

## Immortal 471

### Chapter 471: Only One Good Thing about Me

"Are you from the dragon race?!" Ding Run fixed Zu An with an unwavering stare.

"Why would you think that?" Zu An asked curiously.

"Because you used Soulspeak." Sang Hong said, gasping for air. He looked at Zu An in shock.

This wasn't the first time he saw Zu An use this skill. In the Clans Tournament, Yuan Wendong's cultivation was clearly superior, yet he'd lost his concentration at a critical moment, and ended up losing to Zu An.

At the time, no one had thought about this possibility. Only now, when Ding Run blurted this out, did he realize that it might be plausible.

After all, Ding Run was one of the world's best hitmen, and Sang Hong could tell that he was a thoughtful and extremely strong-willed individual. There was no way he would be as easily distracted as Yuan Wendong.

Zu An knew that they had misunderstood what was going on, but he didn't bother to explain. This was perfectly acceptable to him, since it freed him of the burden of having to further explain the principles behind his 'Whatcha lookin' at' skill.

"That's right. Not only am I of the dragon race, I'm the reincarnation of an ancient ancestral dragon! Even the dragon god has to bow before me! By offending me, you've offended the entire dragon race! Are you scared yet?" Zu An was in his element when it came to spewing bullshit. If he really did scare his opponent, that would be great. If not, at least he got to feel awesome while doing so.

Sang Hong and Ding Run stared at him, unsure of how to respond.

Sang Qian was speechless as well, although something else caught his attention as well.

Wait... where the hell are you putting those hands of yours?

Sang Qian looked at him with great curiosity. This man truly held many secrets.

Zheng Dan was the only one who was smiling. This guy... really... Your lies are always so outrageous...

"I don't give a shit if you're of the dragon race or not. You're going to die today!" Ding Run's face was as dark as a storm cloud. He brandished his blade and slashed it towards Zu An.

Blade ki rushed ferociously at Zu An, ripping apart the ground as it travelled.

However, it was obvious that Ding Run's injuries were severe. His sword ki had previously been invisible and practically impossible to defend against. Now, however, although it seemed to be as powerful as before, it was leaving noticeable tracks behind.

Zu An still held Zheng Dan in his arms. He was just about to evade when a figure stepped in front of him, and a surge of black flame deflected the incoming sword ki. Her figure wobbled slightly. Clearly, blocking this attack was not as easy as it looked.

“Big Manman!” Zu An instantly recognized who this was from her figure alone.

The eyes of Ding Run and the others in the area widened, not just because this girl had been able to block this blade despite her tender age—their eyes were clearly focused on her wobbling figure. As they looked on, they felt their hearts tremble as well.

Sang Qien couldn’t help looking down at herself, and her face immediately turned pink. What in the world does this woman eat all day? Why are the heavens so unfair?!

Pei Mianman turned to give Zu An a look. She took in the extent of his injuries, and noticed that his hands were tightly wrapped around Zheng Dan. “So you’re the sort that ends up throwing your life away while chasing girls,” she said with a snort.

Zu An chuckled. “I’d do the same for you if you were in danger.”

Pei Mianman scoffed. “Hmph, you sure are a slick talker. Could you perhaps offer some more optimistic words?”

Meanwhile, a distance away, it looked as though flames were about to shoot out of Sang Qian’s eyes. Zu An and his wife had been an item all this time! Not only did Zu An have the first miss of the Chu clan, he had all these other outstanding girls competing to save him as well! This thought only served to further fuel Sang Qian’s rage.

Even though Pei Mianman was masked, that impressive chest, the incredible curves of her body and those beautiful eyes all marked her as an exceptional beauty.

Jealousy and anger swirled within Sang Qian’s heart, threatening to explode.

You have successfully trolled Sang Qian for 999... 999... 999...

Sang Qien, meanwhile, had a thoughtful look on her face. This Zu An looks rather handsome, and he knows how to sweet talk a woman. Most importantly, he is willing to risk his own life to protect yours... How many girls could resist such charm?

“Are you all treating me like I’m not here?” Ding Run brandished his blade and charged.

His injuries were pretty significant, and the Song of the Struck Blade took too much out of him. Besides, the path of his blade ki could now be traced, which limited their effectiveness. That was why he made the decision to engage them in close quarters.

Pei Mianman’s expression grew serious. Ding Run’s cultivation was incredibly high, and she could afford no distractions. Black flames surged around her entire body as she flew forward to meet him.

The two of them exchanged several blows, and Pei Mianman suddenly cried out, clearly having suffered an injury.

If Ding Run hadn't been carrying a serious injury of his own, the outcome would have been much worse for Pei Mianman.

Biting her lip in anguish, Zheng Dan dashed forward to lend Pei Mianman a hand. The combination of water and fire elements was strangely effective.

As they attacked, their water and fire elements overlapped, producing large amounts of steam. The air around Ding Run was constantly boiling hot, and his vision was affected as well.

When they were on the defensive, Zheng Dan condensed water shields around Pei Mianman from time to time, preventing their opponent from attacking freely.

"Let's leave!" Sang Qian quickly picked up his father, who had been wounded by Ding Run's sword ki earlier. He only had one thing on his mind, which was to get away from this dangerous place as quickly as possible.

The last thing he expected was for Sang Qian to say no.

"We fled earlier because there was no hope of victory even if we stayed. Now that Ding Run is seriously injured, and there are so many people on our side, we have a chance to win this. If we run now, he might successfully deal with Zu An's group, and still have a chance to recover afterwards. If that happens, we'll never be able to get away."

Sang Hong nodded in agreement. "Qien'er has analyzed this correctly. Instead of facing a sure death a few days later, we might as well risk it all here."

Sang Qian had already made her move. However, she didn't charge straight into the battlefield. Instead, she went to Zu An first and undid his seal.

Zu An was so moved he was about to cry. "Someone finally remembered to undo this damned seal! You're incredible, young miss Sang."

He didn't really blame Zheng Dan and the others. Since they were completely focused on dealing with Ding Run, they didn't have the chance to undo his seal.

Sang Qian pushed him away, her face red. "I appreciate the gratitude, but why are you touching my hand?"

Zu An said, "In my hometown, shaking hands is a way to express gratitude... haha."

Sang Qian rolled her eyes. Then, she drew her sword and joined the fray.

Pei Mianman and Zheng Dan were rather surprised to see her join the battle, but they couldn't deny that the pressure on them decreased considerably.

Ding Run was appalled. He never expected that he would be put under such pressure by a few girls, moreover such young ladies. He'd become a huge laughingstock if news of this got out!

Unfortunately, there really wasn't much he could do in his current condition. The black flames wielded by that masked woman were extremely unnatural, and he dared not let it touch him.

Zheng Dan was providing excellent support from behind, while Sang Qien was as cunning as a fox on the battlefield. She launched attacks from all manner of tricky angles, and assisted Zheng Dan from time to time as well. He was truly at his wit's end.

