

Chapter 771: Lucky Draw Time! The Crazy Demon King Xu!

“Passive Points: 1069,462.”

One million left...

Xu Xiaoshou clenched his fists. He could feel that the strength hidden in his body was many times stronger than before. He had used less than half of his Passive Points in this latest round of strengthening. He still had a million left!

Too strong!” “How do other Master (Stage) live like this?” Xu Xiaoshou lamented, falling into deep thought. If he wanted to strengthen all of his remaining passive skills to Sovereign Stage), he could do it. However, there was a high chance he would not have enough to draw from the lottery or awaken. Xu Xiaoshou’s eyes burned as he scanned through the list of passive skills. Although he wanted them all, he could not have his cake and eat it. He viewed the last 100,000 passive skills available and picked out only those which would help him conceal his abilities better.

“Swallow the Mountains and Rivers of Qi Master (Stage 1).”

“Swallow the Mountains and Rivers of Qi Sovereign (Stage 1).” He went straight to the Sovereign (Stage)!

No conspicuous transformation occurred to his body. After all, the skill he had raised was a hidden passive.

Xu Xiaoshou sensed minute changes in his emotions. He could feel an ever so slight reversal of the power of heaven and earth. Its effect was negligible. However, he knew that “Swallow the Mountains and Rivers’ had undergone a qualitative change, and its true worth would reveal itself in time. Passive skills like ‘Swallow the Mountains and Rivers’ possessed cumulative effects. Thus, time was a prerequisite for most of them to show tangible benefits.

Now that it had reached the Sovereign (Stage), it meant that if he used the empty city stratagem in the future, he would be able to influence all existences within the Sovereign (Stage) just by flaring his accumulated aura.

“This everything’ naturally included Cutting Path (Stage) and Higher Void (level).

In the Battle of the Imperial City, one had to know that he still had to combine holy power with ‘Swallow the Mountains and Rivers’ to exert pressure on others. Now that the skill had reached the Sovereign (Stage), however...

“Hehe!

Xu Xiaoshou chortled slyly. He could already imagine how much more realistic the pressure he exerted on others would be while disguised with “Transformation

It was completely different from most passive skills that were not very useful against those with similar or higher cultivations than him. Xu Xiaoshou usually used Qi to Swallow the Mountains and Rivers to deal with the big wigs. It was not a skill for battle.

Sometimes, intimidation is the best way to resolve a conflict before it starts. By exerting pressure on his aggressor via his passive skill, he could induce doubt and defeat an opponent he would not normally have been able to with brute strength

To do this...

In the past, Xu Xiaoshou could only rely on his wits.

Now, not only did he have wits, but he also had this empty city stratagem’ that broadened his options to intimidate and cajole an enemy into submission!

“I can’t level up anymore. If I level up again, I’ll have to eat dirt..”

Looking at the Passive Points section, Xu Xiaoshou resisted the temptation to increase his strength further.

He wanted to draw from the lottery. Once he got something good, he would feel more at ease spending his remaining Passive Points, blitzing to the Sovereign (Stage). Otherwise, he would settle for second-best, using what he had to raise his passive skills.

T’ll use 500,000 Passive Points to draw from the lottery. I mustn’t exceed that number! Xu Xiaoshou swore to himself. It was too easy to lose oneself in a gambler’s mindset. Once it surfaced, Xu Xiaoshou knew he would be helpless to resist. The remaining 900,000 Passive Points were part of his reserve. If he used it all, he would have nothing left.

It would be too late for regret by then; death would be preferable!

That was why he gave himself a credit limit of 500,000 Passive Points. If he could not get something good with 300,000 Points, he would still have enough room to splurge a little, using another 200,000 Points for a second chance. He would not have considered this plan if he had not had 500,000 Passive points to spare. Unfortunately, Xu Xiaoshou was not aware of the misfortune to come.

“The price of the Passive Key has increased... It costs 10,000 to draw once. What a scam!”

Xu Xiaoshou stared at the store, hesitating. He stamped his feet against the ground and bounced up. With his spirit roused, he muttered, “Let’s start with ten consecutive draws.. No, I need luck. I must believe a miracle will occur!”

Perhaps, this time, he would be able to soar into the nine heavens in one leap

With this dream in mind, Xu Xiaoshou gritted his teeth and spent 10,000 Passive Points to exchange for a Passive Key.

“Spirits of the heavens, spirits of the earth, the Supreme Lord of Creation... His Majesty the Jade Emperor, Buddha, and all the divines that exist in between please answer my prayer!”

Xu Xiaoshou put his hands together and was extremely pious.

He inserted the Passive key into the lottery machine and twisted it. “Ha!” His eyes shone brightly His first prize was a dud. Xu Xiaoshou bit his lip in disappointment. He had not received an increase in mastery over his present skills or a new status-based passive skill.

It did not matter!

There was still a 99% chance he would get some other passive skill

He glanced at the information bar.

“Thank you for your patronage!” “Pu... “Xu Xiaoshou nearly spat a mouthful of blood.

Something was not right! It couldn’t be, could it? This lousy system had just swallowed a million of his Passive Points. It should have profited more than enough from his earlier transaction. Shouldn’t it return the favour and bestow great fortune upon him?

Such were Xu Xiaoshou’s thoughts, a part of human nature.

However...

Thank you for your patronage? “As expected, this lousy system, you’re not a human, you’re a real dog!”

Xu Xiaoshou’s eyes turned red as he inserted the next Passive Key. He was so angry that... he moved to another location with better fengshui. Huddled in a crouch, he quietly exchanged his points for ten more Passive Keys.

“Give me the goods... Ah Ah Ah

“Thank you for your patronage!” “Thank you for your patronage!” “You got a Passive Key!”

“Thank you for your patronage!” “Thank you for your patronage!” “You got a Passive Key!”

“Thank you for your patronage!”

“You got a Passive Key!”

“Thank you for your patronage!” “Thank you for your patronage!”

“Pu Pu Pu... Xu Xiaoshou’s eyes swam, a vast void swallowing his conscious whole. Were those stars he saw in the gaping black maw? His dog system had just increased the price of a Passive Key. Yet, the probability of getting a good skill had not improved.

It was not a \$1,000 lottery anymore. It was a lucky draw requiring 10,000 pulls to succeed! “Blood... My blood...!” Xu Xiaoshou did not allow his system’s cruelty to discourage him. He dug a hole with his bare hands, refusing to use his spiritual source for the menial task and buried himself in it. While underground, he used his Passive Points to exchange for another ten Passive Keys. “I’m not walking home bust; I’m not walking home bust...”

Ten times!

“Thank you for your patronage!” “You got a Passive Key!” “Thank you for your patronage!” “You got a Passive Key!”

“You got a Passive Key!”

“Thank you for your patronage!” “Thank you for your patronage!”

“Thank you for your patronage!”

“You got a Passive Key!”

“Thank you for your patronage!”

“Extended Passive Skill acquired: Transformation!”.

“Thank you for your patronage!”.

“Wahahaha

“Yo Ku Ku Ku Ku –

“Heehee Heehee.”

“As expected! Anything that can go wrong will go wrong – that’s Murphy’s law for you... As expected! Hahaha....

Crazy?! Xu Xiaoji and Greedy the Cat Spirit were hard at work in Yuan Mansion when they saw the crazy figure in the sky. Where were the unmatched figure and refined temperament Xu Xiaoshou usually embodied...?

At this moment, Xu Xiaoji only saw a crazy man covered in dirt, wearing a savage expression. If he had known there was nothing in Yuan Mansion, he would have thought this vicious-looking man was some tomb raider who went crazy after failing to rob an emperor’s tomb.

“It’s normal...” Xu Xiaoji looked away and calmly continued counting the boxes. He did not dare look at the strange visage any longer than necessary. Muttering internally, he said, “It must be Demon King Xu. He goes on a rampage a few times a month. It’s perfectly normal...”

Xu Xiaoshou was beyond mad.

He had not obtained anything useful in a long time.

Two hundred thousand Passive Points was equivalent to 40 consecutive draws in the past, but the same was not true now. He... he had suffered a great loss.

No. It did not matter!

As long as he got something even marginally useful, it would greatly increase his overall combat strength. Hope still lingered! Xu Xiaoshou had a good impression of passive skills.

“Transformation...”

Without any hesitation, Xu Xiaoshou used ten Tier 1 skill points, raising “Transformation to the Innate

(Stage) and sensed a subtle change in his body.

Passive skills affect only oneself. Xu Xiaoshou was already familiar with this point

The power in his body was changing

He could perceive the changes as they occurred.

His Qi, blood, spiritual source, and other power sources disappeared bit by bit.

At the same time, the mental strength he had exhausted in his frenzy slowly recovered.

Not long after, Xu Xiaoshou felt refreshed, achieving a delicate balance between his mental strength and Qi, blood, and spiritual source.

“My blood, Qi, and spiritual source have been transformed into what I need the most... mental strength?!”

Xu Xiaoshou came to a sudden realization, and his eyes glittered like stars.

“Transformation’ was an ability to transform other powers he possessed into another type of power that he had lost due to exertion or external forces.

How did he manage to reach a balance of powers?

“I-it is a divine skill!

Xu Xiaoshou held his head in his hands, and his heart pranced with joy.

What was he lacking the most right now?

What he lacked the most was spiritual protection! Spiritual protection was essential if he did not want to suffer muddleheadedness or lose control because of an attack aimed at his spiritual sea.

If Transformation were what he thought it would be, then it would be able to break off a portion of his strongest two longboards, life force and spiritual source, and make up for his weakest mental weakness!

“Transformation’ was a skill practically tailor-made for him, pairing well with the passive skills Eternal Vitality and High Spirits.

In other words...

As long as the enemy did not kill and control him immediately in the future, and did not have a balanced attack of spirit, body, will, and the way of the heavens, he would still have the means to resist and put up a fight.

With ‘transformation’, all he needed was a portion of his spirit, energy, or godhood to recover his other powers exhausted in a fight.

“Godhood!

Xu Xiaoshou was shocked.

The longboard of his physical body was so long that it had no end.

With the appearance of the passive skill Transformation’, who would be able to stop him?

Once the spiritual attack landed, he could convert his Qi, blood, and spiritual source into spiritual strength to replenish his loss, vice-versa.

Even if he crossed swords with someone who could wipe out his spiritual source instantly, he, Xu Xiaoshou, could still receive a boost by transforming his Qi, blood, and spiritual source into an energy form he could use.

“This is crazy! How can there be someone in the world with the ability to wipe out the entire strength of others? Wouldn’t he be able to reach the peak of the Sovereign (Stage) and comprehend the 3,000 paths of the Great Dao?”

“I’m as good as immortal!” Xu Xiaoshou was extremely excited by this prospect.

There was no manual to teach him how to use Transformation properly, so he needed to practice.

Hence, upon raising “Transformation from Innate (Stage) to Master (Stage), he tried tinkering with his new skill. After a moment’s thought, he decided to do it again!

“Transformation, Sovereign (Stage) Lvl. 1.”

The difference between ‘Transformation at the Innate (Stage) and the Sovereign (Stage) was night and day. If he had to use his ‘Perception’ like a microscope before, now it was a 3D image visible to the naked eye.

Xu Xiaoshou’s hands trembled as he continuously sent out jets of white flame towards the chaotic mist in the Yuan Mansion space, using it to deplete his spiritual source.

No sooner had he depleted his spiritual sea than the rest of his energy held in reserve roared into motion. The feeling was similar to the one he felt when he activated High Spirits for the first time.

The very fibre of his being was thrust into motion. Xu Xiaoshou felt his blood and Qi strength begin to decline, and his mental strength also began to decrease. However, eternal vitality also began to activate and was full of high spirits. At this moment, his spiritual source was soaring

Soaring soaring!

In just a few breaths, Xu Xiaoshou stopped, and his spiritual source recovered to its highest point after balancing out.

And after it recovered.

“Eternal vitality” and “Full of high spirits” had not stopped. They were still working!

It was not until he had replenished all the mental strength that he had lost, and Xu Xiaoshou’s entire body recovered to its peak state, that he realized that all the movements in his body had finally stopped.

“Cluck Cluck Cluck...”

His teeth were chattering

Even though he hadn’t taken any drugs, at this moment, Xu Xiaoshou felt like he was about to have an orgasm.

What on earth...?

Godhood!

It was unsolvable!

With “Transformation’, he did not need to sleep anymore.

He would not feel weakened even if he were to fight a war.

“Transformation was a qualitative change, allowing him to express his full strength. Regardless of how spent he became, he could always convert his energy sources from one form to another, covering for his deficiencies. Having reached the Sovereign (Stage), “Transformation was almost instantaneous

It solved many of the problems he faced!

“This is too terrifying. A man who is always at his peak condition against another who will only tire the longer we fight...”

Xu Xiaoshou’s lips twitched. His conjecture sounded scary in his ears.

He dared to proclaim himself the man with the strongest endurance, the strongest man in the world!

This Transformation’ was far more terrifying than the effects it had shown in the past.

It even increased the upper limit of all his other passive skills to the Sovereign (Stage).

It truly was a heaven-defying skill!

At this moment, Xu Xiaoshou thought of something and suddenly flew towards Xu Xiaoji. “Xiaoji, I’ll give you a chance. Hit me as hard as you can!” “Ah?” Xu Xiaoji was startled by Xu Xiaoshou. A thought flashed through his mind is he testing me? As if on cue, Xu Xiaoji waved his hand repeatedly and said in fear, “Lord Xiaoshou, I’ve never entertained the thought of hitting you. Never!”

Xu Xiaoshou: "If you don't hit me, I'll hit you."

Xu Xiaoji:"???"

"My apologies..." taking a step back, Xu Xiaoji clenched his fist and gathered a large amount of elemental energy through the void. His eyes twinkled with excitement

Xu Xiaoji had Sovereign (Stage) combat strength. "Bang!"

Spiritual energy exploded. Xu Xiaoshou remained unmoving On the other hand, Xu Xiaoji seemed to have been jolted by a hedgehog. He was thrown into the air, his body spinning like a top. His fist curled in on itself, not unlike the shape of a shrimp.

"Just as I thought... Xu Xiaoji, who landed in an explosion of dust and twisted limbs, wanted to cry, but no tears flowed out. "I knew it. I knew it. In the past, I still had a chance Now, I don't! This fellow, whether it's beating people or getting beaten up, the one who will be injured in the end will never be him but someone else..."

The, thus, dubbed Demon King Xu did not follow up with an attack. He, too, stood in a shell-shocked daze.

"Transformation' at the Sovereign (Stage) gave him a strange feeling that it wasn't much worse than the Master or Grandmaster (Stage). Therefore, Xu Xiaoshou had planned to test it out.

Xu Xiaoji's punch merely confirmed his hypothesis.

"Transformation could not only replenish his internal power, bringing it into balance, it could also convert and express its effects in the form of external power!

Almost 50% of the power contained in Xu Xiaoji's punch was converted into nutrients for his body and spiritual sea.

The rest of the damage still affected Xu Xiaoshou's body.

Since he was in peak condition, the amount of damage he felt was negligible.

50% of the damage Xu Xiaoji inflicted was offset by the other 50% converted into his power

Which resulted...

"If you punch me, not only will you not be able to cause any damage, but you will also receive a rebound strong enough to cause death?" Xu Xiaoshou murmured, stunned.

Chapter 772: A Black Screen! A Black Screen!

The 'conversion' effect of the Sovereign (Stage) was completely out of his expectations.

Xu Xiaoshou was ecstatic.

However, he took a look at the information bar.

"Passive Points: 599,462"

The appearance of this thing directly consumed about a third of his Passive Points..

"Damn it."

"Conversion' is powerful, but it's too expensive!"

Xu Xiaoshou calmed down and ignored Xu Xiaoji, who was limping over. He

turned around and returned to the site of his experiment.

He had to pull the spatial barrier properly. Otherwise, the spectacle of him digging a hole and burying himself in it would be seen by others.

“Do I still smoke?”

To be honest, Xu Xiaoshou did not dare to smoke any more.

He still wanted to awaken.

Now that the awakening stone was selling for 30,000 Passive Points per stone, which meant ten consecutive awakenings would cost 300,000... it was simply a Scam

The effects of awakening were usually greater than those offered by Extended Passive Skills

Xu Xiaoshou placed the greatest emphasis on awakening.

“I still have six Passive Keys left..”

Xu Xiaoshou’s eyes suddenly lit up. He exchanged for four more Passive Keys, giving him enough to draw another ten times.

These Passive Keys were his reward for patronising the lottery. It was not much of a gift, but beggars can’t be choosers. Although he could not bear to use them, he had to for the greater good, or so he convinced himself.

If he mixed them, perhaps the system would be caught off guard, giving him a free pass to the abysmal lottery.

“Should I, or should I not, should I, or should I not...?” Xu Xiaoshou, the crazy Demon King, murmured. Soon, he pushed ten keys into the keyhole.

“Thank you for your patronage!”

“Thank you for your patronage!”

“You got a Passive Key!”

Thank you for your patronage!”

Thank you for your patronage!”

“Thank you for your patronage!”

“You got a Passive Key!”

“Thank you for your patronage!”

“Thank you for your patronage!”

“Thank you for your patronage!”

Xu Xiaoshou:”.

He punched the ground in frustration, creating a large crater in the earth. The resulting explosion nearly scared Xu Xiaoshou to death.

“Damn it! I have the Sovereign Physique and the divine skill ‘Transformation’ but nothing else. These two skills have eaten all my luck..”

“No more!

Xu Xiaoshou suppressed his impulse. Nothing good would come from spending his points so freely.

Yet, he could not stop thinking how it would be a waste if he did not get his money’s worth. He had spent a massive sum of Passive Points, after all.

It would not hurt if he tried his hand a few more times, would it?

There are still two left..

Eyeing his last two Passive Keys, Xu Xiaoshou wanted to cry but had no tears.

Freebies were indeed the worst!

Only the ones redeemed with his hard-earned points were the best!

If he were to weigh everything on a scale, there could be no doubt he had made a loss.

There were still two left... two tempting little vessels whispering sweet promises in his ears.

“Heavenly spirits, deliver me from suffering! The decision is too much for this pitiful one!”

He inserted another one.

“Thank you for your patronage!”

Xu Xiaoshou’s devout face instantly turned black as ink.

If the dog system had a physical body, he would tear it in two!

The last one....

“Please, please, please! Give me something good!”

Xu Xiaoshou covered his eyes with both hands, forming a black screen over them. Using his spiritual sense, he stabbed his last key into the hateful hole of the lottery wheel.

Buzz..

A strange sound hummed in his mind.

Though it was sudden, Xu Xiaoshou managed to react.

Normally, something like that would not have occurred...

He opened his eyes in shock, but his vision was still dark.

He took his hand away, and it was still dark!

Excitement!

Madness!

Xu Xiaoshou held his head; his lips were so wide he could kiss his ears.

“It’s dark! It’s dark! Everything is dark!”

His heart pounded wildly.

Soon, the world around him returned to normal, and a familiar fantasy realm came into view.

It was a stainless world, unblemished like a blank sheet of paper. It was a canvas, and Xu Xiaoshou was the painter. Even the earth, the sky, and the primordial chaos which birthed them had not yet been born.

“What kind of passive skill is this?”

Xu Xiaoshou suppressed his excitement. He knew that the realm had its own rules

There was no need for him to move. The realm would move on its own.

Sure enough, while he lingered on the precipice of doubt, spiritual energy converged in the Nine Heavens, taking the shape of a brush.

The brush angled towards the bottom of the world, and earth sprang up from nothingness. Cresting an arch over the top of the world and fluffy white clouds drifted across a blue sky.

Xu Xiaoshou watched with his mouth agape.

How could nothing give birth to something?

What type of passive skill had he obtained this time? A Master-type, a State-type? Or was it a brand new model altogether?

