

I Am Loaded 591

Chapter 591: The Fake Xu Xiaoshou, the Real Xu Xiaoshou

“Sovereign, shaking the higher void?”

Zhao Xidong was so shocked that his mouth could not close. He seemed to have seen the real possibility of an ant shaking a tree.

This was a bloody monster!

“A sovereign at the Dao realm can comprehend to the perfection of the Upanishad, but not after Cutting Path?” Zhao Xidong calmed down and asked.

Xiao Qixiu nodded in response.

“Then what’s the point of cutting path so quickly?” Zhao Xidong was stunned. “When one is in the Dao realm of the throne, only when one has comprehended to the perfection of the final-stage can one Cut Path. Isn’t that the most perfect ending...”

He suddenly couldn’t continue.

That’s right!

If it was so simple, why would Boss Xiao emphasize that there was only one place in the world that was cultivating talents in this area?

“Spirit Division, huh...”

Zhao Xidong mumbled absent-mindedly.

Xiao Qixiu knew that this kid had finally figured something out. He smiled and said, “Upanishad is not so easy to control.”

“The Dao that you have comprehended in the sovereign realm is the foundation for you to continue to advance in the future.”

“This foundation stone is indeed more perfect, which means that your future is more and more limitless. You can even break through the Cutting Path, enter the Higher Void, and become a demi-saint very quickly.”

“But similarly, the more perfect the foundation stone is, the more indestructible it becomes.”

“Everyone can try to comprehend it. It’s just a matter of whether or not they are willing to spend this time.”

“But too many people try to break through to the perfect realm. In the end, they can’t comprehend the Upanishad. However, because their comprehension is too deep, it exceeds the limits of their talent. In the end, they can’t break through their foundational roots.”

“If that’s the case, then you will forever remain at the sovereign’s throne realm, and you will not be able to become a sovereign of the Cutting Path.”

So that was the case!

Zhao Xidong finally understood what it meant to truly be at the sovereign's Throne Dao realm, as well as the Cutting Path.

He did have such a vague concept in the past, but this explanation was very clear, and it allowed him to completely comprehend it.

"Then..."

After hesitating for a while, Zhao Xidong finally turned his head to look at the sovereign.

A few years ago, when he was still a disciple of the inner yard, the sovereign was still the sovereign.

A few years later, when he had already graduated and even returned from his adventures outside, the sovereign was still the sovereign.

But the sovereign at that time was completely different from the sovereign today!

Every time they met again after not seeing each other for a long time, Zhao Xidong could feel that the sovereign's strength had improved greatly, but he always thought it was an illusion.

After all, they were both sovereign seats.

"It's not an illusion."

Xiao Qixiu laughed and voiced his thoughts. "Your Headmaster Ye is walking on the path of 'profundity'... Space attributes, it can be said that the difficulty of his future Path-Cutting will only be higher than Yu Lingdi's! Much higher!"

"Hiss."

Zhao Xidong sucked in a breath of cold air. He finally understood why Gou Wuyue had offered an olive branch to the dean earlier.

However, at the same time, Zhao Xidong was even more in awe of Ye Xiaotian who had the confidence to reject him on the spot.

Taking the risk of not being able to sever his foundational roots, he had flatly rejected the help of the Holy Divine Palace..

As expected of the headmaster!

"Upanishad, is it really that difficult?" Zhao Xidong pondered for a long time before asking again.

"It's very difficult."

"How difficult is it?"

"Look."

Xiao Qixiu pointed at the rain that filled the sky and said, "In the entire spirit division of the Holy Divine Palace, there's only one person who has comprehended Upanishad. How difficult do you think it is?"

“UH.”

This time, Zhao Xidong choked.

Even such a huge organization like the Holy Divine Palace could not mass-produce, and there was only one..

“Then in this world, other than the Holy Divine Palace, wouldn’t no one else be able to comprehend the Upanishad?” Zhao Xidong was shocked.

“No!”

Ye Xiaotian suddenly spoke from the side.

Qiao Qianzhi and Xiao Qixiu also laughed out loud.

“What do you mean?”

Zhao Xidong looked at these three people who were baffled and was somewhat puzzled.

“Keng.”

Xiao Qixiu pulled out his sword. “What’s this?”

“Vital organ?” Zhao Xidong hesitated for a moment before saying.

“Dong!”

“Aiyo, what the hell!”

“This is a sword!” Xiao Qixiu said unhappily.

“Oh, OH, a sword. What’s wrong?” Zhao Xidong held his head and was in so much pain that tears were coming out.

Xiao Qixiu took a deep breath and said in a serious voice,

“Ancient sword technique is also known as the most difficult great path in the world. It contains everything. There are nine major sword techniques, eighteen flows, 3000 sword styles... and so on

“There are even people who call it the most difficult and unrivaled great path in the world!”

“And then?” Zhao Xidong’s eyes widened.

“But in this world, there is still someone who has comprehended the Way of the Sword!”

“Who?”

“You know.” Xiao Qixiu laughed and didn’t reply directly.

I know... Zhao Xidong frowned. His thoughts were mixed, and he couldn’t remember who it was at all.

All of a sudden, an image of a legendary man that he had never seen before flashed through his mind. But at the same time, he was described as mysterious by all kinds of rumors in the world. At the same time, he also had a full body.

He cried out in surprise, “No...”

“It’s coming!”

Ye Xiaotian suddenly spoke out and interrupted the conversation between the two.

The black hole in the Nine Heavens grew bigger and bigger until it completely collapsed. After a loud crash, countless surging and majestic destructive forces raged out from within.

“Boom, Boom, boom...”

The grayish-black airflow was like a mountain flood breaking through a dam, and a tsunami bursting through the dike.

It was difficult for everyone present to imagine what had happened in the white cave to cause this magnificent scene to appear.

But now...

White-clothed had long been prepared. Once the grayish-black air current that poured out from the White Cave world appeared, it was completely absorbed by a white-robed person holding a spiritual gourd.

“Rustle, Rustle...”

The energy that exploded from the black hole was completely swallowed.

Zhao Xidong’s throat was dry as he watched. “Did the White Cave explode? Such terrifying energy... who did it?”

“It might not have exploded.”

Qiao Qianzhi said from the side, “If it exploded, I reckon that even the spiritual array here wouldn’t be able to withstand it. The worst possibility, but at the same time, it’s also the best possibility...”

“Even if there’s still a red-robed inside, or if there’s the protection of Yu Lingdi, it’ll be able to protect the White Cave world that’s about to explode and reduce the damage to a certain extent. At least half of it!”

“As for who did it...”

Qiao Qianzhi suddenly felt a chill.

A cheeky thing appeared in his mind. The key thing was that this thing had a human face!

“No, no, no, it can’t be that, he’s just a mere innate...” Qiao Qianzhi thought to himself and shuddered.

Ye Xiaotian, who was in front, suddenly trembled.

Even Xiao Qixiu’s mouth twitched slightly.

Zhao Xidong was stunned.

A figure appeared in his mind, but he immediately denied it.

“By the way, Xu Xiaoshou should have come out a long time ago. At this moment, he’s also imprisoned there?” He thought, and his eyes couldn’t help but glance at the space that Ye Xiaotian didn’t take down.

“Ye Xiaotian, it’s time to go.”

Xiao Qixiu looked at the movement of this world and could not help but advise, “If we wait any longer, we will probably have a hard time getting out even if the Saint Servant’s people come out.”

“No.”

Ye Xiaotian shook his head slowly. “Even if there is still one person missing, as long as he is still a disciple of the Tiansang Spirit Palace, I have the responsibility and obligation to bring him home.”

After a pause, he added, “Moreover, there is more than one person missing.”

“Maybe he is dead,” Xiao Qixiu said expressionlessly.

“Darn jinx!”

Qiao Qianzhi turned around and cursed, “That kid is very lucky. I watched him grow up. How could he die so easily?”

Zhao Xidong was confused and was about to ask something.

Suddenly, a streak of color appeared in the darkness above the nine heavens.

Everyone immediately looked over vigilantly.

“Whoosh Whoosh Whoosh...”

A few figures descended from the sky. They were all dressed in ragged clothes and looked like refugees. Even their bodies and faces were stained with blood. There was not a single piece of flesh left.

“Elder Wuyue.”

The moment these people landed, they bowed to Gou Wuyue.

The vigilant white-clothed people finally heaved a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, fortunately, they were on the same side..

Gou Wuyue’s eyes swept over the people who had come.

He still remembered the last scene from the intelligence report. There were still more than a dozen people in red-robbed.

But at this moment, only six people had actually come outside.

The casualties were heavy!

Looking at one of the figures who seemed to have his belly cut open, Gou Wuyue finally recognized a few strands of a familiar smell from his unsightly face.

“Night... Guardian?” He asked in bewilderment.

“Yes! I’ve embarrassed Elder Wuyue.” Night Guardian’s figure turned solemn, but his expression was extremely unsightly.

In the end, he still wasn’t able to rely on himself to swallow that wave of energy.

Just a small leak had caused the already badly damaged White Cave world to shake.

Under the chain reaction, even if Lan Ling was controlling the formation at the Li Sword Plains, she wouldn’t be able to withstand it.

The White Cave had really exploded!

However, it had only exploded halfway. The rain in the sky had repaired most of the space, leaving behind the seed of a dimensional space.

When the time came, the White Cave might have a chance to make a name for itself again.

In this way, one of the Seven Breaks, the Infernal Hell Sea, wouldn’t disappear, and then be transferred and reborn.

— A blessing in disguise!

“You’ve done well.”

Gou Wuyue had a smile on his face. He reached out and patted the Night Guardian’s shoulder, then looked at the others. “Everyone, go and rest. Leave the rest to me.”

“Hum –”

The famed sword trembled.

That warm voice that seemed to be able to calm people’s hearts caused Baldy Xin’s eyes to fill with tears.

“Yes!”

The red-robed men shouted in unison and disappeared in a flash.

“Night Guardian.”

Gou Wuyue finally called out to the Night Guardian.

“What orders does Elder Wuyue have?”

The Night Guardian was actually a little excited.

When he saw Gou Wuyue again, he seemed to recall the days when he fought everywhere.

Although there were only a few familiar faces left in this group of white-clothed brothers, the hot-blooded feeling of encircling the saint servant that would make people boil with excitement after a long time was a completely different feeling from the battle with the Ghost Beast.

If possible, he wished that he could stay and fight alongside Elder Wuyue!

Gou Wuyue stretched out his hand and put it on the shoulder of the Night Guardian.

The bloody wound on the latter's stomach began to heal at an accelerated pace.

It was only after the other party had barely recovered a few wisps of essence, Qi, and spirit that Gou Wuyue said, "I already know everything in the White Cave."

"Rain?" The Night Guardian asked.

It was only in the end that he realized that something was wrong with the rain.

"Yes, Yu Lingdi's ability."

Gou Wuyue glanced at the black hole in the void. It was obvious that he did not want to linger on this question. He directly went straight to the point, "That Wen Ming, do you know who he is?"

"Wen Ming?"

The Night Guardian was startled.

He did not expect that Elder Wuyue would ask this question first.

However, when he thought about the situation in the White Cave, Elder Wuyue already knew about it, so..

Wen Ming, Xu Xiaoshou, ice sculpture, Lu Ke, famed sword, master and disciple..

Night Guardian immediately understood.

He said dejectedly, "Wen Ming is Xu Xiaoshou, the disciple of the second-in-command of the Saint Servant. Of course, this deduction is still open to discussion, but it is probably not far from the truth..."

"I discovered it too late."

The Night Guardian changed the topic and said with some self-blame, "If I could have seen the uniqueness of this kid earlier and brought him back to the red-robed directly, maybe Xiao Ke wouldn't have..."

"I'm not asking about that."

Gou Wuyue shook his head and said, "Lu Ke is his own choice."

"Since I dared to put him in the red-robed team, I was prepared for him to die at any time."

"Without experiencing life and death, how can he really grow?"

"What I want to ask..."

Gou Wuyue pondered for a moment, "Wen Ming, the Xu Xiaoshou that you mentioned, who is he?"

Who?

Night Guardian was momentarily at a loss for words and didn't know how to reply.

Gou Wuyue counted his fingers.

“Master physique, Giant Transformation, master sword intent, famed sword, Fourth sword, Infernal Power, Three Days Frozen Calamity... but I think his cultivation level isn’t high?”

Night Guardian was stunned for a moment.

Only when Xu Xiaoshou’s abilities were truly counted did he truly realize what Elder Wuyue wanted to ask.

Swallowing a mouthful of saliva with difficulty, Night Guardian said, “Yes, innate cultivation level at most.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m sure!”

“Are you sure?”

“Absolutely!”

Night Guardian had already realized the seriousness of the matter.

Xu Xiaoshou had caught Elder Wuyue’s eye!

His expression was solemn, his tone was extremely serious, “You haven’t seen everything yet. From what I’ve seen, not only does he possess the abilities you mentioned above, he’s also a spirit array caster, conducting alchemy... exploding... conducting alchemy... un... how should I put it...”

“Un?” Gou Wuyue tilted his head and asked.

“Magic Pill Technician!”

“They’re all of very high rank, and they’re also very surprising!” Night Guardian wiped his sweat and said seriously, “This kind of person is definitely a talent!”

Gou Wuyue silently lowered his head.

After pondering for a long time, he finally raised his head and said with a smile, “But he has joined the Saint Servant.”

“Boom!”

The black hole in the nine heavens exploded, as if something was going to spew out again.

Night Guardian’s mind also exploded.

He subconsciously wanted to say “Impossible”.

However, Elder Wuyue didn’t seem to be the type of person who would joke around..

“Impossible!”

Night Guardian still said this sentence.

Then, regardless of how Elder Wuyue’s expression was, he continued to speak:

“He, Xu Xiaoshou, is a little cowardly and a little cowardly, but this kind of person is naturally proud and unyielding. It’s impossible for him to choose to submit to others, absolutely impossible!”

“Oh right, I forgot to tell you...”

Night Guardian suddenly closed his eyes and suddenly opened them again.

“Xu Xiaoshou’s greatest ability is not his powerful skills, but his ability to run his mouth like a train.”

“This guy...”

“I don’t know what image you saw from Yu Lingdi, but if he’s more sincere and sincere, the credibility will be lower!”

“If nine out of ten sentences are true, then that’s enough.”

“It’s best not to listen to the rest.”

Night Guardian’s words came one after another.

“...” Gou Wuyue was stunned.

“Senior.”

Night Guardian clenched his fists. “Xu Xiaoshou is not a saint servant!”

“Are you saying this because you want to train him as a successor?” Gou Wuyue raised the corner of his mouth and raised his eyebrows.

The Night Guardian panicked and said, “There might be a reason for this, but it’s definitely not the case.”

“You know, I won’t misjudge him because of this little thought...”

“What is that?” Gou Wuyue asked back. This was his former subordinate, and he knew the Night Guardian’s temperament the best.

And the first-hand information could only be the most accurate if it came from the judgment of the person closest to him.

Night Guardian was silent for a moment before he said, “Other than that mouth of his, that strange spiritual technique of his, his ambition and arrogance are almost the same as when I first entered the white-clothed state! It’s absolutely true!”

The scene fell silent for a moment.

Gou Wuyue could not help but laugh out loud.

“I understand. Go ahead and stand by at any time.”

“Yes...”

Night Guardian subconsciously responded, suddenly realizing what he meant by “stand by at any time.”.

“Yes!”

With a loud shout, he turned around and disappeared.

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“Rumble –”

There was another explosion in the void.

Half of the pitter-patter of rain was absorbed into the black hole, and the other half fell to the ground.

“Hehe.”

A low laugh suddenly came out of the black hole, and then turned into a silver bell-like laughter.

“Hehehe, there are so many people, Brother, I’m so scared.”

Chapter 592: Survive!

“Received concern, passive points + 2.”

“Received concern, passive points + 3.”

“Watched, passive points + 782.”

Xu Xiaoshou walked out of the spatial crack behind Saint Servant and the other two big shots. He was almost scared to death by this sudden number.

“782?”

There are more than 700 people watching me at the same time?

Xu Xiaoshou felt that it had been a long time since he had seen such a large number of people watching him.

In the past, the only people who were able to climb up to such a number were those in the platform competition or the surging crowd on the eve of the opening of the Eighth Palace.

But now..

Using his “Perception” to scan the crowd, Xu Xiaoshou was able to instantly determine that there were only 60 to 70 white-clothed people in front of him.

Then, where were the remaining seven hundred eyes hidden?

For a moment, Xu Xiaoshou felt his heart go numb.

“Yo, not bad!”

Cen Qiaofu jumped out of the spatial crack and stood in the air. He pulled out the small axe on his waist and loosened his belt.

The rain on the horizon followed his body and seemed to be completely held up.

His surging aura rose steadily, and his aura of the Path-Cutting path also began to transform step by step, slowly climbing up to that shocking realm.

“It really is the Higher Void...”

Gou Wuyue muttered silently. His gaze moved away from the unconscious masked man on Cen Qiaofu’s back, and then fell on the young man behind the two.

Square face, full beard, long hair..

No matter how one looked at it, it didn’t seem like the person from the first-hand information Yu Lingdi had sent.

And the words that the Night Guardian had just said echoed in his ears once again.

“That Xu Xiaoshou, if nine out of ten of his words are half true, then that’s enough. As for the remaining half, it’s best not to listen!”

Gou Wuyue laughed.

Sure enough, if one wanted to say who had the deepest understanding of Xu Xiaoshou, it would be the Night Guardian who had personally dealt with him several times.

“Saint Servant?” Gou Wuyue shifted his gaze and asked in a loud voice.

“Saint Servant!” Cen Qiaofu nodded and said in a deep voice.

“Hum –”

The voice of Lan, the famed sword, suddenly trembled, as if it was about to open a new chapter in the battle.

Gou Wuyue clenched his fists tightly. He did not lower his head, but he could already feel the resentment of the famed sword.

It seemed that this sword had a grudge with the person who had come!

“Clang –”

The fourth sword in Xu Xiaoshou’s hand also shook violently.

The clang instantly flattened the awe-inspiring sword will that came at him, and the Void was once again quiet.

“Pitter patter...”

Rain fell again.

The silent confrontation seemed to have begun from the first time the two sides met.

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“Where’s Xu Xiaoshou?”

On the other side, Qiao Qianzhi was eagerly looking at the three people who had jumped out of the crack and the unconscious corpse... The Saint Servant’s chief?

He didn’t pay too much attention to them. Instead, he looked behind them.

However, after the appearance of the four saint servants, the spatial crack behind them started to heal.

This also meant that the White Cave incident was completely over.

Everything was over!

“But... What about Xu Xiaoshou?”

Qiao Qianzhi couldn't believe it.

If that was really the case, they wouldn't be able to find him in the space that Gou Wuyue had imprisoned, nor would they be able to walk out of the White Cave..

Where could Xu Xiaoshou go?

Was he dead?

“That young man...”

Ye Xiaotian stared at the square-faced, bearded young man. His eyelids drooped as if he had fallen into deep thought.

