

I Am Loaded 991

## Chapter 991: Bazhun'an and Dao Qiongchang Clashed Across Space! 1

How arrogant!

The spectating higher voids were shocked by Hallmaster Dao's domineering words.

Facing the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon's sword, Dao Qiongchang stayed still after saying those words. It was as if he was planning to let the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon split him into two.

However, just as the demonic sword was about to reach him, the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon really stopped!

"You brat..."

The Demonic Emperor Black Dragon, who was covered in black mist, was surprised. He twitched his mouth and said, "As expected of someone who was praised by him. You even dared to scheme against me!"

Dao Qiongchang smiled and said calmly, "Whether it's the Golden Fate Dragon or the Ten Orders Spiritual Array, they are all uncertain factors."

"In your plan, you might have expected Ai Cangsheng to shoot an arrow. However, you did not know what the Holy Divine Palace will do after Ai Cangsheng..."

"It's you!" The Demonic Emperor Black Dragon interrupted. He landed in front of Dao Qiongchang, and the two of them actually began to communicate peacefully.

Dao Qiongchang smiled and he said softly, "Maybe it's me, or maybe it's something else, but the Golden Fate Dragon was an accident. I suppose you managed to appear by relying on the power of devouring something like the Golden Fate Dragon... If Rao Yaoyao didn't make a move, you would have swallowed my power instead. Or perhaps, the Ten Orders Spiritual Array or a demi-saint's power, right?"

There was a look of shock in the Black Dragon's eyes as he fell into silence.

The scene of everyone discussing their battle plan on the Inner Island of the Abyss Island flashed in his mind...

Bazhun'an summoned the leader of the Black and White Veins and laid out the battle plan one by one. It was the process of the battle between Dragon Scale, Demonic Sword, Ai Cangsheng, and Rao Yaoyao. According to his calculations, nothing should go wrong.

At the end of the discussion, he even specially instructed the Devil Emperor Black Dragon.

"Devil Emperor Black Dragon, as soon as your lingering will is born, you only need to bewitch the spiritual cultivator from Dongtianwang city and Yunlun mountain range

"You must know that with the nature of the Holy Divine Palace, they won't leave the innocent people to die. As long as you don't target people like Rao Yaoyao, those decent people won't tear off the last layer of their mask and start their shameless tactics.

“As for the external force, if they want to remove the influence of your Black Dragon’s power on ordinary spiritual cultivators, they would need either of these three. One is Rao Yaoyao’s Cang Godhood Sword’s power of fate. Two is Dao Qiongchang’s divine force. Three is when the other demi-saint on Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe takes action... However, the third possibility is extremely slim.”

“No matter what, as long as they take action to save the spiritual cultivators, they’ll fall into our trap. You only need to swallow the power of fate or a demi-saint’s power and recover about 10% to 20% of your power. Afterward, you can carry out the final plan.”

“But remember this!”

The Demonic Emperor Black Dragon vaguely remembered how serious Bazhun’an’s tone was when he said the last sentence.

At that time, he said this.

“Perhaps you will face Dao Qiongchang or Hua Changdeng but please remember that they are all juniors to you. If you are angered by them and ended up wasting excessive power on them, resulting in the failure of the final plan...”

“Your remnant will die on Shengshen continent, and your true body will die here!”

Bazhun’an pointed his finger at the ground of the Inner island of the Abyss as he spoke.

His thoughts flashed and the Devil Emperor Black Dragon regained his composure.

He stared at Dao Qiongchang who was standing right in front of him but remained unmoved. His eyes showed a hint of fear as he said in a muffled voice, “As expected, humans’ heart is really dirty. Saint Beasts evolves physically and you guys evolve your brains...”

After pausing for a moment, the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon could not resist his curiosity and said, “I really want to dig out your brain to take a look at what else you have guessed.”

Dao Qiongchang waved his hand and crushed the “Ambition” and “Courage” in front of him. The corners of his lips curled up as he said, “I have a feeling that you are stalling for time.”

Shock appeared in the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon’s eyes.

He couldn’t make a move because it would waste his energy.

However, Dao Qiongchang didn’t have such scruples.

Facing the Black Dragon, Dao Qiongchang flipped his palm and the Ten Orders Spiritual Array shook.

“Divine secret, Holy Light of Saint Punisher!”

Boom!

At this critical moment, a rainbow light descended from the sky and enveloped the Black Dragon before it could react.

At the same time, the Holy Emperor Dragon Scale was also engulfed by another ray of light.

Both of them started to tremble.

Breaking apart...

Disintegrating...

Everyone stared in shock as the body of the Black Dragon, as well as the Holy Emperor Dragon Scale, were destroyed bit by bit by the Holy Light of Saint Punisher.

“He died just like that?” Everyone was in disbelief.

Only when the Holy Light of Saint Punisher reached the end of its punishment did its power dissipate.

The Demonic Emperor Black Dragon and the Holy Emperor Dragon Scale were completely shattered.

However, there was still a devil sword that was struggling violently in the air.

The 21 famed swords had been famous since ancient times and had existed in the world for countless centuries.

In terms of hidden power, there were very few treasures in the world that could be compared to such an ancient supreme treasure.

Naturally, holy power was unable to destroy the devil sword, the Myriad Weapons Devil Lord!

At this time, no one understood what the devil sword was struggling about. After all, the entrapment of the Holy Light of Saint Punisher had disappeared with the Devil Emperor Black Dragon.

Only Dao Qiongchang’s face had a hint of realization. His eyes filled with solemnity as he said in a low voice, “So, it’s not the dragon scale, but the devil sword. Is this the true body that you entrusted the remnant of your thoughts to?”

“Ga, ga, ga, ga...”

Strange laughter suddenly floated down from all directions.

## **Chapter 992: Bazhun’an and Dao Qiongchang Clashed Across Space! 2**

The Demonic Emperor Black Dragon was clearly shattered by the Holy Light of Saint Punisher, but at this moment, its voice could still be heard.

“If it wasn’t for his reminder to guard against you little Daoist, I might have really fallen into your trap and wasted a little more energy...”

“Dao Qiongchang! Doesn’t it cost you a lot of time to secretly accumulate such a level of attack while using a saint phantom?”

The Demonic Emperor Black Dragon laughed sinisterly.

Although he could not see what kind of technique Dao Qiongchang was using to accumulate his strength, he still remembered Bazhun’an’s words. After all, it was a matter of life and death for him.

“If the Holy Divine Palace’s backup plan is someone else, you don’t need to dawdle with them. Just carry out the final plan,” Bazhun’an said.

Then, he added with a smile,

“But if the person who targets you when you head out is Dao Qiongcang, do remember that this person is very smart. You just need to pretend to be stupid enough... No, you just need to maintain your normal state, and he will naturally start scheming against you.”

“Dao Qiongcang is a dignified person. He will not easily leave Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe with his real body. At most, he will send a saint phantom, not even a demi-saint avatar.”

“And at that point in time, if he wants to hurt your Holy Emperor’s remnant in one move, he’ll need time to accumulate power.”

“With your intelligence, you won’t notice when he makes a move.”

“Regarding when you should make a move... you’re already known as the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon. You have three levels of battle awareness. Naturally, you’ll realize when is the most critical moment for you to make a move.”

The Demonic Emperor Black Dragon was still a little worried before.

Because Bazhun’an did not make his words very clear.

But now, it knew when that “critical moment” was.

It was now!

Even though Dao Qiongcang was indeed clever, they managed to outsmart him. If one strike did not succeed, Dao Qiongcang would need to accumulate energy to carry out the next strike!