Although the earth and sky had come into existence, the world itself held no life.

Just as the thought passed through Xu Xiaoshou's mind, the brush suspended in the Nine Heavens whirled into motion once again, sprinkling the earth in a rain of spiritual ink.

Mountains, basins, and grasslands formed.

Rivers, lakes, and oceans surged.

The world was dyed green for the first time, and life burgeoned in the realm's cradle.

Xu Xiaoshou realised the world had evolved from the small fragment it once was. Yuan Mansion was its base, while the brush provided the building blocks to refurbish it.

Although the methods were different, the results marked that they had come from the same direction.

After experiencing the baptism of the Dao of Cooking Expert' and Weaving Expertise,' Xu Xiaoshou knew that this was the fantasy realm of Passive Skills, broadening his horizons.

Using a brush, he sketched the outline of a new world.

It was not over yet!

Once the lands and rivers took shape, the world stilled. The world had no notion of sound; it was a concept that did not yet exist.

Xu Xiaoshou watched helplessly as the brush hovering over the Nine Heavens shook.

"Rumble-

The wind howled, and the sea rumbled.

The summer rain pattered, and the winter snow whistled.

The world came alive in a cacophony of sounds.

As if sensing a need for urgency, the brush twirled and danced, painting various shapes and sounds with ever-increasing fervour.

A Swish and a flick!

A titanic beast with the head of a lion and the body of a dragon appeared on the ground. It arched its back and roared at the sky, suppressing the four corners of the universe and swallowing everything in its path.

Out from the void, an emerald bird with evergreen feathers and a flaming tail of a phoenix tore through the skies, heralding its arrival with loud chirps.

The wind howled over the seas.

A monstrous shadow ten thousand miles long broke out of its watery prison in the churning depths.

It is a fish!

Scales morphed in feathers, while fins became wings. The fish had transformed into an enormous bird whose wings blotted out the sky, dwarfing the emerald bird and swallowing it whole. The green bird was no better than a toothpick in the bird's gaping maw.

It was massive...

Xu Xiaoshou only reacted at this moment.

"Kun Peng"

He felt abashed for calling such a majestic specimen a "fish". It demeaned the noble status a Kun Peng possessed.

The brush continued its work high in the sky.

Ancient creatures of yore sprouted in innumerable droves.

Xu Xiaoshou felt like he was witnessing an evolutionary map detailing the world's birth from the Desolate Era to the present. Humans appeared only after the brush tapped the air, creating ripples in the sky.

The law of the jungle collapsed; Or rather, it was pushed to a new extreme.

Humans began to reproduce. They grew from weak, helpless, pitiful creatures to tool-wielding cultivators embarking on the road to discovery and the Grand Dao.

They became as powerful as gods and fought back the desolate tides of beasts, carving out a path of civilisation.

Ancient behemoths were devoured, and the very structure of the continent changed.

Tectonic plates moved, and sea levels rose.

Life vanished, new civilisations appeared, and then were overthrown.

Xu Xiaoshou's scalp went numb as he watched.

In the end, he discovered a white mark on the previously blank scroll when he arrived at the edge of the world. He was an outsider not born from the painting.

Meanwhile..

"Whoosh!"

The painting of the desolate world shook, turning into a stream of light that poured into the head of the unsuspecting bystander nearby.

Xu Xiaoshou opened his eyes and noticed he had returned to Yuan Mansion.

"Unbelievable..."

It took him a while to recover from the disorientating experience; the magnificence of the ancient world branded in his mind's eye. It was something he could not allow himself to forget. With great effort, he solidified the image of the past he remembered, and only after did he have the heart to look at the information bar.

"Expertise Passive Skill acquired: Painting Mastery!"

"Yay!" Xu Xiaoshou waved his fist in excitement.

He had considered the possibility long ago, but it exceeded his wildest imagination.

Expertise Passive Skills..

He had lived for so long, but he had only managed to acquire three.

Almost every one of those three changed his fighting style and opened up a new world of possibilities for him.

Painting Mastery' would probably send him to the heights of the Magic Brush, Ma Liang.

"But, where's my brush?"

Xu Xiaoshou fumbled around for a long time, but he could not find the brush of the Nine Heavens.

His face darkened.

How on earth was he supposed to paint without a brush or ink?

However, on second thought, using a real brush to change the world was not feasible.

Xu Xiaoshou pondered for a moment and drew upon his spiritual source as a brush to draw a four-not-alike on the ground.

"What the hell!"

It was so ugly! His drawing ability had not improved, it seemed.

Still, he felt that the four unlikenesses on the ground were very lifelike.

"Is it an illusion?" Xu Xiaoshou wondered. He could not help but doubt himself.

It was a strange feeling. Even though Xu Xiaoshou could not even decipher what kind of bird he drew, it was still vivid and lifelike, as if it were a real, living creature.

Xu Xiaoshou suddenly remembered that his 'Painting Mastery' had not levelled up yet.

He would have to raise 'Painting Mastery's' rank with Passive Points like any other Mastery-type passive if he hoped to attain proficiency in the art 10,000, 50,000, 100,000 Passive Points vanished in a puff of smoke.

It took Xu Xiaoshou several hours to recover from the influx of experience.

"Painting Mastery, Innate (Stage).

"Painting Mastery, Sovereign (Stage)."

The benefits of raising one's cultivation level were obvious.

Xu Xiaoshou used his inventory of Passive Points to raise his 'Painting Mastery' to the highest rank.

He tried using his spiritual source as a brush again...

"Wait!

Xu Xiaoshou paused as if he had understood something.

The brush in the fantasy realm was intangible and could only be 'felt' using his mind.

It was much stronger than a physical manifestation.

A spiritual source might seem intangible, but it had its limitations.

If disturbed, it would fragment easily. A brush conjured from Xu Xiaoshou's spiritual source would be too fragile to meet his needs.

Xu Xiaoshou mulled over the issue, but his mind always returned to the problem of using his spiritual source as a brush.

That was when inspiration sparked!

"It's the mind!"

His eyes lit up. If he used his mind as a brush, then it meant that he could do whatever he wanted!

It was too terrifying.

It was completely beyond the scope of painting'

It was the realm of godhood!

Xu Xiaoshou had never followed the rules for Expertise Passive Skills, so why was he fretting now?

"Let's give it a shot."

'Painting Mastery' was currently at the Sovereign (Stage). According to the insights bestowed upon him by the heavens, Xu Xiaoshou employed his mind to the task of creating an intangible brush.

A brush of will!

He controlled the brush no one but him could see and bent creation to his will.

He felt like a philosopher of old.

“I believe in my existence.”

With a sense of humour and experimentation, Xu Xiaoshou looked at the ground.

Where could he paint?

There had to be a medium for him to paint.

Wait. Did the void not count as something?

Xu Xiaoshou skipped the ability of ‘painting with real objects’, which was necessary for those who had not reached the Innate (Stage) or the Master (Stage) of Painting Mastery’, and used the void as his canvas. He could perceive the world in its entirety with a glance.

It looked like he was not doing anything, merely staring into blank space.

However, in Xu Xiaoshou’s mind, he used his brush and painted the sky with his imagination.

Instantly, the sky changed!

Spiritual sources gathered in the void, and lines appeared, quickly sketching out the appearance of a living creature.

Then... A Chicken appeared!

“Cluck Cluck Cluck..”

It even sounded like one!

The chicken cried out in alarm because it fell to the ground and died the moment it appeared!

It shattered into a pile of spiritual energy.

Xu Xiaoshou looked at this scene, and his eyebrows jumped as he fell into deep thought.

This painting was just an attempt. Xu Xiaoshou felt his mental strength had diminished a little, but his spiritual source, Qi, and blood quickly filled in the gap by replenishing what he had used.

That’s disgusting!” Xu Xiaoshou muttered in shock.

“HOW is this a painting” In the eyes of outsiders, this ability was no different

from the skill' Materialise!

"The most important thing is that drawing this chicken doesn't consume much mental strength. It's something I can recover almost instantly."

Xu Xiaoshou recalled the sight of the Kun Peng in the fantasy realm. His eyes widened, and the corners of his lips curled up.

Tilting his head, he looked to the other side.

"Chi Chi Chi"

Spiritual energy rapidly gathered in the air while his mental strength rapidly depleted.

Bean-sized beads of sweat dappled Xu Xiaoshou's forehead. It had taken him almost all of his mental energy to draw just the head of a giant roc, but if he did not finish the drawing, the roc would not come to life.

"Yeah, there's no such thing as half a bird. There's only one, two..."

He fell into deep thought.

Xu Xiaoshou drew the spatial barrier open and shouted to the other end,

"Xiaoji!"

Xu Xiaoji, who was still counting, immediately tensed up and turned around stiffly.

He saw the confident figure of the Great Demon King Xu walking over.

"Cluck Cluck Cluck!"

The Great Demon King Xu rushed over, and at his feet wa... a chicken?!

Xu Xiaoji blinked, dumbfounded.

He stared blankly at the black and white coloured chicken, feeling a sense of incongruence. It was as if the chicken was incompatible with the world like it did not belong...

"Something like this shouldn't be 'felt, should it? It's not possible!"

"Which world was this chicken born in? Is it a new ghost beast?"

"Demon King Xu, what are you up to now?"

Xu Xiaoji's heart pounded crazily. It did not matter what was going on. He was

only concerned with ugly his chicken looked!

The ugly black-and-white chicken rushed to his feet. Its feathers stood on end while it held its head up high.

“Peck him!” Xu Xiaoshou ordered excitedly.

Xu Xiaoji: ???

What was going on? He did not even bother to side-step the charging avian whose beak looked ready to peck him.

“Cluck!

His toes hurt.

All he registered was pain. Xu Xiaoji watched, stupefied, as this ugly chicken pecked his feet viciously with its curved beak. His lips twitched as he sent a questioning look Demon King Xu’s way.

???

Xu Xiaoshou: “...”

It was so weak!

He had drawn this chicken without considering its combat ability. It was mortifying!

Xu Xiaoshou immediately added a few more strokes to the chicken and infused more than half of his strength into it. Only when weakness overcame him, and his face paled did he stop.

The chicken’s beak hardened.

“iji, Jiji! (I did it again!”

Its black and white chicken feathers bristled and seemed ready for round two with its head raised arrogantly.

“Peck him,” Xu Xiaoshou said weakly. Though he was excited, he had trouble mustering enough energy to express it since he had channelled it all into the chicken.

“Keke!

The chicken chopped down with its head a second time, leaving an afterimage

in its wake.

Xu Xiaoji was so scared he nearly wet himself, retracting his feet almost immediately.

“Boom

A small black hole opened where the chicken’s beak collided with the earth.

This single point explosion reminded Xu Xiaoshou of Gu Qingsan’s ‘Point of the Path’

“How terrifying!”

He never expected his strength, gathered in the body of this chicken, could bring about such a terrifying effect. A chicken had no right to be so strong! It was simply ridiculous.

Xu Xiaoshou felt that his battle style seemed to be going astray again.

He was very strong!

Wasn’t it a little too random?

He could already see himself as the future chicken king, leading a group of inconspicuous chickens to battle! The thought of which nearly sent him into a giggling fit.

Wait a minute.

Why did it have to be chickens?

Xu Xiaoshou entertained the thought of strangling himself for a moment. How dumb could he get?

He was now an expert. How could he lead a group of chickens to fight? He would be throwing his dignity into the gutter!

Now, a Kung Peng, on the other hand..

Still..

“Hehehe.

When Xu Xiaoshou thought of his enemies cowering before a majestic Kun Peng, it did not seem as spectacular or as humiliating as being defeated by a chicken.

Laughing with an utterly sinister look on his face, Xu Xiaoshou giggled, “What an interesting look!”

Chapter 773: Painters Fear for the Integrity of Their Art!

As long as Xu Xiaoshou combined his understanding of the Dao with his Sovereign (Stage) ‘Painting Mastery’, he could breathe life into his paintings and grant them the ability to do combat.

More than that, Xu Xiaoshou’s paintings returned to the basics, the very essence of what it is to paint.

the Innate (Stage) and Grandmaster (Stage), ‘Painting Mastery’ grounded Xu Xiaoshou’s solid foundation in the art.

Brushstrokes, split mirror, colour painting, and so on.

The only reason Xu Xiaoshou’s chicken so ugly was that he had sloppy, painting an outline in black and white without capturing the details.

If he were to focus on the details, he would have given the chicken a glossy coat of feathers, a majestic crest and perfectly manicured talons.

“But there’s no need...”

Xu Xiaoshou knew this.

The more fleshed out the chicken was, the stronger it would or at least that was what one would think

On the contrary, the chicken’s fighting strength depended solely on ‘Painting Mastery and his cultivation level.

It was a crucial discovery.

“What if I don’t want this chicken to fight but have it as a paper tiger to face my enemies?”

Xu Xiaoshou’s mind whirled into action, processing various scenarios and minute possibilities, going so far as to simulate situations no one else would dare consider.

Some might have thought he was overthinking the situation, but he was not.

One could never have too many trump cards. Looking at the chicken, he

paused.

The black-and-white chicken that had through the void was happily clucking away.

Having completed its master's order, it wandered around Yuan Mansion, causing Xu Xiaoji to click his tongue in wonder.

Suddenly, the void roiled, and the Dao rippled. The commotion created by the Great Demon King Xu attracted his attention.

Xu Xiaoji looked over, his gaze settling on the ghost beast, the black and white chicken that had appeared out of thin air. The funny face he wore melted into astonishment, eventually becoming shocked.

The shock was so great that he could not conceal it.

'This, this is...' Xu Xiaoji stuttered.

He stared wide eyed at the human elders' bodies slowly solidifying beside Young Master Xu. They strangely familiar, but he could not put his finger on who they were.

That changed their solidified. It was as if a divine brush was giving souls to the frames of these elders. Draped over the shoulders of a particular elder was a large red coat.

Xu Xiaoji was stunned, fear nearly incapacitating him completely.

"A Red Coat... the Night Guardian?"

Xu Xiaoji's lips formed an 'O' shape. How could he not know the Night Guardian?

The Night Guardian had been the person standing in the sky above the trade fair.

The only difference was his lack of chanting. Nevertheless, the Night Guardian was someone he would not forget. How could he when that venerable Elders attention had been trained on him for the longest time?

Why hadn't he been informed if the Night Guardian had been locked up in Yuan Mansion?

Wasn't the Night Guardian at the Cutting Path (Stage)?

How did Demon King Xu, someone had not made a breakthrough, catch the Night Guardian who was already at the Cutting Path (Stage)?

Yet, Xu Xiaoji felt something was wrong. He was familiar with the Night Guardian.

Why was it that the Night Guardian summoned by Young Master Xu did not seem to possess a strong aura?

"What do you think?" Xu Xiaoshou finished painting the Night Guardian's figure with his mind and wanted Xu Xiaoji's opinion.

"He... isn't a real person, is he?" Xu Xiaoji squeaked fearfully.

"Of course he isn't," Xu Xiaoshou affirmed. "It's something I visualized. How does it compare with the real

Xu Xiaoji's lips twitched

What did Xu Xiaoshou mean when he said he visualized it?

Could the Great Demon King Xu have the ability to create Cutting Path (Stage) experts out of thin air?

Only a god could create such a miracle!

The painted version of the Night Guardian landed on the ground, unmoving.

Emboldened, Xu Xiaoji went up to the replica and probed it with his senses.

"I can feel the vitality in the flesh and the spiritual signature of the Night Guardian."

He hesitated and said, "But it doesn't have the aura of an expert at the Cutting Path (Stage). It's almost like a dummy..."

"He is a dummy," Xu Xiaoshou laughed in response.

He gave his imaginary Night Guardian a once over, and his expression dimmed.

There was none of the arrogance or the lofty bearing of a Red Coat in his creation.

No sooner had the thought crossed his mind than a change seemed to occur.

"Boom!"

The loud crash of thunder rang in the air.

An overbearing aura exploded in Yuan Mansion, overturning the Thirty Thousand Alchemy Cauldron.

Xu Xiaoshou was stunned, speechless.

Was this the finishing touch?

After he recovered from the shock, Xu Xiaoshou realized that he had almost emptied his spiritual source and mental strength by giving this phoney Night Guardian the strength of someone at the Cutting Path (Stage).

Fortunately, his cultivation level had broken through to Master (Stage), and all of his attributes had reached the Sovereign (Stage).

Still, Xu Xiaoshou swayed on his feet, his vision going black. However, thanks to his speedy ability to recover, he avoided fainting due to weakness.

“How is it?” He asked Xu Xiaoji again, his pale face full of anticipation.

Xu Xiaoji was so overwhelmed by the familiar aura that he dared not raise his head.

It was terrifying.

The Great Demon King Xu had not even moved!

There could be no mistake; the Night Guardian he had snuck a glance at just now carried a hint of spirituality in his

The aura of someone at the Cutting Path (Stage) in the next second, and it felt as if the creation had gained a life of its own...

Xu Xiaoji exclaimed, “It’s so lifelike, it’s almost real... Wait. There’s another flaw. Is he unable to move or talk?”

Xu Xiaoshou fell into deep thought when he heard Xu Xiaoji’s assessment.

He painted this replica of the Night Guardian, and he was the painting’s master.

They shared an incomparably close connection, more so than the real individual and himself.

Unbidden, a thought came to mind that caused the dummy Night Guardian to

tremble. It tilted its head to one side, glaring at Xu Xiaoji as it barked in a stern voice, "A grain of rice shines as bright as a

Xu Xiaoji nearly jumped out of his skin. Frightened was he that he crumpled to the ground in a heap of messy limbs.

The phoney Night Guardian's aura flared again. There was no doubt it assessed the unique strength of someone at the Cutting Path (Stage).

The replica's shout nearly his soul, and that made it all the more terrifying since he knew the Night Guardian in Yuan Mansion was a fake.

"Lord Shou, this, this, this.,,"

"What's wrong? Have you noticed any other flaws?" Xu Xiaoshou on his feet excitedly.

With his passive skill, 'Swallow the Mountains and Rivers', Xu Xiaoshou had plenty of energy he could spare, not to mention the impressive capabilities of Transformation'. He had firsthand of the Night Guardian's Cutting Path (Stage) aura, so mimicking it was no trouble at all.

Even though he did not assess the strength of someone at the Cutting Path (Stage) just yet, imitating it through his (Stage) 'Painting Mastery' was not a problem.

A mortal painting could outline a golden spear, an iron horse, and the soul of a general in all its humble splendour, so how could he not when he possessed skills far greater than an ordinary A mere Cutting Path (Stage)'s aura was nothing to him!

Xu Xiaoji scrambled to his feet and circled the imitation of the Night Guardian. Clicking his tongue in surprise, he said, "Is this really the Night Guardian?" He took a moment to assess the figure in its entirety. "It may possess the same aura as the real thing, but its movements are too stiff. It closer to a puppet than anything else... Still, Lord Shou is amazing! This 'visualization' method of yours is truly impressive. How did you do it?"

Xu Xiaoshou brushed aside Xu Xiaoji's flattering words.

He wanted to create something he could use in combat, not praise for a work of art. It was not as if his enemies would submit out of respect for the sheer beauty of his creations!

‘The movements are stiff, like that of a puppet...’ Xu Xiaoshou muttered

It made him think of his other skill: ‘Weaving Expertise’.

Without ‘Weaving Expertise’, he would not have been able to multitask as much as he presently could. Albeit, he did not have much use for it at the moment. He did not need to use it regularly, and controlling a plain chicken could hardly demand more than a tiny portion of his attention.

Now, controlling this fake Night Guardian, on the other hand, was a very different matter indeed.

Humans and puppets were not the same.

As his thoughts arrived at this juncture, Xu Xiaoshou split his spiritual sense into two. Half of it merged with the replica, while the other remained a part of him.

