

The words of the Storyteller echoed in his ears again.

“Second Brother, take the sword!”

So, this person..

Lan Ling also turned her gaze over and nodded with a difficult expression and an extremely tacit understanding.

“It’s him!”

In the intelligence report from outside.

The second-in-command of the Saint Servant who killed the Wuyue Sword Deity in Azure Dragon Prefecture, the elder nicknamed the Sleeveless, wasn’t he dressed exactly the same as the person who appeared at this moment?

“But didn’t the second-in-command of the Saint Servant retreat with his injuries?”

“Even Wuyue Sword Deity was injured after that battle.”

“How could Sleeveless recover to such a state so quickly?”

Red-robed was completely puzzled.

Look at this aura!

That person just stood there with a sword in his hand, and the entire place was dead silent.

Even the Storyteller was also frozen, unable to speak for a long time.

The shattered space was suppressed by that person’s aura, which seemed as if it was about to swallow mountains and rivers. Even his recovery speed was slowed down.

“Sleeveless didn’t escape. Instead, after failing to kill the Wuyue Sword Deity, he entered the space of the White Cave First?”

“Then, he waited for an opportunity to act?”

Almost at the same time, this thought flashed through the minds of all the Red-robed.

It was as if a haze had descended on their hearts.

A Storyteller who was the seventh-in-command of the Saint Servant had already tortured everyone here to this state.

Now, there was a second-in-command of the Saint Servant?

How should they fight this battle?

Was the Saint Servant crazy? !

They had all gathered in the White Cave. were they really not afraid of being wiped out by the white-clothed? !

..

Silence.

Xu Xiaoshou held the sword in one hand and the straw hat in the other.

He didn't speak, but his aura was accumulating.

Under such a stifling atmosphere, no one dared to question him.

The Storyteller's "Second Brother, take the sword" was too confusing.

No one would question his identity as an existence that even the Saint Servant, the seven-in-command, had acknowledged.

Not to mention Xu Xiaoshou, who was standing with a sword in his hand. Under the effect of "Swallow the mountains and rivers", he had left a deep mark on everyone's soul when he appeared.

"Roar! !!"

The Red Twin Dragon Python was moaning in pain in the shattered space.

The devil's higher energy of the Fourth Sword was too terrifying.

No matter how tenacious it was, unless it was a swordsman who had never mastered sword cognition, it was impossible for it to resist the power of the Eighth Sword Deity's saber.

The tribulation clouds had dispersed long ago.

However, the remaining power in one's body was enough to destroy this enormous Red Twin Dragon Pythons.

No one paid any more attention to the ghost beast that was about to die.

No matter how miserable the moans were, everyone's gazes were still locked onto the old man in the straw hat.

..

In the distance.

The Storyteller's expression was a little dull.

It was different from the others who were surprised by Second Brother's powerful appearance.

His gaze was staring straight at the withered right hand that held the Fourth Sword.

How dare he?

Even if it was Second Brother, he was not a swordsman. How dare he hold the Fourth Sword?

“Second Brother, you...”

“Shut up.”

Xu Xiaoshou pulled his stiff neck and glanced over coldly. With one sentence, he cut off the Storyteller’s words.

Everyone was stunned.

Only now did they realize.

This so-called second-in-command of the Saint Servant was basically the same as Cheng Xingchu in the beginning.

He was one of the few people who had grasped the Fourth Sword but had not been demonized by the devil invasion!

“This...”

“Vicious Sword, acknowledged?”

“Suspected, passive points + 13.”

Xu Xiaoshou felt the violent primitive desire in his body that was constantly attacking his soul.

He was trying his best to resist it. Otherwise, if he squinted his eyes, he would transform into a berserk giant.

At that time, the effect of Xin Gugu’s special training was displayed at this moment.

Relying on his willpower that was originally stronger than ordinary people, Xu Xiaoshou held on tightly to the last bit of clarity in his spiritual altar.

But he knew.

The root that prevented him from completely turning into a devil was not the so-called will.

It was sword cognition!

It came from his energy center. The strand of sword cognition that was given to him by the scruffy-looking man seemed to be resonating with the power of the Fourth Sword.

Vicious Sword in hand.

Xu Xiaoshou could clearly feel that it was trying to get close to the power of the sword cognition in his energy center.

It was a little timid and cautious.

And when it really came into contact with the sword cognition..

“Boom!”

Xu Xiaoshou’s body was suddenly injured by the fierce demonic aura.

He resisted the urge to spurt out blood to show it to others. He continued to heal his injuries with eternal vitality, and his expression was calm.

“Angry?”

Yes.

When the strange emotions of the Fourth Sword came into contact with the sword cognition, they suddenly disappeared and turned into fury.

The hope that he had been looking forward to was finally shattered like bubbles.

Xu Xiaoshou could clearly feel the fury caused by this illusory feeling that could be broken at a single touch.

“Hold on.”

Clenching his teeth, Xu Xiaoshou did not say a word.

He did not understand what the Fourth Sword was trying to probe, but if he could not hold on to the fury of this vicious sword, he would not be able to control the situation..

If he was exposed, he would definitely die!

“Weng –”

The Fourth Sword trembled, and the devil vein was even deeper, almost covering Xu Xiaoshou’s entire body.

A feeling of powerlessness, a feeling of lack, a feeling of weakness..

All sorts of fatigue came from the soul, and his eyelids became heavier and heavier.

Xu Xiaoshou tried his best to resist. He knew that once he closed his eyes, he might lose himself.

But..

It was too difficult!

With the power of the Fourth Sword, how could a mere innate expert be able to resist it?

His heart was as big as the sky.

However, in reality, he would always be able to defeat any perfect fantasy without even realizing it.

“It’s over, I’ve been too arrogant...”

Just as Xu Xiaoshou felt that he should compromise and hand over his body to the Fourth Sword, allowing it to destroy this world wantonly.

“Buzz.”

Above his energy center, an extremely tiny sword cognition that was completely unremarkable and was covered by various energy rays suddenly let out a soft sound.

Under the suppression of the infernal original seed, the three days frozen calamity, and the great sword cognition, this insignificant strand of sword cognition, which was like a silver thread, stepped forward at this moment.

“My... sword cognition?”

Xu Xiaoshou was stunned.

If nothing went wrong, this strand of sword cognition should be the sword cognition that he had observed from hidden bitter’s body through the continuous use of the sword observation technique.

“So... Sword Observation Manual?” He was a little confused.

At this moment, the small sword cognition moved, and the vicious sword cognition of the Fourth Sword froze.

In the next second, it rushed toward the sword cognition that he had ignored earlier like a mad man.

“Buzz, Buzz, Buzz!”

At the moment of contact, the Fourth Sword trembled violently.

The fury turned into ecstasy, and the power of the devil started to pour into the sword cognition.

It seemed to be protecting, but also nurturing..

Boom

The sky full of sword will suddenly exploded above the Lijian Grassland, forcing everyone to retreat in horror.

Xu Xiaoshou regained his consciousness and immediately wanted to restrain the sword will into his body.

After all, Elder Sang was not a swordsman. If he revealed his sword will at this moment, it would inevitably arouse some suspicion.

However..

“Feared, passive points + 8.”

“Surprised, passive points, + 19.”

“...”

The situation that ‘Perception’ was observing did not develop in the direction he had expected. Instead, everyone present was shocked!

“Fourth Sword, acknowledged?”

“How is that possible? The second-in-command of the Saint Servant is clearly not a swordsman, but this sword will...”

Some of the red-robed hesitated.

After a long while, someone finally realized something and exclaimed, "This is the sword will of the Fourth Sword!"

"How terrifying! How can this be?"

"As expected of a Saint Servant. Not only did he snatch the famed sword, but he also has a unique method of grasping the Fourth Sword. Can he directly grasp it?"

"How... can he fight?"

"The second-in-command, the seventh-in-command, and the Fourth Sword. He doesn't even need to move. Just a casual slash and no one in the entire arena can take it, right?" Someone said as he looked at the Night Guardian.

Lan Ling looked at the panic on the faces of the Red-robed.

For a moment, she didn't know what method to use to comfort them.

Storyteller could barely comfort them.

Now, even she couldn't suppress her panic, so how could she comfort them and regain their fighting spirit?

Night Guardian frowned and didn't reply.

He stared at the elders who appeared in the Void and were in a very bad state.

After struggling?

Finally suppressing them?

From the series of actions of the second-in-command of the Saint Servant, it was not easy for him to control the Fourth Sword.

But now, it seemed to have succeeded?

However, where did this inexplicable sense of familiarity come from?

Xu Xiaoshou's figure suddenly appeared in the mind of the Night Guardian.

That kid had a black sword, which was very similar to the Fourth Sword.

At that time, the way he looked at the Ciity Lord Mansion when he drew his sword was very similar to the way the old man in the straw hat held his sword.

But..

How could an eighth or ninth grade spiritual sword compare to the Fourth Sword?

How could an innate ant transform into the second-in-command of the Saint Servant?

"Impossible!"

With a sudden shake of his head, the Night Guardian immediately denied his absurd idea.

Xu Xiaoshou was indeed a bit mysterious.

But no matter how mysterious his real identity was, could he be the second-in-command of the Saint Servant?

Could he be so powerful that the Storyteller would really shut up after saying “Shut up”?

“Surprised, passive points, + 13.”

..

“Second Brother...”

The Storyteller was obviously also frightened by Xu Xiaoshou’s posture of controlling the Fourth Sword.

Since when did he have this ability?

Could it be that his brother had given him this link in the mission, so he had informed him in advance of the method to control the Fourth Sword?

“Second Brother, take the sword?”

Before he could continue to think, Xu Xiaoshou, who had temporarily suppressed the ominous demonic qi and regained a little clarity in his eyes, once again swept his cold gaze over.

“Boom!”

Even though Xu Xiaoshou tried his best to suppress it.

However, wherever his gaze focused, the energy of swallow the mountains and rivers suddenly gathered, directly destroying the already shattered space once again.

The Storyteller’s delicate body suddenly trembled.

Under this glance, he, who did not have the slightest bit of resistance, actually felt that he had transformed into the most lowly ant in the world.

And Second Brother was an existence that was as dazzling as the gods of the nine heavens.

“His strength...”

With just a glance, the Storyteller knew that Second Brother’s injuries had definitely completely recovered.

Furthermore, after more than ten years of tempering and the final battle with Gou Wuyue, his cultivation level had definitely undergone an earth-shaking transformation.

Just a glance was already so powerful?

If he really made a move, wouldn’t that be the destruction of the world?

“Well, I was a little too excited just now and forgot about your mission...” the Storyteller hesitated and couldn’t say anything.

Second Brother had indeed said that he had his own mission.

But at that time, he had already suppressed the entire place, and all the red-robed people were afraid of him like tigers.

He thought that there was no existence in the place that could stop him.

Therefore, under the influence of his high-pitched emotions, he even directly revealed Second Brother's existence.

And now..

The other party was obviously angry!

"It's my fault!"

The Storyteller smiled obediently and explained, "But this is also a tactic..."

"Tactic?"

Xu Xiaoshou's eyebrows, which were pressed under the straw hat, twitched, and he didn't say anything more.

The Storyteller's body immediately stiffened.

"Inner, inner..."

His thoughts ran wildly, but even if he racked his brain, the Storyteller didn't have any more excuses.