In this space, without the presence of a demi-saint, who would be able to end the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon?

“Ga ga ga ga...”

The source of the sinister laughter appeared from the sword body of the devil sword.

Despite the devil sword’s resistance, under the power of the Holy Emperor, it couldn’t help but leap up, piercing through the sky and the Ten Orders Spiritual Array.

“Roar –”

A loud dragon’s roar exploded from the sword body.

What appeared was the Phantom of the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon, which occupied the heaven and blotted out the sun.

The Phantom of the Black Dragon was not as thin as the remnant will of the Holy Emperor. Just a single dragon scale was the size of half a city in Dongtianwang City!

The Phantom of the Black Dragon stretched out. At this moment, almost all the spiritual cultivators in the entire eastern sky realm saw the monster that suddenly appeared in the sky!

...

“This is?”

Far away in Tiansang Spirit Palace, Qiao Qianzhi was still struggling with the imitation of the divine puppet in front of him in the broken cottage a second ago. The next second, he felt something and walked out of the cottage.

He looked up and was shocked to see that the sky had turned dark.

In the darkness, there was a dragon claw floating in the air, tearing the sky apart.

“What the hell is that...”

Qiao Qianzhi was terrified.

He followed the direction of the dragon claw to look for the dragon body, but he was shocked to find that the entire sky was filled with the dragon body. He could not even see one-thousandth of the real body of the monster.

“Black Dragon?”

“Black Dragon! Is it that Black Dragon?”

Qiao Qianzhi was shocked by his own guess after thinking for a moment.

He was born in the Holy Palace, so he naturally knew that there were only two true dragon bodies on the Shengshen continent. One was trapped in the Shengxuan Gate, and the other was trapped in the Abyss Island.

Other than the spiritual technique morph forms, which could morph into the form of a true dragon, there was no other spiritual cultivator on this continent who could create something like this.

However, the spiritual technique morph forms..

“What level of spiritual technique can one morph into a black dragon that can blot out the sun?”

“Could it be that it’s the one on the Abyss Island?”

Qiao Qianzhi was scared out of his wits.

He looked in the direction of Dongtianwang City and felt uneasy.

“Ye Xiaotian, I can take over the mess of the headmaster of your inner yard, but Elder Sang has already lost his life. Please don’t let anything happen to you...”

...

Yunlun mountain range.

One gold, one blue, and one purple. Three pure-colored figures in long robes were walking aimlessly on the mountain road. The gold robe figure was in the lead, followed by the two people behind him.

These three people did not seem to have any special fluctuations. Their appearances were ordinary, and even their height and cultivation level were ordinary.

If there was anything that could be detected from their appearances, it would probably be the gold robe figure in the lead. He had a gold mask on his face and a pair of swords on his back.

The swords were all wrapped in a sealing band. One could not see their exact appearance, only a vague outline could be seen...

A Tang Sword and a Longsword!

“Lord Huang Quan, if we keep walking like this, when will it end? The battle above is already so chaotic. Are you really not going to get involved and prove your strength?” The man in the blue robe lightly hammered his legs as he walked.

He was a young man. He was handsome and had bandages wrapped around his eyes. His tone was like that of a young man who was not afraid of death, someone who dared to say anything.

“There’s a cloud realm world in the Yunlun mountain range. Didn’t we tell you that some stuff can be said, while some can’t? Why can’t you remember it?” The young man in purple robe turned his head over. A big hood covered his face, and no one could see the outline of his face.

The young man in the blue robe lifted his hood. After all, he was very tired and felt very hot. Hearing this, he just smiled and said, “With Lord Huang Quan around, we can forget about the cloud realm world spying on us. Even if we walk in front of the red coat, will they be able to find us?”

The young man in purple robe sneered, “Why don’t you try walking around in front of Rao Yaoyao?”

### **Chapter 993: Bazhun’an and Dao Qiongchang Clashed Across Space! 3**

The two’s bickering grew louder and louder.

The masked man in the gold robe, who was carrying the two swords on his back, suddenly stopped in his tracks. The voices behind him immediately stopped.

At this moment, the sky suddenly turned dark, and a black dragon phantom covered everything.

“What the hell!” The young man in the blue robe raised his eyes and cursed in shock. “This, this, this, this is too big...”

“A dragon?” The young man in the purple robe was also a little shocked. “Is the fight so intense up there?”

The two of them followed the masked man in the gold robe. With their cultivation level sealed, they didn’t really care about the battle outside.

However, every now and then, Lord Huang Quan would explain and help them pass the time. That was how they knew the progress of the battle.

“Nine Serenities, Spider Lily, there’s no need to be anxious. The thing we’ve been waiting for is about to arrive...” Huang Quan also raised his eyes to look at the black dragon phantom as he said calmly.

When Spider Lily, the blue robe young man, heard this, he could not hold it in anymore and asked, “So, Lord Huang Quan, what exactly are we waiting for? We’ve already waited for more than ten days, are we still going to continue strolling around?”

The young man in the purple robe also looked sideways. Obviously, he was also curious about this question.

“They’re coming soon...” Huang Quan only muttered to himself.

Spider Lily covered his face and sighed in his heart. Then, he guessed with a calm expression, “We aren’t just looking for...”

He seemed to have realized that he shouldn’t continue his words, but with Lord Huang Quan in front of him, he felt that he had nothing to worry about, so he continued, “Aren’t we only looking for the Lei family’s eyes? Could it be that this time, the Abyss Island will spew out a pair of Lei family’s eyes?” His mind was wide open.

The purple robe youth, Nine Serenities Ghost Child, glared at him coldly.

What kind of nonsense was this?

At that moment, he almost had the thought of turning Spider Lily into a man made of iron.

Huang Quan was not angry at all. He laughed and said softly, “This time, it’s not the Lei family’s eyes, but an opportunity you all need. After all, the foundational roots of Saint Ascension in the Sky City isn’t just a mere rumor.”

The two people behind him were suddenly moved.

So Lord Huang Quan personally came out to help them fight for the foundational roots of Saint Ascension?

But...

They were only at the sovereign stage!

Spider Lily and Nine Serenities Ghost Child looked at each other.

They knew that there was still a long way for them to go from the sovereign stage, cutting path stage, higher void level... to the final “Saint Ascension”.

Huang Quan seemed to know what they were thinking and said, “The Dao realm of the sovereign is perfect. If we can successfully reach the cutting path stage, the rest of the journey to the Saint Ascension will happen naturally.”

Spider Lily and the Nine Serenities Ghost Child looked at each other again and were very touched.

However, they suddenly remembered that it was already very difficult for a Sovereign, who was at the peak of the realm, to reach the cutting path stage. How could they even think about the foundational roots of Saint Ascension, let alone get their hands on it?

“It’s very simple...”

Huang Quan suddenly spoke. He looked at the Phantom of the black dragon and muttered, “Let’s just be a fisherman and wait quietly.”

...

He fell into a trap!

In the air, just as Dao Qiongcang had thought of this, the Phantom of the Black Dragon had already become so big that it couldn't be stopped.

"I made a mistake. I shouldn't have thought in the shoes of the black dragon. I should have dealt with it through a confrontation instead..."

As Dao Qiongcang gathered his strength, his thoughts drifted. He recalled the battle for the ten thrones when he was young.

During that battle, if Cao Yihan had not suddenly gained enlightenment and used the God Punishment Tribulation that transcended the era, resulting in the penetrating divine senses of the first generation...

The leader of the ten thrones would still be Bazhun'an. He would still be the man who had crushed the entire era.