“Hey!”

The leader of the Red Coats waved his sleeves, and his gaze turned cautious, the muscles over his cheekbones pulling taut.

Flying up into the sky, the Night Guardian raised his hands overhead, shouting angrily, “Great Dark Sky!”

His aura surged, and waves of spiritual energy washed over the area like a tsunami.

Xu Xiaoji was caught flatfooted by this sudden development. ‘The Night Guardian had transformed from a lifelike puplkt into a of immeasurable might! It was a demonstration of B)wer. he gawked dazedly at the Great Demon King Xu.

It was then that he realized what had sparked the change. Xu Xiashou controlled the Night Guardian’s imitation while lcx»king at him with a smile. He apikared unphased by his act of multitasking.

- Is it He asked.

The sound was not caused by the chicken, but rather it was the chattering of Xu Xiaoji's teeth.

It was over.

Xu Xiaoji could already imagine the reign of terror the Great Demon King would bring once he returned to the outside world.

It was the ability to frame someone!

As the saying goes: Strange powers exist that may confound even god.

The Great Demon King Xu's new ability did not just confer the power of a it would bring unmitigated disaster to all corners of the world!

Masking his fear a veneer of nitpicking, Xu Xiaoji said, "Your creation has the aura and the spiritual signature right, but it doesn't assess the combat techniques of the original.

Xu Xiaoji's words were at the fake Night Guardian's technique, 'Great Dark Sky. It was, in all likelihood, a spiritual combat technique.

Apart from the gale it produced, all other manifestations of the technique were illusory and no physical power them.

Who knew that Xu Xiaoshou had already expected this. The corners of his lips into a devious smile. There's no rush; this is just a test run."

Three breaths later,,.

Xu Xiaoji watched as the Night Guardian descended, abruptly shrouding the entirety of Yuan Mansion in heavy darkness. 'There were no faults he could see.

"Feared, Passive Points + 1."

Anyone could splash ink on a scroll and say they had created an 'ink painting'.

It did not even require a technique!

Emotions ran wild in Xu Xiaoshou. only thing that disappointed him was his inability to replicate the Night Guardian's ability to shield the six senses with his technique.

His Night Curtain was just that; a curtain. 'There was nothing special about it.

At this moment, a thought struck him. What if he his creation in the Void Painting Scroll? Could he store spiritual techniques or physical objects and use them when needed?

Xu Xiaoshou fell into deep thought.

There was a possibility, but it would not easy to execute. Such an action would certain accomplishments in the Dao of array formation, a discipline not under the purview of his pas.sive skill, 'Painting Mastery'. He could visualize a dummy and the of a fake spiritual technique, but he could not pull a spiritual out of thin air. Even how a spiritual technique would react in storage was up for debate.

That was something touching on the ask•cts of the divine!

Then again, it wouldn't hurt to try, would it? He could paint a few special effects of reputed spiritual techniques and store them in the scroll. 'Ihat was a start, wasn't it?

His thoughts turned to Xu Xiaoji.

Not long after, a huge Golden Buddha appeared behind him

The enormous Buddha was more than 300 feet tall and touched the sky. It had angry eyes , a bushy lh•ard, thick eyebrows , and a mountainous sword in its As the sword hurtled downwards, even time seemed to slow to a crawl.

Xu Xiaoji stcn-ld rooted to the sm)t, paralyzed by an ovenwhelming sense of fear.

It was not until the sword passed through his body but did no harm that he realized it was a conjuration

It was also a result of the Great Demon King Xu's Visualization'.

"Visualization..."

"W'hat kind of spiritual technique is it?"

"W'hat did the Great Demon King Xu figure out?"

"W'hy does his breakthrough to the Master (Stage) feel so different from everyone else's

Xu Xiaoji screamed incoherently in the depths of his heart.

It felt like he was going crazy.

This Great Demon King Xu was already a nightmare.

With truth and mixed seamlessly, how would anyone be his match in the future? Would they be taken out by some means if they believed this great Buddha's chop was real?

It was a very real possibility if they could not distinguish illusion from reality.

"Crazy, crazy, this world is crazy!"

Xu Xiaoji hugged himself, warding off the deathly chill that ran down his spine.

He was rocking back and forth on the ground, planning his future, preferably somewhere far, far away from this demon overlord.

When he caught sight of the Great Demon King still lost in thought, he nearly screamed! Was he planning to seal all routes by improving his technique further? Vicious! Utterly vicious!

Although 'visualization' consumed a lot of energy, it was but a drop in the ocean for Xu Xiaoshou, who could return to peak performance at the drop of a hat.

Xu Xiaoji believed this was part of Xu Xiaoshou's deception to mislead and cloud his enemies' judgment.

The Great Demon King Xu would rest for a short while after materializing another lifelike person. The Night Guardian was far from his only goal.

Soon, fakes of Elder Sang, the Storyteller, Bazhun'an, Gou Wuyue, and even Ai Cangsheng came into existence.

These individuals were all the result of 'visualization'!

Xu Xiaoji had not seen most of them before. One or two of them seemed familiar, though it must have been sometime before he entered Yuan Mansion and fell into the clutches of the Evil incarnate.

Each person's idiosyncrasies: their movements, speech patterns and weapons were reproduced faithfully. Battle he would never have dreamed of occurring in

front of him.

Xu Xiaoji's worldview shattered into and the shard the fragmented world's grounds.

Bazhun'an's imitation held his sword and charged forward, shouting crazily, sky' rests above, and I, Bazhun'an, stand atop it. Who dares challenge me for the Qingju (Sword)? W'ho dares to fight me to the death?"

Gou Wuyue's imitation pulled out the famed sword, the Voice of Nulan. "I will fight you. Sword, come!"

The imitation of Elder Sang sneered, "You can't even take a punch from my handsome disciple, and you dare to fight him? Taste the power of my palm... Hali!"

Ai Cangsheng: "Damn it, my Evil Sin Bow, my Eyes of the Great Path... Gcxi, I'm willing to give up everything in exchange for the power to heal my lower txxiy."

Rao Yaoyao: "Heh, half-paralyzed man, wait for your death on the Sacred Mountain!"

Storyteller: "Brother- Brother!"

Bazhun'an: "Damn, sissy! (kit lost!"

After which, Storyteller was bifurcated neatly in two.

Xu Xiaoji was stunned.

He stared blankly at this world-shaking battle.

If this scene had occurred in the outside world, the clashing forces would have been enough to fill the sea and create new lands.

Xu Xiaoji turned his head away, not daring to watch the fight tktween 'me words that were sB)ken by those venerated added to his shcRk.

"S-so, this is the Great Demon King Xu's inner world?"

- It's over; the Shengshen continent is finished! •

"Seniors, your reputations will tarnished for the rest of your lives! "

On the other

Xu Xiaoshou was not just ming around.

While this world-shaking battle took place, he was busy painting

portraits of anyone he had seen in the past.

He discovered that they could last indefinitely as long as he supplied these 'visualized' replicas with spiritual energy.

The techniques they could also 'materialize' at the cost of their spiritual source and mental strength.

However, the energy each required was very small. Yet, the phenomena they could create was magnified exponentially.

It all depended on the artist's imagination.

For Xu Xiaoshou, who had 'Weaving Expertise' and an unlimited spiritual source, the spiritual energy needed to create a replica was negligible.

As long as he had a few attributes and gave his creations spirit-gathering arrays while he painted them, he would not even need to expend much

of his spiritual source to flesh out the details of the characters he painted.

It would increase his 'visualized' creations' chances of survival several times.

Since this world had no concept of 'copyright' (or at least Xiaoshou thought so), he could paint more who would make waves in the world as he gained proficiency in 'Visualizing'.

'Perception' gave Xu Xiaoshou an impeccable memory.

He could even copy every person's subtle expressions and actions.

He had often observed the people and objects around him as a dutiful wallflower, staying in the background and doing nothing else; acting was his only recourse to drive away his loneliness.

Now that the stage was his, how could he let go of this opportunity to perform with his co-stars? Everything had to be perfect.

In the end, he 'visualized' so many things to the point of exhaustion. Sprawled on the ground with his breaths billowing like a forge, Xu Xiaoshou smiled, a manic glint in his eyes.

“He is insane!”

“On the day that he brings me, Xu Xiaoji, out of seclusion, this world will tremble!”

Chapter 774: Awakening! Feast!

‘Drawing Expertise’ was too powerful!

Xu Xiaoshou had already expected that the expertise passive skills would overturn his combat system.

However, he had never expected that the expertise passive skills would overturn his combat system so completely.

‘completely, it’s a brand new path...’

‘Xu Xiaoshou thought of his identity as the demi-saint’s descendant.

The number of times this “Xu Deye’ had made a move could be counted on one hand.

A large part of the reason was, of course, because ‘Xu Xiaoshou’ had too many unique features.

Once he made a move, it was very easy for others to lock onto his identity.

For example, he had previously used the Master Physique, Master Sword Intent.

Once these two features were revealed, the Night Guardian even dared to directly lock onto him, not to mention other iconic things like White Flame and Ice Lotus.

Therefore, “Young Master Xu” had been hiding it all this time.

Either his words offended people or he used his background to crush them.

Or he used his newly recruited subordinates to beat people up.

For example, Xiao Wanfeng, and Xiao Wanfeng...

However, one Xiao Wanfeng was too little to be enough.

The reason why he was able to take actions in the heaven geomantic battle was because Xu Xiaoshou held Xiao Wanfeng’s lifeblood and used a little trick to force this guy’s agility to the extreme.

However, there were still limitations.

For example, when he met a true master, Xiao Wanfeng could only hide.

Just like the late-stage of the heaven geomantic battle, Xu Xiaoshou had no choice but to personally fight against Luo Yin of the sacred physique.

The appearance of ‘painting mastery’ perfectly solved this problem.

Xu Xiaoshou felt that as long as he spread his thoughts on this brand new battle system, it was basically enough to fight against his peers.

The Imperial City trial was just a battle between a bunch of young Innate (stage) cultivators. How could there be an enemy that could not be resolved by someone who was 'Drawing Expertise' ?
If he really could not handle it, he could just summon Bazhun'an at random.

It was so scary that it could scare those young rookies out of their wits!

He came back to his senses.

"Passive Points: 399,467."

The remaining Passive Points were no longer useful. Xu Xiaoshou did not plan to draw again and decided to use them on awakening.

This was because an Awakening Stone now required thirty thousands Passive Points.

This was about the number of ten consecutive awakenings.

"hope I can get one."

Xu Xiaoshou prayed sincerely.

Last time, he had done a wave of ten consecutive awakenings and left the "Close-bounds Force Field". In the end, he still had two Awakening Stones left.

This was a small trick.

Xu Xiaoshou originally thought that if he did not mention it and did not pay attention to it, the Passive System would ignore this bug and would not notice it.

However, when the system upgraded this time, the two Awakening Stones that he had secretly left behind were still sacrificed!

"Damn it..."

This meant that when one's cultivation level was low, they would swish the Passive Points and then buy the Awakening Stone and Passive Key at a low price. They wouldn't use it after they had a breakthrough in their cultivation level and would only use it after the system upgraded.

-~ this is not feasible!

The system's logic was too strong and didn't give him a chance at all.

Xu Xiaoshou could only give up being sneaky and stop fighting against it.

"Come on!"

With third hundred and ninety thousand Passive Points, Xu Xiaoshou didn't believe that he wouldn't be able to awaken even one of them... Pooh Pooh Pooh, the words of a child are fearless, the words of a child are fearless.

"What's good to be awakened?"

He got rid of his flying thoughts and fell into deep thinking.

'Xu Xiaoshou faced the group of extended Passive Skills and fell into hesitation.

He had already awakened the Passive Skills that he felt were powerful.

Right now, he could only use Perception, Transformation, Toughness, and Transition. These four Passive Skills had not awakened yet.

It was not that they were not strong.

It was just that Xu Xiaoshou could not imagine what the effects of these Passive Skills would be after they were awakened.

Very soon, after some thought, he was the first to rule out Transformation and Toughness.

This was because these two skills were sufficient at the moment.

They had extra Passive Points, and he would immediately top them up. If the Passive Points were scarce, they would be placed at the back of the leveling party.

But “Perception” and “Transformation” were different.

‘These two were very powerful!

They were both practical and practical!

Xu Xiaoshou was hesitant. He felt that “Perception” had followed him for longer and wanted to awaken “Perception”, but he had no idea where to awaken it.

He couldn’t predict it at all!

“Predict the future?”

“Predict danger?”

“Expand the range of Perception?”

It shouldn’t be...

Even if it was, Xu Xiaoshou felt that he could develop “the Eye of Heaven”. “Perception” also had whim, and the current “Perception” range was enough.

So if he could, he wanted other abilities.

But “Transformation” was different.

This thing was too amazing.

It gave people a feeling that after awakening, it would be more helpful in actual combat.

Xu Xiaoshou hesitated for a long time and stopped further hesitation.

“What are you afraid of?”

“Only children make choices. I’m an adult so I want all!”

He regained his confidence and felt that his nearly four hundred thousand Passive Points could awaken four Passive Skills in the past.

Why hesitated?

“Thank you “Perception” for waiting for me. Once I had my night with “Transformation” I will come to you! Definitely!”

Xu Xiaoshou locked onto his target and turned around to buy the Awakening Stone from the store.

Since his petty thoughts were useless, he did not need to buy it ten times in a row.

He bought one at a time, then bound it to the passive skill “Transformation” and threw it into the Awakening Stone.

Pa.

“awakening failed!”

As expected...

It really went into the nothing.

The corner of Xu Xiaoshou’s mouth twitched, but he was not discouraged and continued with the next one.

Pa.

“awakening failed!”

Again.

Pa..

“awakening failed!”

“E*ck...” this time, Xu Xiaoshou could not take it anymore. He punched at the ground, and this punch shattered the ground into pieces.

He felt that the ground should be renamed as the Passive System.

In just a few breaths, ninety thousand Passive Points were gone?

This wasn’t a f*cking game, it was a game of heartbeat!

Close to one hundred thousand Passive Points. If it was used to level up, it would be a Sovereign (stage) Passive Skill.

‘Xu Xiaoshou had to consider whether it was worth it or not.

These shining Passive Points had been sacrificed by him just like that...

Were those Passive Points?

Those were all sons!

“Huff, huff, calm down, calm down. The time for leveling up has passed. If I really use an Awakening Skill, the boost of combat strength will definitely not be comparable to the remaining Passive Skills of the Sovereign (stage) .”

“So what if four hundred thousand goes down the drain?”

“This time, I, Xu Xiaoshou, will compete with a dog like you... Hmm, Dad ~”

Xu Xiaoshou exchanged for another Awakening Stone with no expression, bound it to “Transformation’, and threw it into the pool.

“Awakening successful!”

“Transform (Awakening: Feast) !”

E* ck.

It’s out!

Calling it “Dad” was effective!

Xu Xiaoshou’s eyes were about to pop out of their sockets. He stared straight at the information bar, at the newly appeared words “Feast”, and his heart almost jumped out of his chest.

“Calm down, calm down.”

“It’s just a mere Awakening Skill. It’s not worth dying from excitement.”

“Feast. What’s the function? A skill that allows you to feed yourself?”

Although the name was somewhat unexpected, Xu Xiaoshou did not think that this was a skill that allowed him to feed himself.

If he really wanted to feed himself, he could also twist it into a battle.

For example, eating people.

“Dry it?”

He stood calmly.

Xu Xiaoshou looked around and saw that there was no one around. Suddenly, he spread his legs and widened his eyes in anger. He pointed one hand at the sky and the other at the ground. He roared, “Feast!”

Damn, so shameful.

This name was not suitable to intimidate the enemy.

Xu Xiaoshou came to a realization. Then, he used his spiritual senses and pointed out the Awakening Skill.

“Roar”

A low roar came from behind him.

Xu Xiaoshou was stunned. His “Perception” could clearly see that there was a ferocious beast head on his back like a berserk giant.

However, the similarity between the two was only the condensed form of energy.

The difference was that this Taotie Beast Head was only the size of a millstone.

Although it was big enough compared to the head, it could only be used as a background board to hang on Xu Xiaoshou's back.

The Taotie Beast Head was completely red, full of red light of thirst.

It had a huge mouth, and its tongue drooped out, drooling.

However, when the saliva dripped from the beast's mouth, it would turn into energy and disappear.

"Is it really for food?"

Xu Xiaoshou's face stiffened.

At this moment, he keenly realized that after the Beast Head was summoned, the Spiritual Source in his body was actually decreasing at a crazy rate.

This decrease in speed was something that even the Sovereign (stage) Eternal Vitality couldn't withstand.

"What the hell is this?"

Xu Xiaoshou was shocked.

The Sovereign (stage) Eternal Vitality was even enough for him to continuously take the easy way out as long as he didn't continuously use the "take the easy way out" and split the Spiritual Source's recovery time in the middle.

This Taotie Beast Head consumed so much?

"It's definitely not used for food. Since this thing consumes so much Spiritual Source, it must be even more terrifying!"

Xu Xiaoshou pondered and felt something. He commanded the Taotie Beast Head to swallow forward.

"Roar!"

The scarlet Taotie Beast Head could not be too far away from its body, but there was no target in front of it. It could only close its mouth to the void.

"Gulp"

It swallowed a large amount of heaven and earth element and vitality spiritual energy in its bloody mouth.

At this moment, Xu Xiaoshou felt that the spiritual energy in his sea of Qi had increased slightly, but this small inflow could not make up for the consumption that was still greater than the replenishment.

However, after this experiment, Xu Xiaoshou completely understood the use of "Feast".

"Transformation!"

"This is the ability to transform directly!"

He was so excited that he was trembling.

The Taotie Beast Head could swallow anything and transform it into the energy it needed to immediately replenish the nutrients needed by the body?

“It can only swallow energy?”

Xu Xiaoshou didn't think so.

He took out a handful of Elixirs and threw them back.

But this time, before his mind could move, the Taotie Beast Head automatically opened its mouth and closed it.

“Gulu ~”

Elixirs didn't even need time to transform. They turned into pure spiritual source and entered the sea of Qi.

“Energy can be used as well!” Xu Xiaoshou's eyes lit up. “Also, passive attacks doesn't need to be commanded?”

He now understood the use of this “Feast”.

No wonder the consumption was so huge.

This thing was summoned in battle. It was used to swallow the attack and covert attack of enemies from all directions.

“Xu Xiaoji!”

At the thought of this, Xu Xiaoshou immediately jumped in front of Xu Xiaoji.

Xu Xiaoji had already returned to his normal state. There were still many world-leading experts strolling around in the Yuan Mansion world, so he couldn't be bothered to pay attention to them. He only counted and placed the amber juice as usual.

He turned around when he heard the sound.

But he was almost scared out of his wits by the ferocious beast head behind the Great Demon King Xu.

The Great Demon King Xu didn't intend to hide his identity as the Grim Reaper anymore?

Even this dark object was displayed?

“Lord Shou?”

Xu Xiaoji suppressed his beating heart.

He kept feeling that the thing behind the Great Demon King Xu was exuding a strong desire for him.

Desire for what?

Xu Xiaoji didn't know.

But his subjective guess was that it should be everything... including his physical body and soul!

“Hit me.” Xu Xiaoshou said excitedly.

“Again?” Xu Xiaoji was about to cry. I don’t dare to..

“Don’t attack me with your physical body this time. Use energy to attack me,” Xu Xiaoshou said.

“Energy?”

‘The Great Demon King Xu was deep in thought as he stared at the scarlet Beast Head on the Great Demon King Xu’s back.

So, he was here to test out a new move?

‘Where did you get this strange move?

He calmed his heart and threw a punch.