He couldn't let this drag on. Time was of the essence. He let out an ear-splitting roar, and the image of a massive purple tiger emerged. He charged straight at the three girls.

"Be careful!"

The three women were immediately put under the same pressure that Sang Hong had gone up against earlier. Ding Run's speed and power increased drastically, and the ghostly purple tiger enhanced each of his attacks. His fighting strength had now gone up, almost equal to what it was when he was in prime condition. There was no way Pei Mianman and the other two girls could continue to keep up with him.

It didn't take long for the three of them to fall to the ground in quick succession, injured and groaning.

Ding Run was just about to finish them off when a figure flashed across his field of vision at blinding speed, carrying the three of them away.

His expression grew cold, and he glanced at that figure. "How did you recover so quickly?"

Zu An had suffered multiple deep gashes, and had even taken the full-powered attack meant for Zheng Dan. Even if he hadn't died, he should have been pretty close to it. However, he didn't show any sign that he was about to expire.

Zu An chuckled and said, "What can I say? I might not be good in other areas, but my body is really hard."

The Primordial Origin Sutra had not only made his body tougher, it also granted him amazing regenerative abilities. His condition was already considerably improved after this short period of natural recovery.

Zheng Dan's face turned red. Her heart was pounding like a drum. This was something she understood best...

"Miss Sang, let me borrow your sword." Zu An had carried Sang Qien back last. He used this chance to take her sword.

"Okay..." Sang Qien's face was red. She was already so old, yet no man had ever carried her in such a manner before. She was at a loss as to how to react.

## **Chapter 472: Dragonslaying Eighteen Palms**

He looks good when he smiles... Wait what is happening to me?

Sang Qien rubbed her cheeks. Why did they feel much warmer than usual?

Sang Qian didn't miss his little sister's reaction. Rage flooded his mind. Zu An, you bastard! Not only did you fool around with my fiancée, you're after my sister as well?!

Absolutely preposterous!

You have successfully trolled Sang Qian for 666... 666... 666...

Ding Run snorted. "Let's see which is harder, then—your body or my blade!"

His blade flashed out at once. Even though he was injured, his ultimate move was still active, and his speed was more or less what it had been when he was uninjured.

This sudden assault was almost impossible for the naked eye to follow. Ding Run had learned from his past experiences and completely blocked off all of Zu An's possible escape routes. He was confident that he could finish him with this blow.

He had already wasted way too much time here. In his entire career, he had never encountered such a situation. He felt an incredible sense of unease.

"Be careful!" Pei Mianman and Zheng Dan cried out at the same time. They clearly saw how dangerous this attack was. Neither of them believed that they would survive this blow if they were the ones facing it.

Unfortunately, both of them were in terrible condition, and the speed of Ding Run's attack was just too fast. There was no way for them to render aid even if they wanted to.

Even Sang Qian looked on nervously. For some reason, she was starting to worry for that man. Was it because of that warm smile?

Only Sang Qian was secretly delighted. He obviously couldn't be happier if Zu An were to be diced up! However, he suddenly remembered that, after Zu An met his end, they would be next. This left him feeling quite conflicted.

Ding Run's eyes suddenly widened. His guaranteed strike had missed.

No, he hadn't missed—he had clearly struck his opponent!

However, his blade had cut into a mirror image. Looking more closely, he noticed that there were two Zu Ans in front of him.

"Body-cloning technique?" The experienced Ding Run frowned.

Zu An sighed in relief. Once again, he felt indebted to big sis empress for her modified Sunflower Phantasm. It was a truly reliable technique. Her hellish training had also forced him to learn how to split into three, without which, he might not have been able to evade that lethal strike.

Ding Run remained silent, continuing to hack away at Zu An with his blade.

Zu An evaded with his Sunflower Phantasm while looking for a chance to counterattack. Usually, there would have been no way for him to dodge these attacks, given the huge gap in cultivation between them. However, his injuries were severe enough that the Phoenix Nirvana Sutra was giving him a substantial buff. His speed and ki strength had both been markedly increased.

Of course, Ding Run was seriously injured as well. If not, there would have been no way for Zu An to keep up with him once he unleashed his purple tiger. This was now a war of attrition. The difference between their relative strengths was actually no longer that great.

Ding Run felt his astonishment growing as the battle wore on. What kind of monster was this? His movement technique was unbelievably strange! With it, Zu An was able to cause most of his attacks to miss, and it even gave Zu An opportunities to counterattack now and then.

His opponent's sword techniques seemed extremely simple, at times even appearing to be rather flawed. However, when paired with that strange movement technique, the flaws were no longer flaws, and it became difficult to ward off these attacks.

Everyone else on the battlefield was stupefied. Even though they knew that Zu An was talented, fighting toe-to-toe with one of the world's best killers was surely a stretch too far.

Zheng Dan's eyes were fixed on him, her eyes burning with love. The man I've chosen really is awesome.

In that instant, she even began to regret getting married to Sang Qian out of consideration for the Zheng clan's reputation. Eloping with Ah Zu was beginning to seem like a great idea.

Pei Mianman was already blown away. Out of all of them, she was probably the one who understood Zu An's strength best. Not much time had passed since they last saw each other—wasn't this sudden leap in strength just a little too crazy?

No, his strength has always shown an unbelievable improvement each time we met. She was a cultivation genius herself, yet she was nothing compared to Zu An.

How did that girl Chu Chuyan discover such an incredible talent? She's always a step ahead of me... Wait a minute, they aren't husband and wife anymore...

Sang Qian found herself constantly flabbergasted. If she hadn't just fought against Ding Run, she would have suspected that he was way past his limits, and that his strength had somehow dropped significantly. However, the truth was that he had easily defeated the three of them together just moments ago.

She thought of herself as one of the best among her peers, yet this man wasn't much older than her! How is he doing this?

Sang Qian's astonishment grew by the second. He quickly turned to look at the three women. He caught sight of his fiancée's bewitched expression, and he suddenly felt as though his lungs were about to explode.

The other stunning beauty was also looking at Zu An fondly, and even his little sister was looking on in adoration. Just what sin did he commit in his past life, for him to run into someone like this?

You have successfully trolled Sang Qian for 555... 555... 555...

Ding Run was also furious. The battle had dragged on for so long, and yet he couldn't take down this miserable kid! He already felt himself weakening from his injuries, and there was no way he could maintain his ultimate technique forever. Things would start to get ugly if this continued.

He flew into midair. The blade in his hand was no longer as fast as before, but instead slowed down.

Zu An had no intention of growing careless. As the blade slowed, the air surrounding it seemed to fold in on itself.

Ding Run's blade became extremely slow. For every inch it moved, it left behind a silhouette of a blade. Ding Run continued to dance about in the air, and he was soon surrounded by dark red blade silhouettes.

"Rain of Carnage!"

He roared out. Blades poured out of the sky, as if it was raining blood.

Since you're so good at dodging, I'll fill this entire place with blade ki! Let's see where you can hide then!

He made sure that the three women were well within the radius of the attack, to prevent Zu An from using his strange instantaneous-movement technique.