Now that Dao Qiongcang had not seen him for decades, he had made some mistakes during their first battle because his opponent was in the form of a dragon and not a human.

It was almost inevitable that he would fall into the trap of the Bazhun'an, who was behind the black dragon, if he fought with the Black Dragon!

Unfortunately, Dao Qiongcang only came to his senses at this point.

Even if that person was not in front of him, that person could still be like him, strategizing and winning from a thousand miles away!

"Roar-"

While he was deep in thought, the Phantom of the Black Dragon in the sky had already revealed its complete form.

Under the loud dragon's roar, a hot ball that looked like the black sun slowly flew out of its mouth...

#### **Chapter 994: Foundational Roots of Saint Ascension Did Exist! 1**

Dragon Pearl!

In front of the dragon that blotted out the sky, a Dragon Pearl that looked like a black sun was spat out. The burning black holy power seemed to contain an eternal power.

Everyone looked at it with fear, be it Dao Qiongcang, Rao Yaoyao, or the spiritual cultivators in the distant Dongtianwang city, Yunlun mountain range, other counties, and cities of the Eastern Sky Realm. All of them didn't dare to look directly at it.

The power of the Holy Emperor!

Even for a demi-saint, there was a crushing difference in the quality of their power.

"It's too late to stop it..."

Rao Yaoyao glanced at Dao Qiongcang's saint phantom.



She did not know what the black dragon was going to do, but the Dragon Pearl contained the magnificent power of the Holy Emperor. It was likely that Dao Qiongchang would not be able to accumulate a second “Holy Light of Saint Punisher” to destroy it in a short period of time.

“I’ve calculated all the traps, but I’ve lost by half a level.”

In the sky, Dao Qiongchang’s cloud-like phantom smiled indifferently. He did not take his failure to heart.

Since his true opponent was Bazhun’an, failure was most likely the case.

Dao Qiongchang had already learned to accept the outcome of failure decades ago.

Naturally, he would feel indignant.

However, he would not take it to heart but instead, put it behind him. This was him, the unpredictable Dao Qiongchang and mighty Hallmaster Dao.

Furthermore, in this battle, the enemy was hidden in the dark, and he was out in the light.

He tried to break through his opponent’s trap right after falling into it, however, that was not Dao Qiongchang’s expertise.

What Dao Qiongchang was really good at was using the way of the Heavens’ energy movement to plan the world and control all things, even if it was limited to a few decades or a hundred years.

It was just like the way of chess...

The chess pieces placed in the middle were blunder mistakes, however, no one could say that they had lost.

This was because no one knew if the situation would change in the future. If the chess pieces placed on the board mistakenly in the past helped the player in the future, wouldn’t that be a divine move?

“After all, the Eighth Sword Deity, who had a glorious past, also had his downfall outside the City of the Dead Bodhisattva. He wasted decades of time...”

Dao Qiongchang sighed silently. He silently gazed at the Black Dragon Pearl, feeling the heart-palpating energy fluctuations contained within it. His thoughts were as calm as ever.

He would not lose his sense of propriety and ability to judge things just because the black dragon was the Holy Emperor.

The rule of Abyss Island was that the stronger one’s cultivation level was, the less likely they were to cross over.

This was also why every time an extradimensional space crack bloomed on the Shengshen Continent, the ghost beast that was born was mostly at the sovereign stage or cutting path stage.

This was because demi-saint and the Holy Emperor could not come out at all!

The only thing they could do was to use tricks and schemes to send their backups out and nurture elites to see if they could break through the rule restriction and cross over gradually.

However, Dao Qiongchang understood better than anyone else that if the remnant of the Holy Emperor was still the only one that appeared this time, it meant that even the Bazhun'an had not found a way to break through the restrictions of the rules.

As for the remnant of the Holy Emperor, even if it was able to hatch and appear in the Shengshen continent, it would still be restricted by the rules of the heavens. Even if Dao Qiongchang did not make a move, the remnant of the will would dissipate when the time was up.

The only difference was that before the remnant dissipated if no one stopped the other party's actions, it would cause a lot of trouble.

This was the fundamental reason why Dao Qiongchang's saint phantom rushed over.

"If you can use the dragon as a chess piece and hide your trump card, I won't let you take down the city so comfortably and effortlessly..."

Dao Qiongchang muttered to himself. He held an ancient compass in his left hand and did not move at all. His right thumb pointed at the second joint of his middle finger, and a faint wave of holy power spread out from the way of the heavens.

This little wave was like a firefly to the bright moon under the power of the berserk Holy Emperor, which was contained in the Dragon Pearl. It was insignificant.

...

"Ga Ga Ga Ga!"

Above the Nine Heavens, the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon coiled in the clouds and laughed maniacally.

It looked at the Black Dragon Pearl that had accumulated all its power and sent it out. The dragon felt endless joy in its heart.

"Bazhun'an, Bazhun'an, I've already helped you complete your 'final plan.' I've poured out the Phantom of the Dragon Pearl. I've already racked my brains."

"I deserve all the credit and hard work that I've done for you, and now there's no reason for you to keep torturing me."

"In the Abyss Island, I was restricted by rules so I can't beat you. However, in the Shengshen continent..."

Demonic Emperor Black Dragon thought silently. Its eyes looked intoxicated as it gently sniffed a breath.

All of a sudden, the dark clouds and electricity started becoming denser as air flowed into a tornado and rustled into the nostrils on the huge black dragon's head.

"What a wonderful smell!"

The black dragon laughed noiselessly.

Then, its expression changed. Its eyes were now full of malevolence.

“Bazhun’an, even after racking your brain out, you did not expect that I will be able to survive even if I lose the last bit of my strength while carrying out this ‘final plan’ for you.”

“As long as my remnant escapes from Abyss Island, I can survive in another way.”

“Thank you for gathering the three ancestors of the White Vein to make an unconditional gift for me!”

“Thank you, you ignorant eight-fingered swordsman. You are not even a demi-saint, yet you still try to control something beyond your own limits and imagination... the power of the Holy Emperor!”

The Demonic Emperor Black Dragon suddenly raised its head and left the Dragon Pearl that looked like a black blazing sun on its own, completely ignoring it.

Then, the Phantom of his true body trembled and suddenly shrunk to the size of a silver needle in the nine heavens.

Compared to the vast sky, this silver needle-sized black dragon was hard to see with the naked eye.

“It’s gone?”

In the arena, the higher voids who saw this scene were all shocked.

## **Chapter 995: Foundational Roots of Saint Ascension Did Exist! 2**

What was this Demonic Emperor Black Dragon trying to do?

It gathered a huge amount of power and spat out the Dragon Pearl Phantom.

Everyone thought that it would take the opportunity to make a huge move while Dao Qiongchang was accumulating his power again after releasing the first.

For example, it would blow up the Yunlun mountain range, Dongtianwang City, and so on.

Or spread its hatred to the central region, taking the Dragon Pearl and detonating it on Sacred Mountain Gui Zhe.

These seemed to be the “Normal actions” that the black dragon should have taken at this moment.

But no one would have thought that after spitting out the Dragon Pearl, the Black Dragon would choose to escape...

“What is this supposed to mean?”

Dao Qiongchang was also confused by the Black Dragon’s move.

But very quickly, he reacted.

“Could it be that Bazhun’an did not completely control the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon, and the Black Dragon’s remnant successfully hatched in Shengshen continent, so it had the intention to defect?”

“That’s right! Abyss Island is restricted by the rules. Bazhun’an might be able to become the master of both black and white veins, but what kind of status does the black dragon have?”