Spiritual energy churned in the air, and a powerful black cutting power slashed out. There was no other terrifying momentum, but the strength of the attack was more restrained.

Xu Xiaoshou raised his eyebrows.

This attack method was beyond his expectations.

He didn’t react.

When the black cutting power similar to sword energy arrived behind him, as expected, the Taotie Beast Head behind him thrust forward and opened its mouth to swallow it.

“Burp!”

Xu Xiaoshou suddenly burped, full of shock.

It was a direct conversion!

His energy reserve Spiritual Source had been depleted to only 50% .

After this attack, it rose back to 70% !

One had to know that he was only at the cultivation level of a Master (stage) .

The energy of a Sovereign (stage) attack was far greater than the tolerance of a Master (stage)’s energy reserve.

At the same time.

The attack of a Sovereign (stage) was destructive to a Master stage’s Sea of Energy Reserve.

However, after the transformation of the Taotie Beast Head, the damage was gone.

Moreover, the attack had tuned into pure energy. Although there was a loss of energy, the replenishment was still extremely exaggerated.

“This is the highest level... transformation?” Xu Xiaoshou was amazed.

The “Transformation’ of the extended passive skill could only balance the energy in the body and absorb the attack energy.

But to swallow all the energy in the world and use it on one’s own body?

“How Strong is it?”

Xu Xiaoshou was keenly aware of this question.

What if it could even swallow the higher void (level) attack?

“Hiss ~”

His mind instantly went blank.

Xu Xiaoshou realized the key point.

Either the Taotie Beast Head swallowed the attack and he died from the energy surge.

Or the Taotie Beast Head couldn't swallow it and he was crushed by the higher void (level) attack.

But no matter what, after such a transformation, the attack power would definitely be greatly reduced!

“The attack of a Sovereign (stage) can be swallowed directly and tuned into pure energy without feeling any damage at all.”

“Even if the higher void (level) attack can't be blocked, it can at least reduce some of the attack power, right?”

eTecin Dieede fee meteanVies a iin cL fee dof le

Translator: Nyoibo Studio **Editor:**

Nyoibo Studio

“Passive Points: 279,472.”

This was unexpected.

After finishing his awakening, he still had so many Passive Points left.

Xu Xiaoshou originally thought that he would lose all his underpants after his awakening.

However, after this seclusion, he obtained far more than he had imagined.

Level-up, lucky draw, awakening..

‘This wave of increase in combat strength was something that he had never dared to imagine before entering seclusion.

He felt that even if he relied solely on his own methods, as long as he didn't encounter a Path Level Sovereign (stage) , he would still be able to crush him with his comprehension of the Great Path. Basically, he would be able to destroy him with a flip of his hand.

“The Dual Sovereign's Sect isn't a joke.”

“Furthermore, I still have so many passive techniques to protect my body...”

Xu Xiaoshou muttered to himself and began to think about the necessity of continuing to awaken.

It didn't seem very big?

The three to four hundred thousand Passive Points that he had originally reserved were prepared for awakening a passive skill.

Now that the awakening had been brought forward.

'An awakening skill had appeared out of over one hundred thousand.

He felt that he had used up all of his good luck.

If he were to take another gamble, he would either lose everything or awaken another skill that he didn't know the direction of.

He felt that the possibility of the former was even higher..

Previously, he had wanted to awaken both 'Transformation' and 'Perception'.

However, since he had done it in advance, why didn't he take advantage of the fact that the system could not react in time to properly use the remaining Passive Points to level up and apply them to the Passive Skills, catching the system off guard?

"two hundred and seventy thousand Passive Points, two stable Passive Skills for the Sovereign (stage) , or take a gamble on an unknown fate?"

Xu Xiaoshou only hesitated for a moment before he made up his mind.

Good luck would not favor a fool.

He had obtained enough from the lottery and awakening this time.

However, there were still two Passive Skills that he wanted to obtain at the Sovereign stage even though he had dragged it out until now.

"Agility" and "Sharpness"!

One would increase his reaction speed and movement speed in all aspects.

'An attack-type Passive Skill that was not inferior to "Strengthen".

He had wanted to try it for a long time. What was the difference between the "Sharpness" of the Sovereign stage and the previous one.

"Come!"

Thinking too much was useless. Xu Xiaoshou spent two hundred thousand Passive Points to buy a Level Three Skill Point.

"sharpness (Master (stage) Lv.1)

"Sharpness (Sovereign (stage) Lv.1)

"Agility (master (stage) Lv.1)"

"Agility (Sovereign (stage) Lv.1)"

'There were no big changes.

After activating the Passive Skill, Xu Xiaoshou looked at his body from top to bottom.

With the “Strengthen” of the Sovereign stage, even if “Sharpness” was on the Sovereign (stage) , he didn’t feel that there was anything special about it.

As for Agility, it was completely hidden.

Xu Xiaoshou looked tentatively into the distance.

This time, he didn’t use “Ascending to the Heavens in A Single Step”, but in an instant, he fell from the far east of the Yuan Mansion world to the far west.

“So Fast...”

He looked back in shock. With his “Perception”, he could see that under the high speed of teleportation, the afterimages gradually disappeared and landed on the ground.

This was too fast!

Agility at the Sovereign stage was still a Passive Skill. It did not seem like it was a movement spiritual technique that one had to take the initiative to use.

This meant that...

There were no restrictions. Wherever he wanted to go, he would go!

“There’s also ‘Sharpness’. Let’s try it too...”

With his thoughts in mind, Xu Xiaoshou put his two fingers together and gently slashed at the air.

Sizzle

A black line appeared.

With 10 Sections of the Finger Sword and the “Sharpness” of the Sovereign (stage) , he could actually cut open space with just his physical body.

“This!”

Xu Xiaoshou was scared out of his wits.

He felt that even the sacred physique could not do this.

This was because the sacred physique was meant to activate bloodline power. Its super strength was mainly displayed in its high defense and large-scale destruction.

Similar to cutting and single point damage, it was far from being comparable to his “Sharpness” and Finger Sword.

But it could also be because he was ignorant..

After all, he had not seen many sacred physique and did not know the uses of the various sacred physique.

However, Xu Xiaoshou felt that his “Sharpness” and “Strength” alone were enough to create a sacred physique with special effects.

And this was what demi-saint's descendant, Xu Deye, needed.

"Impeccable!"

After strengthening himself to this point, Xu Xiaoshou felt that he was truly impeccable.

Before entering seclusion, he still had many weaknesses.

After entering seclusion, these weaknesses were infinitely reduced, and his own strength was infinitely magnified.

"I still have 70,000 passive points..."

Xu Xiaoshou looked at the remaining passive points and pondered for a moment before choosing to give it his all.

He spent 30,000 to exchange for an Awakening Stone.

"awakening failed!"

He spent another 40,000 to exchange for the Passive Key.

Crab, crab, thank you for your patronage*4.

Four consecutive kneels!

He didn't even get another "Spoonful"!

"As expected..."

Xu Xiaoshou's mouth twitched, and his expression changed slightly.

His good luck was indeed squeezed dry.

"Passive Points: 9,472."

If he rounded it up, the remaining number was equivalent to zero.

He couldn't do anything.

At this point, the millions of Passive Points were finally used up by him.

And this time, Xu Xiaoshou's Yuan Mansion seclusion had improved by more than a little.

"It's time to go out..."

He calculated the time.

He had stayed in Yuan Mansion for too long. It would probably be one or two days.

Ninety-nine percent of the time was spent on comprehending the expertise Passive Skills.

In the past, he didn't need such a large amount of time to level up.

But comprehending the Way of the Heavens was like cultivating in the mountains.

Fortunately, he didn't close his eyes and the time passed in the blink of an eye. Otherwise, Xu Xiaoshou felt that he would cry himself to death after coming out of seclusion.

The wonderful world is still waiting for me!

"I wonder what kind of transformation the outside world has undergone over the past two days..."

Finally, he looked at the Passive Skill bar and reviewed the results of his seclusion. Xu Xiaoshou's figure gradually disappeared from the world of Yuan mansion.

Fundamental Passive Skills:

Breathing technique (Master (stage) Lv.1)

Eternal vitality (sovereign (stage) Lv.1)

High Spirits (sovereign (stage) Lv.1)

Extended Passive Skills:

Strengthen (Sovereign (stage) Lv.1)– Raging Giant!

Recoil (Master (stage) Lv.1) — Exploding Posture

Agility (Sovereign (stage) Lv.1) — Ascending to the Heavens in A Single Step

Perception (Sovereign (stage) Lv.1)

Transformation (Master (stage) Lv. 1)

Stealth (Sovereign (stage) Lv. 1) — Vanishing Technique

Sharpness (sovereign (stage) Lv. 1) ~- Close-bounds Force Field

Toughness (Master (stage) Lv. 1)

Transformation (Sovereign (stage) Lv.1) — Feast

Expertise Passive Skill:

Sword Technique Expertise (Sovereign (stage) Lv. 1)

Cooking Expert (Sovereign (stage) Lv. 1)

Weaving Expertise (Sovereign (stage) Lv. 1)

Painting Expert (Sovereign (stage) Lv. 1)

Status Passive Skills:

Swallow the Mountains and Rivers (Sovereign (stage) Lv.1)

special Passive Skills:

Passive Fist (charge point: 8.82%)

Disillusionment finger (charge point: 0%)

Dongtianwang City, dusk.

The afterglow of the sunset shone on the Sky City above the Imperial City, donning a golden scale armor on the ancient majestic city that was pulled out from the spatial fragment.

Below the Sky City.

The Dongtianwang City, which was covered by the ancient city, had already entered the 'night' quite some time ago.

To other places, it was currently dusk.

To the Dongtianwang City in the past few days, nearly two-thirds of the time in the day was dusk.

The rest was all night!

'There was no day...

However, Spiritual Cultivator would only be surprised at the first moment. After that, it didn't matter.

In this bizarre world, there was no need to mention a city above the city.

Even if the sky really collapsed, it was still an acceptable thing.

People came and went on the streets.

There was an endless stream of customers in the small taverns.

'The news that Sky City was about to descend on the Yunlun Mountain Range didn't even take two days.

In just half a day, even the other four regions outside of the eastern region received the news.

"foundational roots of Saint Ascension"

Just these four words were enough to make the leaders of the various factions go crazy.

The number of visitors to the Imperial City had increased dramatically over the past few days. Even though there was a limit, the number of people staying in the Imperial City had increased by nearly a third.

In the world of Spiritual Cultivator.

Human nature hadn't been wiped out.

On the contrary, the characteristic of "good news" had been magnified infinitely.

"Did you hear? Just yesterday, another wave of terrifying factions came to the Imperial City. The Western Region, the Southern Region, the Northern Region, the Central Region, and even our Eastern Region... almost all the major factions with the ability to activate the teleportation portal of the five regions immediately sent people over."

"For the Sky City?"

"Of course!"

"But didn't the Dongtianwang City issue a restriction order? Anyone with cultivation level above the Sovereign (stage) has to go through a registration process. Those with cultivation level above the Cutting

Path (stage) and above are not allowed to enter. It's even more impossible for them to enter the higher void (stage) ."

"Hehe, these factions are all here to participate in the Imperial City Trial."

"Huh? The quota for the Imperial City Trial has long been set. Even if it's the heaven geomantic arena, there are only a few slots left in these few days. Is it enough to compete?"

"Of course it's not enough, but that doesn't stop them from bringing their clan elders into the city!" "As long as the name is 'I want to participate in the trial', even if it's someone from other regions, the Dongtianwang City can not refuse to enter. Otherwise, they will be punished by the Holy Palace."

"Tunderstand now. You pretended to participate in the Imperial City Trial for the sake of the foundational roots of Saint Ascension of the elders in the clan?"

"shh! You better shut up. It's good that you know these things in your heart. Don't say it out loud."

"Sigh, the geniuses of the Eastern Sky Realm are suffering now. Previously, they only needed to compete with the geniuses of one world. Now, it has turned into a competition with the geniuses of the five regions. Can they compete with them?"

"Tsk tsk, that's right, it's tragic!"

The various stations and taverns spread such information almost all the time.

The foundational roots of Saint Ascension had great temptation.

It also happened to coincide with a crucial period like the Imperial City Trial, so a blatant excuse was given.

Even if the imperial city was unwilling to allow high-rank Spiritual Cultivator to enter, it was afraid of causing trouble.

But now that the rules were in place, it was time for others to take advantage of the loopholes in the rules.

At this moment, a group of red-clothed and white-clothed people flew over from the north. They did not even have the slightest bit of cover as they flew directly into the Holy Divine Palace from the sky above the Imperial City.

The people of the Imperial City had seen this scene a few days ago.

But outsiders were different.

Red-clothed and white-clothed people were legends. They were basically not seen on normal days.

Since when could these two large organizations mix together and fly in batches?

"If I'm not mistaken, the woman of the red-clothed people leading the group is Sword Deity Rao?"

Outside a certain tavern, someone was shocked. Clearly, he recognized the origins of Seven Sword Deity, Rao Yaoyao.

“That’s right! The capital’s pill-conducting alchemy and spiritual array trials are about to begin tomorrow. This group of people should have come from the Yunlun mountain range. I wonder if the matters there have been settled.”The person in the tavern waved with a smile.

“The Yunlun Mountains?”The outsider clearly did not know much about them.

“Hehe, aren’t you all very curious as to why the Imperial City of the eastern sky realm is in such a state of disrepair? Actually, it is precisely because of the great battle two days ago...”

The person in the tavern sighed.

‘The arena felt as though he had just escaped death when he thought of that tragic battle.

‘When he saw the geniuses from the five regions looking over, he could not help but puffed out his chest and described the scene from that day.

“You don’t know how crazy that night was!”

“Seven Sword Deity, Rao Yaoyao, chief of the six divisions, Wang Dachui, Teng Shanhai, Saint Servant, Xu Xiaoshou, storyteller, and even a swordsman who was close to the Seven Sword Deity, who was suspected to be the Eighth Sword Deity, as well as the ghost beast, were all blown out.”

“The Eighth Sword Deity?” Some people were shocked.

Other names could be ignored, but no one dared to ignore this crucial point.

“The Eighth Sword Deity is not the most important...”

The person who started the story leaned against the bar counter and shook his head, as if he did not understand what was going on, he sighed and said, “The arena has begun. The main character of this story has to start from an Innate (stage) junior who is on par with the Seven Sword Deity.”

“Huh?”

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Someone who could fight against the Seven Sword Deity... an Innate (stage) junior?

“Who?”

“Saint Servant, Xu Xiaoshou!””

A large group of people suddenly gathered in front of the counter of the Little Wine Pavilion. They couldn’t help but feel itchy and their curiosity was piqued.

“Tell me quickly, who is saint servant, Xu Xiaoshou? I’ve only heard of Saint Servant’s storyteller, and there’s also a sleeveless... Xu Xiaoshou? Saint Servant has nine seats. What’s his rank?”

“Speaking of this Xu Xiaoshou, his background is really big...”

The old man who was leaning against the counter suddenly paused and pointed at the empty seats in the tavern. he shouted, “Everyone, sit down and listen!”

“Sit your mother, hurry up and tell me. This f*cking story ends here. Do you believe that I will chop you into pieces?” Someone was indignant.

The old man chuckled, "Order a plate of peanuts, order a jar of wine, and listen to a story. Doesn't it smell good?"

This time, everyone was stunned and came to their senses.

"Old Thief!"

"Damn it, so you're the store manager!"

"F*ck, give me a jar of wine and two catties of beef, then hurry up. It's best if you follow Saint Servant Xu Xiaoshou's Saint Statue. The last time I heard others talk about it, he said in the middle that he didn't dare to see what happened next. I'm so angry!"

"Saint Statue?"

"Yes, yes! Just sit down and listen. That Saint Servant, Xu Xiaoshou, is amazing! With his Innate cultivation level, he withstood the Red Dust Sword from the Seven Sword Deity, Rao Yaoyao. At that time, I'm f*cking excited when I heard about it back then.."

"That's called a surge of emotions, right?" Someone weakly corrected him.

"Shut up!"

"Oh, oh, then continue?"

The shop owner saw that this group of people were about to be pulled away by a customer, so he quickly called the waiter to let everyone sit down and continued his story.

In the past few days, just the grand story of 'Saint servant, Xu Xiaoshou' had already made the courier stations and taverns in the Imperial City rich.

How could they let others steal their business?

"Customers, please sit down. I will tell you a complete story. The story takes place in the most dilapidated area of the southern city district. There are also relics of a small tavern there. How about this, I will tell you about it from the Spirit Gem Trade Fair!"

Just as he finished speaking.

Outside the tavern, a group of green-robed swordsmen passed by.

"Eldest senior brother, I seem to have heard someone talking about... Xu Xiaoshou?"

"Eldest senior brother, second senior brother, I also seem to have heard someone talking about Xu Xiaoshou. is he that Xu Xiaoshou from Tiansang City?"

PS: Congratulations, EDG, for winning the championship! I almost took a leave of absence to celebrate like the others.. Fortunately, my mind was firm and I persisted in updating! Xiaoshou gets out of isolation, go, go, go!

Chapter 776: Taixiang Xu Family of the Northern Region, That's Nonsense!

"Can you not repeat what I Said?"

"I didn't repeat what you said, second senior brother. I was learning... second senior brother, are you jealous that I broke through before you? hehehe."

"Eldest Senior Brother, you don't care about junior brother?"

"Eldest Senior Brother, Second Senior Brother is angry at me!"

"You're rebelling! Do you still have a second senior brother in your eyes? !"

"I'm not rebelling! Uh, what I'm saying is that I'm not rebelling."

The sound of arguments coming from behind were simply driving people crazy.

The leader of the swordsmen in green who was holding his sword held his forehead and looked back.

"Are the two of you done? Isn't it enough for you to quarrel all the way here? No matter what you say, in the outside world, you can already be considered a king. Why are you still arguing like a child?"

"Eldest Senior Brother, I'm sorry."

"Eldest Senior Brotherr, I'm sorry."

"Good. Now that you've grown up, you don't see me as your Second Senior Brother Anymore, do you? !"

"Second Senior Brother, you're also sorry."

"That's more like it!"

swordsman holding the sword, Gu Qingyi

The three senior brothers were naturally the three brothers of the Burial Sword Tomb.

Ever since they went to the White Cave, preparing vicious sword, which turned out to almost separate the competitors from life and death while battling between Lijian Grassland and Fourth Sword. But eventually still missed the vicious sword. These three were called back to Burial Sword Tomb by the Supreme Master through extremely powerful teleportation.

Things happened after did not involve the three of them, so they were unaware of anything after.

Halfway through the mission, they were suddenly stopped by their Supreme Master. Naturally, the three brothers were also confused.

Actually, they could still fight for the Fourth sword. Gu Qingyi had not made a move yet, so they still had a chance to take down the target of the mission.

It was just that their junior brother was seriously injured, so they did not really care about the matter of snatching the sword.

After the white cave incident, the news spread. Only then did the three of them know that there was actually a Fourth sword. There was no longer a need for them to fight for it.

In the battle in the eighth palace, it was suspected that the Eighth Sword Deity had appeared.

Outsiders might not believe it yet, but Xin Wuheng and Bazhun'an did.

However, the three brothers knew about the friendship between their master and the Eighth Sword Deity.

If Bazhun'an didn't want to personally retrieve the Fourth Sword, they wouldn't have had to fight to the death. In the end, they were suddenly forced to stop the mission and were captured and brought home. However, because the mission had been terminated, they didn't know what would happen next.

Naturally.

The so-called saint servant, Xu Xiaoshou, and the other two couldn't be related to the other Xu Xiaoshou.

"Senior Rao Yaoyao is the seven sword deity. The saint servant, Xu Xiaoshou, can block the red dust sword, which is equivalent to him being able to withstand a sword from his master."