You can run, but these women will die for sure.

He had seen Zu An shield Zheng Dan earlier, so he knew that, despite his frivolous appearance, he was a man who treasured deep emotional connections. Such people were not willing to just save themselves.

All of you can die together, then!

The three women stared at the 'blood rain' formed by the innumerable dark red swords that shrouded the sky, the cruel crimson luster mirrored in their eyes.

All of their faces turned pale. How in the world were they supposed to avoid this?

The only thing they could do was to gather their remaining ki and produce as strong of a defense as they could.

Suddenly, a figure appeared in front of them. Zheng Dan panicked. "Ah Zu, run away! You don't have to worry about me..."

Pei Mianman's expression also softened. "She's right! I'm already satisfied to see you here. Please don't sacrifice your own life! If you do, Chuyan will really kill me..."

Sang Qien opened her mouth, but no words came out. The other two women were close to him, and it didn't seem appropriate for her to say anything.

Zu An chuckled and said, "What's up with all the gloomy looks? I still have trump cards to play."

Up in the sky, Ding Run sneered. He was just a pathetic kid at the fifth rank! The fact that he had lasted this long was already a miracle. What trump cards could he possibly have left?

The three girls were stunned. They didn't believe that he had anything else to play, but his confidence was strangely infectious, and they instinctively chose to trust him.

Zu An put away his smile. He stabbed his sword into the ground and faced the incoming sword rain. His arms moved in a strange manner, and then he said with a grave voice, "Dragon... Slaying... Eighteen... Palms! Dragon's descent!"

The terrifying cry of a dragon split the sky, and a massive red dragon appeared in midair, its body stretching for several zhang, giving off a tremendous pressure.

The blood rain seemed puny compared to the massive bulk of the dragon, which blocked almost all of it.

The blood rain—formed by the sharp blade ki—scattered harmlessly as it made contact with the red dragon's scales.

When all the blades were blocked, Zu An immediately returned the red dragon corpse back to his Brilliant Glass Bead. He coughed lightly and said, "I will now show you the second movement of the Dragonslaying Eighteen Palms—Dragon's ascent!"

### **Chapter 473: Boasting Punished by Heavenly Judgement**

Ding Run heard the seriousness in Zu An's tone, and there seemed to be some sort of ancient and profound meaning hidden within the motion of his palms as well. Although the dragon had disappeared in a flash, he was certain that it was a real dragon!

From the name of the skill alone, he was able to tell that this 'Dragonslaying Eighteen Palms' technique could cause even a dragon to yield. This kid was an absolute monster!

He hadn't been able to defeat Zu An even with his full strength, which had left him doubting himself. Now that he had pulled out this Dragonslaying Eighteen Palms technique, he was properly scared out of his wits.

He was already carrying a serious injury, and did not dare to continue fighting. He picked up his blade and ran for his life.

As a professional killer, his top priority was staying alive. No amount of caution was considered excessive. That was why he ran for his life. He would wait until he had fully recovered, then seek this fellow out to settle matters once and for all.

With a few large leaps, his retreating figure quickly vanished into the distance.

All those who remained stared blankly after him. What in the world was going on? The most famous hitman in the world, a top-notch expert, had been chased away by Zu An?

Zu An sighed in relief. Clearly, he had only been bluffing. That Dragonslaying Eighteen Palms or whatever was just some bullshit he'd come up with. He knew that, if he'd summoned the red dragon again, Ding Run might realize that it was just a corpse.

"Ah Zu, you're incredible!" Zheng Dan's red lips were parted wide with shock. She was the only one here who knew the truth behind this red dragon. She never expected that he could make use of the corpse so effectively!

"Haha, you're too kind. I have even more powerful skills in reserve." There wasn't the least bit of humility in Zu An's tone.



Pei Mianman sighed in admiration. "Ah Zu, you're always so full of surprises. Compared to you, all those so-called talented geniuses are completely overshadowed."

Zu An was on cloud nine. "Oh my god, yes, right there. That's what I like to hear. Keep it coming!"

"You're so annoying!" Pei Mianman's body was shaking from his teasing, and everyone else's eyes couldn't help but track her every motion.

A blush colored Sang Qien's charming face. She cursed that woman in her heart for being a vixen, and then she looked at Zu An curiously. "How did you do it?"

Zu An chuckled. "Do you really want to know? Call me big brother, and I'll tell you."

"Hmph!" Sang Qien's face turned red. To be honest, if there weren't so many people around, she wouldn't have minded calling him big brother. But her real big brother was nearby, and the two of them hated each other's guts. How could she possibly give in to his request in such a situation?

Sang Qian erupted in anger. "You! Stop teasing my little sister!"

You have successfully trolled Sang Qian for 601 Rage points!

Zu An immediately became unhappy. "Yo, are you blind? She was the one who asked me a question first. If you keep shouting like an idiot, I'm gonna smack you to death."

"You!" Sang Qian was so angry that he almost leapt out to challenge him. However, he remembered how Zu An had just scared off Ding Run, and recalled the appearance of that terrifying dragon as well. Both of these things made him wary of Zu An's slap, and he held his tongue. However, the resentment he felt didn't decrease in the slightest.

You have successfully trolled Sang Qian for 444... 444... 444...

Zu An was overjoyed. This fellow had given him a really decent amount of Rage points over these past few days, which made him seem quite cute.

He helped Pei Mianman and Zheng Dan to their feet. "Are you two all right?"

"We're fine." The two women replied, and exchanged glances.

The two of them weren't complete strangers. They were both quite well known in Brightmoon City, and they were fellow students at the academy.

However, they only nodded towards each other. They shared no deeper friendship to speak of.

As if sensing the awkwardness, Zu An said, "What do you mean, you're fine? Look at yourselves! Big Manman, you have some blood on your chest. Let me help you with that..."

"Get lost!" Pei Mianman pushed the pervert away. This fellow is always so despicable.

Zu An chuckled. He took out two pills and gave one to each of them. "Take it easy. These are Divine Physician Ji's Soul Return Pills. They're pretty good."

"Thank you!" The two women had heard about Divine Physician Ji's extraordinary medicine. Neither refused him, and both took the pills he offered.

Sang Qien blinked. She was rather stunned that neither one of the girls had hesitated before swallowing the medicine.

They were women, and extremely beautiful women at that! Yet, they ingested any random thing that they received from this man! That could only mean that they really trusted him.

The girl with the huge breasts is one thing, but Zheng Dan is my sister-in-law...

She turned around to give Sang Qian a look. Oh, my poor big brother!

Zu An's teasing voice interrupted her thoughts. "Miss Sang, do you want one too?"

"I don't!" Sang Qien gave an angry huff and turned her head away. This fellow was clearly trying to tease her! How could she shamelessly accept it?

"Now's not the time for that. We're not out of the woods yet. It's important to recover our fighting strength as quickly as possible." Zu An grabbed her hand and placed a pill in her palm.