“Retreat.”

After a short while, he beckoned with his hand and brought the few people beside him to the back of the battlefield in a flash, far away from the battlefield.

“Ye Xiaotian!”

Qiao Qianzhi immediately became anxious. “Xiaoshou is still here...”

“Calm down.”

Ye Xiaotian reached out his hand to stop Qiao Qianzhi from speaking further and said, “All of you, step back first. I'll be right back.”

“Wait...”

Qiao Qianzhi glared and was about to stop him, but the white-haired Dao child disappeared in a flash.

When he reappeared, he was already in the middle of the confrontation between the white-clothed and the Saint Servant.

“Gou Wuyue, before you started the battle, you said that as long as I see the person I want to see, I can take him away,” Ye Xiaotian first turned his head to look at Gou Wuyue and said.

“As you wish.”

Gou Wuyue extended his hand very generously, as if he did not care at all about what the Master of the Spirit Palace was going to do next.

He was actually very curious. The person that Ye Xiaotian was going to take away from the Tiansang Spirit Palace would be the Storyteller, Cen Qiaofu, and the Saint Servant's chief?

Or was it that Wen Ming who did not look like Xu Xiaoshou?

“Thank you.”

Ye Xiaotian nodded and cast his gaze on the square-faced, bearded youth. He said indifferently,

“I am the principal of the Tiansang Spirit Palace’s inner yard. This trip is only to bring back the disciples of the Spirit Palace to the White Cave for training. All the disciples of the Tiansang Spirit Palace’s inner yard can leave with me at this moment.”

His eyes were burning. He paused for a moment and added, “Just nod.”

After he said that, everyone could not help but turn their eyes to the young man.

“Invited, passive points + 1.”

“Received concern, passive points + 4.”

“Watched, passive points + 782.”

Headmaster..

Xu Xiaoshou felt a warmth in his heart.

With just these words, he was certain that the headmaster had not been subdued by white-clothed, nor was he using those little tricks to verify his identity.

Xu Xiaoshou had never thought that after the thrilling battle in the White Cave.

Outside, there were still people waiting for him bitterly.

“So, I’m not fighting alone...”

But it was too late!

Xu Xiaoshou grinned.

He already understood that he had reached this step from the middle of the windcloud competition in the outer yard. It was destined from the moment he met Elder Sang.

The dean was indeed a classic example of a sharp tongue but a soft heart.

But your appearance was more than one step too late!

Elder Sang was a Saint Servant. If he hadn’t fed the seed so early, ruo..

“Cough, cough.”

Xu Xiaoshou coughed lightly and interrupted his wild thoughts.

His face returned to calm and said calmly, “There are more seniors, but I, Tan Ji, am not a disciple of the inner yard of Tiansang Spirit Palace. Perhaps, you have mistaken me for someone else.”

Tan Ji?

Ye Xiaotian’s heart clenched. This familiar tone..

He was immediately sure that this person was definitely Xu Xiaoshou!

Fang wanted to continue speaking, but he suddenly remembered something.

“Inner yard disciple?”

That’s right!

Subconsciously, he also thought that the people who came to participate in the White Cave’s experimenter were all inner yard disciples.

However, Xu Xiaoshou didn’t seem to have become an inner yard disciple.

In name, he was only the eldest senior of the outer yard.

Although he had secretly become the Vice Dean’s personal disciple, he didn’t have any status, nor did he enjoy the treatment of an inner yard disciple.

He had even earned the spot to enter the White Cave by himself.

“Is he holding a grudge?”

This thought suddenly flashed through Ye Xiaotian’s mind, and he immediately refuted it.

Xu Xiaoshou was not such a stingy person!

He opened his mouth again, “The inner and outer yard treat each other as their own. As long as you are a member of Tiansang Spirit Palace, you only need to nod your head at this moment...”

He paused and glanced at the Storyteller and Cen Qiaofu who were watching from the side. Ye Xiaotian said firmly, “No matter who it is, as the principal of Tiansang Spirit Palace’s inner yard, I will take you away!”

Outer yard is fine too... Xu Xiaoshou found it a little funny.

He was indeed still remembering that day when he won the windcloud competition, but he could not enter the inner yard.

But at the moment, he couldn’t care less.

It wasn’t because he was unwilling, but because he couldn’t!

Shaking his head indifferently, Xu Xiaoshou didn’t reply.

He wouldn’t go back with the headmaster.

Because if he did, perhaps white-clothed’s target would completely shift to the Tiansang Spirit Palace.

Elder Sang was so secretive. wasn’t he trying to avoid bringing disaster to the Tiansang Spirit Palace?

Xu Xiaoshou was not that great.

But he was not sang.

He would not use the same method to cultivate his disciple just because his master had fed him seeds.

Similarly, he would put his heart into his heart.

He, Xu Xiaoshou, would not want to force the fear and trepidation of being trapped in an inexplicable situation on a person from the Tiansang Spirit Palace.

After all, there were still some memories of the first time he came to this world.

Other than that damned Wen Ming and Zhang Xinxiong, who were also dead, there were also Elder Qiao, Judge Xiao, Judge Zhao who were looking forward to it from afar..

There were Zhou Tianshen, Su Qianqian, Mu Zixi..

There was the spiritual library division that was almost burned down, and the Tianxuan Gate that was almost destroyed..

There were so many of them!

Thinking of this, Xu Xiaoshou really wanted to return to his spiritual site and continue to study the art of conducting alchemy. Then, he would find a time to take off the Alchemist badge that did not match his own strength and take the Spirit Array Caster badge to fulfill his hobby of collecting.

But..

“Goodbye.”

Xu Xiaoshou said softly in his heart. He shook his head lightly and took a small step back.

This step announced his decision.

Crack

Ye Xiaotian clenched his fist.

A crack seemed to have appeared in the air.

The raindrops and figures disappeared from the sky, leaving only the white-haired Dao child and the square-faced young man.

“Xu Xiaoshou!” Ye Xiaotian shouted angrily.

“Called, passive points, + 1.”

Xu Xiaoshou was shocked and immediately realized that this was the sovereign’s bounded domain.

But... wouldn’t they notice it?

After scanning the surroundings, the rest of them seemed to have really disappeared?

Was the sovereign really that strong?

“I have something to say to you.”

Ye Xiaotian paused for a moment before saying in a deep voice, “Alone.”

Xu Xiaoshou felt a strange sourness in his nose.

In such a lonely environment, facing such an elder from the past, the thrilling memories of the white cave flooded his mind. He almost shouted out, "I have some too."

But pursing his lips, Xu Xiaoshou did not say it.

"I..."

Ye Xiaotian also had a thousand words to say, but his lips and teeth suddenly closed.

Then he spoke again:

"Elder Sang..."

He paused, frowned, and changed the word:

"Aje..."

He stopped.

The two looked at each other in silence.

There was no wind in the air, and even time had stopped.

It was as if at this moment, every single matter, big or small, could be brought out and discussed separately.

Xu Xiaoshou was like this, and so was Ye Xiaotian.

He could only feel the worries in his heart. He desperately wanted to jump out of his mouth in such a short period of time and enter the ears of the young man in front of him, so that he could listen in and feel at ease.

However, every subject of every sentence at this moment was so inappropriate and out of place.

Ye Xiaotian seemed to have lost the ability to speak. He struggled for a long time, but he could not utter a complete sentence.

He could see Xu Xiaoshou's eyes, which had changed his appearance and remained unchanged since ancient times.

Those eyes would not deceive anyone.

The young man's experience was not enough to fool the white-haired Dao child who had been wandering the jianghu for most of his life.

Who could not tell that this guy, just like Elder Sang, was planning to take on everything by himself so as not to bring disaster to Tiansang Spirit Palace?

Who was that stupid? !

Ye Xiaotian heaved a sigh of relief and held his eyelids. No matter how dry his eyes were, he did not dare to blink.

He floated a little higher and placed his hand on Xu Xiaoshou's shoulder.

“Thank you for your hard work.”

One sentence, three words.

Ye Xiaotian suppressed all his emotions. “And... survive!”

Thud.

He slapped his palm down.

The scene in front of him blurred and the pitter-patter of rain appeared once again. The tall and straight white-clothed figure entered his eyes once again.

When Xu Xiaoshou regained his senses, Ye Xiaotian had already disappeared without a trace.

He hurriedly looked in the direction of Qiao Qianzhi and saw Elder Qiao, who was secretly wiping his snot and tears away, as well as the four people from the Spirit Palace who had completely disappeared after the headmaster flicked his sleeves.

“Let’s go!”

With a roar, there were 30% unwillingness and 70% helplessness.

The mournful flowers and grass scattered all over the ground were swaying in the wind and rain alone.

“There are so many people standing here...”

Xu Xiaoshou suddenly felt that he could feel the temperature of the rain. It was the cold of loneliness!

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“Your name is Tan Ji?”

Gou Wuyue did not seem to care about the other Saint Servant at all. He kept talking to Xu Xiaoshou.

“Questioned, passive points + 1.”

“Watched, passive points + 782.”

Xu Xiaoshou shook his body and shook off the rain that had soaked his clothes. He immediately regained his composure and collected his emotions.

Now was not the time to be sentimental.

A great battle was waiting in front of him!

If he was a little careless, he would be caught in the crossfire..

He regained his senses and asked, “Is a name that important?”

“Yes,” Gou Wuyue said with a smile.

“Alright, I can tell you solemnly that my name is not Tan Ji!”

“Oh?”

“Tan Ji, it’s just my name...”

Xu Xiaoshou nodded solemnly. “My surname is Xiao Shi.”

“Xiao Shi, Tan Ji?”

Gou Wuyue was stunned.

“Suspected, passive points + 1.”

“Doubted, passive points + 782.”

“Mocked, passive points + 345.”

“Liked, passive points + 1.”

“Hehehe...”

The Storyteller covered his mouth and laughed. After a long while, he said, “Little Shi, Tan Ji, there’s no need to talk to them. No matter how much we talk, Will they let us go?”

“Questioned, passive points + 1.”

“Yes.” Xu Xiaoshou nodded seriously.

This time, not only was he talking about books, everyone was shocked by his confidence.

He was obviously so ordinary..

How could he dare to be so sure?

Could it be that he was a fool?

“Suspected, passive points + 780.”

“Criticized, passive points + 663.”

Xu Xiaoshou did not care about talking about books. Instead, he looked up at the middle-aged man who was dressed like a swordsman and had an extraordinary bearing.

Then, he bowed deeply.

After pondering for three breaths, he stood up, took a deep breath, and said seriously,

“I believe that Elder is the legendary person who was able to kill Saint Servant No. 2 and escape. He chased after Saint Servant No. 7 and ran all over the two regions. He even nurtured disciples with excellent bearing and amazing potential. He even led white-clothed to destroy countless evil forces many times. He was the ruler of the Holy Divine Palace and fought for the title of ten seats. He was one of the top experts in the world among the seven sword deity. Gou Wuyue, gou... Ah pui, Elder Wuyue?”
Xu Xiaoshou’s face was full of respect.

Gou Wuyue: “...”

White-clothed: “...”

Storyteller, Cen Qiaofu: ? ? ?

“Suspected, passive points + 780.”

“Mocked, passive points + 423.”

“Conjecture, passive points, + 644.”

What was he trying to do?

At this moment, the corners of everyone’s mouths twitched, and this question popped up at the same time.

Even the usually calm Wuyue Sword Deity couldn’t remain calm at this moment.

For a moment, he didn’t dare to completely agree.

This title was too important, and he almost didn’t hear everything. He had no idea what the young man in front of him wanted to do.

However, the other party had a respectful expression on his face. If he didn’t reply, it would be too ungraceful.

“What do you want to express?”

Gou Wuyue pressed down on the famed sword that was about to move.

“I just want to express my deep respect for Elder Wuyue...”

Looking at the trembling hands of the other party, Xu Xiaoshou increased the speed of his speech, eliminating the ten thousand words of flattery that would follow. He went straight to the end, “As well as the fact that I am an esteemed person, I don’t dare to speak recklessly and interfere in Elder Wuyue’s matters.”

“What do you mean?”

“Matters?”

Everyone was stunned. Gou Wuyue also frowned, unable to understand.

Xu Xiaoshou smiled embarrassedly and rubbed his hands. After scanning the crowd for a week, he said,

“To put it simply, it’s a war between the elders of the sovereign stage and above. This junior might not be able to interfere. Can I choose to watch?”

He shrank his neck and said timidly, “Who will win? Who will I follow? The kind who will leave obediently and never resist...”

Chapter 593: I, Xu Xiaoshou, Threaten Gou Wuyue!

“Receiving attention, passive points +782.”

“Being suspected, passive points +624.”

Everyone was dumbfounded.

No one would have thought that the youth would say such dirty words while everyone was watching.

Most importantly, this fellow was a Saint Servant!

Looking at the two fellows on the side whose faces had turned green, they...

Sigh, was this the first time they had seen such a situation? Why were they acting so surprised?

“Is this really a Saint Servant?” the White-clothed people looked at each other.

They couldn’t be blamed for eavesdropping.

It was true that Elder Wuyue was able to ignore a few mighty figures. It was already extremely eye-catching that he had chosen to talk to this young man first.

And now, even Gou Wuyue himself seemed to have come into contact with such a situation for the first time...

Xu Xiaoshou’s mouth seemed to be a little too sharp.

Gou Wuyue tightened his grip on his sword.

The corners of his mouth twitched slightly. After muttering to himself for a while, he opened his mouth...and closed it again.

Following which, under the probing expression of the young man before him, he pressed down on his twitching eyebrows and said in a slightly strange voice, “You, are you serious?”

“Uh-huh,” Xu Xiaoshou gave a snort.

“Blown away, passive points +421.”

“Impressed, passive points +669.”

“Admired, passive points +342.”

The group of White-clothed people went crazy.

“Uh-huh?”

“D*mn, this kid is crazy. He used ‘Uh-huh’? He talked to Elder Wuyue and used ‘Uh-huh’?”

“Even if the King of Heavens falls in front of me today, I, Old Sun, will definitely not bend down and help him up. Today, I’m in awe of this guy!”

“Uh-huh... how confident is he?”

“He’s obviously so ordinary and he’s just a young man. He... how did he have the confidence to say such a thing and even naively want Elder Wuyue to agree to his rude request?”

“If the sandpiper and clam fight, who will win, and who will leave?”

“F*ck! F*ck!”

The scene was deathly silent.

However, under White-clothed's crazy telepathic communication, the space rippled slightly.

Everyone looked at the naive and silly guy. It was hard to imagine how well protected this greenhouse flower was by the elders. Only at this age could he still maintain such a childlike innocence and say such childish words.

This...

His words were so childish that it was as if water could be squeezed out. There was this strong urge that one could not help but want to crush it on the spot!

Gou Wuyue took a deep breath.

In his mind, the flashy operation that Wen Ming had done to the Night Guardian in the ancient book's space appeared. At that time, he did not know why the Night Guardian had been forced into such a state by a mere youth. Now that he was in a similar position, he understood.

"You know who I am, don't you?" Gou Wuyue couldn't help but laugh.

He felt relieved and let go.

He seemed to see the child version of himself.

"I know!" Xu Xiaoshou nodded seriously, "Didn't I say it just now... Hmm?"

As he said that, his eyes suddenly lit up, and he murmured, "So you're the Moonless Sword Deity..."

Then, with a solemn bow, Xu Xiaoshou straightened his back and shouted loudly, "Aren't you the legendary person who could kill the second Saint Servant and cause him to flee, as well as chase after the seventh Saint Servant..."

"? ? ?"

Everyone immediately staggered and almost fell to their knees.

Gou Wuyue's old face instantly turned red.

"Stop!"

With a shout that was several decibels higher than that of the young man in front of him, he suppressed the exaggerated praises, and his hand that was grabbing the sword began to tremble slightly.

They had only met once, and he, Gou Wuyue, who had been a hero for his entire life, had almost been turned into an existence that liked to suck up by this brat. He had almost been destroyed!

Who could withstand this?

"Since you know who I am, you still dare to joke with me?" Gou Wuyue's expression became serious. The clouds in his eyes were treacherous, and there was already a cold Sword Will in them.

"I'm not joking. I'm serious."

Xu Xiaoshou nodded, "I have something on you, Moonless Sword Deity."

Something...something...

"? ? ?"

"Being suspected, passive points +733."

"Impressed, passive points +666."

This time, not only were White-clothed stunned, even the Storyteller, who couldn't help but want to drag that embarrassing thing back, stopped in his tracks.

He and Cen Qiaofu looked at each other.

The latter was carrying an unconscious person on his back. He had a dumbfounded expression on his face as if he was asking this kid if he had always been in this kind of situation?

The Storyteller responded with a look. How could he know? Cen Qiaofu might as well ask the person on his back!

"You've got something on me?"

Gou Wuyue whispered and raised the famed sword up high.

He said coldly, "You can choose to say it, but if this doesn't constitute a so-called 'leverage', I will 'draw the sword'. Understand?"

Xu Xiaoshou immediately felt a chill down his spine.

Understand his a*s!

He's f*cking poisonous!

Why would he dare to speak to Gou Wuyue like this if he didn't have something on him?

Even though he had something on him, Gou Wuyue was still making a move?

If he wanted to do this...

"Then I choose not to speak."

Xu Xiaoshou flashed and directly hid behind the Storyteller. He glanced at the red coat in front of him and silently moved to Cen Qiaofu's back.

Then, he poked his head out from behind the masked man's shoulder, "You said that I can choose."

The veins on Gou Wuyue's forehead twitched.

"Being glared at, passive points +1."

The crowd of White-clothed people suddenly began to rustle.

All sorts of small movements were about to appear, but they suddenly sensed that the Sword Will that filled the sky had already come down. Instantly, they became solemn and obedient, turning into White-clothed sculptures that stood straight.

“In awe, passive points +315.”

“Hahaha...” Cen Qiaofu raised his head and laughed loudly.

He did not know why the Chief always treated this young man differently, but after this confrontation, he already felt that the temperament of the kid hiding behind him was just to his taste.

“Speak!”

With a solemn face and a low voice, Cen Qiaofu sneered as he threw his small ax and said disdainfully, “Gou Wuyue dared to ‘draw his sword’, but he can’t ‘remove it’. If the sky falls today, this old man will hold it up for you!”

Then, he turned his head.

Cen Qiaofu’s gaze was burning, “Xiao Shi, Tan Ji, do you understand?”

What the h*ll did he know!

He was not a curse, remove what!

Xu Xiaoshou stole a glance at Gou Wuyue, and it made him panic.

He is the Sword Deity!

With Cen Qiaofu’s old body, could he hold it up?

Xu Xiaoshou did not dare to say anything else. He felt that he was being too impulsive.

In this kind of gathering of big shots, the best way was to eliminate his sense of presence. How could he stand out and speak like this!

His reckless mouth would cause trouble, but did he not know how to act?

Xu Xiaoshou lowered his waist even more.

But Cen Qiaofu was also angrier.

“Xiao Shi, Tan Ji!”