"If this really is the Xu Xiaoshou that we know, then he must have been possessed by someone else."

Gu Qingyi hugged his sword and analyzed in a soft voice.

It was precisely because their three masters were one of the Seven sword deity, Wen Ting, that they were able to better understand how terrifying the Seven Sword Deity was.

If the Saint Servant, Xu Xiaoshou, was able to withstand a sword strike from the Seven Sword Deity, he should at least have a cultivation level of the Cutting Path (stage) , right?

As for the legendary saint servant, Xu Xiaoshou, who was an Innate (stage) junior..

Hehe!

If an innate was able to withstand the sword of the Seven Sword Deity, what was the point of having a cultivation level like a Master (stage) or a Sovereign (stage) ?

Even when the Bazhun'an was at the innate stage, it was impossible for him to withstand the sword of the Seven Sword Deity!

According to the legend, it was just for fun.

"If it wasn't that Xu Xiaoshou, who else could it be?" Gu Qingsan also doubted the legend. He had fought with Xu Xiaoshou before, so he knew what this person was capable of.

If this guy could withstand Rao Yaoyao's sword, didn't that mean that Eldest Senior Brother could kill a sword deity?

"It's useless to think too much. The most important thing now is to take the quota for the imperial city trial."

Gu Qinger carried the nine swords of the sword wheel on his back, he was also analyzing the mission, "Master said that the Abyss Island is an opportunity. Not only Eldest Senior Brother, but junior brother and I are qualified to participate in this mission. Others need to bring seniors here, but we don't need them."

"That's right!" Gu Qingyi nodded. "This is not just an opportunity for me. When your strength rises, you can also fight for it. However, the difficulty of this mission has skyrocketed. The competitors we need to face are all at least at the beginning of the Cutting Path (stage), higher void (level) is considered normal."

The three of them looked solemn.
The foundational roots of Saint Ascension.

Those who might be attracted were all qualified to become saints.

And this kind of people.

Were either at the peak of the higher void (level) , only one step away from becoming a saint.

Or had extraordinary talent, and could see the threshold of the Holy Path at the Sovereign Path (stage) and Cutting Path (stage) . If one could obtain the foundational roots of Saint Ascension, one would become a demi-saint in time.

It was rumored that there was a foundational roots of Saint Ascension on the Abyss Island, and there was also a great terror.

Outsiders did not know whether these two were true or not.

But the three Gu brothers knew.

Because their Supreme Master had definitely passed.

The “foundational roots of Saint Ascension” was real, and the great terror was real.

It was just that in order to obtain opportunities, one could not be short of strength or luck.

Thinking of this, swordsman holding the sword, Gu Qingyi waved his hand and did not say anything else.

“Let’s go. First, we’ll go to the heaven geomantic arena just for the sake of going. Remember not to disrupt the harmony when fighting.”

“Then, we’ll go to the Holy Divine Palace to pay a visit to Sword Deity Rao. Just now, she has already returned from the Yunlun Mountains Range. She must have sensed our existence.”

“Finally, I heard that master siren is in the first pavilion in the sky. This is also something that we must pay a visit to. We can’t be lacking in etiquette.”

Gu Qinger and Gu Qingsan nodded and eagerly followed.

The two of them had made some breakthroughs.

However, eldest senior brother’s cultivation level was advancing by leaps and bounds. Now, even the two of them did not know what cultivation level eldest senior brother had reached.

The only thing they could be sure of was that this so-called Sovereign (stage) trial was just a formality.

The main show was still on the Abyss Island.

Among their peers, the three of them no longer had any opponents.

At this moment, junior brother, Gu Qingsan, rolled his eyes, and said with a little curiosity, “Speaking of which, Sword Deity Rao and Master Siren seemed to have made their moves that night? Legend has it that they are both only Sword Deity and in the higher void (state). Does this mean that Supreme Master is already half a step ahead...”

Gu Qinger turned his head and scolded, "Shut up! You already said that it's a legend. How can you believe a legend? Furthermore, are you even qualified to talk about the Seven Sword Deity?"

Gu Qingsan shrugged. "I'm just curious. What do you think, Eldest Senior Brother?"

Swordsman holding the sword, Gu Qingyi did not even pause in his footsteps. He said indifferently, "If you have the leisure to think about it, why don't you think about how you're going to fight back when you meet the person who defeated you again?"

Gu Qingsan chuckled.

His strength had long since returned from the sword snatching incident. He had benefited from misfortune, and his skills had improved by leaps and bounds. Otherwise, how would he dare to contradict Second Senior Brother?

"This Xu Xiaoshou is not the Saint Servant Xu Xiaoshou who can resist the Sword Deity. To put it bluntly, he is just like that. I am now the Sovereign of the Way of the Sword, and beating him is like crushing ants!"

Gu Qingsan puffed out his chest and raised his head. His dream was to contradict Eldest Senior Brother after he had argued with Second Senior Brother, and finally, to argue with his master and seize the title of Seven Sword Deity. Just thinking about it made people happy.

Gu Qinger nodded his head, and no expression could be seen on his face. "Well, all geniuses wander around on the spot, and you are the only one who is improving."

Gu Qingsan's expression froze and raised his five fingers, "Among my peers, the only one who can beat me now is just one palm..."

He paused and pressed down on three of his fingers, "Just two!"

Gu Qinger: "Hehe."

GU Qingyi: "I hope so."

"Second Senior Brother, I want to fight to the death with you again!" Junior brother was furious. He felt that he had broken through one step earlier, and now he could again.

"You've already died eighteen times. I said, I won't hold back next time." Gu Qinger didn't even care about this little junior brother who had been assimilated.

".., eldest senior brother, second senior brother is bullying me again. SOB, SOB, sob."

"shut up!"

"Oh."

Holy Divine Palace, Council Hall.

Cheng Ji sat in the main seat. He was the Hallmaster of the side hall, and he didn't need to, nor could he give up his seat to anyone else based on his position.

But this obviously didn't stop him from giving Sword Deity Rao who was famous across the Continent, a side seat that was no smaller than the main seat.

On the side seat, Rao Yaoyao didn't care about these formalities at all.

After waiting for the leaders of the hall to gather around, she went straight to the main topic.

"Three things."

Rao Yaoyao knocked on the armrest of the side seat and said indifferently, "The defense of the Yunlun Mountain Range has been set up. From now until the end of the Imperial City Trial, no one is allowed to transfer the defensive forces of the Yunlun Mountain Range in any form."

Everyone replied, "Yes!"

No one dared to turn their eyes to look at Hallmaster Cheng Ji.

Cheng Ji sat upright in the main seat, but his face was filled with embarrassment.

The night battle in the imperial city, an inescapable net, this was his idea.

From the process, this battle had indeed opened up the dark plans of the various major dark factions and dug them all up to the surface.

There was no doubt that this move of his was very accurate. It was so accurate that he had even dug out the other dark factions that he had never thought he would have to face after the arrival of the Abyss Island.

However, it was precisely because of his excessive accuracy that the outcome was somewhat unbearable.

This was because based on the outcome alone, this battle at the holy divine palace was practically fruitless.

In the end, if he ended up in the Imperial City, he, Cheng Ji, would be able to reap great credit for this huge net.

However, that mysterious person from the Yunlun Mountain Range had used an even more powerful move to summon the Abyss Island. Everyone had no choice but to return and defend.

This resulted in the final outcome being...

All the cooked ducks had flown away, not a single one falling!

The idea was Cheng Ji's.

The leader of the battle was Rao yaoyao.

Therefore, Cheng Ji had contributed greatly in this battle, but Rao Yaoyao had made great mistakes.

This great mistake that even worse than that of the Gou Wuyue's Eighth Palace, where seven hundred white-clothed people had been buried!

So many fruits had surfaced up from the water. It could be said that as long as one reached out to grab them, they would all fall into the net.

But in the end, all of the fruits floated away!

It was not an exaggeration to describe Rao Yaoyao as “incompetent in this battle.

However, everyone knew that the summoning of the Abyss Island was too mysterious. No one was prepared, and everyone was caught off guard.

In the vast world, there was almost no one who could do this in the past.

Now, everyone knew.

This was because Dao Qiongcang, the Hallmaster of the Holy Divine Palace of the Central Region, had also personally replied.

‘There was really such a person in the world who could bind the black and white veins of the Abyss Island and make everyone cooperate with his orders. Then, with great power, he could summon the main body of the Abyss Island and send it to the designated landing point.

— Bazhun’an!

“Bazhun’an is respected by the black and white veins!”

The situation inside the Abyss Island was unknown to outsiders. Dao Qiongcang had paid a great price to find out the way of the Heavens’ energy movement.

The man who was not even a demi-saint had done something that even the Holy Emperor could not do!

It was unbelievable.

It was unimaginable.

However, since things had already come to this, they could only move on.

Rao Yaoyao atoned for her crimes and performed meritorious deeds, continuing to carry out the next mission.

Cheng Ji would reward her according to her merits. Everything would be discussed after the end of the Imperial City Trial.

Therefore.

This led to an awkward situation.

Rao Yaoyao was tricked by the Bazhun’an, but she couldn’t blame Cheng Ji. After all, what Cheng Ji said was true. The last time she turned around and ran was because she wasn’t prepared enough.

However, it was true that she had to bear the costs of the mistakes, so Rao Yaoyao could only sullenly accept the punishment and continue with the mission.

Cheng Ji had done a great service, but now he was afraid that Rao Yaoyao would turn around and behead him.

Because of the night battle in the Imperial City, he felt that there was a loophole that he could exploit. A huge net could take down all the dark faction, so he began to take action.

The Snowball began to roll...

The result was that the snowball grew bigger and bigger. The situation behind the scenes became more and more complicated, making people's scalps go numb. In the end, it even affected Rao Yaoyao's plan and forced her to take action in advance.

In the end, he was one step behind. Not only did he lose to Bazhun'an, but he also let Rao Yaoyao take the blame.

This was the most terrifying thing!

"Tset up the plan. I only made one wrong step, but I received a great merit and let another person take the blame..."

If their statuses were equal, Cheng Ji would dare to claim that he was the strongest black hand behind the scenes in the world, This battle could make his name go down in history because few people on this Continent could achieve such great feats.

But it wasn't.

He was just a mere Hallmaster of the side Hall of the Holy Divine Palace.

If Rao yaoyao really wanted to blame him, the headquarters couldn't even do anything to her with one strike.

She was trembling with fear.

As if she was treading on thin ice.

This was the truest reflection of Cheng Ji's heart.

Fortunately, Rao Yaoyao didn't care about this, so she naturally didn't have any thoughts of blaming Cheng Ji.

All of her incompetence and fury was ultimately due to her own lack of strength.

She wouldn't behead Cheng Ji with a single strike.

Even if she knew that she beheaded Cheng Ji, the headquarters wouldn't even dare to give her a single harsh word.

"The second thing."

Rao Yaoyao continued to talk about serious matters, "The night battle in the Imperial City was not without results. My spies have already set their sights on the general whereabouts of the various factions that surfaced at that time. Continue to keep an eye on them. Whoever can not do this, bring your head to meet them."

It did not matter who brought their heads to meet them.
After all, they would not die if their heads were turned off.

The most important thing was...

Aspy?

Everyone was astonished.

In the battle at the Imperial City, the ones who really surfaced were the Black Hand, who was at the peak of the continent.

Even if Sword Deity Rao personally acted as a spy, it was possible for him to expose his target.

There were still people under her who had yet to appear. There were still people who could keep an eye on the whereabouts of these people and keep it a secret so that no one would notice?

Who? !

Everyone was extremely curious.

But no one dared to ask.

Sword Immortal Rao was able to give such a clue, so keeping an eye on them afterwards was not a small matter. Everyone in the hall was still in unison.

“Yes!”

Cheng Ji let out a sigh of relief.

So Sword Deity Rao had another trick up her sleeve?

Amazing!

In that case, the battle at the Imperial City would not be completely fruitless.

At the very least, they would be able to get a clear understanding of the various major dark factions and their connections.

This point was too important, and it could even affect the outcome of the upcoming battle.

As Rao Yaoyao spoke, she tilted her head and looked at Cheng Ji, who was deep in thought, and her red lips parted, “The various major factions that the imperial city has recently attracted to Sky City. I believe that there’s no need for me to remind them of what to do.”

“Naturally.” Cheng Ji nodded. He had already made arrangements.

“Alright.”

Rao Yaoyao continued, “Then, the last matter, First Pavilion in the Sky, how’s the investigation going?”

Cheng Ji raised his brows when he heard that.

He did not expect Sword Deity Rao to pay special attention to such a new faction during such a crucial meeting.

However, when he thought of what Chu Lisheng had said to him after the trade fair, and how Red Coat had speculated about the First Pavilion in the Sky, his heart settled and had a direction.

“Elder Chu.”

Chu Lisheng responded to the call. He was calm and composed, clearly well-prepared.

He looked around him and said in a solemn and serious voice,

“Hallmaster Cheng, Senior Rao, I’ve already sent people to investigate thoroughly over the past few days.”

“There’s only one big city in the northern region, and its name is Taixiang, There’s also only one small city, and its name is Tairang, so some people will misinterpret it as Taixiang. In addition, there’s also the Taixiang plain that stretches for more than three thousand miles.”

“These three things have nothing to do with each other. Other than that, there is nothing else that has anything to do with Taixiang

“Finally, none of the demi-saint factions are called the Xu family.”

Chu Lisheng’s expression turned serious and he snorted, “In conclusion, the Taixiang Xu Family of the Northern Region is nonsense!”

Chapter 777: Gou Wuyue, How Did You Receive His Sword?

‘There was an uproar in the hall.

Chu Lisheng dared to reveal this information, so he must have verified it beforehand for its accuracy.

In other words, it meant that the First Pavilion in the Sky was not a real Demi-saint faction!

Chu Lisheng stood proudly in the hall, convinced of his assertion.

He would use the First Pavilion in the Sky as an example.

This shabby faction had deceived everyone. Moreover, there were suspicions of them harbouring ties with the Saint Servant.

Now that Sword Deity Rao lacked merit...

It was no wonder events had taken a turn for the worse.

Rao Yaoyao kept silent.

After a long while, Rao Yaoyao pressed her hands against the wooden table, leaning forward as she asked, “Are you certain, Elder Chu?” Her question elicited surprise in Chu Lisheng.

“It’s true!”

Chu Lisheng answered, elaborating, “The spy I planted in the First Pavilion in the Sky informed me of Young Master Xu’s situation. He did not even have a guard at the Cutting Path (Stage) with him when he went out a few days ago. His backing can’t exceed that of a Demi-saint faction. It’s ridiculous!”

Just as he finished speaking...

Bang.

Yaoyao Rao slapped her delicate hand against the table, causing it to explode and send shards flying across the council hall. Wooden splints and sheaves of paper fluttered in the air and caused a mess.

Sword Deity Rao’s pretty face coloured in anger amidst the dust and debris.

Everyone was shocked. No one knew why Sword Deity Rao was so angry.

Cheng Ji shrank in his seat, looking like a frightened sparrow seeking comfort in the warm embrace of his chair, his eyes betraying terror and shock.

The First Pavilion in the Sky may have deceived the people of the imperial city, but it could not have deceived Rao Yaoyao!

'Why was she so angry?

Only Chu Lisheng could sense the reason for Rao Yaoyao's anger.

The female Sword Deity was not mad with the First Pavilion in the Sky but herself!

What was going on?

'Was there something wrong with her?

Was she a Saint Servant?

Before she could pursue that train of thought, her body tensed up, and her eyes narrowed. "You said that the First Pavilion in the Sky is not a Demi-saint faction, but my people say that Young Master Xu not only has the Higher Void (level) guards by his side but even the Demi-saint, one of the Seven Sword Deities, is connected to him... What do you have to say to that?"

The great hall fell into dead silence.

Shocked, stunned, and utterly mired in disbelief, such were the emotions that hung over their heads.

The Night Guardian sighed, shaking his head helplessly.

He had already dropped the case.

It had not been long since he combed the streets from Tiansang City to Dongtianwang City. His investigation turned up empty, and so he had dropped the case.

Regardless of whether Young Master Xu was Xu Xiaoshou or not, he could no longer pursue this matter.

It was too late.

Xu Xiaoshou was now the infamous 'Saint Servant, Xu Xiaoshou'.

He could do nothing else besides handing over all the evidence he collected and letting Senior Rao take over the reins.

He had made the wrong call.

The next time he met Xu Xiaoshou, it would be as enemies.

All this while, he, the Night Guardian, had been shouldering these responsibilities himself. It was too much for him to handle alone.

There were still many other things requiring his attention.

He... he could not take any more blows.

On the other side

Chu Lisheng: ???

He was still in a dazed state.

'As soon as Rao Yaoyao finished speaking, he felt his knees go soft, and his body almost collapsed on the spot.

Higher Void (level)?

Higher Void (level) guard?

A descendant of a Demi-saint faction wouldn't have a Higher Void (level) guard accompany them while travelling, would they?

'What kind of Demi-saint faction would be so extravagant as to provide its descendants with Higher Void (level) guards when travelling?

What a waste!

Higher Void (level) cultivators were not cabbages – they were scarce even in the Holy Divine Palace and Dongtianwang City!

Those old fogeys who usually did not move unless necessary were mere guards of a side hall!

Chu Lisheng's mind sank into a quagmire. He spent a long time in that unresponsive state before managing to force out a few words, "S-senior Rao, are you serious?"

Rao Yaoyao raised her eyebrows. "What do you think?"

Chu Lisheng felt his scalp go numb. He realized that he had asked a stupid question.

Why would Sword Deity Rao lie? There was no reason for her to debase herself with petty falsehoods!

Immediately, he stuttered out a response, "Young Master Xu also confronted the Demi-saint Jiang family of the Plenty Gold Company and said that he discovered the Demi-saint's birthday. Nobody has ever accomplished such a feat in the past hundred years of the Northern Region. He's been spouting nothing but lies.

At this point, even if Rao Yaoyao did not say anything, Chu Lisheng knew he had shot himself in the foot. That's right!

Even his identity was fake, so how could he still believe Young Master Xu's words?

Perhaps, he was using him to warn the Jiang clan!

Chu Lisheng's heart sank.

He had not done his job well.

Even if he wanted to make trouble for Young Master Xu, there was no getting around his Higher Void (level) guards. Not to mention Chu Lisheng's spies, even if Chu Lisheng went, he might not be able to detect the existence of the Higher Void (level) guards.

Nothing would change except a complete loss of face on his part if he publicized his inaptitude!

Failure was not an outcome the Holy Divine Palace accepted.

Neither could he shirk his responsibilities lest he draw Sword Deity Rao's wrath.

"Master Cheng, punish him afterwards!"

Rao Yaoyao took her seat. She was calmer now that she had vented. Waving her hand casually, she dismissed Chu Lisheng's following words. She already knew what he wanted to say.

The guards of the First Pavilion in the Sky were too powerful, so it was normal for them not to uncover all the faction's secrets.

Nevertheless, she felt Chu Lisheng's ability to handle delicate matters was too lacking. His very nature made him unsuitable for his line of work. Making inferences instead of pursuing the truth only did more harm than help.

It was the type of action that invited universal condemnation.

"Deploy the Holy Divine Palace's forces and go door to door to get the truth. Speak to all the Demi-saint factions in the Northern Region, including those reclusive ones, and see what you can find."

"If you can find anything related, report it immediately. We can't allow news to spread to the five regions. Send all personnel available. Don't hold back," Rao Yaoyao ordered.

Everyone in the hall listened with shock written on their faces.

How much time and resources would it take to go door to door?

Knocking on the doors of Demi-saint families was not as easy as a snap of the fingers. These were Demi-saint families – families wielding extraordinary powers and influence.

A troubled look overtook Cheng Ji's features. He, too, thought it was a tall order.