“Based on its temperament, its dignity, and its origins, it will not allow a human, who is like an ant in its eyes, to trample over its dragon’s head.”

“So... running is inevitable!”

Dao Qiongcang’s attack paused for a moment because of his thoughts.

He indeed had a backup plan.

He had the title of “Unpredictable” and the ability to “Predict the way of the heavens’ energy movement.”.

He didn’t need to use just the Ten Orders Spiritual Array to fight against a holy emperor-level creature.

His backup plan was prepared for the Dragon Pearl.

The Dragon Pearl that the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon spat out would definitely be of great use. If this thing wasn’t destroyed, there would be endless trouble in the future.

However, at the critical moment, the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon’s escape stunned Dao Qiongcang.

“Bazhun’an...”

Dao Qiongcang remembered that currently, he was one step behind Bazhun’an and had been tricked by Bazhun’an.

The moment he realized that his true opponent was actually Bazhun’an, he had to think about it from other aspects.

“Others might not be able to suppress the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon before reaching the saint level, but could Bazhun’an really not do it?”

“Could the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon’s betrayal be part of his plan?”

“He wants to use my final strength to deal with the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon instead of its ‘Dragon Pearl’?”

When Dao Qiongcang calculated to the second level, he immediately rejected his own idea.

“No, with his intelligence, since I can think of this, he can definitely think of it too.”

“Therefore, returning to the matter itself, the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon’s betrayal might have been something he expected, but he was unable to stop it...”

“But the dragon pearl is the root!”

His thoughts spun like lightning, and in this short amount of time, the silver needle formed by the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon’s remnant had already pierced through the Ten Orders Spiritual Array and entered the great path.

“There’s no time to think...”

Dao Qiongcang’s heart trembled. He didn’t have much time left.

Regardless of whether this was the Bazhun'an's plan or not, facing the Black Dragon's escape, facing the risk that the dragon pearl might bring to the world...

He, Dao Qiongcang, only had one choice – Destroy all of them!

“Swish.”

Dao Qiongcang took out a divine array wheel and a self-mocking expression appeared on his face.

“The last thing I calculated before I left was a hazy, confusing and unknown path. I thought it was the Holy Emperor's way of the Heavens' energy movement and it didn't want me to see the situation clearly.”

“I didn't expect that this 'confusion' was actually referring to me.”

Dao Qiongcang didn't think anymore. He raised his arm and the divine array wheel slowly flew out.

“Nine Arrow Nail Divine Array, go!”

The divine array wheel trembled in the air and automatically captured the aura left behind by the Black Dragon's remnant, locking onto it.

Then, the small divine array wheel spun and turned into starlight.

In the middle, an illusory Evil Sin Bow was bent into a full moon. With a snap, the bowstring was released and turned into nine streaks of light, shooting towards the black dragon that was invisible in the way of the heavens.

“Nine, nine arrows of the Evil Sin Bow?”

All the higher voids behind them were scared out of their wits when they saw this scene.

They had long heard that divine sorcerers would use reason to convince others. These sorcerers usually did not act rashly and would instead control the battle from behind the tent.

This was because their original bodies were very weak and they could not win against others.

Even if they had to fight, they would still use treasures and divine array wheels to fight.

But now, wasn't Dao Qiongcang being too unreasonable in this fight?

He had failed to make a move, so he casually took out a divine array wheel that contained the nine arrows of the Evil Sin Bow. who could withstand this?

Everyone was shocked by Dao Qiongcang's extravagance. However, when they thought about how the arrows of the Evil Sin Bow did not have the expected effect earlier, they became worried.

“The arrows of the Evil Sin Bow can not defeat the Devil Sword, but can it affect the black dragon?” Teng Shanhai was worried.

Rao Yaoyao turned back when she heard this, she replied, “It's not that the arrows of the Evil Sin Bow can not defeat the Devil Sword, but that its power has been counteracted by the power of the Holy Emperor on the Devil Sword. In addition, the opponent still has the power of the Devil Sword itself, and

the arrows of the Evil Sin Bow are not from its original body, so its power will naturally be exhausted under the repeated sword fights.”

Teng Shanhai looked at the nine arrows flying away in the direction of the black dragon and said, “But this time, it’s going to deal with the Phantom of the Black Dragon!”

Rao Yaoyao smiled, she shook her head and said, “After the Phantom of the Black Dragon spat out the dragon pearl, its power almost disappeared. It turned into those tiny silver needles, perhaps not just for the convenience of escaping... The bigger reason is that it only has this little bit of power left!”

### **Chapter 996: Foundational Roots of Saint Ascension Did Exist! 3**

As a bystander, she could clearly see the battle situation at a glance. Naturally, her train of thought was very clear.

“In this situation, as long as the arrow of the Evil Sin Bow hits, even if the opponent is the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon, it won’t be able to withstand the influence of the power of evil sin.”

“After all, although Lord Cangsheng is a demi-saint, the Evil Sin Bow is one of the nine supreme divine weapons. In the hands of a demi-saint, the power of the Evil Sin Bow is almost limitless.”

Pausing for a moment, Rao Yaoyao reached out in the direction of the nine arrows, “Also, don’t forget... These nine arrows are not only shot out by the Evil Sin Bow but also assisted by the power of Hallmaster Dao’s Divine Secrets Array!”

Only then did Teng Shanhai seem to understand the situation, and he let out a sigh of relief.

However, before he could finish exhaling, he was shocked to see that after Dao Qiongcang threw out the “Nine Arrow Nail Divine Array”, the phantom itself was like a moth flying into a flame. It pounced in the direction of the Dragon Pearl, completely defenseless.

“What’s happening?” Teng Shanhai was stunned.

He even thought that he was hallucinating.

Was Hallmaster Dao seeking his own death? That was the Dragon Pearl that contained the full power of the black dragon, how could he dare to go over without any defenses?

No. It must be that he, Teng Shanhai, was foolish so he was unable to see through Hallmaster Dao’s true intention.

Rao Yaoyao said solemnly, “Our last choice is to use the incarnation of the saint’s will to embrace the Dragon Pearl and perish together.”

Teng Shanhai was stunned, “Isn’t this suicide?”

Isn’t this what a layman like him would do when he was at the end of his rope? But this person is Hallmaster Dao!

Dao Qiongcang’s move was indeed out of Teng Shanhai’s expectations.

After all, Hallmaster Dao in his impression shouldn’t have been forced into such a state.

Rao Yaoyao said helplessly, "Our opponent is Bazhun'an..."

...

"Ao!!!"

A painful cry sounded from the spatial crack.

The remnant will of the black dragon was hit by nine arrows. Without the protection of the Holy Emperor's power, it could no longer withstand the power of evil sin. It could only let its body wither and its consciousness collapse.

"God damn it, Dao Qiongcang, I have spat out the Dragon Pearl. Why aren't you targeting the Dragon Pearl but me?!" It roared in pain.

At this moment, the remaining power of the nine arrows of the Evil Sin Bow had yet to wipe out all of its remnants.

From afar, the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon sensed a powerful summoning power from the Dragon Pearl it had spat out.

That summoning power contained another terrifying power. It was as if the sacrificial ceremony of the evil godhood had begun, and it had become the sacrificial offering.

"Bazhun'an!!!"

The Demonic Emperor Black Dragon wasn't stupid. It only thought for a moment before it reacted.

The part of the power that didn't belong to the Dragon Pearl was the remnant of Bazhun'an from the contract ceremony.

In the final plan, it was only instructed to spit out the Dragon Pearl, afterward, its job was done.