With a shout, the admiration in his eyes turned into pressure. Xu Xiaoshou’s body trembled and he immediately flashed behind the Storyteller.

The Storyteller slightly pulled open his high leg red coat. His skin was as fair as jade, and he had a kind and pleasant countenance.

Xu Xiaoshou’s heart twitched, and he immediately retreated.

What kind of person is this? F*ck!

What kind of pile has he entered?

Why did they all have to stare at him and speak first? Can't they fight amongst themselves?

There was the pressure of Gou Wuyue in front of him, and there was the pressure of Cen Qiaofu beside him...

A Holy Divine Palace, a Saint Servant...

These two men were advancing and retreating!

Xu Xiaoshou had no choice but to admit defeat. Who asked the Moonless Sword Deity to grab him for no reason?

He took a few steps back and distanced himself from these two groups. After hesitating for a moment, he said weakly, "It's hard for me to deal with you guys like this..."

After pondering for a moment, Xu Xiaoshou asked with an inquisitive look, "How about this? I have something on you, and I won't say much. I'll just say half of it, this way I won't offend anyone?"

"..."

One breath.

Two breaths.

Three breaths.

The scene was silent for a full three breaths, and then...

"Being doubted, passive points +741."

"Acknowledged, passive points +666."

"Praised, passive points +232."

"Respected, passive points +418."

After everyone was stunned, the information bar suddenly started to sputter.

Then, the information suddenly changed.

"Being glared at, passive points +2."

"Hostile, passive points +2."

"Suppressed, passive points +2."

"Sneak attack, passive points +1."

F*ck!!!

When he saw the "Sneak attack" message, Xu Xiaoshou's heart almost jumped out of his chest.

"F*ck... Hold back your sword! Hold back your sword!" he cried out in surprise.

Without thinking, he cast the 'Vanishing Technique' on the spot followed by 'Ascending to the Heavens in A Single Step' out of his shell and moved away.

"Whoosh!"

"Boom!"

A streak of sword energy shot out, but it was cut off by Cen Qiaofu's ax when it got close to him.

The void rippled.

Then, in all directions, as if the mirror was shattered by the sound waves, it was immediately torn apart.

However, the space was not completely shattered yet. Under the guidance of the Sword Will of the Ten Directions, it turned into countless small void stiletto swords and returned to the space.

The Mirror of Heaven and Earth wanted to be broken, but human power did not want it to be broken.

Human power sewed the Heaven and Earth, and the world of Sword Realm was born.

"Sword Realm... bounded domain!"

Cen Qiaofu paused for a moment and then realized that Gou Wuyue's bounded domain had opened. He shouted.

At the same time, the Storyteller flipped his palm and stood up. The golden light of the 'Yin Yang Life and Death Trap' in his hand dissipated.

A single word danced and floated out, reflecting the entire world.

"Wrong!"

The spirit was summoned, and Heaven and Earth returned to sound.

The laws of the Order of the great path were forcefully thrown into disorder at this moment. Time and space were staggered and overlapped as if two clouds had converged and were indistinguishable from each other.

Then, the Storyteller pinched his hand into orchid-shaped fingers and tapped lightly in the air.

"Split!"

All the White-clothed people felt the scene in front of them blur.

The Sword Realm world created by Gou Wuyue seemed to have been moved away and disappeared.

In its place was a brand-new space.

It was as if...

Everything returned to the moment when the Saint Servant and the other two stepped out of the spatial crack in the White Cave.

"What happened?"

Everyone felt their scalps go numb.

Very few people could fully understand the violent collision that had happened just now.

However, at that moment, the Way of the Heavens was in chaos, and everyone felt as if they had completely lost their defenses.

If the enemy had chosen to attack at that time...

“Hiss!”

“F*ck!”

“What ability does this red coat man have? It’s been so long, but the research team still can’t give an accurate assessment?”

“It’s always like this. You won’t even know how you died!”

Some people were terrified, while others were calm and collected.

“Don’t worry, we still have Elder Wuyue watching over us!”

..

On the other side, Xu Xiaoshou was so scared that he almost peed.

This motherf*cker didn’t even make a single movement, and he directly wanted to kill him!

Did he have to be so exaggerated? He was just a baby...

He didn’t even dare to remove his disappearing state. He moved through space many times, but at a certain point, he stopped as if he had hit a barrier.

“As expected...”

Xu Xiaoshou’s heart turned cold.

It was the same as when he encountered the Storyteller.

As expected, he couldn’t get out!

But thinking about it, it made sense. The Storyteller was already so strong.

If the White-clothed were so well-prepared and still didn’t banish the entire space, then Cen Qiaofu and the others probably wouldn’t be interested in listening to his nonsense.

“But...”

“Should I strike?”

Xu Xiaoshou felt the atmosphere that was suddenly suppressed. Then, he looked at Gou Wuyue and Cen Qiaofu, who were full of killing intent, and felt their legs go soft!

“Hold on.”

He dispelled his disappearing state and reappeared from far away.

The arena immediately turned their heads and looked over.

“Being suspected, passive points +611.”

“Conjecture, passive points +499.”

“This guy...”

“That’s right, did that guy just disappear? He didn’t die? I thought he died on the spot.”

“Vanishing Technique!”

“If he’s Wen Ming, it should be the Vanishing Technique... and Spatial Movement. Good lad, what’s his origin? He has so many divine skills!”

“It is already very impressive that he is still alive with his cultivation level...”

White-clothed people discussed amongst themselves animatedly. Finally, they recalled that the fuse that caused the confrontation between the two parties was actually this young man who should have died in the collision.

“Xiao Shi, Tan Ji...”

Gou Wuyue turned his head to look at the young man, and a look of certainty flashed across his eyes.

The mysterious Vanishing Technique, as well as the Space Order that should not appear on a young man with a low cultivation level...

No wonder this guy was able to trick the Storyteller in the White Cave!

After the first round of testing, Gou Wuyue got the answer he wanted.

He didn’t continue to comment. Instead, he turned his sword sideways and slowly closed it towards the scabbard.

“Ta.”

“Sneak attack, passive points +1.”

F*ck!

Xu Xiaoshou saw Gou Wuyue put away his sword and thought that things were over. He was considering his words, thinking about how he should say them.

Who would have thought that this was actually the same move as his “Withering Snow of the West Wind”...

No!

It’s the stronger version!

His body disappeared and reappeared.

Xu Xiaoshou looked as if he was unmoved.

However, with his powerful “Sword Technique Expertise”, he was able to find a tiny gap at the critical moment, allowing the intangible sword energy to pass through his body.

He was indirectly immune to damage!

“Rumble...”

However, a muffled sound came from the distance behind him.

Xu Xiaoshou turned his head in shock and saw a scene that he would never forget in his entire life.

He could only see the shadow of the mountain that was buried within the clouds and fog. He did not know how many tens of thousands of miles away the mountain was. At this moment, it was as if a painter had added a stroke of color to it.

A straight horizontal line cut across. Smoke and dust billowed like the clamor of a volcano before it erupted.

The mountain range was actually broken!

From the west to the east, it was difficult for the naked eye to see where the boundary was. However, under this sword, the mountain range was cut up and down...

And it broke!

A sword cut through the peak, and the strength penetrated through the sky!

“Oh my God...”

“This is the Sword Deity?”

Xu Xiaoshou felt that he had seen a god!

How was he a human?

He was a celestial being!!

If he had not seen it with his own eyes, he would have thought that he was dreaming. It was so ridiculous that it made people laugh and daydream.

But it was true.

The dream had actually happened. It was right in front of him, thousands of miles away.

The scene that should have been far-fetched was now shocking.

One could imagine how big the commotion that happened thousands of miles away was.

It was even more terrifying than a volcanic eruption!

“!...”

Xu Xiaoshou could not hide it anymore. He felt that if he did not say anything, he would not have the chance to say anything.

But...

He did have a weakness.

That weakness was Gou Wuyue's disciple, Lu Ke, who was still frozen in the Abrogated Origin Residence's refrigerator.

But now, did he dare to bring it up? Did he dare to say it?

Xu Xiaoshou's legs and stomach were trembling.

He had seen the true Higher Void, the true power of the Sword Deity.

A true almighty who was not suppressed by the small world's space and was one of the world order makers, so he did not have any scruples about making a move.

The damage done by the sword had really refreshed his worldview on the peak of combat strength.

"I..."

Xu Xiaoshou swallowed his saliva, but he stuttered twice.

His fingers trembled a few times, and he felt that his clothes could no longer cover the sweat under his armpits. Something was dripping down.

Could he really bring up the Lu Ke-shaped ice sculpture?

Could he say it out loud?

Could these be considered as "leverage"?

Will Gou Wuyue be afraid of threats?

"Hu~"

With mixed feelings in his heart, Xu Xiaoshou closed his eyes heavily.

God, where are you? Please hurry over and save me!

I can kowtow ahhh!!!

Please save me —

Chapter 594: Showing Respect to Saint Servant's Chief

"Sword Will?"

At this critical moment, the eyelids of the sleepy-eyed masked man on Cen Qiaofu's back trembled, and he slowly opened his eyes.

Just as he raised his head, his eyes focused on the billowing dust ten thousand miles away.

Then, he turned his head and looked at the blue-robed middle-aged man who was facing the young man and had his back towards him.

“Gou Wuyue...”

The masked man seemed to be reminiscing as he muttered softly. It was unknown what he was thinking about in his turbid eyes. After a long time, he finally fixed his eyes on the famed sword in Gou Wuyue’s hand, The Voice of Nulan.

“Buzz!”

Along with the sword cries, a demonic wind seemed to be blowing in the sky. It whistled continuously and everyone felt a chill in their hearts.

Many White-clothed people immediately became alert. Their attention instantly shifted away from the young man in the distance and landed on the masked man who had regained consciousness.

“Brother!”

The Storyteller called out in surprise, “You’re awake?”

“Are you alright?” Cen Qiaofu tilted his head and asked. With a shake of his back, he flicked the person on top of him down.

“I’m fine.”

The masked man replied. However, he subconsciously tapped on the void below his feet and suddenly realized that he had lost his ability to hover in the air.

He immediately came to a realization.

The people in front of him were all talking in the sky!

As expected.

The next second.

“Whoosh!”

The person who fell from Cen Qiaofu’s back seemed to have stepped on air in his sleep, and his body fell straight to the ground.

“I...”

The masked man was speechless.

Fortunately, the Storyteller’s reaction was very fast. With a swipe of his hand on the ‘Yin Yang Life and Death Trap’, a golden light bloomed, and the masked man had already landed on the space platform he had created.

“...”

The audience was stunned.

Questioning looks soon appeared on the faces of the White-clothed people.

If the information was correct, the person who fell from Cen Qiaofu's back should be the Chief of the Saint Servant.

However, the Chief of the Saint Servant couldn't even fly?

"How come each of these motherf*cking Saint Servants is weirder than the last?"

"Forget about that young man. I thought that the Chief of the Saint Servant had suppressed his cultivation level. I didn't expect that he was really in the Acquired Realm. He can't even fly?"

"My goodness, what the h*ll is this and what is happening!"

The arena where the masked man had left the situation was like a shit-stirrer, directly shifting the target of the confrontation in the arena.

Gou Wuyue turned back to look.

He lowered his gaze and saw the masked man who was about to fall to the ground.

"Ugh..."

The masked man raised his head to look, his expression somewhat awkward.

He wanted to speak.

However, he soon realized that this highly unequal way of speaking not only exhausted his neck but also weakened his aura by a notch. He immediately turned his head and looked at the Storyteller.

The Storyteller understood and waved his hand, causing the masked man to slowly float in the air.

A group of White-clothed people with dozens of heads slowly raised their heads as the figure of the masked man rose up.

That scene was simply too shocking!

"This... is the world's reinforcements?"

Xu Xiaoshou, who was in the distance, was initially delighted that the masked man's appearance could divert Gou Wuyue's attention. When he saw this scene, he almost spat out a mouthful of blood.

The opponent was the Moonless Sword Deity!

With him doing this, how can Xu Xiaoshou believe that the Saint Servant can fight his way out of this inescapable net?

This was even more ridiculous than what he had said.

"Pitter-patter..."

The rain continued to fall.

In order to prevent his brother from encountering another accident while he was in the air, the Storyteller even slowed down his speed.

It wasn't until he realized that something was wrong with the atmosphere that he immediately shifted and pulled his brother to the same height as Gou Wuyue.

"Being neglected. Passive points +782."

Xu Xiaoshou immediately heaved a sigh of relief when he saw this message.

Unexpectedly, the moment the masked man reached the desired height, he did not do anything else. The first thing he did was to turn his head to look at him and even wave him over.

"Come here."

Whoosh.

White-clothed people turned their heads in unison.

"Being watched, passive points +783."

Xu Xiaoshou's face instantly turned green.

He wanted to leave the battlefield.

He did not even want to stay in the middle of the battle.

However, the masked man seemed to know what he was thinking. He smiled and said, "If you stay there, you will only die faster."

Xu Xiaoshou was stunned.

He immediately reacted.

Yes, this was the battle between the Cutting Path and the Higher Void.

Such a short distance was considered very close to them.

How could he avoid it?

"Come here."

"Being invited, passive points +1."

Xu Xiaoshou gritted his teeth and did not dare to think any further. He used 'Ascending to the Heavens in A Single Step' and directly went behind the masked man.

"The battle has begun. Remember to shield me..."

"Watch carefully."

The masked man did not even turn his head and directly cut off his words.

"Watch what?" Xu Xiaoshou was stunned.

"Learn."

"Learn what...hmm?"

Xu Xiaoshou's eyes suddenly lit up, "It can't be..."

He remembered that when he first met the masked man, he had said something similar to him.

After saying, "Your Path has long been walked on by many and it's already ruined.", he directly attacked, severely injuring Xiao Qixiu, Ye Xiaotian, and several founding elders of the Tiansang Spirit Palace, and he easily escaped.

Could it be that at this moment, he would also display his divine might and break this space with a snap of his fingers?

Then, under Gou Wuyue's gaze, he would lead everyone and escape far away, as he had done in Tiansang Spirit Palace?

Xu Xiaoshou had a look of anticipation.

The Storyteller beside him had the same expression, and the stars in his eyes were about to fall out.

Cen Qiaofu took a few steps back.

Now that the Chief has stepped up, he was no longer the one resisting the pressure.

The masked man did not explain too much and directly took action.

He was like an elder who seemed like he wanted to personally give some advice. He took a step forward.

"Wait..."

Before the frightened Storyteller could finish his words, the masked man already trembled and fell forward.

"Freeze!"

With a whoosh, the Storyteller beside him hurriedly drew a line on the ancient book. This increased the length of the intangible space platform to prevent the masked man's footsteps from hitting the ground and falling again.

?

The anticipation in the eyes of the White-clothed people turned into shock, and they were all dumbstruck.

Xu Xiaoshou: "..."

He took a long breath, but he choked until he coughed again and again.

This was special, was he kidding him?!

The masked man turned his head and glared at him angrily. Then, under the Storyteller's unnatural shrinking neck, he put his hands behind his back as if he had completely forgotten the embarrassing situation just now.

"Gou Wuyue?"

The Saint Servant's side, which was almost completely overwhelmed by the White-clothed camp's aura, was directly broken by this indifferent sentence.

The shoulders of the masked man were still hunched, but when he slightly straightened them, it was as if the sky was about to be pierced.

It seemed that nothing in this world could suppress him.

"Aura?" Xu Xiaoshou was alarmed.

This scene was very similar to the last bit he had witnessed in the 'Swallow the Mountains and Rivers' fantasy realm when he was in a predicament.

In this world, a person who had absolute confidence would never be crushed by any aura, even if he seemed to only be at the Acquired Realm.

"Sword Will!"

"This fellow is also an ancient swordsman. He broke through Elder Wuyue's crushing Sword Will in an instant!"

"Good fellow, what realm is he?"

"Is he also a Sword Deity? He did it so easily..."

"What kind of joke is this! A Sword Deity? There are only seven Sword Deities under the Heavens. Is his name even mentioned?"

"Then he..."

"Elder Wuyue didn't use his full strength at all. His Sword Will was used to handle that young man just now. It's insignificant!"

"Oh-oh, is that really the case?"

White-clothed's telepathic communication channel immediately became noisy.

The quiet scene made the pitter-patter of the rain sound like a sea of surging waves.

Everyone could see that at this time, the masked man was really facing Gou Wuyue head-on. To put it another way, it was hard steel!

"You recognize me."

Gou Wuyue's tone was not the least bit surprised.

He could tell from the moment the masked man woke up and his two sentences of 'Gou Wuyue' that the masked man in front of him truly knew him.

Therefore, there was no doubt in his voice.

"Buzz!" the sword cried.

Gou Wuyue lowered his head and tightly grasped The Voice of Nulan, the famed sword.

Ever since the masked man had awakened, The Voice of Nulan seemed to have sensed an enemy of the same level, and its vibration was terrifyingly strong.

How many years had it been since he had seen such a scene?

Gou Wuyue frowned and said, "But you recognize me, and I don't seem to recognize you?"

"As for all the ancient swordsmen and famous people in the world, there is no one I don't know. Hence, I should also recognize you."

"Who are you?"

The masked man shifted his gaze away from the famed sword, The Voice of Nulan, and curled his fingers. His hands were empty.

"Saint Servant's Chief."

After saying this useless sentence, the masked man continued, "But this isn't important. What's important is that we should stop here for today."

He glanced at the surrounding White-clothed people and nodded slightly.

"The spectacle isn't bad, but please show me some respect. Disperse and return to your homes."

Huh?

White-clothed and the others were stunned.

Where did this fool come from?

It was one thing for the young man to be naive and silly, but why was the Saint Servant's Chief so conceited?

Showing him some respect...

Saying it with such a tone, he really did not care about everyone here!

"Hahaha!"

In the White-clothed crowd, someone finally could not hold it in anymore.

Did these people really think that their White-clothed group was just here just to joke around?

A tall and sturdy figure flew out from the crowd. He waved his sleeves and said angrily, "I don't care who the f*ck you are. We'll talk about it after we're done!"

"There are seven White-clothed squads here, along with the 'Nation-Toppling Heavenly Shield'. Even with the support from several hundreds of Holy Divine Guards outside, the arena can't even be broken by the Higher Void.

"Is the Saint Servant a gathering of clowns? Do you really think that with a few words, you can hold up the sky?"

"In my opinion, Elder Wuyue doesn't need to talk nonsense with them. Just kill them directly!"

He raised his hand, and the White-clothed people below couldn't stand anymore.

"That's right!"

"Elder Wuyue, don't talk to them anymore. If we drag this on for too long, who knows..."

"Ptui, let's just get it over with!"

It was obvious that what the masked man thought was an indifferent fact had become a mocking remark in the ears of these people.

They had expended so much manpower and resources, they had not come here to watch the show.

Gou Wuyue frowned but did not say anything.

The tall and sturdy white-clothed man who was flying in the air seemed to have received an order. He straightened his chest and looked at the masked man with a burning gaze.

"Nation-Toppling Heavenly Shield?"