An awe-inspiring light shone in Rao Yaoyao's eyes as she said in a deep voice, "If the First Pavilion in the Sky is involved with the Saint Servant, and you can't get anything out of him, then you can remain seated in this position... forever."

"I-I got something out of him..."

She turned to look at Cheng Ji, "Unless you can make the heavens light up, I think the position of Hallmaster is about to come to an end."

Cheng Ji's mind raced.

The pros and cons of the present matter were only just becoming known to him. The implications were far-reaching.

Saint Servant...

After the battle at the White Cave, the Saint Servant was at the top of the 'White-clothed' blacklist!

No matter how much he needed to throw into investigating the First Pavilion in the Sky, it would still be worth his while since the White-clothed could reimburse him.

The identity of the Saint Servant was something that would shake the foundations of the five regions once it was confirmed.

After all, Bazhun'an, the Saint Servant's chief, was someone who could contend with Hallmaster Dao decades ago...

No!

Even Dao Qiongcang was inferior to Bazhun'an in his prime!

Yaoyao Rao pinched the space between her brows and waved her hand, "Dismissed."

"Yes."

The White-clothed and Red Coats in the hall disappeared in an instant.

Cheng Ji quickly bade farewell. He almost dragged Chu Lisheng away as he hurried off to do his work.

Rao Yaoyao was the only one still seated. She stared at the shattered remains of the table and fell into deep thought.

She had not put much stock into the First Pavilion in the Sky, but now things had changed.

It started when she learnt of the Saint Servant's growth from the Night Guardian.

It was also why she did not pursue Cheng Ji and Chu Lisheng.

Indeed.

It was not his jurisdiction.

Since it involved the Saint Servant, a dark faction, the White-clothed should handle it.

The First Pavilion in the Sky had its roots in Dongtianwang City. It must have been the work of the Saint Servant, Xu Xiaoshou, in disguise.

After a certain matter was investigated, Xu Xiaoshou jumped onto the stage in the open and publicly slapped the Holy Divine Palace in the face.

Yet, the Holy Divine Palace had not reacted at all!

Rao Yaoyao was right about one thing.

Cheng Ji was in charge of Dongtianwang City. If such a ridiculous incident happened in the imperial city, the White-clothed would be responsible; otherwise, his position would be undermined.

"Mei Siren..."

She looked out the window.

She stared at the ancient pilgrimage tower of simple design in the distance.

Rao Yaoyao frowned, thinking hard.

There was only one person she had had to be cautious of during the night battle in the imperial city.

Mei Siren!

Mei Siren had entered the arena but had not moved.

What was he thinking?

What was he going to do?

That day, the situation was urgent, and all sorts of important matters came flooding in one after another. Rao Yaoyao had no time to dabble in trivial matters, so she did not bother asking Mei Siren why he had been present.

Now that she was free, she could calm her heart and re-examine her encounter with Mei Siren in more detail.

Mei Siren was a senior, and he belonged to a generation of heroic figures from hundreds of years ago.

If one were to rank the Seven Sword Deities, regardless of strength or seniority...

You Tu and Mei Siren would rank first. Their tier was one held by seniors of that venerable generation.

The Southern Region's Feng Tingchen would place second, including the middle-aged and several old folks.

All three were figures hailing from the previous era.

Below them were Hua Changdeng, Gou Wuyue, Rao Yaoyao, and Wen Ting.

If one were to consider an eighth person to join that list...

Bazhun'an would undoubtedly fall into the third category: those were the younger generation of Sword Deities, perhaps not even middle-aged.

Still, those falling into the third tier were by no means spring chickens. They ranked fairly high on the totem pole of seniority.

A mere thought was enough for Rao Yaoyao to understand the position held by these venerable seniors of the first category.

Mei Siren had always taken a neutral stance, something that had not changed in several hundred years. Despite what was said or done, he refused to involve himself in the mundane affairs of factions and disputes between individuals.

He was only interested in imparting knowledge and teaching.

It was completely different from You Tu, who had always opposed the Holy Divine Palace.

It was why she had not suspected him at all despite his strangely timed appearance.

It could not have been a coincidence that Mei Siren entered the arena after the battle in the imperial city. Only a connection between himself and the Saint Servant, Xu Xiaoshou, could explain his appearance. However, Rao Yaoyao did not think much of it.

Which swordsman in the world had not received pointers from Mei Siren?

Among the Seven Sword Deities, the only one who had not received pointers from the Mei Siren was You Tu, but he was of the same generation as the former.

Even Feng Tingchen of the Southern Region, who was on his way to becoming a Sword Deity, must have heard all sorts of legends about Mei Siren. It was also possible that he had indirectly received some of Master Siren's inheritance.

For example, it was very likely that his Master, who was on the path of practising the Sword, did not know that his Master's Master's Master had received pointers from Mei Siren.

'That was one reason Mei Siren was respectfully called 'Master Siren' by the world.

He had been spreading the teachings of the Sword for a very long time.

For Saint Servant Xu Xiaoshou to have accomplished so much so quickly along the path of an ancient swordsman... was probably a result of coming into contact with Mei Siren and being taught by him.

Rao Yaoyao did not find it strange.

The crux of the issue was Mei Siren's neutrality.

'Mei Siren was known to impart the way of the Sword to those who wished to learn it, but he never interfered in the politics surrounding the positions of his disciples in the greater world. It was a reflection of his impartiality.

However, that night, Mei Siren showed an uncanny display of attention to the Saint Servant, Xu Xiaoshou.

"Is it because Xu Xiaoshou is Bazhun'an's heir and the new Dao holder of You Tu's path? Could he possess outstanding talent?" Rao Yaoyao hesitated.

She had seen Xu Xiaoshou's talent. It was something any teacher would take pride in. If so, Mei Siren's attention was not unfounded.

Yet, since he knew Xu Xiaoshou's position, he should not have meddled.

Mei Siren ought to know the consequences better than her.

Rao Yaoyao had never considered Mei Siren's declaration: "I, Mei Siren, wanted to enter the arena, but because Xu Xiaoshou was too strong, I was suddenly not needed, so I could only watch from the sidelines," as being remotely possible.

It was too absurd!

The only suspicious point was the level of attention Mei Siren had attached to the Saint Servant, Xu Xiaoshou, on that particular night, and perhaps his sudden revelation that he was Young Master Xu, a guest of the First Pavilion in the Sky.

The Night Guardian had provided this piece of information, and Rao Yaoyao trusted her subordinates.

Even though the Night Guardian had erroneously confirmed that Young Master Xu was not the Saint Servant, Xu Xiaoshou, it was a case of misidentification, a mistake anyone could have made under certain circumstances.

However, she, Rao Yaoyao, was different. She had a lot more on her plate and plenty of things she needed to consider.

The Seven Sword Deities had their secrets and connections to various factions, dating more than a hundred years ago.

These were not things those Red Coats at the bottom of the ladder would know.

Therefore, the Night Guardian's mistake was within a reasonable margin or error.

Rao Yaoyao, on the other hand, had to be vigilant.

She had to work on the premise that the First Pavilion in the Sky harboured suspects, acting in reserve of the Saint Servant's plans. It was a strange notion even in Rao Yaoyao's head. What could have been their aim, and what was Mei Siren's role in the whole debacle?

Although she did not want to believe ill of Mei Siren, and his history would attest to that belief, it remained a distinct possibility that he had involved himself somehow.

Rao Yaoyao hoped her conjectures were false, but only after receiving the report on the findings would she feel relieved. She felt that she was worrying over nothing and a colossal waste of money, but it had to be done.

The situation would turn serious if a connection tied the two together.

An event concerning one of the Seven Sword Deities, Mei Siren, was sure to shake the heavens and cause the seas to roil. It was the sort of event that occurred at the turn of a new age.

Rao Yaoyao pursed her lips and let out a long sigh.

Tomorrow would be the alchemy and spiritual array trials. Being understaffed, Rao Yaoyao knew she had her work cut out for her.

She did not know what other tricks were in store, but she prayed nothing else would rock the boat, not during such a sensitive period, at least.

After the Imperial City Trial, Sacred Void Island was due to descend.

"It's such an eventful autumn..."

The night wind blew, and moonlight filtered through the frosted panes.

The streets were brightly lit, and people bustled about, forming a stark contrast with the quiet Council Hall.

Rao Yaoyao, leaning against the windowsill, gently stroked the Godhood Sword. The light wind teased her hair, spiriting away a portion of her worries.

Rao Yaoyao suddenly thought of the heaven-covering sword intent that remained in the Yunlun mountain range. She was at a loss.

For a person whose cultivation level had fallen to the bottom of the weapon prohibition order, how could he still summon Abyss Island?

Not even the Holy Emperor could command such a feat...

'Was it because he was Bazhun'an?

"Gou Wuyue, how did you receive his sword?"

Rao Yaoyao's eyes misted over, reminiscing the past. It was as if she was transported back in time when the Moonless Sword Deity brought the Saint Servant, Sang Qiye, back to Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe to receive his punishment after the battle in the Eighth Palace.

"The Holy Divine Palace has schemed for thirty years to drive the sheep into a dead end. From the Central Region to the east, you brought 700 White-clothed and crossed countless realm:

"In the end, you didn't even manage to touch the hems of Storyteller's clothes whom you were supposed to arrest. Instead, you brought back the Saint Servant, Sang Qiye, of the former Holy Palace, losing 700 White-clothed enforcers in the process."

"He lost an arm and was sent to the holy prison, being forced to reflect upon his actions for three months. It was only after the new year that he was allowed to return to his duties!"

Rao Yaoyao was present at the trial.

She even felt that...

No!

Everyone present thought that Gou Wuyue would blame the losses on a 'lack of assistance'.

Rao Yaoyao had even preempted what the judges would say. Perhaps something along the lines of: "A lack of assistance" Are the Spirit Division Chief, Yu Lingdi, and the Divine Puppet not enough to be considered assistance?"

It was unexpected.

Gou Wuyue had not said a word. He was hauled off to prison without a single complaint.

Everyone was shocked.

Rao Yaoyao was also shocked.

After receiving her order to head east and witnessing firsthand, the remnant sword intent in the Yunlun Mountains, Rao Yaoyao fell silent.

"The world is the same wherever you go. I brought the chief of the five divisions and the Godhood Sword, Xuan Cang, to this place, but I can't even hand over a decent person..."

Rao Yaoyao stroked her Godhood Sword, smiling bitterly.

If it weren't for her surname Rao, she would probably be finished by now.

She looked up at the ancient city in the Sky. Much of the city wall had been pulled out, and one could vaguely see the Void Chains of Heaven piercing through the spatial fragment, restraining Abyss Island. Abyss Island's momentum was like the long river of fate; perhaps it could be delayed, but nothing could stop it.

Rao Yaoyao shook away those thoughts.

She lifted her Godhood Sword with a swoosh and flew out the window.

Although there were some things she did not want to face, someone had to step forward and take charge.

This time, her target was the First Pavilion in the Sky!

Chapter 778: Enemy Attack! Quickly Invite Master Siren!

“Young Master Xu! You’ve come out of seclusion!”

Xin Gugu immediately noticed when Xu Xiaoshou pushed open the door, appearing before the young man in a flurry of robes, astonished. He had been downstairs manning the front of the First Pavilion in the Sky.

Xu Xiaoshou had spent two days in seclusion, leaving them without anything to do. It made them uncomfortable.

Xiao Wanfeng, on the other hand, had a rare two days of good sleep. He felt that Young Master Xu had finally learnt what it meant to be ‘quiet’.

Contrary to Xiao Wanfeng’s belief, Xin Gugu and the others knew why the Young Master entered seclusion.

Xu Xiaoshou was one of the main characters in the battle of the imperial city. After drinking Holy Blood and opening the Holy Statue, there was no telling how severe the after-effects would be.

As for the main character in question, Xu Xiaoshou thought he would miss the Imperial City Trial upon entering seclusion to recover.

Who would have thought that in just two days, he would return to peak condition, his body overflowing with tenacious vitality?

“Why does it feel like you’ve grown in strength again?” Xin Gugu muttered, sizing up Xu Xiaoshou with suspicious eyes.

It was just his intuition.

Xu Xiaoshou resembled a mortal, mundane and unassuming with his unique breath restraining technique.

Not many people would have been able to see through the ruse as Xin Gugu had done. Judging from the aura surrounding the Young Master, he must have made a breakthrough.

An improvement in one’s cultivation was not unheard of after a difficult battle, more so for one involving those stronger than them.

“A little, but it’s better than nothing,” Xu Xiaoshou laughed.

‘Strengthen’ had levelled up, subtly altering his body structure and appearance. However, this change did not seem to affect his transformation into Xu Deye.

“You... seem to have grown taller?” Xin Gugu gestured uncertainly. He did not know if it was an illusion or if he had not noticed the Young Master’s growth before.

“Young... Young Master Xu!”

‘Mu Zixi hopped to his side from who knows where. Her big eyes shone, starry-eyed.

Xiao Qiong leaned towards him, her nose twitching uncontrollably as soon as she appeared.

“It smells good, it smells good...”

Mu Zixi eyed him doubtfully,

did you break through again

“You are eyeing my life force again, aren’t you?” Xu Xiaoshou rolled his eyes as he admonished his junior sister. She was making weird gulping sounds again.

It was not an illusion! Xin Gugu’s heart trembled. He felt that Xu Xiaoshou must have made a pretty large breakthrough. Otherwise, Mu Zixi would not have noticed anything different.

“I’ve been in seclusion these few days. What’s going on outside?” Taking advantage of Xiao Wanfeng’s absence, Xu Xiaoshou asked the question weighing on his mind.

“A lot has happened,” Xin Gugu replied.

Sorting through his mental list of important matters, he said, “We haven’t managed to get our hands on a jade pendant, but I know of a few people who do. It’s either that or you try your hand at the alchemy trial tomorrow... I’ve also taken the liberty of inquiring into the heaven geomantic battle. It does not look like they’ll lift the ban.”

Xu Xiaoshou patted Xin Gugu’s head and gently scolded, “I’m not the kind of person who will give up easily. I’ll do whatever it takes!”

Xin Gugu listened, slackjawed. He thought to himself, “But aren’t you”

“Is the Pill Refining Trial taking place tomorrow?” Xu Xiaoshou was surprised. Then again, it seemed about right as far as the time frame went.

“Yes,” Xin Gugu nodded and said, “Miss Xiaolian from the Plenty Gold Company has been looking for you these few days. She said your advice regarding Amber Juice worked very well and wanted to see you. I stopped her, however. She asked me to relay her message and said you should bring more Amber Juice the next time; the more, the better.”

Amber Juice... Xu Xiaoshou’s mouth twitched.

“Of course.”

Greedy the Cat Spirit had not been slacking off in Yuan Mansion. Amber Juice was one item he did not lack.

“What about the others? Did the Holy Divine Palace send anyone?” Xu Xiaoshou asked.

All the major factions were investigated after the Spirit Gem Trade Fair ended. Those that had escaped the first round of checks would probably face scrutiny now.

“They’re here.”

At this moment, Mo Mo appeared, climbing up the stairs. Her voice was calm, “Yes, they did, but it was not anyone of great import. I spoke with quite a few of them after the trade fair ended. There are no problems on that front.”

Xu Xiaoshou relaxed upon hearing Mo Mo’s assurances.

Mo Mo and Xin Gugu were veterans. It was great working with competent allies.

To remain as the ghost beast host body for so many years without being caught, he had to have had some experience in prevaricating.

He suddenly thought of something and asked, "Where are the Red Coats?"

Xin Gugu shook his head. "The Red Coats aren't around."

"They aren't?" Xu Xiaoshou was startled by this revelation.

The Night Guardian had been keeping a close watch on him, but he was not around at the moment. Something was not right.

Could he be preparing some big move?

Xin Gugu noticed Xu Xiaoshou's strange expression and laughed, "Rao Yaoyao has been busy. She brought a contingent of Red Coats and White-clothed to search the Yunlun Mountain Range and set up new defences. They haven't finished their matters yet. How could they have the time to deal with other matters?"

"I'm different..." Xu Xiaoshou was suspicious.

He felt that the Night Guardian was not someone who would give up easily. No matter how busy he was, he would find time to come over since he still harboured suspicions towards this 'Young Master Xu'. The only explanation he could come with was Master Siren's appearance. Perhaps, Master Siren had dealt too great of a blow to his psyche.

Yes... That had to be it!

Xu Xiaoshou heaved a sigh of relief when he thought of that possibility.

Master Siren had a lofty identity, and for him to testify on his behalf was an extraordinary feat already.

It was equivalent to Rao Yaoyao stepping out to say: "Young Master Xu of the First Pavilion in the Sky is not Xu Xiaoshou. You don't need to waste your time investigating him."

For a Seven Sword Deity to defend the Saint Servant with their body... No matter how suspicious the Night Guardian was, he would have had no choice but to let go of the last vestiges of doubt.

"Where's Bazhun'an?"

'When he thought of the Yunlun Mountains, Xu Xiaoshou immediately thought of Bazhun'an. With Rao Yaoyao making a move, would this masked man fall into the net?

"Who is Bazhun'an?"

Xin Gugu and the others had questions marks floating over their heads.

Xu Xiaoshou was taken aback but realized that he had made a wrong assumption.

He knew why Abyss Island appeared. Xin Gugu and the others had no idea what was happening in the Yunlun Mountain Range. It could only be Bazhun'an's doing.

Perhaps, even Rao Yaoyao did not know that Bazhun'an was the puppeteer pulling the strings.

Old Yin...

Xu Xiaoshou cursed in his heart and asked, "Did Rao Yaoyao get any results from searching the Yunlun Mountain Range?"

The moment he said this.

Xin Gugu was shocked.

Mo Mo's heart trembled.

Was the matter of Abyss Island related to Bazhun'an? Did the Eighth Sword Deity make a move?

"Nothing..."

Xin Gugu pondered for a while and shook his head, clicking his tongue, "Sword Deity Rao's expedition this time is truly a loss upon a loss."

"At the end of the Sovereign (Stage) event, the Red Coats and White-clothed troops split up. They must have grasped the final piece of the puzzle and are tracking down those people from the dark faction."

"However, all clues were erased the moment Sky City appeared."

Xin Gugu pointed up and said with a smile, "In the end, they had no choice but to return and defend against Abyss Island's encroachment from the void. They didn't even manage to catch a glimpse of the dark faction's shadow. All that effort, wasted!"

Mo Mo turned around. "You should be glad that their losses weren't too great, or you would have been the one to lose out."

Xin Gugu's smile froze, and he began to mumble in his heart: "Weren't you affected too? Can't I be happy for a while? Why'd you have to go and backstab me?"

Xu Xiaoshou felt a great weight over his mind had disappeared.

It was good news and a flurry of them, to be exact!

It made sense, now that he thought about it. Even Bazhun'an had taken action. It was good enough that Rao Yaoyao hadn't sent another seven hundred Red Coats to their doom. Otherwise, she would be repeating the tragedy Yin Bi wrought all those years ago.

Gou Wuyue himself would have found it unrealistic!

Xu Xiaoshou recalled the battle in the imperial city, how he dragged his family along with his men, and how the Red Coats and White-clothed split up, seemingly in pursuit of something.

Rao Yaoyao had a backup plan, of that he was certain.

She had the uncanny ability to lock onto the whereabouts of those she suspected.

How did she do it?

Xu Xiaoshou had always suspected that another person was watching the entire battle, but Mei Siren had said there was nothing with the rain.

The others could not figure it out either...

If no one else had been there to watch... Then, how did Rao Yaoyao, who was in the thick of things, locate the people she was chasing after?

'Was a Sword Deity that strong?

She had been locked in combat somewhere in the Central Zone. How could she still surveil the happenings in the city or what was going on beyond its walls?