Even the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon didn't know what Bazhun'an had left in its Dragon Pearl, and what he wanted to do with the power of the Dragon Pearl.

It thought that after spitting out the Dragon Pearl and completing the plan, it could use its remaining remnant to influence the way of the heavens and leave a dragon seed in the Shengshen continent so that it could hatch in the future.

But now, the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon understood.

Bazhun'an still needed a last step to accomplish what he wanted.

That step required the Holy Emperor's remnant to activate all the power of the Dragon Pearl in an instant.

However, Bazhun'an did not mention any of this during the planning of the battle.

Not a single word!

Not even a single word!

“God damn it, Bazhun’an! God damn it, humans! I have given my all and even poured my blood and sweat. Yet you did not even let my remnant will off. Your hearts are really dirty!”

“Damn it, all of you deserve to die!!!”

Along with the last hysterical roar, the nine arrows did not extinguish the remnant will of the Black Dragon.

Instead, the power of the Dragon Pearl’s contract ritual completed the sacrificial plan ahead of time, swallowing the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon’s consciousness through space.

In the spatial crack, the nine arrows had clearly hit their target, but now that they had lost their target, they could not help but fall into confusion.

Then, the nine arrows shattered, turning into evil sin light spots and disappearing.

...

In the sky above the Yunlun mountain range.

Dao Qiongcang gathered the Ten Orders Spiritual Array. He wanted to use the array to embrace the Dragon Pearl for the last time.

But before the array could touch it, the Dragon Pearl cracked in just a hair’s breadth away.

The Dragon Pearl, which contained the full power of the Phantom of the Demonic Emperor Black Dragon, did not explode, nor did it cause the surroundings to shake.

There was only one voice coming out of it.

It was an impassioned voice from Bazhun’an, who had borrowed the power of the Holy Emperor to spread his voice throughout the five domains of the continent.

“The foundational roots of Saint Ascension do exist!”

“I’m in Sky City right now. I’ll give you the Myriad Weapons Devil Lord of the 21 famed swords, the Saint Origin Crystal of Saint Ascension, and the countless treasures that I’ve found in Sky City!”

“The era of the Saints is coming!”

“Sovereigns, cutting paths, higher voids ... all the spiritual cultivators who want to become a saint, come find me! Come find me in Sky City!”

“My name is Bazhun’an!”

### **Chapter 997: World Turmoil 1**

“Foundational roots of Saint Ascension do exist...”

“Spiritual cultivators, come to Sky City to look for me...”

“My name is Bazhun’an...”

Resounding echoes reverberated throughout the five regions.



Almost everyone in the spiritual cultivation world, be it the acquired, innates, cutting paths, or higher voids heard this simple and direct statement. Bazhun'an did not mix in any ancient language to make it easier for everyone to understand.

He was concise and clear as he listed out the treasures that made people's hearts palpitate. These treasures easily stirred up the desires in the hearts of everyone in the spiritual cultivation world.

Just as some people were still doubting the authenticity of the content conveyed by the voice, the last sentence, "My name, Bazhun'an," cut off the doubts of countless people.

Eighth Sword Deity?

Sure enough, only the legendary Eighth Sword Deity could spread his voice throughout the five regions. As expected, he didn't die.

Since this was what the Eighth Sword Deity had said, it was impossible to be false.

The voice also contained the power of the Holy Emperor.

Under the premise of the situation being too sudden and them being defenseless and not taken seriously, no one was able to use their strength to stop the voice from spreading.

"So, this is your ultimate goal..."

Dao Qiongcang stopped in front of the shattered Dragon Pearl. He looked silently at the Holy Emperor's power that had shattered into nothingness after a short period of glory and sighed in his heart.

Previously, he did not understand why Bazhun'an had made such a big detour in this game of chess. With the interference of the Holy Emperor's power, he was unable to deduce Bazhun'an's intention using the way of the Heavens' energy movement in advance.

He originally thought that it could be 'revenge', 'probing', or 'venting'...

But no matter what, Dao Qiongcang would do his best to stop it.

Should it come to the worst scenario, he even thought of ending in mutual destruction. He wanted to disregard the other party's plan and destroy the two potential disasters, the Black Dragon's remnant, and the Dragon Pearl.

But in the end, he was still a step too late.

The idea of "destroying all" was good, but there was still a sequence.

Perhaps, if he threw the "Nine Arrow Nail Divine Array" at the Dragon Pearl first and then used the saint phantom to chase after the remnant will of the Black Dragon, it would have been a better choice.

But Dao Qiongcang understood that he was good at planning, not at attacking in a short time.

If he really had to make this choice, the Dragon Pearl might be shattered ahead of time, and Bazhun'an's plan might fail.

However, there was a greater possibility that his saint phantom would not be able to catch up with the Black Dragon's remnant will, causing the other party to really leave behind a seed of disaster in the Shengshen continent.

"An overt scheme?"

Dao Qiongchang could not help but laugh.

The battle had already ended. His saint phantom slowly disappeared in the sky above the Yunlun mountain range along with the Ten Orders Spiritual Array, leaving behind only a silent sigh of praise.

"Bazhun'an, as expected of you..."

...

In the eastern region, including the Eastern Sky Realm, Bazhun'an's voice resounded in every corner of the one hundred and eight realms.

At this moment, countless cultivators and swordsmen were alarmed by the voice and were in an uproar. These included those spiritual cultivators who worshipped the way of the sword but step onto the way of spiritual cultivation without a choice.

"Dear God of the sword, what did I hear? Is this the voice of the Eighth Sword Deity?"

"Heavens, what exactly happened in Dongtianwang City? Didn't the Eighth Sword Deity die decades ago? I still remember the legend of that battle. Outside the City of the Dead Bodhisattva, Seven Sword Deity... Sword Deity Hua defeated the Eighth Sword Deity with three swords and defended his reputation as 'The strongest in the way of the Sword'." Someone said with passion.

"Bullsh\*t!! Bazhun'an was proficient in the Nine Major Sword Techniques. There must have been something fishy going on back then. Otherwise, the Eighth Sword Deity wouldn't have fallen so easily. Even if the Eighth Sword Deity had really fallen, the strongest in the way of the sword is still our old man You Tu!" This was clearly from an Eighth Sword Deity fanatic admirer.

"Hehe, the strongest in the way of the sword is Elder You Tu? He had long disappeared! Don't you see? In today's world, you can still call him as you please, but Sword Deity Hua... you can't call him by his first name anymore. What does this mean? Use your stupid head to think about it!" Someone sneered.

"It means that you're a piece of sh\*t who betrayed your faith! Elder You Tu must have long become a saint. It's just that he doesn't care that we devout swordsmen call him by his first name. He's kind and he's the best elder in the way of the Sword! What about the others? Look at Sword Deity Hua... the moment he became strong, his temper went up... Oh, and he doesn't even let us call him by his name. How noble!" The fanatical admirers of the Eighth Sword Deity all had the temperament of the Eighth Sword Deity when he was young. They spoke strangely and couldn't suppress their anger at all.

However, as he said this, the other people who were slightly calmer turned pale with fright.

"Shh, you can continue to worship the Eighth Sword Deity, but you must not belittle the other sword deities. Sword Deity Hua is also very powerful, okay? His battle record is very terrifying too."

The guy who refuted the Eighth Sword Deity's fanatical admirer was also frightened. He said in a trembling voice, "You, you, you... are unreasonable!" With that, he flicked his sleeve and left.

After all, if these words annoyed the saint and they sent down a saint punishment, he might also be implicated.