The masked man muttered softly, "I've heard of it... But, who are you?"

"My name is Cheng Yuan!"

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-two!" Cheng Yuan was proud. He was able to enter the White-clothed at the mere age of thirty-two, it was indeed something he could be proud of.

"What is your cultivation level?"

"Sovereign! But under the enhancement of the 'Nation-Toppling Heavenly Shield', my strength can be compared to that of a Cutting Path's..."

Pft!

There was utterly no movement at all, but a light tittering sounded out abruptly in the sky, and Cheng Yuan's voice came to an abrupt halt.

A stream of blood directly sprinkled down into the sky.

In the next second, Cheng Yuan's eyes were wide open, and he stretched out his hand to firmly strangle his neck.

But the blood that gurgled out instead seeped out from the gaps between his fingers, and it directly dyed his white robe red.

"I don't care who you are."

"Your cultivation is at the trivial Sovereign level and you're only thirty-two years old. At most, you are just a young man."

"Then, don't interrupt when adults are speaking."

The masked man indifferently moved his gaze away and looked at Gou Wuyue. "He still has three minutes to live. If we don't save him in time, he will die very quickly."

"I don't want to kill anyone."

"But if the people you brought are all this kind of trash, once the battle starts, your losses will be greater than mine."

He seemed to be stating the truth. His voice was very calm.

White-clothed people were scared at the same time.

Elder Wuyue made a move and even drew his sword.

But no one could see what the masked man was doing.

His throat was directly cut off?!

"Three minutes..."

White-clothed hurriedly took Cheng Yuan from the Sky Eardrops. The first-aid personnel immediately rushed over and pulled him to the back.

The scene was deathly silent.

Gou Wuyue's eyes darkened.

His gaze fell on the masked man's curled two fingers that were partially hidden under his sleeves. There was shock in his eyes.

"10 Sections of the Finger Sword?"

Only then did Xu Xiaoshou lower his head in shock. As expected, he saw the masked man's curled two fingers.

This move was the same one that he had used to break the headmaster's arm in Tiansang Spirit Palace.

At the same time, it was the same as the scruffy-looking man's two fingers that had killed Red Dog!

"Call me whatever you want, but I still say that it's best to end this round," the masked man said calmly.

Only then did Xu Xiaoshou realize what a ruthless person he truly was.

Under the heavy encirclement of the White-clothed people, he didn't even want to say a word and directly chose to take the initiative to hurt someone.

How much courage did he have?

Gou Wuyue looked at the masked man's fingers in a daze.

At this moment, the famed sword in his hand seemed to be trembling even more intensely.

"Great!"

"What a great '10 Sections of the Finger Sword'!"

Gou Wuyue couldn't help but laugh, and his eyes were filled with shock as he said, "If it was in the past and you dared to injure my subordinates, perhaps I wouldn't waste any more words with you, but today, you..."

He suddenly stopped and fell into deep thought, and the 'show some respect' phrase confidently muttered by the masked man from before appeared in his mind once again.

After pausing for a long time, he asked, "Why should I let you go?"

Everyone was shocked by this sudden change in tone.

Even Xu Xiaoshou looked at the masked man in shock.

From his tone...

Could he really rely on his mouth and the "show some respect" phrase alone to turn the situation around?

The masked man said calmly, "Because you are Gou Wuyue, you have no choice but to let me go. This is a favor you owe me."

"Hahaha!"

Gou Wuyue laughed loudly, "In my life, I have never owed a favor when I was at the end of the world with my sword."

"You owe me."

The masked man did not plan to waste any more words.

He directly extended two fingers and pointed at the sky.

"Bang!"

A black line that was two fingers wide pierced through the air, and the spiritual array rippled. It was actually broken.

"What kind of joke is this..."

White-clothed people were shocked.

"Spirit gathering array!"

"'Nation-Toppling Heavenly Shield', cover it! Hurry up!"

"Damn it, where did this guy come from? What kind of spiritual technique is this? Why is the damage so high?"

"Isn't he only at the Acquired Realm?"

"..."

"Let's go," the masked man waved his hand, and Cen Qiaofu and the Storyteller followed without saying a word.

Xu Xiaoshou was dumbfounded.

Just like that?

They could leave just like that?

Seeing that these guys were about to leave, he hurriedly followed, but he was completely confused. He didn't understand what was going on at all.

Gou Wuyue was shocked by his confidence.

Did this person really treat him like air?

He acted as if there was no one around him to this extent. Let alone an ordinary White-clothed person, even Gou Wuyue was burning with anger.

“Stay here!”

“Buzz—”

Just as he was about to pull out his sword, The Voice of Nulan, the famed sword, actually transmitted a faint resistance.

Earlier the sword clearly acted as though it had encountered a Sword Deity of the same name. It was unwilling to stay in the scabbard and wanted to fight.

But at this moment, Gou Wuyue wanted to pull out his sword.

This sword, on the contrary, was resisting!

“A favor...”

Gou Wuyue lowered his eyes and looked at The Voice of Nulan. A figure that he had not seen for a long time suddenly appeared in his mind.

He looked back in horror.

“You, who exactly are you?”

Chapter 595: My Name Is Bazhun'an!

“Do it!”

However, Gou Wuyue did not move. Instead, Chang Yi, who was clothed fully in white, shouted and immediately turned into a shadow before flying into the sky.

He knew the outcome of the discussion between the two big shots did not matter, the rules of this operation would never change.

Even if Elder Wuyue really owed this Saint Servant a favor, some issues could not be resolved by just owing someone a favor.

As Elder Wuyue's personal assistant, he had to be decisive when making decisions that even the elder himself couldn't make.

He had to be impartial and not let his own personal interests and emotions affect him.

Saint Servant versus Chang Yi...

Elder Wuyue couldn't really decide between these two!

Therefore, it was up to someone else to make this decision for him, even if the consequences of this decision might be difficult to bear...

"Pulsation of light!"

Chang Yi did not hesitate at all. He threw his hands behind him and immediately exploded into sparkling spots of light that merged with the Way of the Heavens.

In the next second, it seemed like the world had instantly darkened for a moment, before lighting up once again.

However, the light that appeared again seemed to be different from the previous light.

"Stop."

The masked man's feet paused in mid-air, and his body steadily came to a stop.

Cen Qiaofu and the storyteller, who were both following closely behind, immediately realized that something was wrong. The two of them stopped at the same time, and even their breathing stopped.

However, Xu Xiaoshou followed behind with his thoughts in a mess. His mind was still thinking about other things, and he could not react for a moment.

When he heard the sound, even if he wanted to stop, he had already taken a step forward.

"Ssss..."

A ripple appeared in the air.

Xu Xiaoshou did not dare to move one bit. Cold sweat dripped from his forehead.

"What's wrong?"

He asked in surprise.

Why did everyone stop moving suddenly?

Even those clothed in white were frozen in place.

Everyone around who was moving was all frozen mid-movement. It was an amazing sight with different types of positions showing.

After Chang Yi made his move, it was as if time had been stopped.

There was not even the slightest bit of movement from everyone.

Even breathing had become silent.

"Pitter-patter..."

The sound of the rain could be heard.

Xu Xiaoshou felt that something was wrong.

Rain should be falling drop by drop from the sky.

However, these raindrops seemed to have been sliced up into hundreds of thousands of pieces as they fell, before shattering and turning into a hazy mist that scattered in all directions.

The rain had suddenly turned into a super large humidifier that was spraying mist everywhere randomly.

The rain and mist flew everywhere.

This could not be called rain at all. The sky was spraying mist!

“Gulp...”

Xu Xiaoshou swallowed a mouthful of saliva with difficulty.

As if it was a butterfly effect, by the time he reacted...

“You have been attacked, passive points + 9999.”

“You have been attacked, passive points + 9999.”

“You have been attacked, passive points + 9999.”

Three messages popped up in the information bar.

Xu Xiaoshou was immediately shocked.

“9999?”

That’s the f*cking limit!

“In just a flash, I took three heavy hits?”

Xu Xiaoshou’s heart set off boundless waves.

It was only at this moment that intense pain came from several parts of his body.

“Sizzle...”

A sizzling sound could be heard.

The right leg that Xu Xiaoshou had just stepped out of exploded, turning into a hazy blood mist. Even his bones and flesh were turned into fine powder, drifting off into the rainy mist.

“Sizzle...”

With another sizzling sound, Xu Xiaoshou’s Adam’s apple exploded, and a pillar of blood shot out.

The position where his Adam’s apple was rolling due to the swallowing action had been sliced flat by an unknown force. Not a single piece of flesh was left, and the cut was unusually smooth.

“Sizzle”

With another sizzling sound, his lips which were mouthing the word “Why” were also turned into minced meat.

Fresh blood flowed out.

Xu Xiaoshou’s entire body stiffened.

The intense pain almost made him scream.

However, the inexplicable injury brought about a fear that originated from his soul. It firmly restrained his body from twitching in pain.

Xu Xiaoshou knew very well that at this moment, if he were to move, his entire body would be destroyed on the spot like the rain and fog.

“What the h*ll is this?”

Feeling shocked, Xu Xiaoshou focused on his “Perception”. Only then could he faintly notice that the light in the surroundings was a little brighter than usual.

He took a closer look.

This light seemed to have been artificially controlled. At this moment, it was formed by countless fine light rays interweaving.

The light was originally intangible.

However, that Chang Yi had actually compressed the light into a tangible form and turned it into a ray with extreme cutting power, using it to seal off an entire area of space.

“How big of a project is this?”

Xu Xiaoshou’s “Perception” scanned through the entire area and shockingly, he could see that the effect extended over a radius of a few kilometers.

This was the dense version of the infrared cutting field — filling the entire area with domains!

“Bounded domain?”

“Pulsation of light?”

At this moment, Xu Xiaoshou suddenly understood why everyone in the area seemed to have paused in time, and none of them dared to move.

As all space had been sealed off, any movement would result in the laser that was inserted into the cells and pores of the body taking away a person’s life in the blink of an eye!

“You won’t be able to escape.”

Chang Yi withdrew his hands from the air and looked coldly at the four people in front of him.

He formed a seal with his hands.

“Let the light and shadow penetrate the body.”

“Hum –”

With a light sound, a light curtain of light appeared on the bodies of the white-clothed people.

When the light curtain appeared, the white-clothed people finally let out a sigh of relief and started moving once again.

They all went back to what they had been doing.

However, the four Saint Servants weren't covered by the light curtain.

This meant that once the 'bounded domain of light' was manipulated, the four Saint Servants would instantly die!

Xu Xiaoshou's pupils constricted.

Sizzle...

His eyelids trembled and turned into a bloody mist.

Xu Xiaoshou didn't have time to be frightened and immediately wanted to telepathically communicate with the masked man.

However, how could the masked man not thought of an attack method that even he could think of?

“Cen Qiaofu!”

The masked man let out a cry. In this Grim Reaper's predicament, it was as if he had entered an uninhabited state. His body trembled and he directly disappeared.

When he reappeared, he had already landed in front of Chang Yi.

“Bang!”

A huge bloody mist exploded out in front of him.

Chang Yi was stunned on the spot.

Wasn't this suicide?

He had never expected the masked man to appear in front of him so recklessly and to be even willing to sacrifice his entire body.

“Seeking death?”

This thought had just flashed through his mind.

However, in the blood mist, an arm-shaped object that was drawn out by the sword energy that was traveling at high speed and continuously cutting was stretched out and grabbed his neck.

“A hand?”

There was a screeching sound beside his ears. It was the ear-piercing sound that came from the high-speed shooting of the sword energy.

Chang Yi was shocked.

“Aren’t you afraid of pain?”

His voice was difficult to speak.

Because the arm in front of him was too shocking!

It had no bones, no tendons, much less flesh and blood.

But it was like a solid arm. After grabbing Chang Yi’s neck, it did not hesitate at all and started exerting force.

Crack...

Chang Yi’s neck was broken, and his head fell from the sky.

“Pain?”

The masked man asked in return. The silhouette of a human figure, which was outlined by the white sword aura, stepped out of the blood mist.

The light did indeed cut through his body.

In the span of a breath, it could cause thousands of injuries.

However, the masked man did not even tremble.

He lowered his head and looked at the hand of the white sword aura that he spread out. He sighed and said, “If you say it’s a shock, then it is indeed a little bit.”

“But this little bit of pain is nothing to this crippled body of mine.”

As he spoke, he slowly turned around and looked at Gou Wuyue. “I said...”

His voice paused.

“Don’t move!”

The masked man bent his fingers.

“Boom!”

Chang Yi, whose head had been separated from his body, was about to turn into a speck of light and escape.

But suddenly, an endless amount of white Galaxy Sword Aura shot into his body and head, pinning him to the ground.

The masked man raised his hand.

Chang Yi’s head, which had been pierced by the sword energy, flew in a circle and reformed in Chang Yi’s hand.

“I’ve said it.”

Only then did the masked man finish his sentence. He looked at Gou Wuyue and said, "If you really want to fight, your subordinates will suffer even more losses than mine."

The masked man's gaze focused on the man whose hand was twitching non-stop and whose white robe was dyed red with blood. He laughed lightly.

"Cutting Path Level, light type... his potential is indeed very good."

"You should also cherish this type of people very much. That's why you brought him along and personally nurtured him, right?"

"Speak!"

"Do you want him dead or alive?"

All the white-clothed people present were stunned.

After taking off the shell of his acquired cultivation level body and revealing his true sword body, only then did everyone understand why the masked man looked so weak earlier.

Just by being alive, he was continuously suffering the damage from the high-speed sword energy in his body.

How could such a person be like the others who had a bright and beautiful appearance?

It was already a miracle that he was still alive, Alright? !

"Indestructible Sword Body?"

There were swordsmen in the crowd, and there were also people who saw what kind of method this was.

By cultivating one's Galaxy Sword Aura, one could cast away one's weak body.

In the future, one would use acquired energy to forcefully transform the body of a mortal into a sacred physique.

Such a technique was too terrifying!

"Is this true..."

"This guy is still conscious? How could he still be alive?"

"No wonder he couldn't even fly when he had acquired cultivation level."

"Under such circumstances, how could he keep his soul from collapsing, let alone maintain his acquired cultivation level?"

"Is he even human?"

"A Saint Servant... f*cking Saint Servants are crazy! No one would cultivate with such means, right?"

"Cultivate? I don't think so. Maybe this isn't his sword energy?"

"Hmm? What do you mean?"

“Look at this sword energy. If he could control himself, would he choose to injure himself instead of stopping the sword energy?”

“But he’s a lunatic!”

“...”

No one could say anything right now.

Indeed!

Judging from the current situation, the chief Saint Servant was really a lunatic.

In order to cultivate, he didn’t even leave any flesh and blood behind.

Regardless of whether it was self-harm or him being crippled, with his tenacious willpower, no one present dared to disrespect him.

“Indestructible Sword Body...”

Gou Wuyue’s gaze became serious.

He could smell a very familiar strand of sword energy from the sword body.

“Hua Changdeng?”

Gou Wuyue did not directly respond to the masked man’s words. He did not even look at his closest guard, Chang Yi, with a hint of worry. He only stared at the person with sword energy in shock as he spoke.

“Like I said, do you want him dead or alive?”The masked man also spoke to himself.

“Who are you?”

Gou Wuyue was extremely furious. The Voice of Nulan was immediately unsheathed.

He pointed with the tip of his sword, and a black line appeared in the air, directly piercing through the head of the sword energy.

However, the masked man remained unmoved.

There was no more blood on his body that could be shed.

“No blood, no tears?”

“Then one of you will die first!”

With a sigh, the masked man moved his fingers.

“Boom!”

Endless white sword aura exploded, turning into countless white sword aura in all directions. With the momentum of 10,000 swords becoming one, they pierced toward Chang Yi’s body.

“Save him!!!”

A shrill scream came from the white-clothed man.

The light from the void spiritual array was finally stitched together again, and another layer of golden barrier covered it.

“Dodge.”

Just as the sword energy was about to pierce through Chang Yi’s body, a light figure descended from the sky, enveloping Chang Yi.

Swoosh.

The masked man’s sword energy hit nothing.

The person in his hand had already been teleported away.

“A Nation-Toppling Heavenly Shield?”

The masked man raised his head to look at the golden barrier in the sky. He seemed to want to laugh, but his face was blurry, and there was no fluctuation on it at all.

At this moment, there was already a trace of blood on his chest.

After the blood color appeared, it did not take long for his heart to be formed.

Following that, his bones, tendons, and blood were regenerated.

The final human body appeared, and even the black robe that covered his face was restored.

The slightly bent and weak figure once again materialized in the void.

However, at this moment, no one dared to underestimate this person who seemed to only be at the acquired realm.

This was a non-human!

“Cough...”

The masked man coughed lightly and stopped his voice.

Worry appeared in the eyes of the storyteller behind him. He knew that every time his brother made a move, his vitality would be greatly damaged.

The current commotion was much greater than before.

After this battle, his strength had fallen to an unknown extent.

How could his brother’s body withstand it?

“Put down the sword.”

On the other hand, the masked man himself seemed to be unharmed. His gaze was fixed on Gou Wuyue’s sword. “In this world, no one dares to point a sword at me.”

White-clothed immediately went into an uproar.

This was the Moonless Sword Deity, one of the Seven Sword Deities!

Even if this masked man had an indestructible sword body, where did he get the courage to say such words?

Xu Xiaoshou was shocked.

He had heard similar words before.

At that time, Xiao Qixiu pointed his sword at the masked man. The latter had even said something even more arrogant, "Among those who dare to attack me, you are the weakest!"!

At that time, he thought that the masked man was just showing off.

Who would have thought that the chief saint servant would still be so arrogant in front of one of the Seven Sword Deities!

Gou Wuyue's pupils violently trembled.

Others might think that the masked man was crazy.

But when this familiar tone and familiar words fell into his ears, it directly pulled him back to the memory of the battle decades ago.

"You, who exactly are you?"

The masked man silently smiled.

He slowly turned his head and looked at Xu Xiaoshou. "Is the name really that important?"

"Huh?" Xu Xiaoshou was stunned.

Then he remembered that he had also asked the masked man several times about Gou Wuyue's question.

"It's important..."

Glancing at Gou Wuyue, Xu Xiaoshou hesitated. "Right?"

"Is it important?"

The masked man repeated in a low voice and slowly looked back. "Put down the sword first."

"Speak!"

Gou Wuyue roared angrily. He lost control of his emotions, and even the hand holding the sword trembled slightly.

The masked man's gaze moved down and landed on the famed sword, the Voice of Nulan.

"He dared to point his sword at me, and you dare to point the tip of your sword at me?"

Everyone was confused, and the famed sword trembled.

"Wu..."

It was as if it was choking.

The Voice of Nulan, the famed sword, bent, and the tip of the sword slowly lowered.

It was as if a famous general had met a king.

No matter how arrogant one was, it was impossible for him to raise at a king.

Everyone felt their hearts tremble.

The sword of the Moonless Sword Deity lowered its head towards the masked man!

The masked man nodded slightly and raised his head.