Thinking of spiritual senses, Xu Xiaoshou thought of his Sovereign (Stage) 'Perception'.

Maybe, it was possible!

"Young Master Xu, why do you smell so good?"

Mu Zixi had snuck over while he was distracted. She checked her height against his and noticed that Xu Xiaoshou had grown taller.

Normal people would not have noticed, but she did because she was hyper fixated on her height.

Moreover...

The irresistible fragrance assailed her nose!

It was tempting and delicious!

'When Mu Zixi was in the Spirit Palace, it took her quite a while to get used to it, resisting this urge to sink her teeth in her senior brother.

This time, she could not resist.

'Mu Zixi reached out and touched Xu Xiaoshou's arm, wanting to pinch it.

However, the moment she did so, her finger was sliced open.

"!!!" Mu Zixi was shocked.

Xu Xiaoshou's guard was not up!

It was reasonable for him to guard against others during a big battle. However, in the First Pavilion in the Sky, how could he still be wearing his hedgehog armour? Was he trying to hurt someone?

"Did you do it on purpose?" Mu Zixi's face fell as she sucked on her fingers. She wanted to heal her wound, but she realized...

Her blood had become fragrant after she touched it!

222?

The little girl froze.

"Suspected, Passive Points + 1."

"surprised, Passive Points, + 2."

Mo Mo and Xin Gugu were also surprised...

‘Mu Zixi only brushed against Xu Xiaoshou. Why was she bleeding? It was not as if Xu Xiaoshou was a sword...’

Xin Gugu suddenly took a step forward and tried patting Xu Xiaoshou.

“Sizzle”

He deliberately wrapped a protective layer of spiritual energy around his fingertip, but it still cracked open as if he had been stabbed with a blade. Blood oozed from the wound, proof that it was not his imagination.

Xin Gugu: ???

“Doubted, Passive Points, +1.”

Seeing this, Mo Mo silently stopped...

“Cursed, Passive Points, + 3.”

Xu Xiaoshou wore a pained expression.

He had originally wanted to hide it.

It seemed the thing he was most worried about when upgrading ‘Sharpness’ had come to pass.

He had become a human sword!

“It’s over. Goodbye marriage! I’m afraid I need to find a girlfriend with a sacred physique now...” Xu Xiaoshou held his forehead, bemoaning his fate.

In the past, he had thought that once a passive skill reached the Sovereign (Stage), he would be able to switch it on and off at will.

However, reality proved that even though the system had evolved, this function still did not exist, and whether it would ever appear was anyone’s guess.

Nonetheless, there were a few exceptions. A few of Xu Xiaoshou’s passive skills had this inherent ability; otherwise, where would he have gained the confidence to raise a passive skill like ‘Recoil’?

If ‘Recoil’ were perpetually active, he would send anyone flying with a light bump; even his bed would collapse from being repulsed by his body.

“A girlfriend with a sacred physique... I have to hurry and find one...” Xu Xiaoshou muttered in his heart. He maintained his poker face and calmly said, “Roses all have thorns. They should be admired from a distance and not toyed with at one’s leisure. It may not be a good idea to touch me.”

The three of them: “...”

“Cursed, Passive Points, + 3.”

Xin Gugu’s hand trembled, and the wound healed. He said in surprise, “You broke through! What level are you at now?”

Xu Xiaoshou smiled arrogantly, “A level where I can easily crush you.”

Xin Gugu frowned, burning with an intense fighting spirit.

How long had it been since he trained Xu Xiaoshou in Yuan Mansion? Regardless of his potential or shapeshifting abilities, there was only so much improvement a person could make in so short a span. In just a month, he fancied himself capable of matching a Sovereign (Stage) cultivator so much that he could wipe the floor with them?

He was not an ordinary Sovereign (Stage) cultivator!

'Mu Zixi was also deep in thought. Xu Xiaoshou had become stronger again...

After not seeing him for two days, it was like six years had passed.

He had changed again!

He had become more than a little stronger since they last met!

Looking at herself...

My senior brother is already a Master (Stage) cultivator, and I'm still only at the Innate (Stage).

"You're useless!" Mu Zixi thought to herself.

A charming female voice appeared in her mind with a hint of mockery. "As long as you want, you can break through to Master (Stage) now... Have you decided? Why do you resist your heart's desire? Let me help you.

Mu Zixi shook her head, causing her twin ponytails to bob. She did not respond to the voice.

With his interest piqued, Xu Xiaoshou said to Xin Gugu, "Get ready. Let's see if you can take a punch from me. You'd better use your full strength. Otherwise, you might die."

Xin Gugu's eyes turned cold. This provocation came so suddenly that he almost could not suppress his bloodthirsty.

"Come on!"

"Come on."

Xu Xiaoshou raised his right hand.

Xin Gugu took a horse stance.

'The two people on the side retreated a few steps. They knew that Xu Xiaoshou was going to test his strength. It was a common practice in the past, but it had been a long time since he had last tested it. Blood energy surged in the arena. Xin Gugu used his full strength and shouted, "Bring it on!"

Xu Xiaoshou did not use his spiritual energy, relying solely on his body. Carefully, he adjusted his power and threw a punch using 30% of his full strength.

Xin Gugu noticed how Xu Xiaoshou held back and lowered his Qi and blood energy output to what he had used in past spars with Xu Xiaoshou. He did not want to send this whimsical fellow to his death. In the end...

"Boom!"

A column of air exploded out of the pavilion. The shock wave erupted in a violent counter force which should have sent Xu Xiaoshou flying. Yet, he remained unmoving.

Then, a shockwave of even greater intensity swept towards Xin Gugu.

“Whoosh!”

‘The wind howled, and Xin Gugu vanished.

‘The protective barrier around the Pilgrimage Tower shattered. It was not at the same level as the Eight Trigrams Pilgrimage Map, so it could not withstand the force of the explosion.

Moreover, the blast had occurred from within the barrier and not without. The Pilgrimage Tower’s barrier was meant to defend against external forces and not attacks from the inside.

Xu Xiaoshou’s fist sent Xin Gugu flying through partitions and walls; nothing could stop his momentum out of the First Pavilion in the Sky.

So...

Mo Mo and Mu Zixi could see the shock written on Xin Gugu’s face. His right arm had turned into a pretzel from that one punch, but in the next second, he disappeared.

It was an afterimage!

Before they could gather their thoughts, they felt their ears ring.

“Bang, bang, bang!”

A straight line consisting of Xin Gugu shaped impressions appeared on the walls, destroying several floors worth of cultivation rooms, and allowing the darkness outside to seep into the building.

Then...

“AH—In

An ear-piercing scream speaking of unimaginable pain ripped through the darkness.

Mo Mo and Mu Zixi spun around in shock.

Xu Xiaoshou chuckled, blowing away the blood dripping from his fist. It was not his. The strength of his recently improved Sovereign Physique had allowed him to blow away a ghost beast host body at the Sovereign (Stage).

Facing the two shocked gazes beside him, he said indifferently, “That was about 30% of my strength.”

Mo Mo: “...”

‘Mu Zixi:

“Feared, Passive Points, + 1.”

“Doubted, Passive Points, +1.”

“Enemy attack!”

A sharp sound suddenly came from the main door downstairs, followed by the sound of the wooden bell and an agitated Xiao Wanfeng climbing up the stairs.

“Big Sister Mo, Great Aunt Mu, it’s bad! It’s an enemy attack!”

“[I don’t know what happened, but the enemy has entered the building. I didn’t even notice... until Brother Xin blew up! Something sent him flying! What’s going on!?”

Xiao Wanfeng kept saying, “Quickly go and invite Master Siren... Uh, Young Master Xu?”

Master Siren?

Why did he not journey to the west and invite the Buddha himself?

Chapter 779: My Name Is Xuan Cang!

Night...

He had been in seclusion for two days. Many things had happened in that short span, and he wanted to get ahold of the situation.

Suddenly, his heart palpitated.

He had sensed a dangerous fluctuation through his skill, ‘Perception’.

Xu Xiaoshou ran back into the building, shouting at Xin Gugu, who was swimming in a pool of his blood.

If Xin Gugu had used his full strength, he would not have been reduced to such a miserable state.

Outside the First Pavilion in the Sky, in the direction of the Holy Divine Palace, a shocking fluctuation was vaguely transmitted.

In the past, Xu Xiaoshou would not have noticed it.

However, things were different now that ‘Perception’ had reached the Sovereign (Stage) like all of his other Expertise Passive Skills.

Having experienced a multitude of Dao principles in Yuan Mansion, Xu Xiaoshou could tell that someone at the Higher Void (level) had created the disturbance.

He could feel a shocking sword intent trained on him.

“Rao Yaoyao!”

Thought was unnecessary for Xu Xiaoshou to confirm the identity of the one whose sword intent was locked onto him.

It was none other than the ruler of the Red Coats, one of the Seven Sword Deities, Rao Yaoyao!

“She’s here

He did not need to be a genius to know why Rao Yaoyao had appeared.

Once she had settled the matters regarding the Yunlun Mountain Range, this female sword Deity would spare no effort to uncover the truth; and the first place she would look into would be the First Pavilion in the Sky.

Xu Xiaoshou had been curious to know why the Night Guardian of the Red Coats had not visited them.

Mei Siren must have intimidated the Night Guardian, forcing him to let them go.

Unfortunately, Master Siren's intervention had attracted another individual with a heaven-defying identity and strength. Rao Yao Yao had come to question him.

"Where is Liu Changqing?" Xu Xiaoshou asked those around him nervously.

Xin Gugu noticed Xu Xiaoshou's panicked state.

Although he did not sense Rao Yao Yao's sword intent, Xu Xiaoshou's appearance as if he were about to face a great enemy made him give up on the idea of going for another round.

"He hasn't arrived yet," Mo Mo replied.

"You guys hide for a while..." Xu Xiaoshou paused as he spoke.

'Whether these two ghost beast host bodies could hide from the prying eyes of the ruler of the Red Coats was still uncertain.

Therefore, he waved his hand and said telepathically, "Hide in Yuan Mansion."

'Mo and Xin Gugu's hearts trembled. They realised that something was wrong and did not dare tarry. They entered the spatial rift that opened above their heads, vanishing as if they had never been around in the first place.

"Hey, where is Brother Xin and Big Sister Mo?" Xiao Wanfeng had just arrived. He was curious to know where the other two had disappeared.

"They have gone to do some work," Xu Xiaoshou answered vaguely. He did not want to reveal too much.

Xiao Wanfeng did not care about the small details, an urgent look colouring his expression. "Young Master Xu, there are enemies.

"I know there are enemies around, but you aren't qualified to join in on the fun. Go to sleep." Xu Xiaoshou waved his hand, dismissing him.

Xiao Wanfeng let out an "Oh." He thought to himself, "Young Master Xu would have had to be blind to miss such a big hole in the wall... I guess it explains how he knows have infiltrated."

Mumbling to himself, Xiao Wanfeng noted that Young Master Xu appeared different, but not by much, leaving as instructed.

He originally wanted to go back to sleep. In the end, he thought of how he had been taking advantage of Young Master Xu's absence to kick back and relax. As someone serving the Young Master, he ought to take some initiative.

Thus, he endured the feeling of drowsiness and ran to the main entrance, resuming his vigil.

Xu Xiaoshou naturally saw this and did not say anything more. He allowed Xiao Wanfeng to work overtime. This king scroll...

'Mu Zixi, who only had the appearance of a curious child, was still puzzled. "Young Master Xu?"

“Rao Yaoyao is here. Let’s go back to the house. She shouldn’t be looking for you or me,” Xu Xiaoshou explained, something he usually did not do.

Rao Yaoyao?

‘Mu Zixi’s heart tightened, and her small mouth opened and closed. She was afraid that if she said anything now, others would hear it, so she kept her thoughts to herself, returning to her house.

“Received Concern, Passive Points, + 1.”

Xu Xiaoshou also returned to his room.

He did not think that Rao Yaoyao was here to look for him, or at least he hoped so.

A giant of her level had no reason to come knocking on some small fry’s door.

‘The Night Guardian must have reported the unusual relationship between ‘Young Master Xu’ and Master Siren to the higher-ups of the Palace, startling them.

‘As expected, Rao Yaoyao was here to look for Master Siren.

“Did I miss anything?”

Xu Xiaoshou recalled the actions and words he had spoken on the night of the battle in the imperial city. Uneasy, he entered his room and locked the door.

Events flashed through his mind at the speed of light. He put himself in his enemies’ shoes and tried to pick out flaws.

In the end, he only found a few telepathic communication lines between him and the Mei Siren during the battle in the Central Zone that could cause him some trouble.

“It can’t be that serious, can it?”

Such memories made Xu Xiaoshou’s heart skip a beat, but he soon relaxed.

The Saint Servant, Xu Xiaoshou, had shown that he had some contact with Mei Siren, but it was only a matter of a few words. Even if they were close to each other, it did not amount to much.

Master Siren was a sucker for talent; everyone knew that.

Who would not be moved by the exceptional talent of ‘Saint Servant, Xu Xiaoshou,’ in the way of the sword?

Moreover, even if he had won the people’s attention of the imperial city in the battle that day...

Xu Xiaoshou had learned that the Dragon Melting Realm could block the outside world’s perception from Elder Sang, who had entered Tiansang Spirit Palace in the past.

In theory, the imperial city’s Spiritual Cultivator could not have seen the communication between him and Mei Siren. Rao Yaoyao was another story altogether.

Still, would someone at Mei Siren’s level neglect something so rudimentary as blocking the senses of outsiders while conversing with the Saint Servant, Xu Xiaoshou? Would he give outsiders any leverage

against him?
Impossible!

“Every step is a step.”

Xu Xiaoshou lay on the bed, closing his eyes to ‘cultivate’. However, ‘Perception’ did not sound any alarms as it spied on the movements outside.

Under the starry cover of night, the void pressed down on Abyss Island with an imposing aura. At the peak of the First Pavilion in the Sky stood Mei Siren, dressed in a green robe. He had a flowing head of white hair, matching his beard and eyebrows. He had the bearing of a celestial being. With a fan in his hand, he gently waved it back and forth, peering into the void.

“You’re here.”

“I’m here.”

A red ripple created a tear in the air, from which strolled Rao Yaoyao carrying a black-green godhood sword strapped to her back. “Master Siren.”

Mei Siren was an Elder.

Even though they were both members of the Seven Sword Deities, Rao Yaoyao could not ignore the lofty status of ‘Master Siren’ and his accomplishments in the way of the sword.

Mei Siren snapped his fan shut, and an amused light twinkled in his eyes. He withdrew his gaze from the Cang Godhood Sword and looked at the woman who was standing in the air not far away. He sized her up a few times and said with a sigh, “I still remember the first time I saw you on Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe; you were just a child back then...”

As he spoke, Mei Siren stretched out his hand and appraised her. He smiled and said, “You’re still only at the cultivation level of a master swordsman.”

“Yes.”

Memories flashed past Rao Yaoyao’s eyes, her words tinged with rare respect. “I just reached the Eastern Sky Realm not too long ago. Yaoyao sensed Master Siren’s presence in the imperial city but could come and pay her respects. Yaoyao hopes Master Siren will forgive her,” She bowed apologetically.

Xu Xiaoshou, lying on his bed in the cultivation room, was shocked.

He had only known Master Siren as one of the Seven Sword Deities.

He never thought that Master Siren, who was full of peaches and plums, would possess such a lofty status.

Even Rao Yaoyao, one of the Seven Sword Deities, had to greet him as a junior would a senior?

“Am I being too rude?”

When he thought of how he used his identity as a Demi-saint’s descendant to talk to Mei Siren, calling him by name and only addressing him as ‘Master Siren’ from time to time, Xu Xiaoshou was mortified.

He only ever addressed the old Sword deity as 'Master' when he needed advice. Xu Xiaoshou immediately felt a little ashamed of how disrespectful he had been.

He felt that he was floating, floating like a fairy.

At the entrance of the First Pavilion in the Sky, Xiao Wanfeng was still standing guard, although it was already late at night.

Young Master Xu was very good to people. He rarely asked people to work overtime. He always compensated them handsomely for their services on the rare occasions he needed them to work longer hours.

Xiao Wanfeng had never met such a boss before. He felt that Young Master Xu was a good person and volunteered to work overtime.

While he was terrified of the enemies lurking in the dark, he did not want to disappoint Young Master Xu, remaining vigilant in the event he managed to spot the enemy.

Suddenly, Xiao Wanfeng felt something. He raised his eyes and looked up.

It was a moonless night with nary a cloud in sight. His eyes landed on the towering island city overhead and...

A stunning figure in red stood in the air.

"Enemy!" Xiao Wanfeng shrieked in fright. His first thought was to report the sighting to Young Master Xu, but he stopped upon realising who it was.

"Sword Deity Rao?"

He looked around, but there was no one around him, so he could not be sure if he was hallucinating.

He looked at the square in the distance outside the building. Even though he was a mortal and his eyesight was not the best, Xiao Wanfeng could see that none of the Spiritual Cultivators in the pilgrimage square had noticed Sword Deity Rao.

Even though most of these people were looking up at Sky City, their senses seemed to slide past Sword Deity Rao's figure, as if she did not exist.

Xiao Wanfeng was certain that no one could have maintained their calm if they saw the Sword Deity.

"am I the only one who can see her?"

The thought surprised Xiao Wanfeng. He felt that the people in the square were the norm.

How could a mere mortal like him see Sword Deity Rao while they could not?

"Why is Sword Deity Rao here?"

Puzzled, Xiao Wanfeng stepped forward and soon arrived at a tree near the courtyard. Leaning against it, he looked in the direction where Sword Deity Rao was bowing and saw Master Siren at the top of the pagoda.

Xiao Wanfeng's pupils lost their focus, and his pupils became larger and larger. Is this the fabled night chat between Sword Deities?"

As an ancient swordsman, how fortunate was he to witness a scene like this?

Normally, let alone Sword Deity's night chat, even the traces of a single Sword Deity were hard to find.

Yet, now...

Sword Deity Rao carried her Godhood sword on her back, hovering below Sky City as she paid respects to Master Siren, one of the Seven Sword Deities' seniors.

In the eyes of Xiao Wanfeng, the ancient swordsman, this scene would forever be engraved in his mind.

"I can do it too, one day!"

Xiao Wanfeng gripped his wooden sword tightly, growing excited. He vowed he would make it his lifelong goal.

Soon, he sighed.

"What a pity..."

Amortal's body was limited, after all.

Even though he had practised the sword with everything he had, forging a pair of eyes that could see past illusion and spy on the happenings between two Sword Deities, that was his limit. His hearing was nowhere near good enough to eavesdrop on their conversation.

He could not hear the content of the Sword Deities' night talk at all.

What a pity!

At this moment, a mysterious voice sounded, "Kid, can you see me?"

"Who's there!"

Xiao Wanfeng jumped in fright. He looked around as if he had run into a ghost.

However, there was no one beside him. He suspected that it was someone who had come into contact with the power of Dao and had hidden their true body from sight.

However, if he could see two of the Seven Sword Deities, who could hide around him?

Was it a special ability?

"There's no need to look. Look up. Do you want to listen to the Sword Deity's conversation?" The voice sounded again.

This time, Xiao Wanfeng understood.

The voice was extraordinary. It did not sound like any human language Xiao Wanfeng knew, but he could understand it without any trouble.

Up there?

Xiao Wanfeng raised his head.

Only two Sword Deities were conversing with each other. Was there a third person present?

Moreover, what was with this voice? It sounded directly in his mind...

Could it be a Spiritual Cultivator's telepathic communication?

"Who are you?"

Xiao Wanfeng did not sense any malice in the speaker and thought it safe to figure out what they wanted.

"My name is Xuan Cang!"