This girl had helped him undo his seal and fought alongside the other two girls. There was no way he wouldn't repay this favor.

Her hand does feel pretty nice though...

Sang Qien was stunned. She too recognized that this was indeed what was most important at the moment. Even though she had her own medicine, it wasn't as good as Divine Physician Ji's pills.

As such, she stretched out her hand. "Give me two more!"

Zu An inhaled sharply. This woman really was blunt. He thought for a bit, then said, "I can only give you one more."

There was no way he would give Sang Qian something so precious.

Sang Qien frowned, clearly catching his meaning. She didn't say anything in reply, but took the medicine and hurried over to her family members. She offered up both of the pills and said quietly, "Father, big brother, take this medicine, quickly."

Sang Qian took the pill and swallowed it at once. Sang Hong frowned and said, "What about you?"

Sang Qien looked at Zu An, who was a distance away. "I have my own ways."

Sang Hong knew that his daughter possessed sharp wits, so he didn't worry too much about her. He took the Soul Return Pill as well and began to regulate his breathing.

Unfortunately, he had overly taxed his body even after suffering serious injuries, and it wasn't easy for him to recover, even with such incredible medicine.

Sang Qien walked back to Zu An, her hands behind her back. She didn't say anything, but sat down and began to regulate her own breathing.

Zu An frowned. "You gave that pill to your brother?"

"Yup." Sang Qien nodded, but gave no other reaction.

“Why aren’t you asking me for another one?” Zu An asked curiously.

Sang Qien opened her eyes and said slowly, “I’m already grateful that you gave me two pills. You also made it clear that you didn’t want to give my big brother one, so I took on the responsibility by choosing to give mine to him. There’s no way I would be so shameless as to ask you for another one.”

Zu An was astonished. “I didn’t expect the young miss to have such integrity. Your character is far superior to your brother’s. Whatever. I’ve always been more partial to the fairer sex. I’ll give you another one.”

“That’s... I couldn’t let you do something like that.” Sang Qien looked troubled, but her heart was secretly overjoyed. Sure enough, this fellow’s weakness was pretty girls.

Zu An chuckled. “It’s no big deal. We’re all grasshoppers stranded on the same boat right now, so we should be helping each other out.”

He gave her another Soul Return Pill.

Sang Qien didn’t refuse him, but reached out her hand instead. “Thank you, big brother Zu.”

Zu An laughed heartily. “You’re welcome!”

The truth finally hit Zu An when he saw Sang Qien return to Sang Hong’s side. He had fallen for this young woman’s trap! Why would she have walked all the way over and taken a seat near him if she really wasn’t interested in his medicine?

Instead of getting angry, he found himself growing more interested in her. Her big brother was rather rude and impetuous, but this younger sister was quite clever.

He shook his head. There’s no point in thinking about all this right now. He sat down to regulate his breathing and focus on recovery. He didn’t take any medicine himself. His Primordial Origin Sutra was constantly repairing his body, so he wasn’t in any urgent need of treatment. Moreover, staying in his current condition would grant him a buff from the Phoenix Nirvana Sutra. Since the danger had yet to truly pass, it was best to be a little more cautious.

He noticed with pleasant surprise that the fifth step of his fifth formation was about twenty percent filled. This was probably the result of the previous beatings he’d suffered, as well as the most recent fight.

This fifth step required a whopping 2,178,309 Ki Fruits to fill up! Twenty percent of that was equivalent to more than forty thousand Ki Fruits. If this were converted into Rage Points, it would become an even more ridiculous number.

I guess being beaten up really is much more effective than just eating Ki Fruits.

However, what surprised him the most was that the increase in his level of cultivation wasn’t quite the same each time he was seriously injured. After all, he had been left in a far worse state when he’d faced Mi Li in the dungeon. Yet, if he converted the progress he’d made back then into Rage points, it would be considerably less than this most recent round.

Does it increase by a percentage of my current cultivation?

Zu An couldn't figure out how this system worked at all.

Despite all this, he still rejoiced. Even though getting beaten up to increase his cultivation wasn't the most glamorous, he could kill two birds with one stone and get on the good side of young women. Just look at how moved Zheng Dan had been when he used his own body to shield her!

It wasn't just her, either. Even Sang Qien's opinion of him had changed.

He was giggling to himself when an old man's voice suddenly cut through the air. "Who was it that killed my clansman?!"

#### **Chapter 474: Nemesis**

All of them were stunned. Turning their heads to take a look, they noticed a figure slowly walking out from among the trees.

The figure wasn't all that large or tall. It was an old man with gray hair, who ambled forward with the aid of a walking stick. This elder looked just like any ordinary old man. However, for him to appear so deep within the mountains, there was no way anyone would mistake him for an ordinary person.

The two horns peeking out from beneath the hair on his temples brought shocked recognition to their faces. In an instant, they remembered who he was.

This was the one who had neutralized the Embroidered Envoy's most powerful weapon with just a single word. He was the reason why the Embroidered Envoy had then been taken out one after another, before eventually being exterminated.

It's that dragon race elder! Zu An was horrified. What the hell is going on? Didn't they say that the dragon race didn't like getting too involved in the affairs of the world? He was supposed to leave after using his Soulspeak! Why is he still here?

This old man had probably seen the red dragon that he'd whipped out, and came here to investigate.

Why is all of this shit happening today?!

His mind was racing, but he still had a smile on his face. "You must be joking, elder! How could one of your clansmen be here?"

The dragon elder gave him a look, then swept his gaze over the others. His eyes flashed with surprise. "It's you guys."

His eyes continued to rove around, clearly looking for those dark elves. However, he didn't see any sign of them.

Zu An chuckled and said, "What a coincidence! I didn't expect us to meet again. Respectfully, how should I address you?"

The dragon elder said, "This old one is Ao Quan."

Zu An was stunned. This elder actually had the surname 'Ao'! It was quite similar to the surnames of the dragons in the fantasy novels of his previous world. Was it really just a coincidence?

He calmed his thoughts quickly, Clasp his fist, he said, "Greetings, Elder Ao. Didn't you leave earlier?"

Ao Quan laughed and said, "This old one sensed an abundance of natural ki in this place, and decided to take a stroll around the mountains to further my cultivation. I didn't expect to suddenly sense my clansman's aura, let alone an aura of death."

Like hell I'd believe you! You can cultivate anywhere you want—why would you choose to cultivate in these mountains? That stuff about remaining indifferent towards worldly affairs is probably all fake. I wouldn't be surprised if they are just biding their time on the sidelines, waiting for the opportunity to snatch up everything in the end!

Pei Mianman walked over to Zu An's side. "Elder Ao, if my suspicions are correct, you should be a member of the dragon race, right? Why would any of your clansmen be here?"

Zheng Dan stood on the other side of him, clearly watchful for any sudden attacks.

"Is that so? Perhaps I really was mistaken, then." Even though Ao Quan said this, he made no move to leave. His eyes continued to wander about their bodies.

A disgruntled voice suddenly rang out. "Is this clansman you're talking about a giant red dragon?"