“My name can not appear under this sky that is covered by dark clouds.”

“If it wants to see light, then it must see True Light.”

“Boom!”

The golden barrier in the sky was pierced through by his sword-like sharp gaze. The swaying rain and dark clouds seemed to be swept by an intangible giant sword as it swept through the sky.

The sky had brightened.

It had brightened by more than a minute!

Everyone felt that the situation was somewhat out of control.

Some of the swordsman’s bodies trembled slightly as if they had seen a miracle. Their eyes were filled with shock and excitement.

Even Xu Xiaoshou, who had been suppressed in the darkness of his heart and had planned to not dare to rummage through the box to find the answer to the question, could not help but think of it.

“Name. I think that it is only a code name. It can not represent anything. Thus, for decades, I have not spoken of it.” The masked man’s turbid gaze looked straight at Gou Wuyue, unperturbed.

“Say it!” Gou Wuyue roared.

“You already have the answer, why do you need me to say it?”

“I don’t have the answer at all!”

Gou Wuyue’s eyes were red. His body leaned forward, and because of his excitement, he couldn’t stand steadily. It was as if he was about to fall.

“Another person who doesn’t have the answer...”

The masked man’s gaze shifted to Xu Xiaoshou.

Xu Xiaoshou clenched his fists tightly. For some reason, he was furious.

At the same time, he could see the meaning that the masked man wanted to convey from his turbid eyes.

It was just like the confusion he had experienced in the white cave.

The storyteller could not give an answer.

Cen Qiaofu could not give an answer.

He, Xu Xiaoshou, also could not give an answer.

But the masked man could.

“I can give the answer that they can’t give to you!”

Why could the masked man do something that others couldn’t?

If others couldn’t, why could he?

The answer he could give... What was it?

It was dawn, and the rain was clearing up.

Everyone held their breaths, and the whole place was silent.

The masked man was still hunched over.

His gaze landed on Gou Wuyue, and then passed through his body to the space behind him.

Raising his head, he seemed to pierce through the sky, breaking through a region and landing on the headquarters of the Holy Divine Palace in the central region.

His gaze moved away from the place where people worshiped and broke through the five regions.

He saw the order of the great path and the invisible giant hand behind the order.

It was just as Gou Wuyue had said earlier.

The arena was not a battle between dozens of people.

Outside the arena, there were seven to eight hundred Holy Divine Guards operating the Nation-Toppling Heavenly Shield according to the instructions of the Holy Divine Palace.

Everything that happened here would fall into the eyes of the Holy Divine Palace and be heard by those people.

But the masked man did not care.

His answer was not to confuse Xu Xiaoshou in the first place, and it was not just to answer Gou Wuyue.

After all, only one person with the water-type ability could hear the Saint Servant’s declaration of war from the White Cave.

Could it reach the ears of those people, and then spread across the continent?

These were the questions.

Then, if the name was important, it could be used as a symbol to convey the Saint Servant's declaration of war, causing those people to start panicking.

Since he said it, he said it!

The masked man stood with his hands behind his back.

The light of heaven and earth shone through the broken "Nation-Toppling Heavenly Shield" and scattered everywhere.

Everyone was waiting.

His slightly hunched shadow seemed to be lengthening as the waiting time dragged on.

"Cough."

The masked man coughed lightly. The moment he broke the silence, he could also smell the bloody smell on his nose and mouth.

He did not care. Under the mask, the outline of his mouth moved. His voice was calm and of the perfect volume. It was very much at ease.

However, in an instant, it seemed to spread across the five domains of the continent.

"My name is Bazhun'an!"

Chapter 596: Sword Deity From the East

Outside the Eighth Palace, on a mountain far away.

The quiet mountain forest was supposed to be a better hiding place for birds and beasts, but suddenly...

"Hualala..."

The birds flew away in fright, and beasts scattered in all directions panic.

As the branches hit the leaves, a large flock of birds flew out.

Then, a shocked cry came from the dense forest.

"Ba! Zhun! An!"

The fallen leaves returned to the forest and hit the white-clothed, red-clothed, and gray-clothed people who were supposed to be calm, causing the hundreds of people present to tremble.

"The Eighth Sword Deity?!"

Everyone lost their composure and their breathing became hurried.

The army that was located in the eastern corner of the Eighth Palace was one of the four domains in control of the Nation-Toppling Heavenly Shield.

This group of white-clothed, red-clothed, and gray-clothed Holy Divine Guards from the Holy Divine Palace had the best training.

Even if they were pushed to their extreme, they would never lose their composure like this and lose their concentration on the Nation-Toppling Heavenly Shield.

However, when the words of the masked man from the Eighth Palace who was confronting the Moonless Sword Deity were displayed on the light curtain in the atrium, everyone lost their composure.

“He, he, he... What did he just say? Bazhun’an?!”

“Isn’t that the Eighth Sword Deity?”

“Shouldn’t the Eighth Sword Deity be dead?”

“Is this one of those fanatics pretending to be the Eighth Sword Deity?”

“Are you f*cking kidding me?!”

“Ahh?!”

The crowd was in an uproar.

Everyone looked at each other, their faces full of shock, and their eyes were filled with disbelief.

Jokes which have been thrown around in the past coming out of the mouth of the Chief Saint Servant. This was simply unbelievable!

But looking at Elder Wuyue’s shocked expression...

Wasn’t this proof of something?

“No!”

“It’s impossible. How can the Eighth Sword Deity still be alive?”

“In the past, Bazhun’an had wanted to break through the realm of the sword deity and got destroyed by Hua Changdeng with three sword strikes. Shouldn’t both his body and soul get destroyed by this?”

“This, this, this... Could he have been reborn from the flames?”

“Could it be that he has a second life?!”

There were also swordsmen and fanatics of the Eighth Sword Deity in the team of the Holy Divine Palace.

Even if they did not make it obvious normally, they all appeared as if they had just witnessed a miracle.

Has that man returned?

“Silence!!”

An angry rebuke suppressed the restlessness in the entire place.

Jiang Bianyan, the Hallmaster of the side hall of the Holy Divine Palace in Dongtianwang City, smashed the wooden table and shouted, “Silence, all of you!”

Everyone instantly quieted down.

Even if this person in front of them wasn't the strongest among them.

However, as the Hallmaster of the side hall in Dongtianwang City, the power in his hands wasn't something that everyone present could go up against.

Moreover, as the person in charge of the Eastern part of the Nation-Toppling Heavenly Shield from the Eighth Palace, Jiang Bianyan held the power to judge life.

At this critical juncture of the war, if someone did not cause panic in the army, they might even be dragged out and killed.

"What is this all about?"

"Is the name Bazhun'an enough to make all of you believe in him?"

"Look at this person... how could Bazhun'an be so shabby? You all haven't seen Bazhun'an in person, but you all should have already seen a portrait of Bazhun'an!"

"Look at all of you..."

Jiang Bianyan swung his hands angrily, so angry that he was unable to say anything. So angry that his right eyelid started twitching and his hand began shaking.

"Hallmaster Jiang!"

A white-clothed man with a sword in his hand rose from the crowd. He looked very excited, and his eyes were so bright that they could almost set fire to the whole mountain forest.

"Eighth..."

Before he could even finish speaking, Jiang Bianyan suddenly turned his head around and pointed his finger at him with such force that it almost pierced through the air and enter his mind between his eyebrows. "Sit the f*ck down!"

"Okay."

The white-clothed man obediently sat down.

However, a few tree stumps away, another middle-aged man dressed in a red coat, who was carrying a spiritual sword and dressed as a swordsman, stood up.

"Hallmaster Jiang..."

"You shut the f*ck up too!" Jiang Bianyan moved his finger.

"Oh."

The latter pursed his lips and returned to the ground.

"Hallmaster Jiang!"

"Hallmaster Jiang!"

"Hallmaster Jiang..."

When the two of them stood up earlier, it seemed to have started a chain reaction.

Men clothed in white, red, and even gray started standing up. As long as they were carrying swords, if they were to hear “Bazhun’an”, which one of them could sit still?

These people all stood up, and chaos ensued.

“Are you all trying to stage a rebellion?”

Jiang Bianyan shouted loudly, and he flew high into the sky. “Do you all really think I’m unable to suppress all of you as the Sovereign?”

He took out a command token and fiercely shot it into the ground.

“Peng!”

The huge rock on the ground turned to dust, and the ear-piercing sound caused everyone’s lips, which were all about to open, to close up. All kinds of words were stuck in their throats, making them feel extremely uncomfortable.

“Be quiet!”

Jiang Bianyan’s face turned slightly red.

He pressed on his right eyelid that was twitching crazily almost as if he wanted to flatten it.

However, when he released his hand, his eyelid could not help but twitch crazily again.

He gave up and threatened, “If anyone dares to say anything else, I won’t bother to say anything more. You will just get the hell out of here this very second.”

Jiang Bianyan flung his sleeves and his figure landed on the ground.

After a pause, he began to bend down to search for something at the broken rock.

“Why are you being more f*cking excited than us...”

A white-clothed swordsman couldn’t help but mutter in a low voice, “If it isn’t the real Eighth Sword Deity, why would he be so excited?”

“Who’s talking?!”

Jiang Bianyan turned his head with his butt sticking out. His face was as red as a demon, and his expression was ferocious.

“Shh.”

Everyone lowered their heads.

They had to give him face. After all, he was the commander-in-chief of the war in the East from the Eighth Palace.

“Found it.”

Jiang Bianyan’s feet rattled a few times. Finally, he took out a crystal ball from the broken wood.

He blew on it and blew away all the wood chips on it. Then, he wiped it with his sleeve and tried to inject Ice Stream Spiritual Source into it.

But at that moment, as if he had just remembered something, he suddenly stood up and turned around.

“Don’t make a sound later, understand?”

The whole place was dead silent. Many heated eyes were staring at the light curtain in the atrium and at Jiang Bianyan.

Jiang Bianyan sighed and his voice softened,

“Just don’t panic.”

“Isn’t it just a fake Bazhun’an? I will go contact the higher-ups in the headquarters right this very moment!”

..

In every corner of the Eighth Palace, similar situations were occurring.

As long as it was a place where spiritual cultivators gathered, it was inevitable that there would be swordsmen.

And as long as there was a swordsman, there would be fanatics of the legendary Eighth Sword Deity.

In the central region, the influence of the eighth sword deity could only be considered just alright.

At the very least, with the pressure of the Holy Divine Palace suppressing it, coupled with the fact that the Eighth Sword Deity had already fallen for so many years, the enthusiasm for him had long been extinguished by time.

However, in the Holy Sword Land in the East, things were completely different.

As a region that revered the sword, the Eighth Sword Deity was practically a God.

After that wanderer suddenly woke up, with his Innate Elemental Power, he became the Eighth Sword Deity within three years and was simply a miracle-like existence.

It could be said that once the news of the Eighth Sword Deity’s resurrection spread, eight out of ten spiritual cultivators would go crazy.

And out of a hundred swordsmen, only half would go crazy.

As the remaining half would just explode on the spot!

This was faith.

A faith that could suppress the entire era’s peak swordsmen, an absolute faith without reason!

..

In Central Region Holy Palace, Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe, where the headquarters of the Holy Divine Palace was located.

This was a snow-capped sacred mountain that towered into the clouds. All year round, it was covered by the fragrance of a top-grade spiritual aura. All the flowers and weeds which were able to grow here were all filled with this spiritual aura.

A grass anywhere on here was at least of the fifth grade.

There were two legends about Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe.

On the west side of the Luoshen Peak, there was a stele with no words on it. The stele was surrounded by broken swords, and it was filled with a deathly aura that did not fit the immortal osmanthus spirit grade.

It was the remains of the holy path, the power of desolation.

Luoshen Peak was one of the forbidden grounds of the Osmanthus holy mountain.

Every spiritual cultivator in the world knew that this was the place where the previous Hallmaster of the Holy Divine Palace had fallen.

You Tu, the former leader of the seven sword deity, had single-handedly slaughtered his way to the holy divine palace and the Hallmaster of the main hall of the Holy Divine Palace had ended the previous era. After that, he had hidden from the world and became a legend.

Dao Qiongcang had accepted the order in the face of danger and taken over the team. Only then did he regain the power of the Holy Divine Palace.

The reason why You Tu had slaughtered his way to Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe was because of another legend of the Holy Mountain.

..

In the Eastern Region.

A windless area filled with candlelight.

Another forbidden ground of Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe.

A tall broken willow stood alone in the forbidden grounds.

This place was supposed to be full of greenery and willows.

But ever since the legend of the Sword Deity from the East spread to here, even the Ashvattha Willow, the leader of the nine great ancestral trees, which was ranked in front of the heavenly tree, broke.

It broke so abruptly.

Even after several decades, it was still difficult for it to spit out a new green leaf.

Under the broken willow, there was an ancient table on the gravel ground.

The ancient table was very small and dilapidated. It was covered in dust as if no one had visited it for decades.

However, there was a candle on the table that had not been extinguished for tens of thousands of years.

The light was dim, causing the infinite light in the surroundings to fall into a dim space.

Other people lit their lamps for the sake of illumination.

But this long and bright old lamp was for the sake of attracting darkness.

On the dim and gloomy table, besides the ancient lamp, there was also a sword.

This sword was spotless.

The sword body was spiritual green in color, and it was full of potholes. It was as if it had experienced countless hacking, tempering, and iron replenishment.

The sword body was clear and could suck a person's soul into it at a glance. If there were evil spirits struggling on it, their will to die would disappear, and they would not be able to survive.

The eighth on the famed sword list was the sword named Ghost Hunter, one of the seven sword deities — Hua Changdeng's saber!

In this empty but desolate place with a screen of candles, next to the broken willow, and facing the ancient table in the distance, sat a middle-aged man with gray hair.

He was middle-aged.

But with that weathered face, at a glance, outsiders would only think that he was an elderly elder.

"Hua Changdeng?"

A gust of wind and waves rippled outside the candle screen.

The sound wave swept up the sand and gravel on the ground. However, when it approached the middle-aged man who had his eyes closed and seemed to be sleeping, it stopped soundlessly.

The screen...

No one could enter, the sound of the wind was not close, and the old candle did not go out.

The eyelids of the man who was called Hua Changdeng quivered, and he slowly opened his eyes.

In this dim place, it was as if a sword had come out of the mortal world.

The candle on the ancient table swayed even though there was no wind. With a chi sound, a new drop of candle wax appeared. Only then did it barely hold on to the candle shadow.

"Is Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe going to be broken again? This time, who will come to find me?"

Hua Changdeng leaned against the broken willow. With a glint in his eyes, he contained the shocking sword will in his eyes.

He supported himself on the ground with his hands and pushed forward with his feet. He leaned against the broken willow to support his body and managed to sit up a little.

"Ta, ta, ta."

The sound of footsteps was getting closer and closer.

A white-robed man walked out from the corner. He held Si nan in his hands and the energy movement of the way of the heavens followed his guidance.

Every step he took seemed to be measuring this world.

Every step he took left a trace of the path on Si Nan's divination board.

He carved and recorded.

Every step he took, he grew.

The old candle swayed, reflecting the outline of the person's face.

This was an extremely handsome man. The Heavenly Court seemed to inherit the universe, full and square. His brows and eyes were like the Milky Way, deep and small.

His nose was tall and straight, with sharp edges and corners.

Looking around, he looked like a saint looking down, full of pity for the world.

"Dao Qiongchang?"

Hua Changdeng, who was leaning on the broken willow like an old man, finally sounded a little surprised. "What are you doing here?"

"Ta."

Dao Qiongchang stopped precisely three hundred feet away from the person in front of him.

His gaze first swept to the famed sword, Ghost Hunter, and then measured the length of the remaining candle. He smiled and said, "Can't you stand up?"

"Why should I stand up?" Hua Changdeng closed his eyes again. He felt that it was a waste of time to even look at the person in front of him.

"How can a Saint Servant's body compare to the old tree's wailing?" Dao Qiongchang shook his head.

"The sword can cut path! A sword saint can only stop and leave a message to the sword saint. He has no form to welcome you." Hua Changdeng lowered his voice as if he was about to fall asleep.

"A sword can look down on the heavens and earth, but a sword can not break the heavens."

"Sssh, ignorance."

"Even if it breaks the heavens, there is still a heaven beyond the heavens."

"Ha, ignorance."

"A sword can only be accompanied by an old lamp. Even if it breaks the willow, it can not wait to stand up. Even if it wants to wake up, it can not breathe. Bitter?" Dao Qiongchang smiled. "Bitter! Bitter..."

Hua Changdeng seemed to have fallen asleep.

His breathing became even, and his snoring was about to come out.

“The Sword of Gou!”

Dao Qiongchang suddenly shouted. Even the candle flame trembled slightly, and it was almost extinguished.

Hua Changdeng’s body trembled, and he suddenly opened his eyes.

“Are you sick? !”

Only then did Dao Qiongchang smile and stroke his beard again. He raised Si nan in his hand and said in a harmonious voice, “The sword of Gou holds the three thousand laws of heaven, and carries on the sound of peace in the myriad worlds. He lives alone, prostrating himself with incense, the body of a Python and the body of a sparrow, and the noble words of a golden dragon. How fortunate is that?”

He nodded his head with an intoxicated look in his eyes.

“How fortunate, how fortunate...”

“Are you crazy? What are you doing here? Are you trying to scare me by saying these few sentences?” Hua Changdeng turned his body and moved to the other side of the tree.

“Don’t you think it’s very beautiful? I have recently been fascinated by poetry and words. These words contain the mysteries of the great path. They are very suitable for me.”

Dao Qiongchang’s footsteps moved and suddenly stopped in mid-air. “Me, come in and chat?”

“No.”

Hua Changdeng waved his hand in disdain. “Where did you learn this rubbish from? Is it that Dao ancestor of yours again? If you really feel that living is boring, then knock that rubbish si nan on your head. The Dao ancestor can teach you Dao for the rest of your life.”

“No, no, no...”

Dao Qiongchang waved his hand and stopped at a distance of three hundred feet. In the end, he did not step in.

Hua Changdeng said that he could not enter, so he did not enter.

“These words were not taught to me by the Dao ancestor.”

“Ha, then what bullsh*t is sucking up to you? Has the smell of your body has changed as well?”

“You know...”

Dao Qiongchang looked at him with a smile. His voice paused for a moment before he chanted loudly, “A sword deity from the east and a sword deity from the netherworld, drunk and walking in the clear sky, not a secular mortal, how can Gui Zhe be so pious?”

Whoosh!

The candle flame was suddenly extinguished.

The sound of the wind rose.

Hua Changdeng's ghost-like figure suddenly appeared in front of him. The Ghost Hunter in his hand was placed on Dao Qiongcang's exposed neck. His eyes were filled with madness.

His deep voice was filled with killing intent.

"Do you want to die?"

Chapter 597: You're Sealing Your Sword?

"Seems like you can still stand up!"

"Then why didn't you just stand up and speak earlier? I was under the impression that your injuries weren't healed yet!"

Dao Qiongcang smiled.