'When Xuan Cang's voice sounded again, Xiao Wanfeng felt the pores on his body explode, and the wooden sword in his hand began to buzz.

Xuan Cang?

Who was that?

Xiao Wanfeng indicated that he did not know such a person, but his gaze quickly locked onto the longsword on Rao Yaoyao's back...

"Are you...?"

He stared up at it, stupefied, goosebumps standing on end.

Xuan Cang?

Godhood?

The Cang Godhood Sword was one of the five great chaotic divine instruments that suppressed fate in the Holy Divine Palace. Was the sword spirit this Xuan Cang?

"Is it talking to me?" Xiao Wanfeng mumbled to himself. His immediate thought was that it sounded too outlandish to be true. Was this another of Young Master Xu's pranks?

"Young Master Xu?" He asked, pushing the thought out telepathically.

The voice was silent for a time. It seemed stunned by the question.

'When he realised it was not a prank by Young Master Xu, Xiao Wanfeng felt his heart bloom in ecstasy. The sword spirit of the Cang Godhood Sword was conversing with him!

"Yes!"

"I want to listen to the night talk between Sword Deities!"

With a buzz, his mind shook.

The sound of rushing air filled his ears and the conversation between those two lofty individuals filtered into his ear.

The Cang Godhood Sword's voice mixed in with the other two Sword Deities, "Kid, do you want to become a Sword Deity or even surpass one?"

The bewitching voice held him captive.

Even Xiao Wanfeng, who was used to big scenes, found it hard to resist, his heart beating wildly.

Heavens!

Had the Cang Godhood Sword chosen him?

'Why? Was he the legendary chosen one?

Xiao Wanfeng envisaged himself wielding the Cang Godhood Sword, stepping on Young Master Xu, and punching the Eighth Sword Deity, Bazhun'an. He felt he could not hold on any longer; his desire was too great! It was his future!

"No, you're not!"

The sword spirit's voice interjected, shattering his fantasies. "I noticed the Sword intent buried in your heart. You have just enough heart energy and barely qualify to converse with me."

"Then again, there aren't many people in this era who have earned that right."

"I want to give you a chance."

Xiao Wanfeng did not care that his dreams had been dashed. He merely asked, "Why me?"

Xuan Cang fell silent.

Lying did not seem to be a skill it knew. It calmly said, "Because the first two people rejected me."

What the hell!

The first two people rejected it, so it came to him... Was he a spare tire?

"May I ask, who are the first two people you mentioned?" Xiao Wanfeng hesitated for a long time before asking the question on his mind. Curiosity gnawed at him, demanding an answer.

Xuan Cang: "You Tu and Bazhun'an."

"Bang!"

Immediately, Xiao Wanfeng hugged his blank head, utterly speechless. It was as if his soul had flown out of his body, causing him to crash into the ground.

Was this a part of the sword spirit's recognition?

Xuan Cang had chosen him?

Had he obtained the qualifications to stand on par with the likes of You Tu, the head of the Seven Sword Deities, and even Bazhun'an, the Eighth Sword Deity/

Nervous, nervous, excited, ecstatic

Xiao Wanfeng's mood changed rapidly. No single word could express his current emotions.

If someone acts friendly for no reason, he is either a traitor or a thief. All of a sudden, this thought flashed through his mind.

No one in this world would ever dream that something like the Cang Godhood Sword could possess ulterior motives. Nonetheless, caution was the letter of the word.

voice his question, "What do you want? Am I worthy?"

Since he dared to think of such an absurd claim, Xiao Wanfeng also dared to He felt more than a little unqualified...

Xuan Cang: "You are worthy! I only have one request. Come to Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe and find me. After becoming the sword-bearer of the Divine Sword, kill the other sword-bearer with four swords for me.."

Chapter 780: Denouncing the Enemy? This Old Sword Deity Shall Teach You How to Behave!

Something sounded in his ears.

'There was a trace of uncontrollable anger and determination in Xuan Cang's voice.

It was very similar to a child's frustrations, bullied and beaten all through their youth. Upon the child's return home, he wanted his father to vent his anger on his behalf.

Thinking of this, Xiao Wanfeng hurriedly stopped, his body drenched in a cold sweat.

"Xiao Wanfeng, oh Xiao Wanfeng, you have some nerve going to your father for help! Have you lived too long?" He scolded himself quietly.

Xuan Cang, the sword spirit of the Cang Godhood Sword, had chosen him. It was something out of his wildest dreams.

Xiao Wanfeng mulled over the other party's request and vaguely felt he understood something.

'As the sword-bearer of the Fourth Sword, the night Saint Servant, Xu Xiaoshou, had surpassed the Cang Godhood Sword by a grade and become too strong for it to absorb energy, causing it to starve. Beggars can't be choosers, which seemed like the predicament Xuan Cang had found himself.

It was an extremely childish thought.

Whether or not that was the truth, Xiao Wanfeng had reservations.

Yet, listening to Xuan Cang's tone...

If there was even a tiny possibility...

He was only saying 'if.

Xiao Wanfeng felt that, if it was as he thought, then the Saint Servant, Xu Xiaoshou, was too strong. How could he force the Cang Godhood Sword into such a desperate state?

Everyone needs a sense of self-worth.

Xiao Wanfeng knew his limits.

Master Siren would not have spared him a second glance with his meagre talent. Why would the Cang Godhood Sword choose him?

Moreover, Rao Yaoyao had the sword strapped to her back. She was one of the Seven Sword Deities!

Standing opposite her was Master Siren, a venerable senior who shared a similar title as Rao Yaoyao.

Why did Xuan Cang choose him?

Was he that important?

Suddenly, Xiao Wanfeng recalled what the black-green sword spirit had said. Anxious, he asked, "Senior, from what you said, other than You Tu and the Eighth Sword Deity, no one else in this era can communicate with you?"

Xuan Cang: "Yes."

Xiao Wanfeng did not know what to say. It was as he had expected...

He had taken it for granted. Sword spirit Xuan Cang was desperate for food. It was not as if he were some prophesied 'chosen one'.

Xuan Cang: "You are the third."

Crack.

Xiao Wanfeng stood stock-still, petrified.

It only lasted for a moment, but it felt like aeons to Xiao Wanfeng. His lips quivered, his eyelids twitched, and his fingers jolted in their sockets.

Aside from the hand holding on to his wooden sword, Xiao Wanfeng's whole body convulsed.

Hu"

After a long while, he released a heavy breath. Xiao Wanfeng regained his calm and solemnly replied in his mind, "Senior, please wait for me."

He said a lot of other things.

Unlike most people, after being chosen by the godhood sword, he excitedly asked, "Why do you have to wait for me to go to the Sacred Mountain? Can't you acknowledge me as your master now?"

Xiao Wanfeng always had strong opinions, but not without a healthy dose of self-awareness. He had always been this way for more than ten years.

He knew that Sword Deity Rao was on a mission.

The Cang Godhood Sword would not have been brought out of the Holy Divine Palace for any other reason.

Compared to those lofty beings and the power commanded by Xuan Cang, Xiao Wanfeng knew he was no different from an ant. He could not muster the slightest hint of his combat strength.

For the Cang Godhood Sword to lower itself and speak to someone like him was already its greatest shame. It would not be wise to test the sword spirit's bottom line.

As the sword spirit had said, he was the third person with qualifications to speak to it in this era – it did not necessarily mean he would be the last.

Xiao Wanfeng knew he was not You Tu's match in cultivation. After all, You Tu was once the Hallmaster of the Holy Divine Palace.

He held no delusions of his talent. Xiao Wanfeng did not have Bazhun'an's aptitude and could not compete with the latter's achievements, becoming a user of the Godly Three Breaths at the Innate (Stage) and a Sword Deity three years after.

He had spent more than ten years just cultivating his sword and comprehending the Nine Major Sword Techniques.

He was no genius, and perseverance was the only trait he had worth mentioning. Perhaps it was why Xuan Cang chose him.

Xiao Wanfeng was not like You Tu or Bazhun'an, who would reject the Cang Godhood Sword.

Only a fool would squander such an opportunity!

He did not know the story between Xuan Cang and the other two, but if he were to hazard a guess... Well, You Tu did not need it, while Bazhun'an had Viscious and his other four swords.

Xiao Wanfeng doubted that either You Tu or Bazhun'an had received Xuan Cang's acknowledgement in their youth.

Otherwise, neither of them would have been able to reject this great temptation.

He was different, however.

Rao Yaoyao had invited You Tu out of the Holy Divine Palace, carried the sword to the First Pavilion in the Sky, and visited Master Siren.

At the same time, he decided to work the night shift because it was a spur of the moment.

A series of coincidences had led Xuan Cang to his doorstep. The sword spirit had not influenced the situation at all.

Master Siren had not taken him in as a disciple because he wanted Xiao Wanfeng to walk his own path.

Swords were not the same.

A swordsman must give and receive a sword's acknowledgement to support each other mutually. There was no distinction between the primary and the secondary in their relationship; they certainly did not follow a strict hierarchy like a master and disciple.

Just like how Bazhun'an and Xu Xiaoshou had four swords, I, Xiao Wanfeng...

At the thought of this, the corner of Xiao Wanfeng's lips lifted slightly. He did not pursue that train of thought.

He felt his name alone could not match up to the Cang Godhood Sword's reputation; even Xuan Cang's use of 'Zhi' sounded blasphemous in his ears.

Nevertheless...

"That's acknowledged m

Under the night sky, Xiao Wanfeng's eyes lit up. He looked up at Sky City. He felt he could see the beginnings of the Holy Path he would tread, and it was not through Young Master Xu's encouragement or Master Siren's praise.

In the end, it had boiled down to a single acknowledgement from Xuan Cang, the sword spirit of the Cang Godhood Sword.

The former two's words rang hollow when placed side-by-side with Xuan Cang's approval. Perhaps they even felt disdain for him in the depths of their hearts, paying him lip service as a means to soothe him. Only Xuan Cang, the spirit of the Cang Godhood Sword, truly believed his Dao was comparable to Bazhun'an and You Tu.

It was a path with no end in sight, the pinnacle of which was the dream every swordsman yearned to achieve.

The night wind blew, and leaves rustled in the trees.

The young man's shabby linen clothes fluttered in the wind.

The sixteen-year-old youth still had a hazy understanding of the world.

"Can I do it?"

Xiao Wanfeng paused for a long time before pinching his cheeks and giving them a sharp twist.

He felt his face heat up, but it was not enough.

He clenched his fists until his fingernails bit into his palm.

He opened his hands. There was blood.

Xiao Wanfeng smiled.

"It hurts.

In the air...

High up amidst the clouds, the two Sword Deities were unaware of the secret communication between Xuan Cang and Xiao Wanfeng.

After a short exchange of pleasantries, the two went straight to the point.

"Sword Deity Rao's visit this time shouldn't be just a simple visit now, is it?" Mei Siren smiled. "Let's us not beat about the bush. Why is the Holy Divine Palace looking for me?"

Rao Yaoyao's expression turned solemn. She did not mince her words and asked, "Did Master Siren enter the hall back then to help the Saint Servant, Xu Xiaoshou?"

"Oh?" Mei Siren remained expressionless. He stopped fanning himself with his delicate folding fan, his smile fixed firmly on his face. "Do you think this old man and You Tu stand together?"

His words carried with them a unique rhythm, punctuating the air and weighing heavily over Rao Yaoyao's shoulders.

Rao Yaoyao was a little stunned when she heard this.

She did not rush to clear her name. Instead, she pondered for a while and then arrived in front of Mei Siren.

"Yes!" She answered.

Xu Xiaoshou, who was sleeping under the covers in the cultivation room, and Xiao Wanfeng, standing guard at the entrance downstairs, sensed a change in the atmosphere.

The two people chatting and laughing had suddenly turned hostile.

'Standpoint' seemed to be a very sensitive topic.

Were Mei Siren's decisions enough to influence the plans of the higher-ups?

Silence reigned supreme over the starry skies.

After staring at Rao Yaoyao for a short while, Mei Siren's solemn expression melted, becoming as gentle as a spring breeze.

He waved his folding fan again and sighed, "You Tu is old!"

"I have never stood with him. As for my stance, I believe the Holy Divine Palace knows it better than most."

"As for Saint Servant, Xu Xiaoshou, he is my student."

"His aptitude for the sword might be a little higher than most, but there are countless others like him spread throughout the five domains of the continent. I can't begin to fathom how many of them there are out there."

"If a student asks their teacher a question, then the teacher must answer it; however, they may choose to do so. That's all," Mei Siren casually replied.

Rao Yaoyao's heart tightened, her eyes squinting into pinpricks. She readied herself in case of an attack. Softly, she asked, "Master Siren knows the Saint Servant's position. Why did you choose to approach him during such a sensitive period? Don't you think that your attitude towards the Saint Servant is a little too... close?"

"Too close?"

Mei Siren looked up as if his eyes could pierce through people's souls. He said seriously, "If I were to take another step right now, would the Holy Divine Palace also come knocking, demanding an explanation from me?"

Rao Yaoyao took a step back, saying through gritted teeth, "You've said it yourself. You took another step!"

"How is it?" Mei Siren took a step forward.

Rao Yaoyao lowered her head. "This is a direct provocation of the Holy Divine Palace!"

"Hahaha..."

Mei Siren laughed. "Then, does the Holy Divine Palace intend to issue a weapon prohibition order for this old man? Or is the weapon prohibition order not enough... perhaps... a confinement order?"

The pores on Rao Yaoyao's body exploded as if a lion and a tiger were staring at her, causing her hair to stand on end.

"IT wouldn't dare," she replied.

"You wouldn't dare?" Mei Siren shook his head and laughed, a raging inferno burning in his eyes. "More than a hundred years ago, you all forbade me from discussing the Dao with You Tu, claiming that he was involved with the dark faction. I took a step back and severed ties with You Tu."

"Fifty years ago, you all forbade me from talking about swords with Feng Tingchen. You sullied his name and drew a connection between him and the Ghost Beast faction. I do not know how you managed to do it, but I was forced to cut ties with him too. We have not exchanged words or letters since."

"Now, as a teacher, I am fulfilling my obligations, preaching the Dao and teaching the way of the sword. I did nothing but take a step, yet your Palace views it as me crossing the line?"

Mei Siren took another step forward and spoke in a deep, angry voice, his paper fan pointing at Rao

Yaoyao, "Tell me, what is a 'realm'? How does one cross it?!"

Rao Yaoyao's scalp went numb, and she backpedalled quickly. Mei Siren's thunderous words sent her into a daze.

She had never seen Master Siren, who was renowned for his genial temper, behave in such an oppressive manner. Her aura had been suppressed completely.

"Have you touched the Holy Path?" Mei Siren waved his fan and snapped it shut.

"Never..."

"Has Hua Changdeng glimpsed the Holy Path?" Mei Siren took another step forward. This time, there was no need to respond. There was a rumble of thunder in the Nine Heavens. No one could see it save the two Sword Deities, who raised their heads in unison.

To call the Holy Name directly was disrespectful!

Rao Yaoyao did not respond yes or no, but the answer was obvious.

"Okay!"

Mei Siren did not care. His eyes betrayed nothing but anger. "Go back and tell Hua Changdeng that if this is his will, he should come and find me himself. He shouldn't sit in Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe all day, paralysed in the land of screen and candles, watching the shadows and feeling sorry for yourself!"

Rao Yaoyao was so scared her pretty face turned pale, and a look of complete disbelief coloured her features.

Had Master Siren gone mad?

Once might have been an accident, but calling the holy one by his name twice was as good as cursing him in person!

"Rumble –"

'Thunder rumbled threateningly. Rao Yaoyao did not have the time to stop Mei Siren's crazy actions before she saw the old man put his two fingers together and point towards the heavens.

"Boom!"

A beam of green holy power shot into the air and blew up the calamity cloud as it formed.

Rao Yaoyao's eyes almost popped out.

"Holy Power?"

Had Master Siren already come into contact with the Holy Path?

'When she analysed the sword beam more closely, she discovered the green light was a mixture of the way of the heavens and the power of the mortal world; it was not true Holy Power in the real sense of the term.

However, as one of the Seven Sword Deities, there was no doubt Master Siren would step over the threshold upon coming into contact with the Holy Path.

It meant he was not far from succeeding!

Rao Yaoyao realised why Master Siren could be so daring to curse the holy one's name. To think he already had half a foot in the door...

'The calamity cloud dispersed and did not condense again.

'Asa junior, even if Hua Changdeng had stepped into the threshold before Mei Siren, it was a fact that he had received guidance from the venerable elder when he was young.

Although he was far away in the Central Region when the calamity cloud of the Holy Path descended, he still noticed the commotion it created.

After experiencing the Mei Siren's finger, he stopped paying attention.

Since the Holy Saint did not intend to get involved in this matter, the calamity cloud naturally did not reform.

Mei Siren's anger was a palpable force, stifling the air ever since he took control of the conversation. Now that he had said his piece, he reined in his temper, forcibly calming himself.

"I leave you with a few words for the Holy Divine Palace..."

"Don't overdo it. Enough is enough."

Rao Yaoyao closed her beautiful eyes. Her visit this time had been fruitless.

Yet, it was not an outcome she had not expected. After all, she had come to denounce them.

The Mei Siren in her memories was completely different from the wizened old man before her.

There was nothing she could do, not even with the Cang Godhood Sword strapped to her back. What could she do in the face of that overwhelming finger imbued with not a small amount of Holy Power? The old Sword Deity was still a Sword Deity regardless of his age.

Even if this was no longer his era, it did not change the indelible marks he had left on those who came after, and not even the times could erase his influence just yet.

As a Sword Deity of the previous era, Mei Siren was a voice she could choose to listen to or ignore. If she so desired, she could mow down a path for herself through the osmanthus trees on the Sacred Mountain with her cold, hard steel.

"Has he crossed the line..

Rao Yaoyao fell into deep thought.

She felt that what Master Siren said made sense.

It seemed they had never overstepped their boundaries. Had the Holy Divine Palace pushed his neutrality too far?

Sometimes one needs to take a step back to reassess the situation and see it as a whole...

"I've learned my lesson," Rao Yaoyao bowed.

Mei Siren flicked his folding fan open, creating a breeze that lifted his magnificent white beard. He looked like a little old man who did not have a temper at all.

“Child, you should return. It isn’t your fault! This old man was the one venting. You may complain to your boss. Oh, yes...”

As he waved his hand, Mei Siren seemed to remember something. He looked in the direction of the Central Region and said, “This old man shall make a trip to Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe in a few days. At that time, let the older generation give you a warm welcome.”

“What Dao Qiongchang, Hua Changdeng, these juniors, don’t come out. They are eyesores!”

“Do you know?”

When Rao Yaoyao heard these words, she looked up, dazed by the elders in front of her.

In an instant, it was as if she had returned to her childhood.

The person before her was an adult even in her memories, while she was still a little girl who could not wait to grow up.

It was like nothing had changed.

‘When the old Sword Deity vented his anger on her, it startled Rao Yaoyao to wakefulness. She had been foolish, thinking her interrogation methods would succeed on someone of Mei Siren’s standing.

‘The other party’s status was much greater than hers.

She had been played like a fiddle by an old man teaching her a lesson without having a chance to utter more than a few sentences.

As for whether she could win if it came to blows...

‘Who was she fooling?!

The old Sword Deity was not renowned for nothing. Was he someone she could defeat easily? She, who was a member of the younger generation?

“Leave. Don’t disturb me in the future.” Mei Siren waved his hand and gestured for Rao Yaoyao to leave as quickly as possible.

“Oh,” Rao Yaoyao shrunk her head and turned to leave.

“She’s still a little girl... Why is she becoming more of an eyesore as she grows up? Sigh...” Mei Siren muttered melancholically.

Rao Yaoyao pursed her lips but did not respond. In the blink of an eye, she disappeared.