Even though both sides didn't explicitly say it before.

But the tacit understanding was that if the Storyteller obtained Fourth Sword he would try his best to exchange them with the fake sword in Second Brother's hand without anyone noticing.

At that time, if something really happened.

Even if Fourth Sword were seized, what was lost would only be the fake.

The real vicious sword had already fallen into the Saint Servant's trap.

But!

At that time, the Storyteller was really provoked by the ghost beast, so how could he care so much?

He thought that he had suppressed the entire scene, so he didn't even bother to change his sword.

He even used the Fourth Sword and directly turned the Red Twin Dragon Python into a Mad Python.

At this moment..

Who could withstand the wrath of the Second Brother in his prime?

This was an irritable old ghost who dared to fight with his brother at the slightest disagreement, and even directly said, "The way is different, we don't conspire together" to draw a clear line that he hadn't been a Saint Servant for more than ten years!

Not to mention now.

Even if it was the Second Brother who was in a weak state, the Storyteller would at most play around with him and make fun of him.

If he really wanted to make a move..

Even if he had guts, he would not dare to say anything!

“I’m sorry.”

The Storyteller’s eyeballs rolled and he was completely at a loss. He simply covered his chest and gave a 90-degree bow.

If he could not beat him, he would apologize.

If he made a mistake, he would admit it.

You, don’t be so fierce!

“Apology received. Passive points, + 1.”

“Hated. Passive points, + 1.”

The eyeballs of the onlookers in red-robed immediately popped out.

Did the Storyteller, who was so arrogant just now, bow?

Was this the Saint Servant?

Was this the difference between the second-in-command of the Saint Servant and the seventh-in-command of the Saint Servant?

Although he did not know what kind of small conflict had occurred between the two, he did not say a word and just bowed?

“Is the difference that big?”

Xin muttered in a low voice. As he looked at the straw hat figure holding the sword, a hint of unbearable fear appeared in his eyes.

Was this an existence that could rival the moonless sword deity?

In front of him, the Storyteller was simply a child!

“Feared, passive points + 18.”

Xu Xiaoshou remained silent.

His face was as dark as ink, making it impossible for anyone to see the slightest bit of emotion in his heart.

Under the awe-inspiring aura of the heavens, he did not move or speak, but in the hearts of everyone, he added a sense of mystery.

However, everyone knew their own family matters.

Only the heavens knew how much pressure Xu Xiaoshou had to bear to stand out.

He wanted to speak.

He wanted to use his long speech in the past, as well as his well-reasoned truth, to refute all his doubts.

But the fiendish demon sword will in his body was too ruthless!

It was as if he had met his own kin's child. The method used by the Fourth Sword on the strand of sword will he comprehended from sword observation was to continuously infuse it and continuously generate it..

It was as if he was afraid that the sword cognition would grow malnourished.

Xu Xiaoshou did not know whether this transformation was good or bad.

But now, he could not care about it anymore.

The energy center had originally formed a delicate balance under the situation where several great powers were tied together.

But when the devil sword entered his body, it directly and mercilessly broke this balance.

The power of the sword cognition's continuous growth brought about a pain that was hundreds of times greater than the pain he had endured during sword observation.

In addition, there was the three days frozen calamity, the infernal original seed's balance was broken, and the gray destructive power mixed together..

There was also the trembling sword cognition that would occasionally shake and cut..

It was unbearable!

Xu Xiaoshou was really unbearable!

Every time he tried his best to squeeze out a few words, it was already his limit. He could not form a complete sentence at all.

However, the unexpected happened so miraculously.

Under the shock brought by Elder Sang's face.

Not only did everyone present, including the Storyteller, not doubt him, but they would try their best to guess his meaning through a few words.

Perhaps, being a man of few words was what a truly strong person should do?

Was it also the best way for him to speak at this moment as Elder Sang?

For some reason, he actually knew this way?

"Then..."

Xu Xiaoshou maintained his "Transformation" at all times so that the corners of his mouth and eyes would not be noticed.

He gripped the Fourth Sword tightly. He could not even make a single movement. He only shifted his gaze slightly and looked at the Red Twin Dragon Pythons that were completely dyed black by the devil sword and had lost their self-awareness.

No.

Caramel!

I, Xu Xiaoshou, stand out this time. Even if I can't move..

My goal is also for you guys.

Ghost Beast?

A Ghost Beast with feelings?

No matter how the outside world would question it in the end, Xu Xiaoshou only wanted to uphold his own heart at this moment.

"She's just my friend... A friend. That's all."

Chapter 556: Give Me Some Face

The trembling Red-robed, the trembling Storyteller, the motionless Xu Xiaoshou... Elder Sang.

No one spoke.

It was very depressing.

And awkward.

"In awe, passive points + 18."

"Awaiting, passive points, + 12."

"Watched, passive points + 19."

"..."

Xu Xiaoshou knew that everyone was waiting for him.

However, he only took a look at the information bar that kept spamming and did not pay much attention to it.

"Sword cognition..."

He used his inner vision to look into his body.

The demonic sword qi of the Fourth Sword of did not instil too much power into sword cognition.

Or, it could be said that it had already noticed that the current sword cognition was too weak.

It was like a delicate sprout that dared to be born. Pushing it too far would only harm it in the end.

When the sword cognition was clearly swollen to the point that it did not look like a sword cognition, the ferocious demonic power of the Fourth Sword stopped this loss of composure.

“Are you excited?”

Xu Xiaoshou could be sure that the excitement of the Fourth Sword definitely had something to do with the sword observation manual.

However, as long as it was calm, it wouldn't cause too much harm to him.

At this moment, it wouldn't be the main character.

He didn't need to pay too much attention to it.

He felt that the fierce demonic energy in his body had calmed down, and it had once again reached a delicate balance with the leaked ice and fire dual elemental energy.

Although this balance would still cause a lot of harm to him.

But at this time.

The recovery ability of “Eternal Vitality” could completely suppress the injuries in his body. It could even faintly help him to slowly move in the direction of recovery.

Xu Xiaoshou was relieved.

He moved his body slightly.

His body had recovered a little of his mobility.

He didn't stay silent for too long. Xu Xiaoshou looked at the Storyteller and gently picked up the Fourth Sword.

“If you do something wrong, you can deal with it after you get out.”

“But since I'm out now, I have to do something.”

The Storyteller's heart skipped a beat and he asked timidly, “Do... what?”

Xu Xiaoshou shook his head gently and did not say anything.

He looked at the Red Twin Dragon Pythons that was completely dyed in ink. At this moment, its crazy state could even make it forget the pain of its body being torn apart.

The Red Twin Dragon Pythons was struggling, trying to fight again.

“Enough.”

Xu Xiaoshou sighed in his heart.

Caramel had really done enough for Xin Gugu.

The broken body that was shattered by the Lightning Tribulation, coupled with the fierce demonic power of the Fourth Sword..

Under such serious injuries, even if the Red Twin Dragon Pythons struggled to stand up, what else could it do?

“Fly over?”

Xu Xiaoshou clenched his Fourth Sword tightly. He could faintly feel that he had already obtained the recognition of the Fourth Sword through the two sword cognition in his body.

Although he was still a long way from being recognized as its master.

But under such circumstances, it was not a problem for him to borrow a portion of the power of the vicious sword.

With a thought.

A violent wind blew in the air. The overflowing power of the vicious devil suddenly began to withdraw and gather into the sword body of the vicious sword.

“Okay.”

Xu Xiaoshou was delighted.

If the devil sword could be retrieved, then perhaps Caramel could still be saved?

He wanted to move.

But as he thought, a tearing pain came from his lower body, and Xu Xiaoshou almost sucked in a breath of cold air.

“Eternal Vitality” was indeed recovering his physical body.

But his progress was too slow.

At this moment, it was really impossible for him to take such a big step forward.

However..

Glancing at the confused Storyteller and the people in red-robed who seemed to be facing a great enemy in the distance, the corner of Xu Xiaoshou’s mouth twitched.

“Sizzle.”

After a disdainful sneer, he calmly and unhurriedly took this step forward.

“Hu.”

The wind blew, and the scene was so quiet that it was eerie and strange.

“Disappeared?”

Everyone who was looking at Xu Xiaoshou’s figure suddenly narrowed their eyes in shock.

The power of the higher void in the body of the Night Guardian was already activated, but what they saw was still the scene of the Saint Servant’s Second Brother completely disappearing after a step.

Yes.

He disappeared!

It was as if this person had never appeared in this world.

Even the traces of the Way of the Heavens and the spatial fluctuation could not be found.

He had completely disappeared!

This kind of ability did not seem like the realm of merging into the Cutting Path way possessed.

Instead..

It was of a higher level!

“An ability that surpasses the Way of the Heavens... The holy path?” Night Guardian was extremely shocked.

He glanced at the Storyteller without leaving any traces, wanting to see some sort of connection from this perverted man in a red-robed’s expression.

However, even the Storyteller was shocked beyond words.

“He doesn’t know?”

Night Guardian was stunned.

Did this mean that the Saint Servant’s ability was something that the Saint Servant had never seen before?

“So, he really broke through after the battle with the Wuyue Sword Deity and entered the arena?”

Night Guardian closed his eyes heavily.

“Demi-saint?”

If that was the case, how could he fight?

There was no solution, okay?

“He didn’t disappear. He just moved!” Lan Ling suddenly said from the side.

He was different from the others.

With the Heaven Sealing Array in her hand, although she couldn’t sense what method the Saint Servant had used to disappear.

But when he reappeared, she still sensed it immediately.

He twisted his head.

Everyone looked over at the same time.

After maintaining a safe distance from the berserk Red Twin Dragon Pythons, Xu Xiaoshou suddenly appeared.

“Attention received, passive points, + 16.”

“Surprised, passive points, + 19.”

After seeing the information bar, Xu Xiaoshou knew that his move had successfully stunned everyone.

“Vanishing technique. As expected, this type of awakening technique completely ignores the existence of levels.”

“If it wasn’t for the special sensing type of sovereign and cutting path, even the Heaven Sealing Array wouldn’t have been able to detect it.”

“Under the Vanishing technique, take the easy way out.”

“Even if it’s spatial movement, no one can detect the spatial fluctuation.”

Xu Xiaoshou thought to himself.

Divine skill!

In fact, if he wanted to achieve a similar effect, he could take the easy way out.

However, Elder Sang probably didn’t know any spatial-type spiritual technique.

And if he added the seemingly superfluous Vanishing technique..

Xu Xiaoshou secretly observed the Storyteller’s reaction.

Seeing his confused expression, he thought to himself that he had succeeded.

A so-called “Holy Path” method that could deceive all the experts at the level of the Cutting Path was born!

And its composition was actually not simple.

Two full awakening techniques!

“Second Brother, what do you want?”

The Storyteller saw Second Brother appear above the Red Twin Dragon Pythons and had an ominous premonition in his heart.

Xu Xiaoshou completely ignored him.

After taking a deep breath, he felt the Red Twin Dragon Pythons’ increasingly violent emotions under his feet. He tilted his Fourth Sword and lowered his eyes.

“Boom!”

The air was directly crushed by the majestic aura accumulated by the swallow the mountains and rivers.

The eight-winged Red Twin Dragon Pythons, which was still struggling to leap up, seemed to have missed its target and collapsed into the ground.