After a long while, seeing that the person in front of him wasn't saying anything, he finally stopped smiling and faced the other party's question.

"I don't dare to think about dying."

"But the damned person has already been resurrected."

As he spoke, he shifted his gaze downwards and glanced at the famed sword on his neck. Without batting an eyelid, he said, "Get out of the way."

"What exactly are you trying to say?" Hua Changdeng narrowed his eyes with a sharp gaze. Killing intent seemed to be overflowing from his eyes.

Dao Qiongcang simply sighed helplessly.

"Bazhun'an has been resurrected."

A faint voice echoed through the screen. In this place where not even the slightest sound of wind could be heard, the scene became deathly silent and terrifying.

Hua Changdeng remained silent.

He recalled the ghost hunter and disappeared with a whoosh. He then returned to the broken willow to take a nap.

"If you're bored and are just joking around..."

"It's not a joke."

Dao Qiongcang interrupted him. With a wave of his hand, a light curtain appeared in front of him.

On the light curtain was the scene of the confrontation between the masked man and Gou Wuyue in the eighth palace.

Below the large screen were the images transmitted from the four small crystal balls in the Eighth Palace of the eastern region. Above them were four people who appeared very anxious.

They seemed to be waiting for a response from the headquarters.

Although they didn't say a word, it was obvious that they had many questions.

"Anyway, I can't exactly tell. You actually fought with him. Do you know who he is?" Dao Qiongcang pointed at the masked man and asked.

"You've never fought with him before?" Hua Changdeng asked.

"I have, but the Way of the Heavens' energy movement can no longer detect this person's existence anymore. The Holy Emperor's power has blocked his aura. He has people helping him!"

"Sizzle!"

Hua Changdeng sneered. "Is this the so-called supreme great path? If you can't even tell if a person exists or not, how can you talk about mastering the Great Path?"

Dao Qiongcang choked.

He didn't refute but asked again, "So, is it him? Bazhun'an?"

"Snore!"

Hua Changdeng started snoring.

Dao Qiongcang was rendered speechless by this.

He was furious.

"Hua Changdeng! Say something!"

"Is it time to fool around?"

"If not, then the saint servant has the support of the Holy Emperor."

"If it is, then not only does the saint servant have the support of the Holy Emperor, but the person in charge is also the Eighth Sword Deity!"

"Can you imagine the consequences?"

"If he raises his arm and shouts..."

"You're so noisy!" Hua Changdeng turned over in annoyance, sniffled, and said lazily, "Isn't Gou Wuyue there?"

"Yes! So?"

"So you think that a guy who can't even break through the realm of sword deity can escape from the hands of the Seven Sword Deity?"

"..."

Dao Qiongcang had been angered again. He said angrily, "Did you lock yourself up for decades just to make a fool of yourself?"

"If he was Bazhun'an, how could Gou Wuyue attack him?"

“The Voice of Nulan is in his hands. Gou Wuyue hasn’t repaid Bazhun’an the favor he owes him. How could he attack him?”

Hua Changdeng was thoroughly annoyed.

“Imbecile!”

He stood up and scolded, “Can you not decide between the Holy Divine Palace’s power and Bazhun’an’s favor?”

“Since the two of them have met, then it’s the perfect...”

“Didn’t you say that Gou Wuyue doesn’t like the Holy Divine Palace?”

“Isn’t this an opportunity?”

“Let him do it!”

“If he dares to let him go, then he must be prepared to pay a corresponding price after letting him go. And if Gou Wuyue doesn’t dare to let him go, as long as he kills Bazhun’an, do you still think that there’s anything in the world worth him turning hostile for?”

Dao Qiongcang was startled by the shout. After a long time, he sighed and said, “So, it really is Bazhun’an...”

“He didn’t die!”

Hua Changdeng closed his eyes and lay down again. “That day, I only severed two of his fingers and cut off his head. How could I behead him before he became a Saint?”

As he spoke, he lowered his voice and looked at the other side of Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe.

Even so, this way of doing things also attracted disaster.

On Luoshen Peak, there was an unknown gravestone.

“But didn’t you disable Bazhun’an?”

Dao Qiongcang asked, “What about the weapon prohibition order? Didn’t you send it out as well?”

Hua Changdeng sighed.

“Yes, I did...”

“Can’t you see that he’s just acquired his current cultivation level?”

“But the world is so big. Not everyone can be restricted by the weapon prohibition order.”

“At the very least, it is able to seal off swords, seal off people’s killing intents, and stop their desire to kill... But once they break free, these desires will all bounce back.”

The scene fell silent again.

Dao Qiongcang’s eyes wandered, and he could not make up his mind.

He was silent for a long time before he said, "Are you really not afraid that Gou Wuyue will let him go?"

"Anyway, I can't go out now." Hua Changdeng fell asleep on the ground.

"I can help you."

"How?"

Hua Changdeng sneered. "Don't tell me that you brought You Tu here? Or you killed him?"

"No."

A mysterious smile appeared on Dao Qiongchang's face. "I can help you block the way of the Heavens' energy movement and temporarily solve this predicament. Then, I'll send you there. You will have fifteen minutes of freedom."

"Just a mere fifteen minutes..."

Hua Changdeng knew his predicament and said, "My mission is no longer to wander around the various regions of the continent."

"Scared Mountain Gui Zhe is not bad. It's a natural prison, I can be locked up there by that old man, You Tu."

"With Gou Wuyue in the eastern region, you don't need to worry blindly. He knows what's important."

"And..."

After a pause, Hua Changdeng added, "A demi-saint's power is capable of influencing many things. Do you really think that Wen Ting will choose to stand by and do nothing if I actually do something?"

Dao Qiongchang was stunned.

He turned his head to look at the distant Eastern Mountain. His gaze seemed to pierce through time and space and saw the eastern mountain that was suffused with decaying Sword Will Possession.

"Yes..."

He murmured.

There was still someone in the burial sword tomb who could invite the sword of the Eastern Mountain.

Even if the way of the Heavens' energy movement was not big, that guy was probably only one step away from demi-saint.

It was hard to say if a stimulus would help him move forward and enter that realm.

With Wen Ting's friendship with Bazhun'an, would he sit back and watch Hua Changdeng hurt his old friend?

"It's a pity."

Dao Qiongchang looked disappointed. "Looks like the show has ended."

He turned his head and glanced at Hua Changdeng one last time.

“You really don’t want to go out for a walk?”

Buzz —

Before Hua Changdeng could say anything, the famed sword of the Ghost Hunter’s spiritual quality quivered as if it had already given an answer.

“Silence.”

Hua Changdeng swept his cold gaze over, and the Ghost Hunter immediately returned to silence.

“Yes.”

Hua Changdeng said this word heavily, and then he snorted. His voice weakened a little. “But not now.”

“Oh.”

Dao Qiongcang waved his sleeve and was about to take the light curtain and leave.

“Wait.”

Hua Changdeng suddenly stopped him.

“What?”

Dao Qiongcang looked over and saw that the person sleeping on the ground had widened his eyes at some point in time. He was staring at an unremarkable figure on the light curtain.

“Who is he?” Hua Changdeng asked.

Dao Qiongcang took a closer look and realized why Hua Changdeng paid special attention to this square-faced, bearded young man.

“Fourth Sword?”

“Who is he?” Hua Changdeng asked again.

“Er...”

Dao Qiongcang didn’t know how to say this for a moment. He thought for a moment and then said, “Wen Ming? Xu Xiaoshou? Xiao Shi Tan Ji?”

“I don’t know. This person has many names, but...”

“The successor of the Eighth Sword Deity?” Gou Wuyue looked at Fourth Sword and stopped talking.

“Xiao Shi Tan Ji... Huh?”

Hua Changdeng took a deep look, as if he wanted to carve that figure into his memory. Then, he looked away.

Long hair, beard, square face.

Very good.

I, Hua Changdeng, will remember you!

..

In the eighth palace.

“Da da da!”

The rain seemed to be heavier here.

This “heavy” was actually really heavy.

From the moment the masked man broke through the dark clouds to the moment the dark clouds gathered.

The whole process only took about 15 minutes.

When the rain started to fall again, the raindrops that were supposed to be cut into powder by Chang Yi’s ‘light rhythm’ suddenly became fearless of the light as they fell.

The rain seemed to have lost its surface tension.

Even if it was cut open by a ray of light as it fell, it stuck together the moment it left the light.

From the sky to the ground.

The end of a raindrop’s life.

However, when he landed on the ground, a deep hole was created.

“Dong dong dong...”

The rain inexplicably became heavier.

It had already become like the sound of a dull drum, and the ground began to become bumpy.

Every drop of rain hitting the ground seemed to be able to stir up the heartbeat of dozens of people in this deathly silent scene.

“Achoo!”

Xu Xiaoshou could not stop himself from sneezing. He immediately transformed into his disappearing form to solve the problem. Then, he adjusted his comfortable posture and hid behind the masked man. Only then did he reveal himself.

That was close...

In this completely stiff atmosphere, it was as if he had caught a cold. He could not even control the urge to sneeze.

However, such a sudden sound on a normal day would definitely bring back hundreds and thousands of passive points.

At this moment, the information bar could only contribute to this one.

“Attention received, passive points, +2.”

“Only two people noticed me...”

Xu Xiaoshou thought to himself that he was lucky. These white-clothed, red-clothed, and gray-clothed people were really shocked by that sentence just now.

“My name is Bazhun’an!”

Even though he had made a similar guess before, when he heard this sentence with his own ears, Xu Xiaoshou could not help but feel his blood boiling.

It was only now that he fully understood why Cen Qiaofu, the storyteller, and even Elder Sang were willing to follow in this person’s footsteps.

It was also only now that he truly understood what the masked man by the Goose Lake in Tiansang Spirit Palace meant when he said, “Your path has long been ruined.”.

“Bazhun’an...”

Xu Xiaoshou mumbled.

He had never thought that a person’s name alone could be so domineering.

He stole a glance at the other people beside him.

He saw that the storyteller’s eyes were full of stars, but even Cen Qiaofu’s face was full of excitement. It was simply intangible.

“You guys, don’t you know that he’s Bazhun’an?” Xu Xiaoshou asked in a low voice through telepathic communication.

Cen Qiaofu replied in a rare instant.

“I’ve guessed, but I haven’t been able to verify it.”

After a pause, he added, “I’ve confirmed it with my own mouth!”

“Oh.”

Xu Xiaoshou nodded. “So you believe him when he says that he is Bazhun’an?”

“?”

The stars in the storyteller’s eyes instantly disappeared and turned into sharp swords, slashing viciously at Xu Xiaoshou.

Xu Xiaoshou felt a chill down his spine.

“Of course I f*cking believe it. I really believe it. I really do!”

“Bling!”

The stars appeared once again.

Only then did Xu Xiaoshou heave a sigh of relief.

F*ck, was this the deterrent power from the fans?

It was really terrifying!

..

“Stand down!”

Gou Wuyue, who had been silent for a long time, spoke again.

This first sentence was not said to the so-called Bazhun’an, but to his subordinates.

Whoosh!

Everyone present was like a spring that had been waiting for a long time. In an instant, they had disappeared without a trace.

“Cen Qiaofu.”

The masked man said the same thing.

Old Woodcutter’s motionless body had finally finished accumulating power. There was not the slightest movement. The small ax in his hand suddenly flew up. He was not afraid of the light-bounded domain that had super strong cutting power.

“Bang!”

It expanded in midair and exploded with airwaves. It turned into a mottled giant ax that was about ten feet long.

“Pan Xian Axe, heaven and earth return to origin!”

The Axe slashed down from the sky.

Space and earth did not move at all.

However, the “light-bounded domain” suddenly turned into a blurry purple color and was sucked into the ax body by the Pan Xian Axe.

“It broke?”

Xu Xiaoshou looked at this inexplicable situation and did not dare to try it easily.

It seemed like Chang Yi’s bounded domain was broken.

However, the light of Heaven and earth wasn’t completely gone. It was just a little weaker.

Xu Xiaoshou couldn’t help but move his fingers, but he still tried to test it out.

However, his fingers didn’t directly shatter into a bloody mist like before. Xu Xiaoshou then heaved a sigh of relief.

“It’s really broken.”

Xu Xiaoshou felt rather regretful that he had really lost his bounded domain.

“What a pity. I should have moved a few more times just now...”

It was indeed a wonderful feeling to be able to sneeze without using the vanishing technique.

However, even if he could move, Xu Xiaoshou did not dare to make any big moves at this moment.

He shifted his position and quietly stepped in front of Cen Qiaofu and the storyteller. Then, he looked at the legendary Bazhun’an in front of him and felt a sense of security.

The triangle had stability.

Now, if others wanted to kill me, they had to break through the three giants of the saint servant.

So this time, I, Xu Xiaoshou, should be able to survive.

No one cared about the small details of Xu Xiaoshou, and the main character present was not him.

Gou Wuyue cleared the white-clothed area and his gaze returned to the masked man.

“Bazhun’an?”

The Voice of Nulan, the famed sword slave, was sheathed. He did not even raise his eyes as he shook his head and said, “I don’t believe you.”

The corners of the masked man’s mouth curled up. “You don’t dare to believe me, or you don’t want to believe me?”

“I don’t believe You!”

“You don’t believe me? Then why did you sheathe your famed sword, and why did you clear the arena?”

“Because...”

Gou Wuyue raised his eyes once again, and his eyes were filled with fervor. “I want to fight you one on one!”

“Hehe.”

“One on one?”

The masked man laughed. “Are you afraid that I’ll accidentally kill those people? Don’t worry, I don’t enjoy killing people now.”

“And...”

The masked man sized up Gou Wuyue, and a hint of mockery appeared in his turbid eyes. “You’re almost a demi-saint, and you still want to bully me, someone of just Acquired Realm?”

“Acquired Realm?”

Gou Wuyue laughed out loud. “Can Acquired Realm experts crush Cutting Path Level experts so easily? Chang Yi was brought up by me. I know his strength, so...”

He instantly changed the topic. "You're sealing your sword?"

Chapter 598: Face Part 2

Sealing his sword?

Xu Xiaoshou was stunned.

What did this mean?

There was no one there to explain it to him.

"No, no, no."

The masked man shook his head repeatedly, raised two fingers, and drew a line in the air.

His Sword Fingers swam past, slicing up the air itself.

"Does this even count as sealing the sword?" He asked.

"This is just sword energy." Gou Wuyue's voice was low as he spoke.

"What about this?"

The masked man pulled out a snow-white greatsword and slashed through the air.

This time, the sword energy tore through space, separating the two sides, as if it was cutting this place into two worlds.

Xu Xiaoshou watched from behind, his teeth aching.

Epitaph of City Snow, Su Qianqian's sword.

How could he have the nerve to take it out?

Oh, he was the Eighth Sword Deity, Bazhun'an, so it was fine..

Gou Wuyue's eyes narrowed, and he said again, "This, is not your sword."

"Then where's my sword?"

The masked man spread his hands and threw Epitaph of City Snow back into the spatial ring.

Xu Xiaoshou was listening from behind. He subconsciously wanted to hand over Fourth Sword, which was in his hand, but he suddenly realized that a white Galaxy Sword Aura had exploded in his body.

He was instantly pinned down by this burst of Galaxy Sword Aura!

"D*mn you, Bazhun'an, just you wait. When I become stronger, I'll take you all down," Xu Xiaoshou cursed in his heart.

The masked man had done all this in secret, and his face was completely unmoved.

He stared at Gou Wuyue and said, "My sword is in your hand. Do you dare to let me try using it?"

"Hum —"

The Voice of Nulan trembled slightly, as if it was moved.

Gou Wuyue tightened his grip on the sword in his hand and said coldly, "Don't think that I don't know what you're planning. Are you taking another path?"

"Path?"

The masked man laughed softly. "I am indeed taking another path."

As he spoke, he waved his hand.

"Let's go."

With that, he took another step forward, treating Gou Wuyue as if he was air, and handed his back to the other party.

"Stop!"

Gou Wuyue roared angrily.

However, the masked man was unmoved. Seeing this, Cen Qiaofu and the storyteller followed him again.

Xu Xiaoshou did not dare to be careless, and hurriedly got stuck in the middle of the three people, allowing the three big shots to escort him forward.

"Is it really not important?"

Stealthily, he used his "perception" to scout behind, but Gou Wuyue's footsteps seemed to really be stuck. Seeing that the masked man had left, he could not take a single step forward.

"Big Brother still has a lot of face!"

The storyteller giggled as he stepped forward and was about to grab the masked man's shoulder, but the latter's steps were hasty, and the storyteller missed.

He grumbled, "Smelly big brother..."

"Open!"

Cen Qiaofu took the lead.

The Pan Xian Ax slashed forward, and a hole was directly split open in the country-toppling heavenly barrier.

All the white-clothed people who had dodged to the back were anxious.

Everyone knew that if the saint servant and the other two really ran away, the consequences would not be easy to bear.

However, if the person in front of them did not reveal his identity, it would be fine. But if he did...

Bazhun'an!

Eighth Sword Deity!

Who would dare to go forward and stop him?

“Elder Wuyue...”

It was not only the holy divine guards who were muttering silently.

Even the controller of the nation-overturning heavenly barrier, who was hiding in a blind spot in the eighth palace, was also stunned by the scene that was transmitted over from the void.

Just like that, he was released?

“Dong dong dong.”

Under the unbridled rain, everything was deathly silent.

Under the situation where no one dared to act rashly, the masked man took one step at a time and pulled away from Gou Wuyue from behind.

The light barrier of the Nation-Toppling Heavenly Shield was quickly repaired by the power of the controller from afar.

However, Cen Qiaofu’s ax immediately hacked open a hole.

The power of the higher void was definitely not something to be trifled with.

Without the human resistance, the Saint Servant swaggered out of the place, while the others could only stare with wide eyes.

“Whoa.”

Even when he passed through the light curtain of the Nation-Toppling Heavenly Shield, Xu Xiaoshou still could not believe it.

He came out just like that?

Was it that simple?

The battle to the death in the White Cave did not happen at all. The masked man revealed the identity of Bazhun’an. was everything resolved?

“?”

Xu Xiaoshou slowly turned his head. He did not dare to look at anyone else. After thinking for a while, he gave Cen Qiaofu, who looked amiable, a confused face.

Cen Qiaofu laughed involuntarily.

He understood what this young man meant.

Just as he was about to speak, his expression suddenly froze.

“Careful!”

At the same time, the storyteller’s body flashed and appeared in front of his brother, as if he was blocking some great enemy.

Xu Xiaoshou's pupils constricted.

He was the slowest to react.

But his "perception" was also the clearest.

He didn't know when.

Under the torrential rain, two figures, one tall and one short, had already appeared on the road ahead.

That tall man was taller than anyone Xu Xiaoshou had seen in the past.

If it wasn't for the fact that this guy actually had human skin, Xu Xiaoshou would have really thought that it was the white skeleton from the white cave that had escaped.

And the short one on the side...

"Who is this?"

Xu Xiaoshou was completely shocked.

His battle experience with the various big shots in the past told him that judging from this person's aura, he was only at the Sovereign's cultivation level.