Everyone turned to face Sang Qian. A dangerous glint flickered in Pei Mianman's eyes.

"Indeed. Young junior, do you know anything about that?" Ao Quan asked, favoring him with an amicable expression.

Sang Hong frowned. He sent his son a warning via ki transmission. "Qian'er, be careful what you say."

Sang Qian pretended not to have heard a thing. He pointed straight at Zu An. "He has it. He activated some Dragonslaying Eighteen Palms skill, and that massive red dragon appeared instantly."

The sight of Pei Mianman and Zheng Dan both flanking Zu An was enough to drive him mad with jealousy.

He had always looked down on this rat from the streets, and always felt that this brat was far inferior to himself in every way. However, the battle against Ding Run had clearly demonstrated that Zu An had already overtaken him a long time ago.

He absolutely could not stand the idea that there was such a huge difference between them. What made it even harder to accept was the knowledge that this gap would only grow wider and wider in the future.

The situation with Zheng Dan had already made it so that the two of them could not live under the same sky. The only thing in his mind right now was to get rid of Zu An!

This was the perfect chance. He would borrow the dragon elder's strength to fulfill his goal.

A frown carved deep furrows along Sang Hong's brow. He had still hoped that his son could somehow get along with Zu An. However, the intimate way that Zheng Dan was behaving around Zu An had dashed any possibility of that happening.

Even if that were the case, though, his son wasn't making the smartest of decisions right now. Even if you want to turn hostile towards him, you should at least wait until I recover! We don't even know if this dragon elder is friend or foe. What if he comes after us after he takes out Zu An?

Sang Qien bit her lip as well. To be honest, she didn't approve of her brother's decision. They had all fought together, and Zu An had even given them three precious pills. Stabbing him in the back right away like this was a truly despicable act.

However, he was still her big brother, so she couldn't really go against him.

Zu An narrowed his eyes and gave Sang Qian a look. How could he not decipher this man's true intentions? Looks like I really can't be lenient with him anymore.

"Dragonslaying Eighteen Palms?" Ao Quan's expression grew cold when he heard this. He turned to look at Zu An. "Aren't you an arrogant fellow!"

Zu An quickly clasped his fist and said, "That was just something I made up to intimidate an opponent. It's not real. I didn't expect to have offended the dragon race. I sincerely apologize."

Ao Quan sneered. "So, you made that up? Then tell me, was that red dragon also something you randomly made up?"

"Red dragon? What red dragon? How big was it?" Zu An feigned ignorance.

Ao Quan said indifferently, "Even though it was just a lower-class dragon who hadn't cultivated for many years, he was still pretty strong. He would probably have been about a hundred zhang in length."

"A hundred zhang?" Zu An laughed and said, "I'm sure you'll agree with me on this. Forget about a giant dragon a hundred zhang in length for a moment—we wouldn't even be able to hide a snake a single zhang in length."

"Perhaps you've hidden it within some spatial artifact." Ao Quan said with a snort.

"Spatial artifact?" Zu An smiled. "What sort of spatial artifact can possibly store a massive dragon like that?"

The others agreed that this made a lot of sense. A spatial artifact that had a few rooms of storage would already be quite large. How could there be one that could possibly hide such a massive dragon?

Despite this, they couldn't deny what they had seen with their own eyes. What was really going on?

Ao Quan frowned. He clearly didn't believe that there was a spatial artifact capable of that either.

"Don't listen to that fellow's nonsense. I used an illusion just now. His eyes were playing tricks on him," said Zu An.

Sang Qian began to panic. "How could I possibly..."

Ao Quan cut him off. "I don't know if his eyes were deceived or not, but I wouldn't make that sort of mistake. Besides, there's no way I wouldn't recognize the aura of a fellow dragon."

Zu An let his smile fade. "Since you don't believe me even after all these explanations, what do you want to do?"

Ao Quan said indifferently, "Hand over my clansman's corpse, and return with me to meet with the rest of the dragon clan. The clan leader will judge this matter himself."

Zu An laughed and said, "After all that talk, it seems like you're just coveting my spatial artifact and the Phoenix Nirvana Sutra! You guys really have some nerve, acting as though you don't care a whit about the affairs of the world, then pulling a stunt like that. Hypocrites! Piss off!"

Ao Quan roared in anger, "Brat, you dare humiliate the dragon race?!"

You have successfully trolled Ao Quan for 999 Rage points!

Zu An sneered. "Drop the act already. I'm clearly humiliating you, and you only! You alone do not represent the entire dragon race."

Ao Quan was so angry that he burst out laughing. "Excellent! It's been quite a while since someone dared to talk to me like this, let alone a human with such pitiful cultivation!"

Sang Qian was so happy that he almost cheered. Kick his ass! This Zu An really did crawl out of the trash. A dog like you dares to raise your tail sky high just because you got lucky and found a way to raise your cultivation a little? Remember who you are!

Zu An snorted. "Wasn't the dragon race beaten back to the northern wastelands by us humans? What do you have to brag about? If you really have the guts, go say hi to our emperor in the imperial palace."

Ao Quan's breath caught. Clearly, he knew of the emperor's strength. Leaving himself aside, not even the leader of the dragon race stood a chance against that man. There was no way he would dare to start trouble in the imperial palace.

He snorted. "Brat, I will make sure you regret your arrogance."

Pei Mianman immediately cried out in warning. "Be careful!"

She knew that this elder was about to make his move, and she struck first to seize the advantage. Ferocious black flames surged outwards.

Ao Quan didn't move at all. He gazed dispassionately at the black flames racing towards him, and said slowly, "Dragon Soulspeak—extinguish!"

Just as the words left his mouth, the onrushing flames vanished.

Shock was written all across Pei Mianman's face. She raised her hand several times, yet there were only sparks. She could not summon her flames at all.

Ao Quan turned his gaze on Zu An. "Youngster, I am most displeased with how foul your mouth is. I'll make you strike your own mouth a hundred times. I don't feel like doing it myself. Dragon Soulspeak—Strike..."

Before he could finish, he heard a taunting voice. "Whatcha lookin' at?"

## **Chapter 475: Use Your Mouth**

Ao Quan felt an uncontrollable urge well up within him. "I'm looking at you, shithead!" he blurted out instinctively.

Naturally, his Soulspeak ability was interrupted.

What the hell was that?

Ao Quan was completely stunned. He had no idea why he would suddenly say such a thing.

Then again, it seemed like a perfectly legitimate thing to say, given the context, so he didn't give it any further thought. He continued on with what he had tried to say earlier on. "Dragon Soulspeak..."

Again, he was interrupted before he could finish. "Whatcha lookin' at?"

"I'm looking at you, shithead!" Ao Quan instinctively replied.

Ao Quan covered his mouth in disbelief, his eyes going wide. The first time could have been chalked off as an anomaly. However, there was no way he wouldn't realize something was off after it happened twice in a row.