Smoke and dust rose from the bottom of the Pythons and scattered in all directions.

“Hiss.”

The Storyteller sucked in a breath of cold air.

Until now, he couldn't see how Second Brother could do such a solid attack with such a solid aura.

If he could suppress it with his eyes, he could do it too, but only for low-realm people.

As for the eight-winged Red Twin Dragon Python..

Although the Ghost Beast had been destroyed by the Lightning Tribulation.

Under the Devil Invasion of the Fourth Sword, it had already forgotten about the pain.

When it sensed that someone was provoking it, it should have flapped its eight wings and pounced on it.

However, its actions seemed to have fallen into the eyes of the second brother.

It didn't give the Ghost Beast any chance to counterattack.

A look to suppress it in advance?

No one knew that Xu Xiaoshou's one look not only took away almost all of the energy in swallow the mountains and rivers.

He even used all things are swords in secret and used the Fourth Sword's sword will to heavily injure the Red Twin Dragon Pythons from the inside.

After all, if one look could not suppress it...

Then this whole situation would probably be overturned.

He, Xu Xiaoshou, did not have any spare strength to deal with anyone present.

Even if it was just an ordinary Red-robed...

..

“What is he doing?”

A cry of surprise suddenly came from the Red-robed.

Second Brother, the Saint Servant, who had suppressed the heavily injured Red Twin Dragon Pythons, gently lifted up the Fourth Sword.

Amidst the humming of the sword, a large amount of fiendish aura was extracted from the Red Twin Dragon Pythons and went straight into the Fourth Sword's sword body.

The Storyteller's face instantly turned pale.

“Second Brother, what are you doing?”

Are you trying to snatch a gift?

Are you shameless?

If you really wanted to reconcile with your brother, wouldn't you go look for a gift?

You want to ruin the best product that he worked so hard to create?

“Save the Pythons,” Xu Xiaoshou replied without even turning his head.

“Save the Python?” The Storyteller's head hurt and he said, “But I'm doing an experiment!”

“Can't you see that your experimental subject is about to die?” Xu Xiaoshou sneered.

“Die?”

“Impossible!”

The Storyteller was anxious. He stretched out his orchid finger and said in a sharp voice, “It can be demonized by the Fourth Sword. After the devil invasion, if its strength can break through again, it might be able to turn into a python or even a dragon.”

“You can't interrupt its evolution!”

Xu Xiaoshou finally raised his head when he heard that. He stared straight at the Storyteller, making the Storyteller's heart tremble. In the end, he quietly put down his orchid finger.

“Shut up.”

“OH.”

“Cursed, passive points + 1.”

“In awe, passive points + 12.”

The people in red-robed were speechless.

What was this?

The arena was supposed to be a peaceful war, but everything changed after the appearance of the Second son of the Saint Servant.

A large-scale education for children?

Since when did this Storyteller have such a good temper?

He was already reprimanded like this, yet he still didn't resist?

Why didn't he start the war directly!

“Lan Ling.”

Night Guardian turned to look at Lan Ling.

Others might think that the Storyteller's temper was gone.

But he, who had fought with this fellow, knew that the Storyteller could not be like this.

His attitude would change drastically. It could only be said that this Second Brother of the Saint Servant was too strong!

Even the Storyteller did not dare to disobey his words and actions.

If that was the case, he really had to let this Second Brother of the Saint Servant continue to follow his actions.

When he turned his head back..

Red-robed, what should he do?

"HMM."

Lan Ling didn't say anything else.

Secretly, she had already secretly formed a seal, quietly mobilizing the power of the Heaven Sealing Array.

..

Chi Chi Chi

The dense black fiendish aura was extracted from the twitching Red Twin Dragon Python's body back into the Fourth Sword's sword body.

Xu Xiaoshou was enduring the majestic and terrifying energy, but his face was already as pale as paper.

However, the advanced use of "Transformation" meant that no matter what situation he was in, he had to have a ruddy face. The face that he displayed was a ruddy face!

"No, I can't absorb any more. If I continue to absorb, the snake will really be gone!"

The Storyteller could no longer stand. He took a step forward and was about to fly over.

Xu Xiaoshou lowered his eyelids and turned his gaze.

When his peripheral vision landed on the jade-like feet that the Storyteller had repaired and was about to take a step forward.

This fellow's face was stiff. He did not dare to make any more unnecessary movements.

Xu Xiaoshou did not say anything. Instead, he smiled and turned his head to the side, looking in the direction of Red-robed.

With a whoosh, the sound of the wind shook.

All of the red-robed suddenly retracted. Their bodies were completely tensed up. It was as if their prey was being stared at by a hunter. Their vigilance rose.

Even Lan Ling, who was secretly doing something, immediately stopped the seal.

“Feared, passive points + 16.”

“No need to be nervous. This old man is not here to kill.”

Xu Xiaoshou smiled lightly and pondered for a moment. The smile on his face slowly stopped and he said indifferently,

“But since this old man has come out, then please give me some face.”

“Give this little time to this old man.”

“Can?”

Lan Ling felt her throat dry up.

Sure enough, her little move was still discovered?

She said as if nothing had happened, “What time?”

Xu Xiaoshou laughed lightly, turned his head, and looked at the Fourth Sword in his hand that was constantly absorbing the vicious qi.

“Dong, Dong, Dong...”

His index finger lightly tapped on the handle of the vicious sword.

The faint sound reverberated in the quiet void. At this moment, it was extremely ear-piercing.

“When senior is moving, as a junior, you don’t have to move.”

“What I mean is...”

Xu Xiaoshou paused for a moment and said, “Don’t appear even if a finger is trembling.”

“Understand?”

When the last word was spoken, the ground suddenly cracked.

Almost in an instant, all the water in the world seemed to have evaporated.

Even the void that had repaired itself began to distort, showing signs of melting.

High temperature.

Extreme high temperature!

Xu Xiaoshou did not even need to release all of the Infernal Original Seed. He did what Elder Sang did when he faced the masked man.

When he did not have to fight.

This kind of atmosphere and the fear of giving others the unknown was the best way to shock people.

As expected.

As for the red-robed, this time, Lan Ling secretly performed a spiritual spell with her hands behind her back.

She did not even dare to swallow a mouthful of saliva that was stuck in her throat.

Even if she did not have an adam's apple, she was afraid that a hidden roll in her throat would bring her death.

After all, the Storyteller was already a pervert.

As the second-in-command of the Saint Servant, would the old man's words of "Don't even tremble with a finger" really include some of her wild thoughts..

It was hard to say.

But for the sake of her life, she couldn't try!

The lips of the Night Guardian opened and closed, and she was about to say something when she suddenly felt the high temperature around her increase.

Even the spiritual source in his body was actually showing signs of burning at this moment.

He opened his mouth and did not dare to close it for a moment.

"Cough cough..."

It was neither right or wrong for the Storyteller to withdraw his foot.

He suspected that Second Brother was indirectly talking to someone else. Moreover, the evidence was conclusive.

Therefore, he could only maintain this awkward posture. He coughed lightly and said, "Second Brother, we are in cahoots. Don't forget..."

Xu Xiaoshou did not reply.

After the ferocious demonic aura was extracted from his body by the Fourth Sword, he gently flipped his hand and sent the eight-winged Red Twin Dragon Pythons into the Yuan mansion.

The entire place was dead silent.

The corners of the Storyteller's eyes twitched wildly and his brows twitched wildly. He was stunned and did not dare to say anything else.

However, after Xu Xiaoshou had done all of this, he turned his head and looked at him again.

"If I remember correctly..."

"Those minotaurs were finally put into your space, right?"

Chapter 557: Does Elder Have a Disciple?

Minotaur?

Do you still want to think about my cute little minotaur?

A big Python can't satisfy you, you damn old ghost, right!

Damn!

The Storyteller was so angry that he almost stomped his feet.

However, under the pressure of Second Brother's nameless aura, no matter how unwilling he was, he didn't dare to show it.

"Ha, Ha Ha..."

"Second brother, what, what do you mean?" The Storyteller laughed embarrassedly. His hand could not help but cover his chest.

"What do you think?"

Xu Xiaoshou felt that his body had become much better after he stopped absorbing the ominous demonic aura.

Even the 'under attack' that was constantly spamming on the screen seemed to be slowing down at this moment.

"Fission, blood rebirth, immortality..."

Xu Xiaoshou counted his fingers as he spoke. A perverted smile gradually appeared on his face, and his eyes were slightly fiery. "You know, if this was used as medicine, this old man would be able to refine a furnace of a peerless great pill!"

"Impossible!"

The Storyteller was furious and shouted loudly, "You took a snake and didn't pursue it. Now you still want to..."

"You're Insatiable!"

"You're simply insatiable!"

Red-robed, who was watching from afar, was frightened by the Storyteller, who was clenching his orchid fingers, shaking his hands and stomping his feet.

"This damn pervert..."

Xin felt that his eyes had been defiled.

This scene could only be washed away with the river of forgetfulness.

The corner of the Night Guardian's mouth was also twitching.

He had fought against the Storyteller before, and he knew that if this fellow acted, it would really cause one's scalp to go numb.

But the scene before him was simply too horrible to look at!

"Crap..."

Xu Xiaoshou's goosebumps rose as he watched, and he almost slashed his sword forward.

But he forcefully suppressed the discomfort in his heart, and his eyes sank. He narrowed his eyes and stared at the red-robed man without saying a word.

"UH..."

For a moment, the Storyteller also felt that he had been too presumptuous.

The last time when he had released his natural instincts in front of this damn old man, he had almost burned all the hair on his body.

This time..

"You're not allowed."

The Storyteller curled his fingers and turned his head away. He pouted and said, "Niu Niu will never give it to you. Give it up. This is a gift that I want to give to my brother."

"You already have a gift." Xu Xiaoshou was unmoved

"This is the second gift!"

The Storyteller said angrily, "Can't someone give you a second gift?"

"Yes."

Xu Xiaoshou nodded lightly. He pondered for a moment and said, "But what about me? You summoned me in such a hurry. Aren't you prepared to give me a gift?"

His gaze froze.

The Storyteller instantly felt a chill down his spine.

This damn old ghost wants to settle the score?

Are you crazy? I only called you out in advance. I didn't lose anything.

A snake as an apology isn't enough.

You still want my cow?

Xu Xiaoshou seemed to know what he was thinking. He said indifferently, "Give me a gift in pairs. Give it to me. If you delay my experiment, I'll refine you directly. Do you believe me?"

"I... don't... believe!"

The Storyteller roared in his heart.

However, he forced a stiff smile on his face and took out a palm-sized piece of space paper from his pocket.

"Here, here..."

Xu Xiaoshou didn't say anything. He smiled and narrowed his big black eyes. "Do you want me to go over and take it?"

The Storyteller's face turned green instantly.

You damn old man!

Didn't you stop me from moving?

He obediently did as you said, and now you're talking about seniority with me. Are you sick? !

"Oh, yes, he is indeed sick."

The Storyteller suddenly came to a realization.

If Second Brother was not sick, how could he have done it all these years, to the point where even his brother had to persuade him nicely?

He did not dare to stay.

The Storyteller reached out with both hands, and a spatial vortex appeared in front of him.

Then, a vortex appeared in front of Xu Xiaoshou.

The spatial piece of paper appeared from the vortex.