However, how would he dare to lead a number of people to block the path of the Saint Servant's party of four, who even Gou Wuyue didn't dare to stop?

"Bang, bang, bang!"

Huge bean-sized raindrops fell on the ground.

At this moment, everyone felt that something was wrong.

Ever since the short sovereign-level cultivator appeared, the rain in the arena seemed to have undergone a qualitative change.

Even Xu Xiaoshou's Master Physique started to feel pain.

"Attacked, Passive Points +211."

"Attacked, Passive Points +165."

"Attacked, Passive Points +198."

"Recoil" no longer seemed to have the perfect defensive power. Even the effect of "toughness" had become negligible.

Under the bombardment that averaged over a hundred times per second, Xu Xiaoshou felt his footsteps stagger.

He had no choice but to activate the spiritual source barrier.

However, the barrier could not withstand the pounding of the rain at all. In a moment, the water droplet broke through.

“Feiruo Heavy Water!”

The storyteller encountered the same situation at the side.

The good thing was that the space around Xu Xiaoshou had multiple folds.

No matter how strong the rain droplet was, it would be bounced away by the spatial power when it was next to it.

“What Feiruo Heavy Water?”

It was not only Xu Xiaoshou who had such a question. Even Cen Qiaofu, who had blocked the attack of the rain droplet, asked.

“Spirit Division, Master of Water-type Upanishad, Yu Lingdi!”

The storyteller enunciated the name of the person.

Then, his gaze fell on the tall man on the side.

“So, is this the divine puppet?”

Cen Qiaofu’s pupils suddenly shrank.

He didn’t expect two powerful figures to appear at the very last moment.

“You are the one who rained in the White Cave?”

Cen Qiaofu took a step forward and blocked the Saint Servant and the other two behind him.

“Be careful.”

At this time, the storyteller did not dare to joke anymore. He reminded in a low voice, “That divine puppet has the Power of the Higher Void, and that Yu Lingdi... has killed the higher void!”

“Huh?”

Hearing this, Xu Xiaoshou’s eyes popped out.

“Killed?”

He repeated the key words in disbelief. He really hoped that the storyteller would say, “Sorry, I misspoke.”

But he did not.

The storyteller only nodded solemnly. “Although someone else had also helped to kill the higher void, this guy really did kill the higher void.”

“Even if one person could not take him down, he could still fall with his throne cultivation and even capture cutting path. This is an indisputable fact.”

“And the legend is far more than that.”

“Perhaps the information I have is limited. This guy already has the strength to destroy the higher void by himself!”

The storyteller was mainly responsible for the central region, so he naturally knew more about the information in the central region.

And the more he knew, the more serious his expression became.

Cen Qiaofu was also shocked by his introduction.

He had heard about this fellow from the chief sovereign in the White Cave, but he had never thought that a mere sovereign could actually have such power.

This was simply terrifying!

Xu Xiaoshou felt that his throat was a little dry. “You said that he can cut through the higher void, is it the normal higher void, or...”

“Higher void, is there any normal higher void?”

The storyteller’s retort made Xu Xiaoshou choke until he almost had a stroke.

Is he f*cking insane?

I, Xu Xiaoshou, with my innate cultivation level and the might of Aje, was able to barely kill a sovereign. And that’s already pretty good.

You’re telling me that this sovereign can kill the higher void?

Xu Xiaoshou secretly glanced at the masked man in front of him.

Xu Xiaoshou finally understood why there was an existence in this world that could kill even the Eighth Sword D

It turned out that geniuses were all gathered together, and he wasn’t the only one.

It also turned out that he was the only clown present!

..

“Bang, bang, bang...”

Holes started exploding open in the ground as if it had been smashed by big hailstones.

But this was not hailstone, it was rain!

The rain was fierce.

Yu Lingdi reached out his hand to touch the torrential rain. The raindrops passed through his body, and each drop of rain passed through his body, and his aura became stronger.

“Elder Wuyue, this doesn’t seem like your style?”

He raised his head and looked into the distance with a smile. “You called me here so that I could personally witness you letting the saint servant leave?”

“It’s fine if you don’t let me see it, but if I see it, how can I go back and report it?”

“You want me to pretend that I don’t see it?”

Yu Lingdi shook his head in distress. “I can’t do that.”

“Me too.”

Number 33 said in a low and muffled voice from the side. He even stretched out his hand and scratched his head. “The hallmaster wants me to be an honest child.”

Xu Xiaoshou was immediately attracted to this tall man.

No matter how well he imitated his voice, he could still hear the mechanical voice from the tall man’s mouth.

“Divine puppet?”

Xu Xiaoshou thought of Aje.

It was no surprise.

Aje was the first generation, a defective product of Dao Qiongcang.

This guy should be his proudest work... complete body?

“Gentlemen.”

Yu Lingdi retracted her gaze and looked at Cen Qiaofu who was standing in front.

“Let’s cut the crap. Let’s assign the opponents. I’ll be in charge of one.”

He raised a finger and pointed at...

Xu Xiaoshou!

“Xiao Shi, Tan Ji.”

Xu Xiaoshou’s face instantly darkened.

F*ck, there are three big shots in this place, and you’re picking on the weakest of them all?

“Judging from your cultivation level, you haven’t reached the cultivation level of a master, right?”

Yu Lingdi’s expression turned a little funny. “I’m very curious. How did you manage to emerge alive given your cultivation?”

“I emerged from the White Cave and also from Elder Wuyue’s intimidation.”

He shifted his gaze down and stopped at Fourth Sword in Xu Xiaoshou’s hand.

With this sword, Elder Wuyue would definitely not let this brat off.

However, this fellow was still alive at this moment, which meant something..

“I’m also very curious as to how you managed to break through my ‘Valley of Floral Fragrance’.”

A clear and cold voice suddenly drifted over from afar.

Following this, Xu Xiaoshou saw a white-clothed man stepping on a crabapple in between the lotus steps on the horizon.

At first glance.

Xu Xiaoshou finally saw the appearance of the so-called senior expert, which he had not seen for a long time.

That demeanor of a banished immortal, coupled with the six-leaf crabapple flower in his hand, made him look like an immortal official who did not live in the mortal world!

Xu Xiaoshou subconsciously glanced in the direction of the storyteller.

This type should be the type he would like, right?

As expected, when the storyteller saw the person who came, his face flushed red on the spot, and his face could not help but blossom with endless brilliance.

“Brother Haitang’er!”

Sss —

Xu Xiaoshou’s goosebumps immediately stood up.

That delicate voice could even make a dead person stand up.

Wait!

Did they know each other?

Xu Xiaoshou’s spiritual light flashed in his mind. Looking at the storyteller’s excitement that did not seem to be fake, he suddenly realized a crucial problem.

“Are they part of us?”

He turned his head and asked Cen Qiaofu.

“Yes.”

Cen Qiaofu nodded. “The 9th Saint Servant, the person in charge of the northern region’s Valley of Forbidden Floral Fragrance, Haitang’er.”

“Hiss!”

The Northern Region! The Valley of Forbidden Floral Fragrance! The 9th!

Xu Xiaoshou had never even seen this so-called Haitang’er, but just from those few short adjectives, he could already imagine the strength of the person who came.

This was the Saint Servant’s foundation?

He wanted to leave, but there were people coming to pick him up and send him off?

The masked man looked calm.

Looking at Haitang'er who had stopped in the distant sky to avoid the storyteller directly pouncing on him, he frowned and asked, "Why are you also here?"

"If I don't come, can you guys handle it?"

Haitang'er paused for a moment and said, "Walking out of here, there are still seven hundred sacred divine guards waiting outside. Even if we pass through the blockade of the 700 Holy Divine Guards..."

He turned his head to look at Yu Lingdi and said, "Ai Cangsheng's evil sin bow is also watching."

"Oh?"

The masked man raised his eyebrows and was a little surprised. "Isn't he watching Shen Yi?"

Haitang'er's expression was calm. She could not even see the slightest joy of reunion after such a long time.

If it were not for the masked man talking to him, outsiders would not even be able to tell that the two of them knew each other.

He only coldly said, "A person who can live in the Gui Zhe Holy Mountain and yet the entire continent is within its range. What's the difference between staring at one and staring at two?"

The expression of the masked man became even more surprised.

"The entire continent?"

"Yes."

"You were shot?"

"..."

Haitang'er suddenly fell silent, and the masked man silently lowered his head.

"They're all improving..."

He pondered for a long time and sighed. Finally, his gaze landed on Yu Lingdi again.

"This friend."

As he spoke, he took a step forward.

Xu Xiaoshou, who was watching from behind, was a little stunned. From his tone, could it be that these two knew each other?

He was Bazhun'an, and his face was so big?

What was he trying to do?

It was beyond reason, but the scene that had been expected appeared once again.

The masked man acted as if nothing had happened. He walked until he was in front of Yu Lingdi and Number 33 before he stopped.

He said sincerely, "From the tone of the two of you just now, you should have had a misunderstanding with Haitang'er. But now that I'm here, give me some face and this matter will be over. How about it?"

Ever since he met Xu Xiaoshou, the masked man discovered a more efficient way of fighting than the way of the sword.

He said.

This was a super spiritual technique that could end everything without bloodshed.

Those who were not thick-skinned could not use it!

In the past, he prided himself that it was impossible to do so.

But now, at this moment, the masked man felt that he could try anything.

At the very least, he had successfully used a favor to deal with Gou Wuyue, who could have severely injured the saint servant.

Yu Lingdi was stunned.

He asked in surprise, as if he had gotten to know the person in front of him again, "Who are you?"

"It doesn't matter who I am. The important thing is that Gou Wuyue has given me face. He is your senior. Why don't you follow him and give me some face as well?"

Chapter 599: The Consequences Of Not Giving Face!

"I'll give you a big pineapple!"

Yu Lingdi suddenly went crazy. He pulled out his hand and set off a rain that filled the entire sky. Before anyone could react, the head of the masked man exploded on the spot.

"Bang!"

In the pouring rain, an explosion could be heard.

Everyone present was instantly dumbfounded.

The storyteller was originally looking at Haitang'er with a smile, but at this moment, his face directly froze...

Cen Qiaofu tightened the small ax in his hand, and his four limbs were stiff and his eyes were solemn from this slap...

Even Haitang'er, who had arrived late, did not rush to help out immediately. She could only watch as her chief's head got blown off in front of outsiders..

"What?"

Xu Xiaoshou looked around.

He had long known how charming the Eighth Sword Deity's personality was.

However, for some reason, the masked man's head was blown off. The faces of the Saint Servant's big shots changed at that moment, and he still couldn't stop his heart from beating wildly.

This, this, this...

This was so d*mn brave!

Yu Lingdi, how dare you!

Xu Xiaoshou recalled what the masked man had said in the white cave.

As expected, Yu Lingdi's father should have been from the same era as Bazhun'an, and he had been completely crushed.

But even so, he attacked as he wished and even crushed Yu Lingdi's head, even if both sides had irreconcilable feuds.

But he had been able to hold it in earlier and communicate with him in a pleasant manner.

Why did he suddenly...

"Young man, you're out of options!"

Xu Xiaoshou subconsciously took a few steps back and gave way to the battlefield.

He knew that the masked man had an indestructible body.

He also knew how much respect the Saint Servant had for this so-called Acquired Chief!

As expected, in the next second, the first one to riot was the storyteller whose eyes were filled with his brother.

"How dare you!"

The storyteller roared, his eyes turning bloodshot on the spot.

In Chang Yi's "Pulsation of light" bounded domain previously, his brother's body had suddenly exploded. That was his brother's choice.

But now, under everyone's watchful eyes, his brother's head had been blown off...

Even if his brother wanted him to not make a move, it was impossible for him to ignore such a feud.

All the accommodation, pride, and promises of no bloodshed can go to heck!

"Die!"

He roared and pounced forward.

Xu Xiaoshou, who was listening by the side, was stunned.

This was the first time he had heard the storyteller's voice in such a manly tone.

Had this guy really been provoked insanely mad?

The storyteller held the “Yin Yang Life and Death Trap” upside down and tapped his toes on the ground. He then switched places with his own brother.

Then, without any explanation, he waved his palm.

He didn’t even want to say the order of the way of the heavens. He held the phantom ancient book which then had suddenly enlarged and gave Yu Lingdi a fierce slap.

It was as if if he didn’t give him a taste of his own medicine, it would be difficult for him to let go of this hatred.

“Be careful!”

Number 33 warned.

But the spatial displacement was too fast.

Yu Lingdi didn’t have time to react to the sudden change.

His idea was to say no more nonsense. He just needed to ignite the flames of war and call elder Wuyue back to participate in the battle.

But he didn’t expect his opponent to have such a huge reaction to just a single palm strike!

“Boom!”

An explosion sounded.

The air currents surged and pushed the rain in the sky back.

With a whoosh, the storyteller’s figure flew backwards.

Everyone took a quick glance and saw that the attack that Yu Lingdi couldn’t react to was actually blocked by the elbow of the incomparably tall man beside him.

“Number 33...”

Yu Lingdi muttered softly with a trace of gratitude in his eyes.

“Whoosh!”

However, just as he was lost in his thoughts, another whistling sound of wind came from behind his head.

The storyteller in front of him had clearly been sent flying by Number 33’s elbow strike, but when he suddenly turned around, he saw that there was also an enraged storyteller behind him.

“Die!”

The huge Yin Yang Life and Death Trap phantom that had been bent by Number 33’s elbow struck down from the sky. It was like a giant’s palm that was about to smash Yu Lingdi into powder.

Number 33 really looked like an emotionless battle machine.

He didn't even take the slightest bit of time to recover. After sending the storyteller in front of him flying with one elbow strike, he turned around and sent a whip kick flying toward the second storyteller.

"Boom!"

The second storyteller was also sent flying.

A long black hole was forcefully kicked out behind Yu Lingdi.

Space crumbled inch by inch, causing the eyelids of Xu Xiaoshou, who was watching the battle, to twitch wildly.

This reaction speed...

This power...

"Is this the mature form of the divine puppet?"

"A Sovereign physique?"

Chi chi chi...

The head of the masked man in front of him had transformed into Galaxy Sword Aura, and then back into a human head.

He looked at the crazy storyteller, frowned, and muttered, "You're being too impulsive, isn't it just a head?"

This time, Cen Qiaofu couldn't hold himself back anymore.

"You've changed."

He then continued refuting, "If it were decades ago, I would dare to conclude that you wouldn't even say these words... No, you wouldn't even have thought of saying such words."

"But now, you really have changed."

He then pondered for a moment and continued, "Perhaps to you, this is just an insignificant head."

"But to the Saint Servant, this is dignity!"

He clenched the Pan Xian Ax in his hand, bent his calves, and said, "Now, you can't leave just like that. The arena must be fought... that kid must die too!"

Then, Cen Qiaofu's figure shot out like a cannonball on the spot.

Xu Xiaoshou watched in astonishment.

In the battle, there were already enough storytellers.

But under Number 33's solid defense, the first two storytellers had already flown out.

The third storyteller suddenly came tearing through the void rift in midair.

Like a maggot in the tarsal bone, his moves hadn't changed. This storyteller No. 3 once again swung the phantom ancient book at Yu Lingdi.

"Be careful."

Number 33 did not feel any emotion. Even his words were emotionless.

Once he entered the battle state, he directly discarded all the things that he had learned from humans. What he had was only his focus on battle.

The storyteller's attack was very fast.

However, with his battle awareness of the second level, he could clearly capture and even predict it.

"Block."

Number 33 said these two words in a plain and unadorned manner. He crossed his hands above his head and was about to block the attack of the storyteller who had descended from the sky.

However, the scene in front of him suddenly blurred, and a narrowed-eyed elder holding an ax flew out of nowhere.

"Big boy, do you mind entertaining this old man?"

Even Number 33 was slightly dazed by this sudden attack.

He wouldn't even be able to sense the aura of this elder.

"Shouldn't you still be there..."

The Higher Void!

Number 33 reacted in an instant.

This elder wasn't at the same Cutting Path and cultivation level of the storytellers. He was of the real higher void!

"Pan Xian Ax, the Beginning of Chaos!"

Cen Qiaofu slashed down with his ax.

The moment the weapon came into contact with him, it suddenly expanded into a mottled giant ax that was about ten feet long.

With a loud shout, the heaven and earth element was cut open and turned into a hazy purple, which was then absorbed into the giant ax.

"Clang!"

The clanging sound of metal weapons clashing exploded out.

Number 33's body was like the toughest spiritual weapon in the world. He forcefully used his abdomen to block this attack. He did not even take half a step back.

The corner of his lips curled up as he learned to mock.

“A mere human is nothing...”

A smile appeared on his face, but before he could finish his words, Number 33 felt that something was wrong.

The energy core's essence exclusive to the divine puppet was crazily absorbed after the elder's giant ax cut through the skin of the body.

In the blink of an eye, more than half of the energy core's essence was gone.

On the other hand, the rust on the giant ax in Cen Qiaofu's hand seemed to have been cleaned.

In the blink of an eye, the ax blade became sparkling and beautiful.

“How dare you talk sh*t about humans with a piece of iron?”

Cen Qiaofu sneered disdainfully and exerted force.

“Open up.”

Boom!

Yu Lingdi's long hair fluttered in the air.

Number 33 in front of him was cut into two halves by Cen Qiaofu.

Half went up to the sky, while the other half went down to the ground.

Neither space nor the ground could stop the momentum of the explosion.

The body part of the sky was smashed into the spatial fragment in the blink of an eye.

And the piece that went down to the ground hit the ground. If it hit the water-grinded tofu, it directly sank deep into the ground and disappeared without a trace.

“F*ck!”

Xu Xiaoshou had lost his voice in his heart.

When he saw this horrifying scene, his scalp went cold.

This was a divine puppet!

A guy who could blow up the storyteller with one elbow met Cen Qiaofu...

One chop with an ax, cut in half?

“That's it?”

“This is the difference between cutting path and higher void?”

It wasn't over yet!

Yu Lingdi, who had lost the protection of Number 33, was shockingly exposed in front of Cen Qiaofu, who was dragging the huge ax horizontally, and the storyteller who suddenly descended from the sky with the ancient book.

Yu Lingdi himself wasn't even a sovereign.

Just now, he had smashed the masked man's head with one palm, and in the blink of an eye, he was going to face...

He was actually at the peak of the cutting path, a storyteller who had completed the Nine Death Thunder Calamity, and a true supreme expert — Cen Qiaofu of the Higher Void!

His face turned green.

He had slashed through the cutting path, and through the higher void as well.

However, this did not mean that his expression will not change at all when the storyteller collapsed in front of him.

Yu Lingdi was shocked. He pulled out his hands at the speed of light and formed a hand seal in the air.

“Water Moon Grotto-heaven, seal up.”

A complicated Power Upanishad Formation appeared in his palm.

The path patterns on it overlapped, and a vast and profound sense of the boundless sea emerged.

When the Upanishad formation appeared, a bright moon appeared above the nine heavens.