"Are you also a member of the dragon race? Are you capable of Dragon Soulspeak?" In a state of shock, he quickly studied Zu An, but saw no traces in his appearance that marked him as a member of the dragon race. He didn't sense the slightest bit of dragon aura from him either.

Sang Qian cried out before Zu An could reply. "That's right! He said that he was the reincarnation of some ancient ancestral dragon, and that even your dragon god had to bow in his presence!"

Heh, you're screwed now!

"Brother!" Sang Qian couldn't help but cry out in indignation. It was difficult to watch her brother kicking Zu An while he was already down.

Sang Qian sniffed. Women are all like this in the end. His sister hadn't crossed paths with Zu An that many times, yet she was already speaking up for him!

Pei Mianman and Zheng Dan wore identically frosty expressions. However, this only served to further strengthen Sang Qian's resolve to get rid of Zu An. The two of them could not coexist in this world, and he couldn't be bothered with appearances anymore.

"A reincarnated dragon? Even the dragon god has to bow in your presence?" Ao Quan's face seemed carved from ice. "How bold!"

You have successfully trolled Ao Quan for 567 Rage points!

Since things had gotten to this point, there was little point in maintaining any further pretense. As such, Zu An gave up on his previous modesty, and returned to his usual cocky expression. "How do you know I'm not?"



“Of course I would know. If you were a dragon, I would be able to sense it.” Ao Quan punctuated his comment with a snort.

“Then how do you explain my Soulspeak ability?” Zu An said with a laugh.

“I do not know what kind of strange technique you possess, but it might not be our dragon race’s Soulspeak.” Ao Quan’s expression grew serious. “I was careless, and got taken advantage of. You won’t have another chance now.”

Zu An shrugged. “I guess you really were here to cultivate your Soulspeak. You only know how to blabber.”

Dark clouds raged across Ao Quan’s face. “Brat, you’ve successfully infuriated me! When the time comes, I... Dragon Soulspeak—Sink...”

He wasn’t sure what kind of sorcery Zu An employed, so he said all those things to deliberately make him drop his guard, before suddenly whipping out his Soulspeak.

Unfortunately for him, Zu An was completely prepared. “Whatcha lookin’ at?”

He wiped some sweat off his brow. He almost let this old man use his ability! This old man had no sense of honor. They were right in the middle of a nice chat when he had suddenly launched an attack!

“I’m looking at you, shithead!” Ao Quan blurted out. His expression immediately turned awful.

He had already done his best to stop himself from being distracted, yet he still couldn’t prevent himself from saying this and interrupting his own Soulspeak.

He stared at Zu An. “Damned brat, just how...”

“Whatcha lookin’ at?”

Having learned his lesson, Zu An was worried that he might launch another surprise attack. He wasn’t interested in chatting anymore, but immediately cut off any chance of Soulspeak being used.

“I’m looking at you, shithead!”

Ao Quan ground his teeth in fury.

You have successfully trolled Ao Quan for 999 Rage points!

He had never felt such injustice in his entire life! He had such an incredible ability, yet he couldn’t use said ability thanks to a stupid brat with low cultivation.

If Huang Huihong were still alive, he would have surely been clapping his hands in jubilation. He could fully sympathize with this old man’s torment! His powerful imperial edict had been sealed by that silencing Soulspeak, which ultimately led to his humiliating death!

“What are you...”

“Whatcha lookin’ at?”

“I’m looking at you, shithead!”

...

Ao Quan was on the verge of crying. Not only could he not use his Soulspeak, he couldn't even complete a simple sentence.

"Wait, let me..."

"Whatcha lookin' at?"

"I'm looking at you, shithead!"

He wanted to bang his head against a tree.

You have successfully trolled Ao Quan for 666... 666... 666...

Sang Qian was completely stupefied. What the hell is this?

Isn't this dragon elder supposed to be extremely powerful? He stopped Huang Huihong earlier with just a single word. How is he the one who can't do anything now?

I placed all my hopes and dreams on you! You're a bloody disappointment!

Pei Mianman and the other girls were completely stupefied as they watched the two of them going back and forth, one yelling "Whatcha lookin' at" and the other replying "I'm looking at you, shithead". They couldn't help but burst out laughing. This didn't seem like a battle between powerful cultivators—rather they looked like two idiots cursing each other on the streets.

A tinge of red blossomed on Sang Qian's face as well. As expected, this Zu An was just as shameless as her intelligence had stated. He dragged his opponent down to his level, and then used his wealth of expertise to destroy them.

A few more moments passed before Ao Quan quickly stretched out his hands. "Stop!"

Zu An didn't continue shouting. His throat was starting to get dry from all the talking.

Seeing that he didn't say those three demonic words again, Ao Quan sighed in relief. "Don't you know how to use your fucking mouth?!"

He was already quite old, so he was already quite used to exercising self-restraint. He was always treated with respect, and had no problem acting aloof and proud. It had been many, many years since he last cursed like this, but he really couldn't hold himself back.

Zu An chuckled and said, "I only need to say three words, but you always need to say more. Since we're really going there, I'm sure your mouth is capable of much more."

Ao Quan was at a loss for words.

You make so much bloody sense, I don't even have a good retort.

You have successfully trolled Ao Quan for 703 Rage points!

Ao Quan's face grew ashen. He had already given up on using Soulspeak, because those three goddamned words would always stop him, no matter how hard he tried. There was no way he would put himself through that again.

"Do you think this old man is that helpless?!" Ao Quan said with a cold snort, and swung his dragon-head walking stick.

Even though he mainly trained his Soulspeak, his close-quarters combat strength could only be considered weak when compared to others of his race. He had more than enough strength to deal with a simple fifth rank human.

Zu An didn't dare face the oncoming walking stick head on. He quickly used his Sunflower Phantasm to dodge the blow. However, Ao Quan's cultivation was far above his own, and he wasn't seriously injured like Ding Run was. It was easy enough for him to keep up with Zu An's speed.

Zu An couldn't shake him off, but Ao Quan couldn't land a hit either. The two of them moved faster and faster, quickly entering a stalemate.

Pei Mianman and Zheng Dan both grew worried. They wanted to help, but the two were moving way too fast. They couldn't distinguish who was who, which left them both at a loss as to what to do.

Sang Hong sighed, seemingly impressed. "The dragon race is indeed a race blessed by the heavens. Their physical strength is naturally superior to the other races! This Ao Quan primarily cultivates Dragon Soulspeak, so his actual physical strength should be poor, yet he still seems to possess the strength of an eighth rank human cultivator. That truly is quite frightening."

"What? Even this is equivalent to eight ranks?" Sang Qien cried out in alarm. "Isn't his real strength much greater, then?"

"Indeed." Sang Hong nodded. "If he can use Soulspeak, then his strength would be comparable to a master. From a certain perspective, he would be even stronger than a master. Luckily, Zu An was able to cripple his most powerful ability. If not, none of us stand a chance against him."

"I didn't expect so many powerful experts to be lurking in this world! It seems like the various powers are finally beginning to stir restlessly after decades of peace."