Demi-saint obviously didn't have the leisure to use the saint punishment to discipline people of such minor importance.

However, the swordsmen of the eastern region were still shocked by "Bazhun'an" and "Foundational roots of Saint Ascension do exist" and other shocking information.

...

Bazhun Realm.

As one of the one hundred and eight realms that belonged to the Holy Sword Land of the eastern region, the Bazhun Realm was under another name thirty years ago – the Eastern Moon Realm.

However, with the arrival and expansion of the Fringe Moon Immortal City, there was a faint trend of it taking over the banner of the number one swordsman faction in the eastern region of the Burial Sword Tomb.

## **Chapter 998: World Turmoil 2**

This Eastern Moon Realm had completely become the gathering place for the fanatical admirers of the Eighth Sword Deity. In order to commemorate him, everyone had worked together to change the name of the realm to the most revered name in their hearts – The Bazhun Realm!

Bazhun Realm, Fringe Moon Immortal City.

This was a huge city that spanned 99,810,000 kilometers. It was vast and boundless, and was formed after the Eastern Moon Realm had been opened up to nearly a hundred counties and cities.

The person who had accomplished this feat called himself the in-name disciple of the Eighth Sword Deity, and his name was Xiao Kongtong.

Similarly, he was the Eldest Senior Brother of the current Fringe Moon Immortal City. He was publicly acknowledged by all swordsmen in the eastern region as the number one worshipper of the Eighth Sword Deity.

The structure of the Fringe Moon Immortal City was divided into nine major parts. Each part was divided into a main city, corresponding to a type of sword technique.

Those who practiced the Fantasy Sword Technique would live in the "Fantasy Sword City". Those who practiced the Nine Swords Technique would live in the "Nine Swords City"...

Following the same logic, there was also the Ten Thousand Swords City, Mo Sword City, the Heart Sword City, Swordless Sword City, Emotion Sword City, Ghost Sword City, and finally, Hidden Sword City.

The Fringe Moon Immortal City did not discriminate against multiple beliefs.

For example, the people who lived in Emotion Sword City did not only like and obsess over the Eighth Sword Deity, but also the number one sword woman in the world, Rao Yaoyao. However, the level of obsession towards her was slightly lower than that of the Eighth Sword Deity.

The Ghost Sword City occupied the smallest area and had the smallest population. There was only one reason. Hua Changdeng specialized in the Ghost Sword Technique, and this person was also the main culprit that caused the 'fall' of the Eighth Sword Deity.

It was worth mentioning that among the nine main cities of the Fringe Moon Immortal City, the strongest one wasn't the 'Fantasy Sword City' that the Eighth Sword Deity specialized in, but the 'Hidden Sword City'.

There were a large number of mortals, old people, youths, and disabled people living in the Hidden Sword City...

Without exception, they all carried a saber with them.

The grade of the saber was very low. Some were wooden swords, some were withered branches, and some even used their own fingers as sabers.

However, in the eastern region, this was publicly acknowledged as the city that could not be provoked.

This was because among the nine major sword techniques, the Hidden Sword Technique was the most difficult to study. It was also the one with the least amount of people cultivating it and the weakest combat strength.

Anyone who wanted to learn the Hidden Sword Technique either had their brains kicked by a donkey or had thoroughly studied the other eight major sword techniques and wanted to start following in the footsteps of the Eighth Sword Deity.

And those who could live in the Fringe Moon Immortal City were not stupid.

Therefore, there was a saying circulating in the Fringe Moon Immortal City:

"You can't mess with normal people, you can't mess with old people who are missing limbs, and you can't mess with those brats who look like they're easy to bully... the former is a genius, the second is a hidden big shot, and the last is a peerless genius!"

The entire city is full of geniuses who were following in Bazhun'an footsteps. Even those who were sweeping the ground.

The city they were referring to was Hidden Sword City.

At this moment.

In an ordinary courtyard in Hidden Sword City, the door was pushed open.

An old man with nine peach wood swords on his back and a missing left arm hurriedly rushed into the hall while jumping.

Such an intangible action made the boy, the old woman, and the young man who was still cleaning the fallen leaves, frown.

“Xiu Yuanke, the Hidden Sword Technique hides one’s qi, form, and will. Eldest Senior Brother has told you many times not to show your emotions. Why are you still so anxious?” The boy’s childish voice sounded.

He grabbed the black chess piece with his small hand and landed on the chessboard with a bang. Sword energy shook the fallen leaves off the parasol tree, causing the young man who was sweeping the floor to freeze. He opened his mouth slightly and wanted to say something, but he hesitated.

As the boy was ridiculing in the other direction, the young man seemed to hear his Eldest Senior Brother’s patiently guiding words.

“A person who studies the Hidden Sword Technique should have a hidden nature. They do not show their emotions, and I’m afraid not even their grief will show up on their face...When one remains silent for ten years, they’ll be able to amaze everyone the moment they make a move.”

“I’ll endure it...” So the young man took a deep breath and didn’t say anything else. He continued to sweep the fallen leaves.

The old woman retracted her gaze. The corners of her lips curled up. She didn’t say anything and followed suit.

The crippled old man who was called Xiu Yuanke cursed, “I’m afraid that the few of you have cultivated some diseases from practicing the Hidden Sword Technique. Our teacher has already been resurrected and reappeared in the world. How can you hide your emotion on such a big matter? Why don’t you all hide in your coffins instead?”

There was only one City Lord in the Fringe Moon Immortal City, and that was Xiao Kongtong.

Although Xiao Kongtong imparted the paths on behalf of his teacher, he did not see nor identify himself as a teacher. Thus, he was only the Eldest Senior Brother of the Fringe Moon Immortal City. The others were all his junior brother and junior sister.

All the ancient swordsmen living in Fringe Moon Immortal City only recognized one teacher, and that was the Eighth Sword Deity.

But without the recognition of the Eighth Sword Deity, they did not even dare to call him “Supreme Master”. They could only humbly call him “Teacher”, which sounded even stranger.

But it was enough.

To be able to live in fringe Moon Immortal City and to be able to call the Eighth Sword Deity “Teacher” was already a great honor in the eyes of many swordsmen.

Xiu Yuanke rushed into the hall and didn’t waste any more time talking to the three people in the courtyard.

In his eyes, his teacher had been “resurrected” and had even given a public speech to the five regions of the Shengshen continent. This was the most important event in the world.

“Eldest senior brother!”

“Eldest senior brother Kongtong, come out! Where are you?”

“Teacher has been resurrected, our teacher has been resurrected...”

He shouted. Together with his surprised tone, he sounded more like “Teacher had fraud his death” to outsiders. This of course made the three people in the courtyard unhappy.

“Do you think Eldest senior brother Kongtong can’t hear what you can hear?” The old woman said calmly.

Xiu Yuanke froze for a moment and immediately returned to normal, he turned around and roared, “Teacher has been resurrected. Eldest senior brother Kongtong must be very happy! Happiness needs to be shared. I came here in advance to share my happiness with Eldest Senior Brother. Perhaps Eldest Senior Brother will even teach me ‘Sword Cognition’ when he is in a good mood...”

“PFFT!” The boy who was drinking water couldn’t help but spit it on the face of the old woman opposite him. He patted his thigh and said happily, “Xiu Yuanke, are you crazy? Without teacher’s consent, Eldest Senior Brother can’t impart sword cognition to others.”