Obviously, the Storyteller was so careful that he didn't even dare to get close.

Xu Xiaoshou smiled and shook his head. He picked up the piece of paper with two fingers.

In the small space of the piece of paper, there were tens of thousands of drops of blood. They were like red duckweed, scattered in every corner of the space of the piece of paper.

"Is he dead..."

'Perception' could detect that there was no sign of life in it.

Xu Xiaoshou's heart sank.

If Xin Gugu was dead, then what was the point of him coming out this time?

What was the difference between being unable to save his friend and being indifferent when he witnessed his death?

"He's not dead yet."

When the Storyteller saw his Second Brother's darkened gaze, he thought that this old ghost was in a bad mood because of the Ghost Beast's medicinal ingredients, so he hurriedly explained.

Xu Xiaoshou looked up.

The Storyteller immediately added, "This is also my ancient book's space. Outsiders might not be able to notice it, but with the support of the Yin Yang Life and Death Trap's power, he can maintain a trace of his spiritual intelligence."

“Whether or not he can wake up depends on luck... but if he’s conducting alchemy, it should be possible.”

“Not dead, Hehe, really not dead.”

Xu Xiaoshou stared at the Storyteller for a long time before he flipped his hand and sent the space piece of paper into the Yuan mansion.

Actually, if it was possible, he really wanted to ask the Storyteller to undo the power of the space piece of paper.

In this way, Xin Gugu could bathe in the spirit mark of life’s spiritual qi as soon as she entered the Yuan mansion, so she definitely would not die.

However, this method was too risky!

Putting aside whether Elder Sang could recognize the power of the Storyteller or not, he could not figure it out.

Just his appearance alone..

If he still needed to rely on others to help him, it would be an intangible act of lowering his status.

In order to maintain his identity and... to act cool, Xu Xiaoshou had to pretend that he understood everything.

Even though at this moment, he could not even defeat one-tenth of the storyteller.

“Very good.”

Xu Xiaoshou, who did not know what to say or how move on from this, had no choice but to look around him. He gently tapped his head and said the two words that were neither painful nor itchy.

“Everyone has given me enough time and face. The things that I have to do will end here.”

“The rest...”

He looked at Red-robed and then at the Storyteller. He smiled and said, “You guys settle your own matters. I still have a mission. Goodbye.”

He took a step forward.

He was about to silently chant the “Vanishing technique” in his heart.

But at this moment, a voice came from behind him, urging him to stay:

“Senior, please wait.”

The moment the voice was heard, the entire place fell into dead silence.

Everyone turned to look at the person at the exit.

This time, even the Storyteller was a little depressed.

You Red-robed, what do you call yourself?

This is a Saint Servant, do you understand?

Can you afford to provoke him?

It's easy to invite a god, but difficult to send a god. It wasn't easy for this dead guy to escape, so why did you keep him here!

Can you beat him?

Keep him here to continue snatching gifts?

"This sick girl... if I had known earlier, I would have dug out that eyeball first!" The Storyteller cursed in his heart, "I'm so angry!"

The group of people in red-robed also looked back in shock, and their gazes instantly focused on Yu Zhiwen.

Yu Zhiwen felt a huge pressure.

If she could, she didn't want to bear the gaze of more than ten sovereign thrones or even several experts of the Cutting Path level at the same time.

But now, she had to say it.

Xu Xiaoshou naturally also saw Yu Zhiwen's existence.

This girl had been frowning since the beginning, as if she had already seen something with her Gem Star Eyes.

At this moment, the moment she opened her mouth, Xu Xiaoshou only felt his hair stand on end.

But, did she ignore it?

To tell the truth.

If she ignored it, Xu Xiaoshou didn't know how she could leave the arena after using the Vanishing technique.

The stalemate on the battlefield was broken by his sudden intrusion.

At this moment, without a suitable reason, no one would shatter the space of the Storyteller's ancient book.

Even Red-robed didn't dare.

Previously, he didn't allow Red-robed to make a move because Xin Gugu's matter hadn't been settled yet.

But now, he wanted to give up.

The other party really didn't dare!

As the second son of the Saint Servant and the person who had received the double gift, the current Xu Xiaoshou had even less reason to undermine his own family.

Thus, if he wanted to get out of the ancient book's space.

Unless the Storyteller's brain was caught in a spatial crack and he detonated the ancient book's space.

Otherwise, there was only this one chance left.

One was because Yu Zhiwen had said a few more words and had inexplicably angered the second son of the Saint Servant. Then, the second son of the Saint Servant had lost his temper and forced Red-robed to make a move, a good opportunity to break the ancient book's space!

In any case, it was normal for Elder Sang to lose his temper for no reason.

"Little girl..."

Xu Xiaoshou stopped with a smile and turned his head to glance at her.

With a boom, the space where Red-robed was was instantly collapsed and became unstable.

Yu Zhiwen, who was hiding in the barrier of the Heaven Sealing Array, even let out a muffled groan and blood oozed out of the corner of her mouth under the indiscriminate damage.

Xu Xiaoshou: "..."

So weak?

That's right.

She had forgotten that Yu Zhiwen was probably the only remaining 'innate expert' other than herself.

"Zhiwen!"

Lan Ling flew to Yu Zhiwen's side and supported her with one hand, passing her gentle spiritual source over.

She lowered her eyebrows and didn't even have the time to glare at the Saint Servant who was bullying the weak. She just kept signaling with her eyes, trying to figure out the reason why Yu Zhiwen kept this old guy.

"It's okay, he has already held back."

Yu Zhiwen felt this familiar aura of oppression, as if she could see the scene of Xu Xiaoshou being suppressed when the Path Pattern Initial Stone was born.

She thought back to the same familiar scorching high temperature..

She sighed in her heart.

She vaguely understood something.

"May I ask, Senior, do you have a disciple named Xu Xiaoshou?"

Yu Zhiwen voiced out her doubts.

However, her gaze had been fixed on the fourth sword.

After this was said, Xu Xiaoshou did not wait for any reaction.

The bodies of the Night Guardian and the Storyteller trembled.

“Xu Xiaoshou?”

The Storyteller raised his eyebrows.

This name should not be the female disciple that he had seen just now, right?

Why, there was a faint sense of familiarity?

After pondering for a moment, the Storyteller’s pupils suddenly constricted.

He had heard of this name before!

Previously, during the battle between the Incarnation and the Night Guardian, the little brother who had finally escaped from the ancient book’s space with the Seal Ghost Beast..

He was Second Brother’s disciple?

This time, the Storyteller looked at the straw hat old man with a playful expression.

Dead man!

You have such a handsome disciple, why don’t you tell him?

He can’t beat you, so he can only let you do whatever you want..

Fine, you give it to the dead man, just you wait!

“Xu Xiaoshou...”

“Hehe.”

He suddenly covered his red lips, as if he had thought of something funny, and secretly laughed.

..

“Xu Xiaoshou?”

“No, it can’t be...”

“Which Xu Xiaoshou?”

“That Xu Xiaoshou? !”

Red-robed’s telepathic communication instantly became a little noisy.

Lan Ling looked back at the Night Nuardian in disbelief, as if she wanted to confirm something.

“How did I know...”

Night Guardian was also dumbfounded.

Xu Xiaoshou was the disciple of the Second Brother of the Saint Servant?

Even though he had felt the anxious power of this person in front of him similar to Xu Xiaoshou before, the Night Guardian had never thought about it.

But due to his subjective consciousness, the Night Guardian had never thought of this.

According to the private information that Red-robed had searched, shouldn't Xu Xiaoshou be the secret disciple of Elder Sang, the Vice Dean of Tiansang Spirit Palace?

Wait a minute!

Elder Sang?

Night Guardian was suddenly shocked and broke out in cold sweat.

Elder Sang seemed to be the Vice Dean of the Magic Pill Alchemy Association.

Elder Sang seemed to be the first dean of Tiansang Spirit Palace who had burned down half of Chuyun Peak.

Elder Sang..

Is the Saint Servant's Second Brother?

His heart seized, and the Night Guardian was horrified.

Even if he had never dealt with the so-called Vice Dean of Tiansang Spirit Palace.

But I've heard a lot about the man.

Now.

And all of a sudden,

The appearance of a Xu Xiaoshou, all things, all linked together?

"Got it!"

"I finally understand!"

At this moment, Night Guardian suddenly understood.

How could a small Prefecture and a small Tiansang Spirit Palace nurture a peerless talent like Xu Xiaoshou.

If a Saint Servant had acted in the dark, then with all his efforts, he would have been able to achieve such achievements, let alone now.

It was possible for Xu Xiaoshou's strength to double again!

As for why Xu Xiaoshou had always refused to be recruited by him, he had always kept a distance from him.

At this moment, everything seemed to make sense.

"Red-robed, Saint Servant..."

“How can I keep a distance from him without being rejected?” Night Guardian smiled bitterly.

Lan Ling also realized something.

She looked at Night Guardian and each knew what the other was thinking.

When Night Guardian put Xu Xiaoshou on the Red-robed’s blacklist, Lan Ling didn’t know why.

But now, those things that were thrown into the corner of her memory, seemingly impossible to be related to, were all connected together.

No one could remain calm.

Even Xin, who had always been slow-witted, suddenly realized something.

“Sister Zhiwen, is what you said true?”

Yu Zhiwen did not speak. Her beautiful starry eyes stared straight at the distant straw hat old man.

Really?

Yu Zhiwen herself didn’t believe the truth.

But if it was Xu Xiaoshou..

Anything was possible!

At this moment, she even had an even greater doubt in her heart.

Infernal Original Seed, the power of the Frozen Tribulation, the sword cognition created by the Eighth Sword Deity, and that vast aura..

Even if they were master and disciple, how could they be so similar?

Even though this straw hat old man had never displayed sword will from the beginning to the end, as if everything was a struggle with the Fourth Sword.

However, if he was Xu Xiaoshou..

Everything could be explained.

“No! Impossible!”

Yu Zhiwen was shocked by her own guess.

If the person in front of her was really Xu Xiaoshou, then it would be too shocking.

Scolding the Storyteller, shocking Red-robed with one glance, taking in the ghost beast with a flip of his hand..

Xu Xiaoshou wouldn’t dare to court death even if he had ten guts!

Although they hadn’t been together for a long time, Yu Zhiwen knew.

Xu Xiaoshou cherished his life as much as everyone present... gathered together!

“Disciple?”

In the air, the “Second Brother of the Saint Servant” pulled the corner of his scary mouth and smiled inexplicably.

His face also started to become gloomy and strange.

“I do have another disciple, but it’s not Xu Xiaoshou like you said.”

“His name is...”

Xu Xiaoshou subconsciously wanted to use Zhou Tianshen to take the blame, but then he thought about it.

Red-robed didn’t know Zhou Tianshen, but Yu Zhiwen had seen him before.

Zhang Xinxiong?

No.

Zhang Taiying was connected to the ghost beast, so Red-robed must have investigated the Zhang family.

Who else could move forward?

Zhang Xinxiong... That’s right, this guy seemed to be a cousin of some guy?

Xu Xiaoshou thought about it, and finally, the name of the original enemy from the outer yard of Tiansang Spirit Palace, which he had almost forgotten, appeared in his mind.

“Well...”

Xu Xiaoshou put his hands behind his back and raised his chin. “His name is Wen Ming.”