Meanwhile, off to the side, Sang Qian couldn't help but grumble, "The emperor should have sent more experts! We're constantly being pursued by so many different enemies!"

Sang Qien offered her take on the situation. "His majesty probably didn't expect Zu An to publicly reveal his Phoenix Nirvana Sutra to the world. The force that he dispatched would have been sufficient for an insignificant drafted son-in-law."

Sang Hong's eyes lit up. "Qien'er, your analysis is quite good. I was the one who was muddle-headed! This is clearly the underlying reason. To be honest, I really do have a good amount of admiration for Zu An. Even in the face of absolute death, he has managed to fashion a chance for survival."

"He has nothing but blind luck! He is garbage that crawled up from the lowest rungs of society, and will undoubtedly throw a tantrum as soon as things don't go his way. There's no way he's thought that far ahead." His father's constant praise for Zu An only made Sang Qian feel more awful inside.

Sang Qien didn't share his opinion. "That's what I thought at first, but after interacting with him these past few days, I think there's more to him than meets the eye."

Sang Qian snorted. "That fellow is good at nothing but deceiving women! You are to stay far away from him!"

Sang Qien struggled to maintain her cool.

A loud draconic cry echoed through the sky. After so many missed attacks, Ao Quan finally lost his patience. He revealed his true form, transforming into a massive green dragon a hundred zhang in length.

"Despicable human, you have truly incurred my wrath!" Ao Quan turned his massive head towards Zu An. His eyes burned with fury, glowing like lanterns.

You have successfully trolled Ao Quan for 1024 Rage points!

Zu An cursed inwardly. None of these fellows know how to take a joke. If you're going to fight, then just fight. Why the need to change forms? So annoying.

"Can you just shut up already? Whatcha lookin' at?"

"I'm looking at you, shithead!"

Ao Quan didn't know whether to scream or cry.

"I'm going to kill you!" Thoroughly provoked, Ao Quan let out a roar and swooped forward. The very foundations of the earth seemed to shake, and even the surrounding air seemed to have been sucked away.

## **Chapter 476: Fragrance**

Pei Mianman and the other girls found it difficult even to remain standing—there was no way they would be able to help Zu An out. The massive pressure blew them all backwards, and they could only look on with worry.

Sang Qien retreated with her family to a safe distance as well, before turning back around to observe the battlefield. Will that man be able to conjure up another miracle?

Zu An wasn't faring much better. He was up against a massive dragon, and was bearing the brunt of its tremendous force.

Any other fifth rank cultivator—no, even any other sixth rank cultivator would have been completely overwhelmed by the power, and they wouldn't have even been able to move.

Zu An's body had been tempered twice by the Primordial Origin Sutra. Furthermore, he had faced many powerful opponents previously, strengthening his willpower immensely. Even he was just barely able to hold on.

He used the Sunflower Phantasm to split into three copies, all of them darting away with intricate and unpredictable movements. Even though he managed to avoid the dragon's powerful swoop, the two copies were ripped apart by giant claws, and his real body was almost caught in it as well, the sharp claws missing just a few inches wide.

Zu An's expression immediately grew awful. Even though his Sunflower Phantasm was a miraculous technique, this dragon was just too large. It only required a small movement to cover a large area, which rendered his dodging meaningless.

He had believed that his opponent's massive size would hinder its agility and flexibility. He was hoping to dodge to the side or around it somehow, and then find an opening to use his Poisonous Prick to inflict the same fate upon this dragon as he did its kin.

However, he soon discovered that his analysis was completely flawed. The dragon's massive bulk did seem to hinder its agility slightly, but this would only have mattered to experts with cultivations of the same rank as its own!

The gap between their cultivation ranks was just too great for Zu An to take advantage of any of this. To him, his opponent was as slippery as a loach, and there were absolutely no openings for him to exploit.

Finally, there was an instant where Zu An was unable to evade in time, and he was struck by the massive dragon's tail sweep. He felt as if he had been rammed into by a fire truck! Pain radiated along his entire body as it flew through the air. Blood poured out of him, drawing a red arc across the sky.

"Ah Zu!"

Judging by the terrifying speed at which he was falling, most of his bones would break upon impact with the ground. Heedless of whatever danger they might be in, Pei Mianman and Zheng Dan rushed forward to catch him.

The tremendous force on impact dealt serious injuries to the two girls. Blood gushed out of their mouths.

It seemed that even dealing with the aftermath of a master rank cultivator's attacks was beyond them.

Ao Quan laughed maliciously. "Who would have expected a despicable fellow like you to have such close female friends who care so much for you? Since that's the case, all of you can die together!"

He swiped a massive claw at them, threatening to smash them to pieces.

"Be careful!" Sang Qien cried out in alarm. She didn't know why either, but she didn't want to see Zu An meet his end in this place. Perhaps it was because they had fought side by side earlier, or perhaps it was the warm smile he had displayed when he held her...

Sang Qian snorted, unimpressed by how worried his sister was for that man. He was clearly displeased by her show of concern.

Sang Hong gave his daughter a surprised look. If he'd known that things were going to turn out this way, he would have brought his daughter along with him to Brightmoon City instead! Unfortunately, there was no way to go back in time. What a pity...

That massive dragon claw descended, as large as a mountain. Zu An quickly shoved the two girls out several tens of feet away. With the help of the reaction force, he activated Grandgale and teleported in the opposite direction.

\*Boom!\*

A tremendous noise sounded. Everything surrounding the place they had just been standing on was utterly destroyed, and only a deep and terrifying claw mark remained.

Noticing that his strike had missed, Ao Quan didn't take off pursuit of Zu An. He sneered and said, "Do you think I'll run after you? I can tell that those two women matter a lot to you. You even risked your life to save them! In that case, you can just look on helplessly as I kill them! Their blood will be on your hands!"

With that, he swooped down at the two girls.

Horror filled Pei Mianman. She quickly grabbed Zheng Dan and ran for their lives. Even Zu An, with his Sunflower Phantasm and Grandgale, could only just barely avoid this massive dragon's attacks. How would either of them be able to? Even now, they could already clearly see their pursuer's horrifying teeth and smell its foul breath.

"What a pity! If I were younger, I would definitely have taken the time to play around with the two of you properly. However, this old one no longer has that sort of inclination. The both of you can just die!"

His mouth open wide, he flew towards the two girls and closed his massive jaws around them. The flesh of these two young ladies will surely taste exceptionally good.

"Ah!"

Sang Qien cried out in horror. She had already turned her head away, unwilling to watch what was about to happen.

Sang Qian's heart was full of regret as well. He hadn't expected his fiancée to be the first one to die! That girl with the incredible body was also caught up in this. It's all that bastard Zu An's fault!

You have successfully trolled Sang Qian for 452 Rage points!

Zu An's eyes were open so wide, it felt as though his eyelids were splitting. Unfortunately, the difference between his cultivation and their opponent's was way too great. There was no way he could save them in time.

Did he really have no choice but to watch them die?