Xiu Yuanke roared, “But previously, our teacher had already ‘fallen’. It’s impossible for him to talk to Eldest Senior Brother and agree to it. If this continues, if Eldest Senior Brother accidentally dies, won’t sword cognition be lost? This is a vicious cycle! I, Xiu Yuanke, must shoulder the heavy responsibility of revitalizing the way of the sword!”

“You’re already so old...” The old woman sighed. “I have to say, your hot blood deserves the respect of all the young people.”

The young man who was sweeping the fallen leaves looked at the sky with a devout expression. “I have always believed that teacher did not die and that he has always been watching me...”

The boy could not help but slam his chess piece on the chessboard. “Hey! When you say that, can you not look at the sky?”

Amidst the commotion, a figure suddenly turned around from the side of the courtyard.

“Who was cursing me to die?” A genial voice sounded.

The four of them looked over and saw a man walking toward them. He was dressed in a white swordsman’s robe and had a well-proportioned figure. He had a refined temperament and a gentle smile on his face.

“Eldest senior brother!”

“Eldest senior brother Kongtong!”

The four of them quickly stood up and bowed respectfully.

The person in front of them was the Eldest Senior Brother of Fringe Moon Immortal City, Xiao Kongtong.

It was this person who had single-handedly used more than 30 years to create a world-class top swordsman’s faction in the Holy Sword Land of the Eastern Region, Fringe Moon Immortal City.

The reason why the burial sword tomb was famous was that it had been passed down since ancient times. Each generation of heirs only needed to cultivate step-by-step. As long as their aptitude was passable, they could almost reach the saint realm.

The reason why the Fringe Moon Immortal City was famous was because of... Xiao Kongtong!

Xiao Kongtong was not among the Seven Sword Deity, but his legacy as an ancient swordsman and his achievements in the way of the sword was incomparable to anyone of his age.

He had Bazhun'an's talent and the great achievements in imparting knowledge that Bazhun'an had never had.

However, he was never proud of his achievements.

In the face of the world's respect, he always took the last place and replied humbly, "This was all taught by my teacher. You shouldn't thank me. If you want to thank me, thank the Eighth Sword Deity."

"Eldest senior brother, our teacher has been resurrected!" Xiu Yuanke was very excited when he saw Xiao Kongtong appear.

"Teacher has never fallen. I also heard that voice just now." Xiao Kongtong nodded in response.

"Eldest senior brother, are you happy?" Xiu Yuanke clenched his fists, his old eyes burning.

"I'm very happy, extremely happy because our teacher is finally willing to come out." Xiao Kongtong smiled.

"Then..." Xiu Yuanke waved his arms with all his might. "Happiness needs to be shared. I also want to be happy. Can you teach me the 'Sword Cognition'?"

This swordsman was very direct.

"..." The other three people in the courtyard were speechless at the same time and revealed an expression of 'as expected'.

Xiao Kongtong had a helpless expression as well, but his temper was obviously very good. Otherwise, Xiu Yuanke wouldn't dare to speak to him like this, he shook his head and said, "I've already said that all of this needs to be approved by our teacher. If he agrees, I can even teach you the 'Sword Observation Manual'. Unfortunately..."

### **Chapter 999: A New Era of the Seven-Sword Deity? 1**

Xiao Kongtong sighed and didn't continue.

However, Xiu Yuanke became excited and said, "Teacher has been resurrected. As the only student who has seen him, you must have a way to contact him, right? Tell him now. I really want to learn 'sword cognition', sincerely and whole-heartedly!"

Xiao Kongtong shook his head slightly and said no more.

The boy in the yard sneered and said, "Xiu Yuanke, don't be stubborn. Eldest Senior Brother has always been kind to us. If he could really teach us, he would have taught 'sword cognition' to you a long time

ago. Why would he wait so many years? Honestly, Eldest Senior Brother has demonstrated 'Sword Cognition' many times. If you can't figure it out, it's because you're not talented enough."

Xiu Yuanke's face turned red. "When adults are talking, you little brat, shut up!"

"Hmph!" The boy immediately became angry and turned his head away, no longer trying to explain to a fool.

Xiao Kongtong looked at the warm scene of these two people arguing as per usual. He raised his head slightly and looked into the distance. His ears seemed to recall the familiar voice of his teacher Bazhun'an again. He muttered softly, "Time really flies..."

This inexplicable sigh startled the old woman and the young man, and a melancholic look appeared in their eyes.

"Yes, decades have passed in the blink of an eye. In the past, everyone only regarded teacher as their faith. Now, our teacher's voice has spread to the five regions, the five regions... No, the effect on the five regions might not be as obvious, but the Holy Sword Land will definitely fall into chaos." The old woman sighed.

"This is our chance, isn't it?" The young man stopped cleaning the fallen leaves and looked at Xiao Kongtong, his eyes filled with anticipation. "Eldest Senior Brother, when do you plan to challenge the 'Seven Sword Deity'?"

When the people in the courtyard heard this, they all stopped in their tracks and looked over with the same expression of hope.

Xiao Kongtong established the Fringe Moon Immortal City. His heritage in the paths of ancient swordsmen was something that even the Seven Sword Deity of the current era could not compare to.

This was a great achievement that belonged to him.

However, just based on this, it wasn't enough to gain the recognition of the world.

It had been decades since the Seven Sword Deity of this generation had obtained their title.

This period of time was too long. Some of the Seven Sword Deity had already become a saint, so they shouldn't have continued to hold the title of Sword Deity.

However, the Seven Sword Deity of this generation was too strong, and their fame had shaken the world for too long. Until today, no one dared to challenge their authority except for the Eighth Sword Deity.

Since his teacher had said that the era of all Saints was coming, he should be the one to shoulder the responsibility. The first person to respond to his teacher's call was undoubtedly Xiao Kongtong!

Once Xiao Kongtong succeeded in his challenge, the era of the ancient swordsman would usher in a glorious era once again.

In the face of hope, Xiao Kongtong did not directly respond. He only smiled and said, "Seven Sword Deity is just an empty title. The most important thing now is to respond to our teacher's real call. He is currently in Sky City, and he needs our help."



The young man became anxious. "But obtaining the title of the Seven Sword Deity is also a big matter. It is the only thing that teacher has ever accomplished in his life. You should be the one to take over."

The boy nodded in agreement, he also advised, "In the past, Eldest Senior Brother Kongtong always said that the time is not right. But in my opinion, you were qualified to win the title of Seven Sword Deity ten years ago. In the way of the sword, you are better than teacher..."

Xiao Kongtong's eyes turned to the side, and the boy immediately swallowed the rest of his words.

"You can not imagine how powerful teacher is," Xiao Kongtong said seriously.

Seeing that their Eldest Senior Brother was so self-belittling, the old woman took a deep breath. Her eyes were sharp as she said, "Eldest Senior Brother has mastered the nine major sword techniques, just like when teacher was young. You have also learned the higher level of 'Sword Cognition', just like when teacher's combat strength has reached a higher level. You have also suppressed teacher by creating the second generation of penetrating divine senses, the variant of 'Sword Cognition' - the Sword Cognition Incarnation"

"Eldest Senior Brother, you are already very strong! Sword Deity Hua may ascend to a saint, so we won't challenge him. However, the likes of Gou Wuyue and Rao Yaoyao are complacent. In the way of the sword, they have already been left behind by you, Eldest Senior Brother!" The old woman's voice was sonorous, she was filled with excitement and passion.

Xiu Yuanke nodded like a chick eating its food. "Yes, yes. Eldest Senior Brother, when can you teach me your 'Sword Cognition Incarnation'? I really want to learn it, sincerely and whole-heartedly!"

At this point, there was fanaticism in Xiu Yuanke's eyes.