Chapter 558: Three Questions, Three Lives

“OH.”

The Storyteller, who was in mid-air and was about to watch a good show, suddenly felt his legs go weak and he staggered.

Wen Ming?

If it was another name, no matter how young and talented he was, his impression of the Storyteller would not be very deep, even if he had heard it before.

But..

Wen Ming?

Wasn’t this name mentioned by his brother before, and was even called an extremely interesting person?

The Storyteller had searched through almost all the young people in the White Cave, but he could not find the Wen Ming that his brother mentioned.

So, Wen Ming was actually Second Brother's disciple?

It was precisely because of this that his brother was very interested in him?

The Storyteller suddenly felt that the development of the matter was somewhat absurd.

He had searched the entire White Cave but was unable to find the person. At this moment, he had directly obtained it from Second Brother!

"Could it be that this is another Wen Ming?"

He was somewhat puzzled, but immediately denied it.

"Impossible."

"It can't be that there are two Wen Ming in this small White Cave, right?"

"And then one brother took a fancy to him and the other one took a fancy to Second Brother?"

"Hehe."

The corners of his mouth twitched, and the Storyteller rolled his eyes. "Who are you kidding!"

But no matter what..

Brother had a male disciple, and he was a very interesting male disciple!

"Heehee, Heehee."

"Heehee."

..

"Wen Ming..."

Yu Zhiwen fell into deep thought.

Such a peerless expert would not joke with a little girl like her for no reason.

However, she had never even heard of this Wen Ming!

Turning her head, Yu Zhiwen looked at Lan Ling.

However, the confusion in the latter's eyes did not even need to be asked. Yu Zhiwen knew about Red-robed and the others, so she did not recognize this person at all.

"I see."

She nodded lightly and followed the Saint Servant's Second Brother to continue, "I don't know much about Wen Ming, but I have this question because I have a friend whose ability is very similar to senior's."

Xu Xiaoshou's heart skipped a beat.

Exposed?

Little Yu had seen all kinds of his abilities.

Now that he thought about it, it seemed that he could really be related to the Saint Servant.

However, Elder Sang was elder sang himself.

Before knowing him, and even after knowing him, Xu Xiaoshou did not know the relationship between Elder Sang and the Saint Servant.

He would not pour shit on his head in front of the people of the Holy Divine Palace.

“Ability...”

“Hehe.”

Xu Xiaoshou forced a smile and said indifferently, “The Way of the Heavens is impermanent. I have given many opportunities in this world.”

“Maybe you have a few friends who happened to get my ability.”

“But...”

Xu Xiaoshou’s face fell as he said, “What does this have to do with me?”

Yu Zhiwen was anxious.

She knew that Xu Xiaoshou’s ability was not that simple.

This was definitely not something that could be achieved by ordinary opportunities.

As she thought about it, she wanted to open her mouth again.

But at this time, Xu Xiaoshou stepped forward and directly interrupted her exit.

“Also, Red-robed, white-clothed, or the Holy Divine Palace...”

Xu Xiaoshou shook his head indifferently. Killing intent appeared in his eyes. He said coldly, “When I want to ask a question, I will ask it myself. When I am interested in answering your questions, I will also answer it.”

“But at this juncture, do you think that you still have the right to ask a question?”

He looked down with disdain.

Air currents and ripples spread out in the air. It was as if the space could no longer withstand the pressure and collapsed.

“Be careful!”

Lan Ling protected Yu Zhiwen behind her.

The person in front of her was the “Saint Servant”.

The Storyteller’s perverted actions were in front of them. No one knew whether this straw hat old man, who did not have all the information, was also a temperamental person.

If one really asked too many questions, they would be irritated.

Perhaps he would really make a move and kill all the Red-robed people present!

“How about this.”

Xu Xiaoshou looked at the red-robed people, who were suddenly on high alert, and said with interest, “Since you like to ask questions so much, I’ll give you a chance.”

“Huh?”

Lan Ling and Night Guardian felt a sudden joy in their hearts.

They each had a lot of questions in their hearts.

If they could really get the answer from the second son of the Saint Servant at this time, it would indeed be a very good opportunity.

However, in the next second, the joy on the faces of the two people directly stiffened.

The second son of the Saint Servant in the void slowly raised a bony index finger and said with a smile, “One question, one life... Tell me everything you know and tell me everything you know. How about it?”

“Resisted, passive points + 16.”

“Feared, passive points + 18.”

“Cursed, passive points + 19.”

“Hiss.”

The heart of the Storyteller twitched.

Damn it, he was even more ruthless than himself!

“Second Brother, don’t do anything reckless. I said, in the White Cave, try not to move if you can...”

“You want to participate in the game too?” Xu Xiaoshou turned his head around.

Storyteller:”...”

He immediately fell silent. He took a step back and drew the boundaries of the game.

The other party didn’t say anything.

What you heard just now was just farting.

“Cursed, passive points + 1.”

..

“Senior...”

Yu Zhiwen’s pretty face instantly stiffened. She stuttered and couldn’t speak.

“Senior, this is a little too much.”

Lan Ling braced herself and stood out, saying, "We don't plan on playing games or anything like that..."

"Oh?"

Xu Xiaoshou raised his brows, "You're not playing again?"

The next second.

The aura of swallow the mountains and rivers that had been accumulating continuously gathered wildly as their gazes focused.

Boom!

The space in front of Lan Ling was directly crushed.

At the critical moment, a green light that bloomed in mid-air directly brought her out of the explosion's range.

"Peng Peng..."

"Peng Peng Peng..."

Lan Ling, who had survived a disaster, felt her heart beat wildly for a moment.

She sensed that the old man in straw hat was holding back.

Perhaps it was because he did not actually want to kill anyone.

Otherwise, with just a glance, the one who might be crushed was not the void but herself.

However, this sudden wave of attacks also made all the red-robed cultivators realize.

None of the Saint Servant's people were normal.

The communication methods of normal people didn't work on these fellows at all. They would only have the opposite effect.

Temperamental emotions were the true portrayal of the old man in the straw hat!

"Damn it, did I miss..."

Xu Xiaoshou almost frowned.

Fortunately, he forcefully suppressed his impulse and looked at the place where Lan Ling had reappeared without a change in expression.

The temperature in the air rose again.

Everyone felt a strong sense of discomfort and a sense of danger.

Night Guardian had accumulated his aura to the maximum. If he really needed to make a move, even if he was no match for her, he would definitely go up first.

Lan Ling, Yu Zhiwen, they couldn't die.

“Senior, wait!”

At the critical moment, Yu Zhiwen actually spoke again.

This time, even the Storyteller couldn't help but admire this little girl.

Not everyone could speak freely under such circumstances.

Moreover, she was only a junior!

Xu Xiaoshou's half-raised hand paused, and interest flashed in his eyes.

“You have guts.”

“You should be the only one here who dares to play this game.”

After pausing for half a breath, he continued with a smile, “But the next question is a life. Have you thought it through?”

At this moment, the red-clothed people at the back all broke out in cold sweat.

A question, a life!

Even under such circumstances, that little girl from the Holy Divine Palace still dared to talk nonsense..

She wouldn't die!

After all, she came from the Holy Divine Palace and had a big background.

However, if she continued to make trouble, wouldn't it mean that one of her lives would be taken away the moment she opened her mouth?

Even the Night Guardian couldn't help but frown.

Yu Zhiwen indeed had a big background.

However, at this juncture, a mere junior would only be of no help if she meddled blindly.

Just as he was about to stop her, a voice suddenly sounded in his ear:

“Trust her!”

To the side of the Night Guardian's eyeball, it was actually Lan Ling's telepathic communication.

Was she crazy?

This thought immediately popped up in his mind.

However, he suddenly realized that even Lan Ling agreed with Yu Zhiwen's actions..

Did she discover something?

Did he overlook some details during this process?

Or was that Yu's exit and plan actually Lan Ling's excuse?

She felt that Xin by her side was also feeling a little strange.

Night Guardian hurriedly stopped her and also sent Black Flame away with a glance.

All the Red-robed looked at Lan Ling.

However, they saw Lan Ling staring at Yu Zhiwen, and her gaze also shifted.

All of a sudden, the atmosphere in the red-robed's venue completely fell.

Death?

Even if there was a secret mission, the way he died was too sullen!

Xu Xiaoshou naturally sensed that something was wrong with Red-robed's atmosphere, but he didn't say anything.

For him, he needed someone to infuriate him at this moment.

Following that, he made his move. Red-robed had no choice but to resist and eventually blew up the ancient book's space.

This was the true path of survival.

Otherwise, if he turned around, Xu Xiaoshou would have nowhere to go.

He couldn't possibly say, "Storyteller, let me out first, then you guys can fight?"

Hehe.

That would be ridiculous.

Even the dumbest person could realize something, let alone a Storyteller.

"Hehe."

Xu Xiaoshou laughed sinisterly, then looked at Yu Zhiwen and spoke again.

"It seems like you have a great background. Even Red-robed can make you the leader... someone from the Holy Divine Palace? Headquarters?"

Yu Zhiwen nodded without fear.

"Yes, I am Yu Zhiwen, my master, Dao Xuanji." She raised her head, wanting to see how the second son of the Saint Servant would react.

Xu Xiaoshou looked at the sky and waved his hand indifferently.

"Time is limited. Three questions, three lives!"

He didn't care about Dao Xuanji or anything else.

Even if your master is the Eighth Sword Deity, don't think that you can see any fluctuations from my "Transformation".

The arena's atmosphere was very stagnant.

All the red-robed's faces turned black.

Even the Storyteller was a little nervous because of the second son's inexplicable actions.

"When this guy goes crazy, he won't even take his own life, right?"

"I don't think he said it had to be someone in Red-robed..."

"Feared, passive points + 14."

"Cursed, passive points + 17."

Yu Zhiwen's Gem Star Eyes didn't even tremble, as if she really didn't care about human lives. She only said calmly, "I can play the game, but I need to pay on credit."

"Credit?"

It was not only Red-robed and the others who were suddenly stunned.

Even Xu Xiaoshou himself was momentarily dazed by Yu Zhiwen's showy actions.

Human lives, credit..

That was not right. This girl was not like this in the past. Why would she say such a ridiculous word like credit, and at this moment?

"You're very interesting."

Xu Xiaoshou squeezed out a creepy smile and nodded. "Sure."

The Storyteller took another step back for no reason.

He felt that there was some transformation in the situation.

His Second Brother seemed to have gone crazy..

Could it be that he actually took a fancy to this bold little girl? !

Want to refine human elixirs?

Using Dao Qiongcang's niece?

"Hiss ~" the Storyteller felt a chill run down his spine.

..

"Senior just said 'one question, one life'. This little girl really took it seriously."

After saying this, Yu Zhiwen smiled sweetly and waved her hand.

In mid-air, three white skeletons with confused eyes suddenly appeared. Their strength was around the Grandmaster Level Elixir Master.

"Roar Roar Roar!"

The moment Fang appeared and regained his senses, the three white skeletons began to babble. They raised the heavy weapons that grew out of their hands and turned around to slash at Yu Zhiwen who was behind them.

“Confine.”

Yu Zhiwen clasped her hands together, and three obscure rings of light emerged from the white skeleton’s body.