The water-type whirlpool under Yu Lingdi's feet turned. His body sank, and he was about to enter it.

“The flower blooms for ten thousand miles, half a step into the Celestial Court!”

From a distance, Haitang'er gently twirled the six-leaf begonia flower in her hand and took half a step forward.

The Power Upanishad Grotto-heaven under Yu Lingdi's feet suddenly shook. It seemed that the energy in the middle of the process was chaotic, and new sprouts emerged from the water.

Then, the new sprouts grew crazily, directly sucking away the rain in a radius of several miles and turning it into nutrients.

A huge purple-leaf begonia with a radius of one thousand feet suddenly bloomed, and its fragrance drifted for ten thousand miles.

Everyone present was in a trance when they heard it.

Xu Xiaoshou only felt that he had lost his soul for a moment as if he was in an immortal court.

The rain stopped.

The enemy had disappeared.

There was only the misty white fog of the immortal court, as well as the blossoming demonic crabapple flowers in the fog.

“So beautiful...”

He could not help but mutter.

This kind of immortal realm could only be found in dreams.

It was difficult to find even half of it in the mortal world.

But suddenly.

“Confused, passive points, +1.”

The information bar jumped, and Xu Xiaoshou immediately woke up from his predicament.

“Fantasy realm!”

When he woke up, the image transmitted by his “perception” had replaced everything that his eyes saw.

All the white-clothed people who had retreated to the end of the battlefield, who no longer participated in the battle, were all intoxicated and engrossed.

Yu Lingdi, who was in the middle of the battle, also smiled.

However, his mental strength seemed to be much stronger than the others.

Before the smile on his face could be seen, it had already stopped. His expression returned to normal.

Then, he blinked and saw reality as it really was...

What a terrifying reality!

..

“Pan Xian ax, Elemental Destruction!”

Cen Qiaofu grinned hideously. His ax directly cut Yu Lingdi, who had recovered from her daze.

He knew that Yu Lingdi had comprehended a water-type Upanishad.

And this kind of person was very likely to have an element body.

What was an element body?

Just like the chief, ordinary physical attacks were ineffective against it.

The opponent only needed to use the Heavenly Dao and element to instantly reconstruct his body with the great path of the five elements and water-type, as well as the water element of the heavens and earth.

But who was Cen Qiaofu?

The Higher Void!

Other people needed to try many battles before they could come to a conclusion. The moment he made his move, he directly brought the result forward.

Not only did he cut off the water-type of the great path of the heavens and earth out of thin air, but he also cut off the water-type of the way of the heavens and earth.

The first move, “Elemental Destruction,” even emptied out all the water elements within a radius of a few miles.

And in the outside world.

With Haitang’er’s huge begonia flower constantly absorbing the rain from the sky, Yu Lingdi’s final step — the possibility of obtaining energy from the previously accumulated rain and recovering his body was also eliminated on the spot.

Taking another 10,000 steps back...

Even if all the factors in the outside world that could allow Yu Lingdi to recover from his injuries had been eliminated.

The energy reserve and Ice Stream Spiritual Source in this fellow’s body still had the possibility of self-recovery!

But that was the crux of the problem.

The Pan Xian ax’s unique “spirit absorbing” property was a terrifying spiritual weapon that could instantly absorb half of the essence of the divine puppet’s energy core.

How long could Yu Lingdi, a mere sovereign, withstand it?

“Die!”

There wasn’t the slightest bit of surprise.

Yu Lingdi, who had been cut off from all possible paths of retreat, had originally thought that he was lucky.

But the moment the Pan Xian ax cut into his skin, his expression changed drastically, and he instantly realized that he had been wrong.

Recovery of his elemental body, rain force, spiritual source...

All possible paths of retreat had been cut off by this ax!

“Bang!”

There was an explosive sound.

The scene of Number 33’s body being cut off was replayed.

What was different was that this time, Yu Lingdi’s body, which had been cut off by the ax, did not explode into mist as everyone expected. Instead, after a bang, dark red blood gushed out.

Even during the time when he was sent flying, his weak body could not withstand the power of the higher void of the Pan Xian ax and broke into several big pieces on the spot.

“Oh my God...”

Xu Xiaoshou used his “Perception” to sense all the subtle fluctuations in the scene.

In the eyes of others, it was just an ordinary slash.

In his eyes, it was so marvelous that it reached the pinnacle of perfection.

Were all the battles in the higher void so cruel?

He didn’t even give his opponent the slightest chance, and he killed his opponent right away?

“Is... this the consequences of not giving face?”

Chapter 600: Bazhun’an’s Rejection, Gou Wuyue’s Achievement

“Stop!” At this moment, only did Gou Wuyue’s belated shout come from within the Nation Toppling Heavenly Shield.

However, who among the Saint Servants could endure the humiliation of having their spiritual leader’s head blown off by a single palm?

The battle was not over yet!

There was another “Boom”.

Under the ferocious expression of the Storyteller, Yu Lingdi’s body, which had been smashed into pieces in mid-air, was shattered into pieces by the thousands-feet-long phantom ancient book. The minced meat splattered onto the huge purple begonia blooming on the ground.

“Whoosh.” The demonic purple begonia’s petals trembled.

With a light sound, it closed up like a carnivorous flower and swallowed everything.

“Gurgle.” The flower branches bulged and squirmed like intestines.

“Gulp.” Xu Xiaoshou’s Adam’s apple rolled as well, and his face turned green.

“I knew it, I knew it... I knew these people in the White Cave were just testing their skills...”

This was too f * cking crazy!

A few cultivators at the Cutting Path or Higher Void stage had combined their attacks as if playing a game. With their combination of attacks, they actually forcefully destroyed Yu Lingdi, the so-called Supreme Upanishad wielder who could destroy the Higher Voids?

“Spit him out!” An angry voice came from the horizon.

At this time, Number 33 had finished repairing his body and rushed over.

However, he was still one step too late.

When he arrived at the battlefield, the purple begonia flower that occupied the entire ground trembled slightly as if it had burped, and its petals had returned to full bloom.

Number 33's eyes were red.

Yu Lingdi was his partner.

They had been partners for many years, and both sides had witnessed each other's growth.

He had only made one mistake, and his former partner... Was gone?

"Shatter!"

Number 33 roared in anger. He raised his fist. The white power of the Higher Void suddenly burst out from his fist, and he punched towards the begonia on the ground.

"Sizzle~"

The moment the fist hit the begonia, the flower trembled and shattered into thousands of petals.

However, as the saying goes, the falling flowers would nourish the world silently.

With the death of one begonia, thousands of begonias bloomed again.

For a moment, the world was spinning. The order of the Way of the Heavens collapsed, and the sea of flowers replaced everything on the scene.

"Crackle!" Number 33 clenched his fist so hard that it made cracking sounds.

This familiar scene...

"The Valley of Floral Fragrance?"

The last time they had escaped from this terrifying predicament was after Yu Lingdi had finally felt the water-type element in the flower's aura after countless trials and errors.

Back then, Yu Lingdi had then destroyed the bounded domain by connecting with the Great Path of the myriad worlds.

At this moment, Number 33 was in the Valley of Floral Fragrance once again, but Yu Lingdi was already gone.

Back then when he was exiled to the flow of spatial fragments, without Haitang'er's instructions on what to do, Number 33 had tried countless moves, but they were all ineffective.

Now he was in such a place, how could he break free alone?

This was a Seven Breaks bounded domain!

...

"What's going on?"

"Where is this place? My God, it's so beautiful. It's even more beautiful than the fairyland that I saw just now..."

“Umm, something’s wrong!”

“It’s another fantasy realm!!”

After the purple begonia was gone, the group of white-clothed people who had finally regained their consciousness from the Celestial Court predicament was once again absent-minded as they looked at the boundless sea of flowers in front of them.

Not long after, a spirit array caster realized that something was wrong.

The previous predicament was so realistic that it had psychedelic effects on a person’s will, making it difficult for them to realize that the Celestial Court predicament was a fantasy realm.

But at this moment, in the sea of flowers’ restraining array, they could still see their partners!

On top of that, there were a few who could recognize that this was a fantasy realm.

“So, it’s not a fantasy realm!”

Among the group of jittery white-clothed people, the spirit array caster who had the experience of controlling large-scale spiritual arrays like the Nation-toppling Heavenly Shield finally figured out what they were trapped in by touching the core of the array, observing the array patterns and other methods.

This was not a fantasy realm.

The conclusion was made because they could not sense the core of the array and the array pattern at this moment.

This was definitely not a f*cking fantasy realm.

“This is a bounded domain!” Finally, someone spoke the truth.

However, although Sovereigns and Cutting Paths were many among the people present, all their attacks were ineffective towards the bounded domain.

Forget about destroying the bounded domain, only a tiny bit of space was cleared up by the continuous spiritual techniques that were thrown at the flower buds that covered the sky and earth.

On the contrary, the dead flowers nourished the living flowers.

In their place, the other flower buds were nourished by the fertile energy and bloomed even more coquettishly.

That was all.

There were no other effects from their attacks!

The fragrance of the flowers assailed everyone’s nostrils, and everyone started to feel somewhat delirious.

“This is a bounded domain?”

“Isn’t this bounded domain’s abilities too strong?”

“I’m a f*cking Cutting Path, how can I possibly lose to a mere bounded domain?”

The voices of criticism gradually weakened.

The white-clothed sovereigns gradually fell to the ground unconscious. On the other hand, those at the cultivation stage of the Cutting Path could still hold on.

However, the restraining bounded domain had taken the lead to be on the offensive, causing the white-clothed people to lose their advantages. It was already very difficult for them to defend against it.

“The Valley of Floral Fragrance...”

Gou Wuyue walked to the front of the crowd and looked over with a shocked expression. “Haitang’er?”

With a swoosh, Number 33 appeared behind Gou Wuyue in a flash.

“Greetings, Elder Wuyue.”

He did not have Yu Lingdi’s brains.

The ‘Valley of Floral Fragrance’ was the forbidden edition of the Seven Breaks bounded domain, and it was known to have the ability to confuse even the Higher Voids...

He was merely a Divine Puppet who was not very bright. He was not afraid of the tyrannical opponents in battle, but he was quite fearful of those who had these strange tricks up their sleeves.

They would probably be separated and defeated one by one with such methods.

Even if he was a Divine Puppet, he would still be defeated under the Saint Servant’s series of mysterious methods.

After all, from the very beginning, that old man with the ax had displayed an extraordinary power of the Higher Void — Spiritual Draw, a terrifying technique that could threaten the Divine Puppets!

“Elder Wuyue, do you know me?” Haitang’er, who was picking flowers, was a little surprised.

He had never seen Gou Wuyue before.

Gou Wuyue was not in charge of the Northern Region’s battle section either.

“I have heard a lot about the Valley of Floral Fragrance.” Gou Wuyue’s expression was solemn.

Just like Number 33, at their level, they weren’t afraid of anyone unreasonable, because no matter how unreasonable the opponents were, they wouldn’t be able to defeat a sword deity.

However, when it came to such unorthodox methods... those who could play tricks were the most fatal.

Just a slight err and one could be dead before one knew it.

A smile appeared on Haitang’er’s face as he said, “Elder Wuyue, do you want to try and break the Valley of Floral Fragrance? To be honest, I’m very curious if the upper limit of my bounded domain can withstand a strike from a sword deity.”

Gou Wuyue stared at him for a long time before suddenly laughing, “Cutting Path?”

Haitang'er raised his eyebrows but said nothing and Gou Wuyue understood.

"There's no need for me to try," He shook his head and refused, "You're not my match."

After saying this, he turned around and looked at the masked man.

"Take off your mask."

He said it as an order!

The masked man raised his eyebrows, but he did not mind. "What else do you want to prove?"

"I said... Take off your mask!" Gou Wuyue's voice was very cold.

"Hm," The masked man hesitated for a moment, then slowly nodded. "Okay."

As he spoke, he slowly removed the mask from his face, revealing a face that was covered in dried blood scabs and stains.

His messy hair was pressed tightly against his scalp, his unkempt beard had hairs of different lengths, his completely lifeless eyes did not have the slightest bit of elegance of the swordsman he was in the past...

Gou Wuyue's heart trembled.

This was the Bazhun'an's face!

Even if outsiders imitated Bazhun'an to a freckle, but the real thing was real, and a fake would forever be a fake.

Even if his temperament was completely different from decades ago, some things could not be erased by time.

What Gou Wuyue saw on this face was not his sloppiness.

Instead, it was a face that had been smoothed out by time, crushed by the Way of the Heavens, and forcefully suppressed by Hua Changdeng. It was a face that had slightly changed, but one could still see some of its former elegance.

"Obedience..." A word flashed through Gou Wuyue's mind, and suddenly, his pores opened slightly, and his hair stood on end.

What an absurd word!

The word itself was not absurd, but if it was put on the once arrogant and unruly Eighth Sword Deity...

Obedience?

It was as if two parallel lines had intersected at a certain point.

That dirty face had truly shocked Gou Wuyue.

"You've changed," He muttered.

"Is it enough?" The masked man laughed and said again, "If it's not enough, there's still more."

He took off the gloves on his hands. Then, he peeled off the black robe that covered his neck and brought it to his chest.

His eight fingers were exposed, and it was apparent he had lost both thumbs.

The eight fingers wandered on his neck, where a terrifying scar was exposed in the air...

Gou Wuyue tightly gripped the Voice of Nulan in his palm.

He took a deep breath, his voice trembling, "Tell me, what's your name!"

It wasn't a question, but an exclamation.

"I've already told you, there's no point in me saying anything anymore," The masked man said with a smile.

"Name!" Gou Wuyue roared.

The masked man's expression froze.

He could see the burning battle intent in Gou Wuyue's eyes. It was the respect he had for his former opponent.

At this moment, the masked man's blood surged, and his blood was boiling.

Even if he could not fly...

"Whoosh!"

A huge force suddenly came from the bottom of his feet, and a blooming begonia lifted him towards the sky.

Then, the space under his feet stabilized and supported a space enough for one person to stand.

The masked man turned his head to look.

Haitang'er was smiling, and the Storyteller's eyes were filled with encouragement.

Everyone knew that the so-called ancient swordsmen had their pride.

When they introduced themselves, it would be the moment the sword ceremony was completed, and the battle was on the verge of starting.

"I can not fly, but my companions can help me stand at the heights I have reached in the past..."

The masked man tightened his eight fingers, and the color of defeat on his face faded.

He felt that his last battle declaration was far from satisfactory.

He wanted to give a formal battle declaration, just like Gou Wuyue who had forced him to come out of his cover completely.

Open and aboveboard... This was the path that the Saint Servants should take in the future!

"Bazhun'an!"

Sword will burned in the eyes of the masked man, and his words were unbridled and powerful.

At this moment, the Fourth Sword in Xu Xiaoshou's hand trembled violently, and it flew out of his hand into the sky.

The Voice of Nulan in Gou Wuyue's hand shook violently as well, almost splitting his thumb and index finger.

The masked man... No, the masked man was no longer masked.

He had a new name.

"My name is Bazhun'an! Everyone in the world imitates me, but when I re-enter this world again, no one can surpass me... I'm Bazhun'an!"

As Bazhun'an spoke, he casually waved his hand, and the Fourth Sword that was about to fly toward him was returned to Xu Xiaoshou's hand.

Xu Xiaoshou looked at the two swordsmen standing high in the sky, and at this moment, he felt his blood boiling.

He tightly held on to the Fourth Sword and said, "Stop fooling around, he doesn't want you anymore. Bazhun'an does not need a sword!"

"Wu—" Surprisingly, The Fourth Sword did not resist. Instead, it choked a sob, as if it believed Xu Xiaoshou's words and was seriously sad.

"Hahaha! What a good phrase, 'when you re-enter the world, Bazhun'an is still unsurpassable'." Gou Wuyue raised his head and laughed.

After he finished laughing, he let go.

The Voice of Nulan was suddenly released. With a hum, it stopped in mid-air and did not fly away. Instead, it was as if it did not know which side to choose.

"The promise I made to you in the past is still valid. You were only following me for the time being anyway." Gou Wuyue waved his sleeve and said, "Now, your true master has arrived. Go!"

His words towards Bazhun'an were filled with hostility, but when he spoke to the famed sword in front of him, he was filled with gentleness.

His gaze, which had turned gentle along with his words, was filled with determination and a faint reluctance to part.

However, when it was time to let go, he had to let go.

To let go, that was all.

"Wu—" The Voice of Nulan trembled even more intensely.

Its choking sound was not as heavy as the Fourth Sword, but more to a high-frequency hissing of the wind.

Everyone watching was stunned.

Even the seven hundred Holy Divine Guards who were hiding in the blind spots of the Eighth Palace outside the arena were at a loss for words.

No one would have thought that the situation would turn around and that a great battle was imminent.

Similarly, no one would have thought that after Yu Lingdi's palm strike, the Saint Servant would go berserk and kill him on the spot.

Even more so, no one would have thought that Gou Wuyue would personally arrive and confirm the appearance of the Eighth Sword Deity!

"The sky is about to change!"

The dozens of people in the arena, as well as the seven or eight hundred people outside the arena, were both excited and terrified.

However, everyone knew that when the name Bazhun'an was officially recognized, the situation in the world was about to change!

...

The battle situation moved forward gradually.

The moment Gou Wuyue appeared, the main characters between Heaven and Earth could only be these two swordsmen.

Bazhun'an looked at the hesitant famed sword, the Voice of Nulan, and waved his hand.

"There's no need to return."

His face was filled with relief. He used four of his fingers to comb his hair and pushed his messy hair to the back of his head. Then, he spat on his palm and fixed his hair in place.

"When I abandoned you in the past, we were no longer on the same path. And now..." Bazhun'an looked at his four-fingered hands and murmured, "They're dirty and old... My hands can't hold swords anymore."

He put his hands down.

No one knew what he was going to do.

Cen Qiaofu sighed and took out another wine gourd from his ring and threw it to Bazhun'an.

"As expected, you have some more..."

Bazhun'an shook his head and chuckled. His expression turned solemn as he raised his head and started drinking again.

"Gulp, gulp, gulp."

Everyone was shocked.

Even Gou Wuyue was shocked by his bold and unrestrained attitude.

The Eighth Sword Deity who was known to be a teetotaler was now...

"You really have changed," Gou Wuyue muttered.

"How can a person remain unchanged forever?"

Bazhun'an drank the last drop of wine and casually tossed the wine gourd away. A hint of mockery appeared in his eyes. "You have changed as well, but this fearless and battle-hungry look of yours hasn't changed at all."

Gou Wuyue didn't say anything. Instead, he turned his head to look at the Voice of Nulan.

"Buzz." the famed sword, the Voice of Nulan trembled as if it had completely lost all hope.

It had lost all signs of movement.

"Then come back!" A loud shout woke up the heavy sword.

Sword will shone brightly in the void, illuminating the endless sea of flowers. Everyone felt that Gou Wuyue's temperament had changed. It was as if he was no longer hiding his edge, and was revealing his real sharpness.

"He doesn't want you, but I, Gou Wuyue, do!"