The 'Sword Cognition Incarnation' was the second incarnation that Eldest Senior Brother had combined the essence of 'Sword Cognition' after going back to the basics. It was the incarnation that combined the three states of 'form, will, and spirit'.

It was almost comparable to a true demi-saint incarnation. Even the special and simplified version of the demi-saint incarnation made by the Storyteller of the saint servant was incomparable to it.

This was because Eldest Senior Brother's "Sword Cognition Incarnation" possessed true spiritual quality, complete combat ability, and independent logic.

Just like now...

The four people in the courtyard all knew that the person who was currently speaking in front of them was actually not Eldest Senior Brother's real body, but his "Sword Cognition Incarnation".

This was to deal with the random inspections from the Holy Divine Palace.

As for the whereabouts of Eldest Senior Brother's real body, outsiders did not know, but the people in the courtyard all knew. It was at the center of the current world's storm – Dongtianwang City!

Xiao Kongtong glanced at Xiu Yuanke helplessly and sighed, "If you can't learn Sword Cognition, how can you learn Sword Cognition Incarnation? They are of the same bloodline."

Xiu Yuanke said with a sobbing tone, "Then is there no other way to obtain Eldest Senior Brother's level of power?"

"Yes!" Xiao Kongtong raised his finger and said with a smile, "I've already told you that after you master the nine swords technique, you will walk a path similar to 'Sword Cognition'. In this way, you will definitely surpass me and reach a height comparable to teacher. In the future, you might even have a chance to surpass teacher!"

## **Chapter 1000: A New Era of the Seven-Sword Deity? 2**

Xiu Yuanke went silent.

He really wanted to.

But how could it be easy to master the nine major sword techniques?

In the entire fringe Moon Immortal City, only Eldest Senior Brother had done it.

At this moment, the boy standing at the side of the chessboard puffed up his chest. He pursed his lips and said, "Eldest Senior Brother, you're changing the topic again. You're not responding directly to the matter of challenging the Seven Sword Deity. You know, this is something that all the sword cultivators in Fringe Moon Immortal City are looking forward to, and it's also something that all the ancient swordsmen in the world are looking forward to."

Xiao Kongtong walked up to the boy and patted his head, he chuckled and said, "The likes of Gou Wuyue and Rao Yaoyao are not as simple as you think. To be able to obtain the title of Seven Sword Deity and the title of Ten High Nobles, they are far more powerful than you can imagine. Even I don't have full confidence fighting them."

"You definitely do!" The boy said stubbornly.

Xiao Kongtong shook his head. "Perhaps I do, but I can't do it now."

After pondering for a moment, he walked forward again, with a light sigh, he said, "I was born at the wrong time. I can only take on the role of an inheritor in history. Once I push forward the wheel of history, perhaps I will become famous, but in the path of ancient swordsman, it will be a heavy blow!"

"Why?" The boy looked up, his eyes filled with puzzlement.

Xiao Kongtong explained, "I can become a Seven Sword Deity, but once an ancient swordsman gets too much attention in the era of spiritual cultivation and doesn't have a power that's comparable to the mainstream of the entire era, it's very likely that the land we've taken with great difficulty will die prematurely."

The boy was confused and didn't quite understand.

The young man next to him seemed to have come to a realization, and he followed the voice to ask, "Is it because... above?"

He looked up at the sky. It was a blue sky with white clouds, but at this moment, it seemed like a layer of restriction that restricted everyone's eyes from continuing to look up.

Xiao Kongtong was noncommittal. He said, "Give those kids who truly belong to this era a little more time. Perhaps, you are one of them." He patted the boy's head again.

"Oh..." The boy still didn't understand.

But the young man's spirit was roused, and he said excitedly, "Eldest Senior Brother, if you succeed in your challenge, I will definitely follow in your footsteps. I will also strive to become a Seven Sword Deity and become an ancient swordsman who will keep the ancient swordsman path alive in the age of spiritual cultivation!"

Xiao Kongtong smiled.

After laughing for a long time, he finally stopped under the puzzled gazes of several people in the courtyard and the somewhat flustered gaze of the young man.

"This is exactly what the other ancient swordsmen will think after I succeed. If I succeed, I will receive too much attention, and the few of you are still too weak. You will definitely die halfway," Xiao Kongtong said solemnly.

The young man's face turned red. Didn't this mean that he wasn't strong enough?

At this moment, he finally understood what Eldest Senior Brother had just said.

As it turned out, Eldest Senior Brother didn't challenge the Seven Sword Deity not because he felt that he wasn't 100% confident, but because Eldest Senior Brother was worried that if he succeeded, too many ancient swordsmen would follow suit. However, because they didn't have enough time, precipitation, and strength.., they would fail.

Everyone was clear about what failure meant in the path of an ancient swordsman.

On the path of advancing courageously, once one failed and was unable to accept failure, there was an eighty to ninety percent chance that the ancient swordsman would choose to die honorably, rather than live in vain.

If one was pushed by an external force, not by their own capability and judgment, one would blindly challenge those who shouldn't be challenged.

If he was too rigid, he would be easily broken..

Xiu Yuanke's eyes gleamed. Wasn't this the true meaning of the "Hidden Sword Technique"? Eldest Senior Brother was trying to find a way to guide them again.

Unfortunately, his aptitude is too poor so he was always so close to understanding the technique.

Sword cognition...

The incarnation of Sword Cognition..

He was afraid that it will be very difficult for him to comprehend it in this lifetime.

"For Eldest Senior Brother to come out this time, you must have something on your mind, right?" The old woman suddenly spoke. She knew that their Eldest Senior Brother wouldn't head out for nothing,

and since their teacher's voice had spread throughout the five regions, the Fringe Moon Immortal City would probably take action as well.

"Yes," Xiao Kongtong nodded slightly, returning to the main topic.

He took out a small axe from his ring and tossed it to Xiu Yuanke. He then instructed, "Make a trip to the Dongtianwang City to look for me. Be careful not to expose your identity."

Xiu Yuanke took the small axe, his eyes were filled with pain. "Eldest Senior Brother, I'm an ancient swordsman. Why do you always want me to do such things? I feel that it's precisely because of these 'disguises' that my way of the sword is progressing so slowly, even if I have to use the 'Fantasy Sword Technique' in the middle of it."

"There are three thousand great path. All paths have the same origin. Whether it is the sword or the axe, if used well, they are all the same." The corners of Xiao Kongtong's lips curled up.

"But..." Xiu Yuanke was still somewhat conflicted.

Xiao Kongtong waved his hand to interrupt him and said, "If you can meet teacher this time, you might have a chance to get what you want. Teacher is a very easy person to talk to."

"Hmm?" Xiu Yuanke's breathing became heavy immediately because of this big opportunity. "I will do it! I can disguise myself as anyone! If necessary, I can also disguise myself as teacher!"

"Teacher has already come out, why do you still need to disguise as him?" The boy looked at the axe. He had originally hated it, but now he felt envious.

The young man frowned slightly and said, "Eldest Senior Brother, if you keep doing this, it will easily attract the hatred of the Holy Divine Palace to Fringe Moon Immortal City. In the past, it was to hide the truth, but now teacher has come out..."

Xiao Kongtong looked over with a smile and said, "It is precisely because teacher has come out that we have to share more of the burden. At the moment, he still needs help, and..."

Pausing for a moment, Xiao Kongtong looked to the east and said, "Fringe Moon Immortal City is just a small faction that has been established for more than thirty years. Compared to those factions with ancient heritage, the hatred we can attract is too small and too little..."