In an instant, apart from a few moans that were devoid of any nutrients, the movements of these weak-minded white cave lifeforms were restricted.

Yu Zhiwen had a smile on her face as she said, “One problem, one life. This little girl is playing strictly according to Senior’s rules. Isn’t this going too far?”

The Storyteller’s expression froze.

Xu Xiaoshou, who was in mid-air, also subconsciously twitched the corner of his mouth. For a moment, he didn’t have the time to use transformation to control it.

All the red-robed were stunned, and then they let out a sigh of relief.

So that was the case!

Wasn’t this girl a little too smart?

“Little tricks... are not desirable.”

After the corner of Xu Xiaoshou’s mouth twitched, killing intent burst out from his eyes. “If you want to play like this, then my answer to your first question...”

“Huh?”

The smile on Yu Zhiwen’s face froze.

The first question... did she ask it?

“Too much.”

When these two words were spoken, everyone’s mental state instantly exploded.

This was the first question?

Yu Zhiwen also slowed down for a long time before she reacted.

All those with a questioning tone were considered questions?

“Cursed, passive points + 11.”

“Resisted, passive points + 17.”

“Insulted, passive points + 6.”

Xu Xiaoshou completely ignored everyone’s emotions. With a shift of his gaze, the three white skeletons were sent flying by the aura.

Then, his eyes focused.

“PFFT.”

A faint sound appeared.

White Flame suddenly appeared on the body of the flying white skeleton.

In just a few breaths' time, the three white skeletons that were also of the fire attribute were directly burned into nothingness without the spiritual source protection.

Not even ashes were left behind.

They had vanished into thin air!

“White Flame...”

Everyone was shocked.

This attack without any scruples instantly extinguished the remaining hope in everyone's hearts.

That's right!

This was the Saint Servant, this was the Saint Servant's second son!

The so-called rules were originally set by him.

If others wanted to ignore it, it would only be a matter of a word.

Moreover, this straw hat old man, who looked very abnormal, seemed to be the kind of person who would abide by the rules?

Xu Xiaoshou indifferently withdrew his gaze and gave a sizzle.

“This old man isn't someone who doesn't abide by the rules. If you, little doll, want to play word games, then you can only say that you've lost.”

“These living beings that haven't even fully developed their spiritual intelligence aren't even worthy of being called living beings.”

“Destiny is bestowed by the Great Path.”

“Master, you're only close to the Great Path and have the right to participate in the battle for the Holy Path.”

“The throne is the true path of Enlightenment. Only when you've started to enter the door can you give birth to your own wisdom.”

Xu Xiaoshou counted his fingers and said indifferently, “If you want the white skeleton to pay for your life, you can.”

“Bring out the white skeleton at the sovereign stage. If it's a living being with the strength, it must have already gained wisdom.”

“At this time, this old man will play the word game in the life game with you.”

“Understand?”

Yu Zhiwen’s face instantly turned pale.

Xu Xiaoshou was unmoved and continued, “Moreover, if you still don’t agree with this point of view, this old man believes that if you want to play the word game, you have to learn it seriously.”

“Because this thing can not be overlooked due to personal nervousness.”

“At least...”

Xu Xiaoshou smiled. “This old man just added a sentence, ‘three questions, three lives.’ Do you remember?”

Yu Zhiwen’s body trembled slightly.

How could she remember?

She felt that this old man was tricking her!

But she turned her head.

If she couldn’t remember her strength, then all the experts at the level of the Cutting Path would have a photographic memory.

Seeing the ashen expression on Fang Hongyi’s face, Yu Zhiwen understood something. Her heart began to tremble.

Xu Xiaoshou turned to look at Red-robed and said with a smile, “Now, due to some well-known reasons, one of you has already died.”

“Can you understand?”

Chapter 559: I Have a Friend Called Xu Xiaoshou

How could he understand? !

The moment Xu Xiaoshou’s words were spoken, the red-robed members lost their composure.

If they had not been well-trained, they would have cursed at the saint servant and Yu Zhiwen.

Resisted, passive points + 12

“Glared at, passive points, + 17.”

“Cursed, passive points + 19.”

Xu Xiaoshou retracted his gaze casually.

“Now, the second question.”

With a whoosh, the crowd in red-robed couldn’t hold it in any longer and began to stir.

But before the chaos started, Lan Ling's lips opened and closed slightly, as if she was telepathic communication.

In less than half a breath's time, the crowd behind immediately returned to silence.

Yu Zhiwen gave her a grateful gaze.

Even though she didn't believe the 'Saint Servant' in front of her, she still had some thoughts about this 'Saint Servant' in front of her after a series of tests.

It was too similar!

Whether it was the way he spoke or his temperament, even if they were deliberately distorted, they were slightly different.

However, Yu Zhiwen had been in contact with that person for quite some time.

There was a certain charm in him that others might not be able to tell.

However, she trusted her intuition.

"Moreover, it's not just intuition..."

Yu Zhiwen turned her head around, her eyes flickering.

"It can be said that this second-in-command of the Saint Servant is already the strongest person with combat strength among the people present."

"And according to his temperamental character, if it were anyone else, they would have already been killed by me after I stopped him twice."

"Why did he stop obediently?"

"And!"

"He crushed everyone again and again. It seemed like he was going to make a move, but in reality, it was all psychological suppression."

"This person, his true strength hasn't even been fully unleashed once..."

"Yes! Once!"

"Is it because he's disdainful, or is it really not?"

Yu Zhiwen pondered and felt that she had figured out a little possibility.

If the second son of the Saint Servant only displayed this level of ability...

Relying on the Infernal Original Seed, the three days frozen calamity..

It seemed that if it was really Xu Xiaoshou, he would be able to do it?

"The most important thing is that they are too alike. Although the Saint Servant said that he didn't know them... but if the two of them don't know each other at all and only rely on an insignificant opportunity to form a bond..."

“Can they be so alike?”

Thinking up to this point, Yu Zhiwen was already certain in her heart.

Even if the second son of the Saint Servant couldn't be Xu Xiaoshou, it must have something to do with him.

After all, judging from his actions just now...

If she thought about it from another angle, she faintly felt that he was protecting his own people.

“Do you want Xu Xiaoshou to have nothing to do with the Saint Servant...”

Yu Zhiwen did not turn around, but she could already feel Lan Ling's encouraging gaze.

She had given everything to her.

Was this the feeling of trust?

If she still made a mistake in her judgment under such circumstances..

Her thoughts paused.

Yu Zhiwen knew that the game had already begun.

At that moment, she had no way out.

In front of her, she could only go all out!

..

“Since Senior has already said this, then I'll admit it. Three questions, three lives.”

Ignoring the resentful gazes behind her, Yu Zhiwen continued, “But you also said that you're not a person who doesn't follow the rules.”

“Then, since it's a game, according to the rules, there will definitely be a win or loss.”

“If we only ask three questions, we will have to sacrifice three lives.”

“The arena is a game of results. There is no winning or losing.”

“In other words, no matter how good the girl is... no matter how sharp the questions are, she will still lose.”

Yu Zhiwen paused and looked. She said without any fear, “Then, how do you decide if we win?”

“PFFT!”

The Storyteller immediately laughed out loud.

You still want to talk about rules when playing with Second Brother?

It was already good enough for you to ask questions, but you actually still want to win!

However, it had to be said that Yu Zhiwen's thorough consideration of all of this had already caused the Storyteller to think highly of her.

In such a tense atmosphere, she was actually able to analyze so calmly and even contend with an expert of the current era without any disorder. It was truly admirable.

"What a pity, she's just a girl."

The Storyteller shook his head, but in the end, he wasn't too interested.

..

Xu Xiaoshou knew that Yu Zhiwen was indeed extremely intelligent.

But after two consecutive waves of attacks, he still had a whole new level of respect for this girl.

After pondering for a moment, he waved his hand.

"A very good 'question'."

The Red-robed crowd didn't have the time to wait for a long time before they were instantly crushed by Xu Xiaoshou's specially emphasized 'question'.

Thinking about it carefully.

That's right!

Yu Zhiwen's tone just now seemed to be really skeptical..

"How do we determine whether we win?"

But, this also counted?

For a moment, the people in red-robed, including Yu Zhiwen, were so angry that their livers hurt, but they were helpless.

"Resisted, passive points + 18."

"Cursed, passive points + 16."

"As for the definition of winning or losing..."

Xu Xiaoshou lowered his head and pondered for a moment, then said slowly, "As long as your question can interest me a little, then you win."

He spoke with conviction, and Red Coat's face indeed turned green.

This subjective judgment again?

This was simply playing rogue!

"Then, what kind of question..."

Yu Zhiwen subconsciously followed the straw hat old man's words, but was suddenly startled awake.

Damn it!

So it was all guided by his words?

This old fox was too cunning!

If he really asked another question, wouldn't the game be directly terminated?

Yu Zhiwen immediately changed the topic, "The interest that I think I'm interested in should be the same as Senior's. It's when you don't dare to answer my question directly that you're interested!"

She deliberately emphasized her tone in order to prevent the straw hat old man in front of her from saying, "The game is over."

Xu Xiaoshou's eyes shone with a gratified light.

"Very good, you are very smart."

"But people live in this world. Every step of growth requires a price."

"No matter who you are, or what your background is, no one has the obligation to teach you and lecture you without holding back, without charging any fees."

As everyone listened, they already felt that something was wrong.

As expected, in the next second, Xu Xiaoshou said the most unpleasant words.

"Today, you little girl have grown up and know how to speak, but the price is between you red-robed and the others..."

"The second person is already dead."

Yu Zhiwen's expression instantly changed.

Lan Ling, Night Guardian, and the others were collectively speechless.

The faces of the red-robed people behind them all turned ashen, and they once again became anxious.

"Cursed, passive points + 12."

"Criticized, passive points + 18."

..

"The third question."

Xu Xiaoshou smiled as he extended his middle finger and retracted his thumb and index finger.

Yu Zhiwen didn't dare to speak carelessly at this moment.

Only god knows if she accidentally said something at this moment, this old man straw hat would be able to end the game and kill people wantonly.

If that was the case, then she, Yu Zhiwen, would have committed a great sin!

“I have some speculations, I don’t know what to say...”

“Bah!”

Yu Zhiwen spat heavily.

This damned upbringing!

With a red face, she did not care about the other party’s reaction and directly said,

“I won’t hide it from Senior. The friend that I mentioned earlier, Xu Xiaoshou, should be here.”

“When we were controlling the Great Array earlier, we encountered a wave of attacks.”

“And if Senior Lan Ling and my judgment aren’t wrong, then there should be someone trying to seize control of the Great Array.”

The Storyteller’s brows suddenly moved.

It was very obscure.

However, Xu Xiaoshou’s heart skipped a beat when he saw it.

He immediately used his spiritual senses to look inside and looked at the Information Bar that he had almost forgotten.

As expected.

As he flipped through the information bar, there were a series of “Cursed”, “Cursed”, and “Resisted, passive points +”. Occasionally, there were a few “Suspected”.

Furthermore, the passive points were always “+ 1”.

During this period of time, facing so many big shots at the same time, Xu Xiaoshou found it difficult to pay attention to the small details in the information bar.

It was only at this moment that he noticed this crucial information!

“Oh my God, could it be that Little Yu has already guessed something?”

“How can she be so daring...”

Xu Xiaoshou was instantly horrified, and his heart couldn’t help but beat faster.

He wanted to stop this girl from continuing to speak.

However, in his “Perception”, the storyteller already had a rather interested look on his face.

Obviously, this guy had connected it to his previous attempt to break through the ancient book’s space and escape from this place.

Moreover!

Yu Zhiwen had previously said that if he didn’t dare to answer her question directly, it meant that... he had lost.

Winning or losing wasn't important at this moment.

However, under the precondition of being emphasized in advance, if he still didn't dare to face it, then he must have a ghost in his heart.

Intangible, it was equivalent to acknowledging Yu Zhiwen's words.

"Good guy!"

This time, Xu Xiaoshou's horizons were really broadened.

"You didn't pay much for the tuition fees, you little girl. Your academic results actually improved by leaps and bounds..."

It had to be said that at this moment, Xu Xiaoshou was a little flustered.

He felt that the situation was a little chaotic.

But at this moment, there was no way to stop it.

"So?"

Xu Xiaoshou asked back indifferently, perfectly concealing the various emotions that were surging in his heart.

Yu Zhiwen did not reply.

She had learned to be smarter.

This old man in front of her must have an unclear relationship with Xu Xiaoshou.

Otherwise, it was impossible for such a subtle trick to be so similar.

Yu Zhiwen, who had already learned not to reply to Xu Xiaoshou's words, directly regarded the old man in the straw hat as Xu Xiaoshou at this moment and said to herself,

"According to the information from our red-robed, in addition to my own judgment, it is impossible for there to be an expert at the spirit array master level or above near the Lijian Grassland."

"And without these conditions, no one can successfully touch the core of the Great Array in such a short time."

"Even if the core of this Great Array was copied by Senior Storyteller."

As she spoke, she turned her gaze to the Storyteller.

The interest in the Storyteller's eyes grew.

"Little girl, you're very powerful. You can actually see that this Great Array isn't the other array."

"That's right."

He proudly nodded. "It's different from the 'Thirty-Six Heavens Sealed Array' in the White Cave. It took them a whole day and a half to successfully copy all the great arrays here."

With a glance, it was done.

Everyone felt their scalps go numb.

It was obvious that the storyteller wasn't even an ordinary spirit array caster.

But he used the ancient book's space to forcibly copy all the path patterns of the Divine Secrets Array. It was the type that could be operated!

"Only one and a half days..."

Even as a divine sorcerer, Yu Zhiwen was shocked.

Imprinting the complicated Heaven and Earth Great Array in such a short time, wasn't this inhuman?

Xu Xiaoshou frowned.

His mood at this moment was completely not on the topic that the storyteller had changed.

There was something wrong with Yu Zhiwen!

The way she spoke had a sense of déjà vu. He did not know where he had felt it before, as if something was brewing.

But at this moment, the things that she was talking about were one after another.

If he did not connect them together, he would not be able to understand her final meaning.

"What exactly are you trying to express?" Xu Xiaoshou did not interrupt her in the end.

After all, if she admitted defeat in advance...

The arena might end in tragedy.

"What I'm trying to say..."

Yu Zhiwen was secretly glad that she wasn't interrupted.

The old man in the straw hat didn't stop her, so no matter what the final result was...

At least, she tried her best.

"It's just a hunch."

Yu Zhiwen said calmly, "I still have the same words. I have a friend, his name is Xu Xiaoshou."

"All the prerequisites mentioned before can be applied to anyone, but to him, they are all invalid!"

"Oh?" The Storyteller's curiosity was immediately piqued. The figure of the young man who broke out of his ancient book's space and fled for his life appeared in front of him.

Was he really that outstanding?

"Expected, passive points, + 1."

Without waiting for the straw hat old man to react, Yu Zhiwen knew that she couldn't stop, so she sped up and said,

"My friend is very outstanding. Elder Night Guardian has seen it and acknowledged it."

She pointed at the Red-robed Night Guardian and said continuously, "My friend once broke part of the blueprint of the 'Thirty-six heavens sealed array' at the City Lord Mansion of Tiansang City with a glance."

"And a spirit array caster with such a foundation is also a high-grade spirit array caster who has touched the divine secret technique. As long as he uses an item as a support, he can control the Heaven Sealing Array in a short period of time!"

"That is..."

"Wu!"

As Yu Zhiwen spoke, her eyes suddenly bulged and her words were completely choked, as if she was under great pressure.

In the next second.

"Pu!"

Her knees crashed into the air and she spat out a mouthful of blood.

"Zhiwen!" Lan Ling cried out in surprise.

Everyone was shocked. This sudden change..

When they suddenly turned around, they saw that second brother of the Saint Servant's pair of terrifying black eyes were staring fixedly at Yu Zhiwen.

"Shameless!"

Lan Ling directly cursed.

In the game, she actually interrupted him in advance and even made such a vicious move against a junior.

Was this the bearing of a powerful expert in this world?

"Second Brother!"

The Storyteller suddenly shouted loudly, and his tone was already somewhat impolite.

He was also frightened by Yu Zhiwen's words.

For some reason, the box-shaped object that second brother had taken out from underground suddenly appeared in his mind.

And when he first discovered Second Brother, Luo Leilei's insignificant reminder seemed to be directly magnified at this moment.

Everything seemed to be in a line.

“Second Brother, let her speak. What exactly is that thing?” The Storyteller stared straight at his Second Brother.

“Suspected, passive points + 1.”

Xu Xiaoshou ignored it.

How could he let Yu Zhiwen speak?

Sure enough, his premonition wouldn't be wrong.

This girl was crazy.

She had grown too fast.

She had actually reached the point where she could use words to trap him step by step.

After three days of separation, he would treat her with new respect.

The ancient people were truly not deceiving him!

..

“Cough cough, cough...”

Yu Zhiwen wiped the blood at the corner of her lips. She felt the aura that should have been enough to crush everyone present, but when it landed on her body, she faintly felt as if she had been stopped.

She tugged at her red lips that were overflowing with blood and was actually smiling.

“S-senior, you've lost.”

Yu Zhiwen struggled to say this sentence again. She called him Senior.

In her eyes, it was already the same as her peers.

No matter how much she didn't Xin.

At this moment, she already knew.

This person who dared to wantonly scold and act recklessly in front of so many cutting path and more than a dozen sovereign thrones was really... Xu Xiaoshou!

“How dare he...”

“How dare he? !”

Yu Zhiwen's heart was filled with mixed feelings.

It turned out that Xu Xiaoshou had really arrived at this place ahead of time.

He was everywhere!

“Impressed, passive points + 1.”

When Xu Xiaoshou saw this message, he already understood something.

He ignored the furious crowd. At this moment, he only wanted to understand what had happened to Yu Zhiwen.

She was clearly just a silly and sweet girl..

“Who taught you these things? Was It also your extraordinary master? Have you been lying to me?”

Xu Xiaoshou felt that the experience he had with this girl was somewhat unreal.

Did people really have to wait until they were separated before they could see the truth clearly?

Yu Zhiwen was stunned.

What did she hear?

Telepathic Communication? !

Since when did Xu Xiaoshou know telepathic communication?

She looked around for a while, but no one noticed.

Obviously, it was really Xu Xiaoshou’s voice!

At this moment, Yu Zhiwen smiled.

Her starry eyes curved, and her pretty face felt dizzy.

Under the heavy pressure, she actually straightened her body and stared straight at the old man.

It was not telepathic communication.

She raised her chin, and her stubborn voice spread throughout the whole place.

“It’s still the same... I have a friend, his name is Xu Xiaoshou.”

“He taught me!”

Chapter 560: I Am Xu Xiaoshou!

Xu Xiaoshou?

Xu Xiaoshou again?

Why are all of them Xu Xiaoshou? !

At this moment, it had to be said that everyone present was very curious about Xu Xiaoshou, whom they had never met before.

“Who is he?”

“Speculation, passive points, + 17.”

“Suspected, passive points + 3.”

“...”

Those who didn't know Xu Xiaoshou were so tempted that they wanted to dig out the invisible man and see him naked.

1

Those who knew Xu Xiaoshou..

Night Guardian was completely absent-minded.

He had seen Yu Zhiwen by Xu Xiaoshou's side before, but he only had a slight impression of her.

He didn't expect that this girl would be affected to this extent just by traveling together.

Was it good?

Or was it bad?

“That's not right.”

With his thoughts in a mess, the Night Guardian suddenly stopped.

The most important thing at hand was not how Yu Zhiwen was doing.

It was whether the Xu Xiaoshou she was talking about was really present?

Or was Xu Xiaoshou that fellow?

“Miss Zhiwen...”

Night Guardian looked at the straw hat old man in the sky and spoke hesitantly.

However, as soon as his body moved, Lan Ling appeared in front of him in a flash and stopped him.

As a woman, she could clearly sense Yu Zhiwen's current emotions. There seemed to be something wrong with her.

This didn't seem like the girl she had seen before. She was extremely intelligent and was only interested in the Way of the Heavens' energy movement.

On the contrary, her current words were full of emotions.

“Zhiwen, tell Big Sister that Xu Xiaoshou is really present?”

Lan Ling transmitted her voice softly, and her gaze couldn't help but drift towards the distant straw hat old man. “He, and he... What's the relationship between them?”

No one knew the answer.

Even at this moment, no one dared to make wild guesses.

Because the slightest carelessness could very well result in the annihilation of the entire army.

And the only person present who seemed to have seen through something was suppressed by the Saint Servant's Second Brother's terrifying aura at this moment.

It was as if one could die on the spot if they continued to speak nonsense.

Lan Ling's fingers moved slightly, and the spirit mark was formed.

But at this moment, she actually discovered in shock.

She could no longer control the Heaven Sealing Array!

Even if she wanted to teleport Yu Zhiwen away, the array didn't listen to her at all!

"Xu Xiaoshou?"

Apart from red-robed, the only person who could control the great array was the Xu Xiaoshou that Yu Zhiwen mentioned.

Did he make a move?

"Surprised, passive points, + 1."

..

Xu Xiaoshou touched the straw hat with one hand and raised it with a smile.

Then, he used the back of his other hand to rub his scalp.

Among the people who had already lost their minds, no one noticed that the straw hat had been replaced with the other hand.

In the next second, he returned to his open palm and a white flame started to burn.

"PFFT."

A faint sound was heard in the sky.

The people in red-robed immediately looked at him.

"Is he going to make a move?"

"Is he going to admit defeat..."

Even the Storyteller on the other side had all sorts of questions in his heart.

However, when he saw White Flame's move, he could not help but swallow his questions.

"Feared, passive points + 19."

..

"Impressive."

Xu Xiaoshou praised from the bottom of his heart, "That friend of yours is indeed impressive. To be able to teach you so many things, it seems that he has had a deep impact on you."

No one noticed that in the middle of Bai Yan, there was a box-shaped machine disk.

Cardinal Wheel!

After being secretly switched, Xu Xiaoji, who had once again transformed into the Ji sword and inserted it into the indentation, was trembling in the terrifying heat.

He felt that he was about to melt.

But without Xu Xiaoshou's orders, he did not dare to even moan.

Everyone knew that this was a critical moment.

If he were to make a slight mistake and cause the great demon king Xu to fall into a desperate situation, then he, Xu Xiaoji, wouldn't have long to live!

"Pu Pu..."

Xu Xiaoshou turned his head to look at the Cardinal Wheel in the flames in his palm.

He dared to take out this thing to control the heaven-sealing great array in front of everyone because of the "Vanishing technique"!

When he tried to use the 'Vanishing technique' in the Yuan Mansion's space, Xu Xiaoshou had already realized that this awakening technique was the same as 'take the easy way out'.

Although it couldn't disappear others, the latter couldn't teleport others either.

However, the awakening technique had its own unique characteristic.

As long as it was related to the host, the spiritual object that formed a bond with the host was within the scope of the awakening technique.

Take the easy way out. He could teleport his clothes away at the same time to avoid the embarrassment of being naked after teleporting.

The same was true for the Vanishing technique.

Spiritual clothing could disappear, and sabers could disappear. In the underground, the Cardinal Wheel, which was linked to the body with the Ji Sword, could also disappear.

However, the Vanishing technique still consumed a lot of energy.

The fact that Xu Xiaoshou could take out the cardinal wheel meant that Yu Zhiwen couldn't stay here for long.

"This girl is too smart..."

Xu Xiaoshou felt a bit bitter.

He recognized Yu Zhiwen as a friend.

However, sometimes, not everyone could easily ask for a friend, and they could also easily shoulder the responsibility.

There were too few foolish people like Xin Gugu who did not care about their lives and only cared about rushing forward.

Zhou Tianshen was the only one who did.

Yu Zhiwen was different.

She had her own background and her own camp.

It was just like how she had been enlightened when she decided to leave her.

1

Some people were born with their own destinies.

“In the end, we are just passers-by who have traveled together for a few days.”

“And the Holy Divine Palace is your final destination.”

“But...”

Xu Xiaoshou was full of unpleasantness.

He could understand Yu Zhiwen’s way of doing things.

After all, if he was a member of the Holy Divine Palace, for the sake of the Red-robed and his own camp, he would definitely do everything he could to unlock the secret of the so-called “Second Brother of the Saint Servant” and let his own people escape from danger.

But understanding was understanding.

Objective and subjective feelings were completely different again.

At least.

“Uncomfortable...”

An emotion that seemed to have been betrayed rose up involuntarily.

It could not be washed away, but it could not be taken away.

..

“I lost.”

Xu Xiaoshou said with a face full of indifference and a smile.

His next words made everyone’s heart tremble.

“So, the game is over!”

“You guys won, but unfortunately, the criteria for winning was given to you guys. However, you guys didn’t mention the spoils of war.”

Everyone in Red-robed was stunned.

Xu Xiaoshou shook his head and sighed while everyone was in a daze. “But the debt that I have yet to collect has been on credit for a little too long.”

When he finished speaking, Lan Ling immediately realized that something was wrong.

“Be careful!”

After a loud shout, she stepped on the ground and was about to jump to Yu Zhiwen’s side.

But at this moment, a light suddenly descended from the sky and instantly enveloped all the red coat.

“Teleport.”

With a swoosh, the voices overlapped.

The dozen or so people in red coat were actually separated in an instant and were teleported to an extremely distant place.

“Zhiwen! ! !”

Lan Ling’s eyes were about to burst.

All of the Red-robed had been teleported away, leaving only Yu Zhiwen behind.

Even if one used their toes to think, they would know exactly who this straw hat old man’s target was.

But, Yu Zhiwen couldn’t die!

But..

Lan Ling stretched out a hand, and her footsteps directly staggered in the air.

— Powerless!

The scene seemed to have frozen too late.

Lan Ling stared straight into the distance, her vision completely out of focus.

She had never thought that the place that she had never cared about in the past would become the end of the world at this moment!

As far as her vision could reach.

In the direction where the Second Brother of the Saint Servant was, he suddenly disappeared.

It was exactly the same as the scene she had seen just now.

When he reappeared, he was already beside Yu Zhiwen.

The next second.

“PFFT.”

Flames soared into the sky.

The white flame drowned out all the scenery in his eyes.

..

“Run –”

At the instant when the heavenly flame was extinguished, it was as if there was an exhausted voice roaring from within.

Lan Ling was stunned.

It was gone!

When the white flame was retracted back into the hands of that straw hat old man, Yu Zhiwen had already vanished into thin air.

At that time, after the three white skeletons with master physique were attached to the white flame, the scene of their bodies and souls being destroyed in an instant could not stop replaying in Lan Ling's mind.

“Yu Zhiwen is dead?”

Her heart skipped a beat.

Lan Ling knew that the situation was serious.

Dao Xuanji's disciple was dead?

Hallmaster Dao's martial nephew was dead?

And..

That was not the most important thing.

The most important thing was that “Run” before she died..

What did that mean?

At this moment, Lan Ling felt as if her brain was a paste, and she was completely confused.

Previously, when Yu Zhiwen said that she had a plan through telepathic communication, she had told Xu Xiaoshou about the possibility of Xu Xiaoshou being present.

She expressed her support.

And in Yu Zhiwen's plan, if the Second Brother of the Saint Servant did not dare to answer her question directly.

It was equivalent to indirectly acknowledging the existence of Xu Xiaoshou.

Moreover, if the other party's tone was to defend and try to distance themselves from the relationship between the two.

This further proved that Xu Xiaoshou and the second son of the Saint Servant actually had an unexplainable, unexplainable bond.

And the most terrifying, and also the most unbelievable speculation.

If the second son of the Saint Servant became angry from embarrassment because of the problem and attacked in advance, even taking out the ability to control the heaven-sealing great array..

Perhaps it was not possible for Xu Xiaoshou to be present.

But..

The second son of the Saint Servant was Xu Xiaoshou!

In fact, even if Yu Zhiwen did not mention it, Lan Ling had vaguely realized something.

The second son of the Saint Servant did not attack for a long time. He even deliberately did not use that terrifying aura to crush her, as well as all the other small details and small performances..

Was it because he did not want to do it, or because he could not do it?

This question did not only pass through Yu Zhiwen's mind.

Lan Ling also thought of it!

Even according to Lan Ling's own speculation.

It was almost certain that this second brother of the saint servant was also very likely to be fake.

Without Yu Zhiwen saying anything extra, she only needed to observe the reaction of the second brother of the saint servant for a while more before she could decide whether to make a move in the end.

But!

But..

What did this "Run" mean?

At this moment, Lan Ling was really confused.

According to her and Yu Zhiwen's speculation, the Saint Servant's Second Brother was so angry that he attacked and directly ended the game. The target he chose to attack was still the person with the weakest cultivation level — Yu Zhiwen.

Then, he was 120% Xu Xiaoshou!

"But this 'Run'..."

Lan Ling swallowed her saliva and was terrified.

"Could it be that my speculation is wrong?"

"Zhiwen, she, she found that her speculation was wrong at the last moment. There is still an uncertain factor at the scene that can prove..."

"The Second Brother of the Saint Servant is not Xu Xiaoshou? !"

"Doesn't that mean..."

Lan Ling felt a chill down her spine. “The person in front of me, the person in red, is going to face the second son of the Saint Servant and the seventh son of the Saint Servant in his prime?”

“How could he attack? !”

..

“Hehehe...”

In the air, the old man in straw hat, who was smiling evilly, had left an indelible shadow in everyone’s heart.

Xu Xiaoshou licked the corner of his mouth.

With a flip of his hand, he revealed the object in his hand.

“Cardinal Wheel! ! !”

Lan Ling went crazy and cried out in an intangible manner.

This move of the Cardinal Wheel had mixed her thoughts, which had originally been rolled into a ball of hemp, into an unsolvable dough!

The group of Red-robed still did not know what the ball was, but when they heard this, their faces were filled with shock.

Cardinal Wheel!

Everyone had heard of this thing.

But why was it in the hands of the Second Brother of the Saint Servant?

“You...”

Lan Ling pointed at it. Her fingers were trembling, and she could not say a word.

She was completely dumbfounded.

The Cardinal Wheel was in the hands of the Second Brother of the Saint Servant?

The Cardinal Wheel was in the hands of Xu Xiaoshou?

Xu Xiaoshou was the Second Brother of the Saint Servant?

Xu Xiaoshou was not the second son of the Saint Servant?

How did the second son of the saint servant get the Cardinal Wheel?

If Xu Xiaoshou was him, would he have the guts to show the Cardinal Wheel?

Or was the Cardinal Wheel in the hands of the real second son of the Saint Servant? Was Yu Zhiwen’s speculation really wrong?

..

“OH.”

Lan Ling covered her head and pressed her temples with her thumb and index finger. Her bulging eyes instantly turned red.

She was stunned.

At this moment, Lan Ling suddenly felt that her brain was not big enough.

“Lan Ling...”

Xin moved closer to her worriedly.

He could feel that everyone present, including Lan Ling, the second son of the Saint Servant, and even the little girl, Yu Zhiwen, were using a method that he could not understand..

They were fighting!

And it was a great battle!

But he could not tell..

“So, who won at this moment?”

Xin asked with difficulty as he looked at night guardian in a daze.

Night Guardian’s face was also filled with confusion.

Previously, when he was not distracted from his judgment, he still had some power to think.

But now..

Lan Ling had become so crazy.

What result could Night Guardian give?

This old man had long withdrawn from the battle, you happy bald head who did not know anything!

I’m so envious! !

..

“B-second Brother...”

The Storyteller looked at his second brother’s calm gaze and then looked at him with the box in his hand. He felt his mouth dry up.

As expected.

Second Brother spoke:

“Didn’t you have another question that you wanted the little girl to clarify?”

“Isn’t it just a ‘Cardinal Wheel’?”

“Didn’t you see it when I was using it underground?”

“What’s wrong? What’s your reaction now?”

“How did you say it just now? Let me think...” Xu Xiaoshou turned his head, his eyes flashing with reminiscence.

The Storyteller’s legs went soft.

“Second Brother, don’t think about it. Don’t think about it. She has always been on your side. Don’t worry.”

“But, what’s going on...”

He pointed at the woman in Red-robed, who had a crazy look on her face, then glanced at the Cardinal Wheel and asked with trepidation.

Xu Xiaoshou sizzle and looked at Lan Ling, who was being guarded by the Night Guardian, Xin, and Black Flame.

He raised his eyebrows and said with a smile, “What? That little girl’s dying cry interfered with your judgment?”

“How funny!”

“Hehe, hehehehehehahaha...”

Xu Xiaoshou seemed to have recalled the funniest joke. His laughter went from being suppressed to being unrestrained. It echoed in the space of the ancient book.

He suddenly stopped smiling. His face was serious and his expression was serious.

“Why aren’t you deducing?”

“That’s right. I didn’t expect any of the things that you thought. I am a brainless person.”

“As you wish, whoever gets the Cardinal Wheel will be able to control the Heaven Sealing Array, and that person will be...”

“What’s that guy’s name again?”

Xu Xiaoshou tilted his head and thought for a while, then suddenly said, “Oh, that’s right, Xu Xiaoshou.”

“That’s right, I’m Xu Xiaoshou, just like you guys think. I... No, I’m that little girl’s friend.”

“Hehehehe...” Xu Xiaoshou could no longer hold back his laughter. He even began to wipe away his tears with the hilt of his sword.

“Hahahaha, this is too interesting.”

“What you think is perfect, this is great.”

“I am Xu Xiaoshou!”