No, absolutely not!

His mind began to operate at lightspeed. He ran through all of the skills he had, to see if there was a way to save them.

His eyes suddenly lit up. He roared out, "You old loach, you could've just told us that you couldn't get it up! Why did you have to try so hard to make it sound so refined?"

“What?!” Even though he knew that Zu An was taunting him, Ao Quan felt his blood rushing straight to his head. The one overriding thought in his head was that he had to get rid of that annoying little shit first.

He gave up on killing Pei Mianman and Zheng Dan, and lashed out towards Zu An with his tail.

Zu An was afraid that Pei Mianman and the other girls would get caught up in this attack again, so he immediately used Grandgale to teleport himself further into the forest. As he ran, he continuously yelled out more taunts. “What’s wrong? Are you feeling insecure because what I said was true? You deserve it, you disgusting old prick.”

Indeed, for the sake of saving those two women, he had used his Fragrant Barf skill, pulling all of Ao Quan’s hatred upon himself. They were locked in now; this battle would not end until one of them was dead.

He really wouldn’t have used this ability if he’d had any other choice. However, he couldn’t just watch the two of them die. That was why he had to risk it all.

“I’m going to kill you!” Ao Quan’s eyes turned red. The only thing on his mind was to rip this fellow apart and slowly torture him to death. He didn’t even care about his Phoenix Nirvana Sutra anymore.

Now that his taunt was successful, Zu An showed no hesitation whatsoever. He used Grandgale to flee for his life. However, no matter how far he traveled, that dragon could easily catch up to him with simple, small movements, thanks to its massive body.

“Big sis empress! Big sis empress!” Zu An hollered for Mi Li, but there was no response.

This woman is so unreliable!

Zu An cursed. She never showed herself when he was in any real danger.

Then again, he knew that always calling on her like this was not acceptable. She had warned him before that he might become too reliant on her whenever he found himself in a hairy situation.

After several tries without success, Zu An finally gave up. He gave up on running away as well, because he had reached the limit of his Grandgale usage. It was time to do or die.

“Why did you stop running? Are you tired?” Ao Quan smiled malevolently as he pounced at Zu An.

Zu An dodged, raising his Tai’e Sword to stab this dragon. The two exchanged ten or so blows. On their final exchange, Zu An’s movement was just a little too slow, and he was struck by a dragon claw. Pain tore through his arm, and he lost his grip on the Tai’e Sword. It flew out of his hand, plunging blade-first deep into a nearby tree.

“That’s a fine sword! It’ll be mine once I finish you off.” Ao Quan’s claw descended towards Zu An’s chest, intending to crush him flat.

The difference in our strength is just too great. In the face of absolute strength, any and all schemes really are useless. With an uncertain expression, Zu An quickly began to consider his remaining options.

Suddenly, there was a streak of purple. The instant before the dragon's claw landed, A beautiful figure seized Zu An and dodged to the side.

Zu An's heart erupted with joy and surprise as he smelled the familiar, sweet fragrance of this dazzling beauty. "What are you doing here?"

#### **Chapter 477: Aren't You Forgetting Something?**

The woman wore a stunning white dress. Even though her face was covered under a veil, he could still vaguely make out her exceptional features.

Her body gave off a simple yet delicate fragrance. Who else could this be but Yun Yuqing?

Yun Yuqing's gazed at Zu An with her large and beautiful eyes as she gently ran her slender fingers across his various wounds. "Why are your injuries so serious? Does it hurt?"

Zu An smiled. "It was hurting pretty badly earlier, but now that you're here, it doesn't hurt anymore."

Yun Yuqing blushed. She snorted softly and said, "You're still as slick-tongued as ever."

Zu An held her hands. They were cool and soft to the touch. "Why are you here?"

Yun Yuqing was just about to reply when a furious roar erupted. "The two of you are flirting right in front of my face! Are you ignoring me?"

The two of them turned around to see Ao Quan's massive dragon's head staring right at them furiously.

"How did you end up provoking a dragon?" Yun Yuqing frowned. Clearly, even she felt troubled when faced with such an opponent.

"I wasn't the one who provoked him. That dude came at me on his own!" Zu An felt rotten inside. He had just chased away one top-level expert, only for another one to show up out of nowhere! His luck was beyond horrid. Should I visit a temple and burn some incense?

"Yet another beauty? How does an annoying brat like you have such crazy luck with women? Ugh, the more I think about it, the more irritating it becomes!" With a roar, Ao Quan opened his jaws, intent on biting the two of them in half.

With a frightened start, Zu An shouted a warning to Yun Yuqing. "Be careful!"

Who could have expected Yun Yuqing to be even faster? She pushed him gently to the side, then rushed forward to meet this dragon.

Even though her body was pitifully small compared to the massive dragon, she seemed more than a match for him.

Her fine, white hands formed a seal, her stance extremely graceful. A large expanse of purple runes appeared in front of her, blocking the incoming giant dragon.

With a bang, Ao Quan seemed to slam into a transparent wall. His ears were ringing, and the sudden collision left him slightly dizzy.



“You’re from the demon race!”

This dragon elder was vastly experienced, and immediately recognized his opponent’s identity.

Yun Yuqing remained silent. There was no need for her to speak to him. She didn’t want to reveal anything about herself.

Ao Quan snorted. “I don’t care if you are human or demon. Anyone related to Zu An must die!”

The effects of ‘Fragrant Barf’ had ingrained his hatred for Zu An deep inside his bones.

With a roar, he slashed his claws at Yun Yuqing. The tremendous power instantly shattered the transparent rune shield.

With a snort, Yun Yuqing retreated, forming another seal with her hands. A dozen runes suddenly appeared behind her, spinning around like a halo.

Brilliant light flowed along those runes, and they shot out streaks of purple light.

These rays of light were like laser beams, and even the tough hide of the dragon could not fully deflect their power. Smoke poured out from the places where the light made contact, and a faint burning smell spread through the air.

Ao Quan let out a pathetic wail, twisting his body frantically to avoid those purple rays.

Zu An was transfixed by the dazzling beauty in front of him. She was the perfect image of a goddess of war. He gulped. Was this the same feminine woman who had continually begged for forgiveness while wrapped in his arms that night?

“Damned woman, you’ve really made me mad!” Ao Quan roared in anger. “Dragon Soulspeak—Seal...”

Before he could finish, however, the voice from his nightmares returned. “Whatcha lookin’ at?”

“I’m looking at you, shithead!”

Ao Quan felt like dying inside.

He was truly on the brink of insanity. He vowed that, once he killed Zu An, he was going to figure out how to simplify his Dragon Soulspeak. At the very least, he had to reduce the number of syllables in the incantation! He never wanted to go through the same painful experience ever again.

Yun Yuqing gave Zu An a shocked look. She clearly knew just how powerful Dragon Soulspeak was, but she never expected that it could be defeated that easily!

She remembered the dark elf back at the Wu Manor. He clearly could have escaped back then, but he had been distracted by this exact same line.

It seems that this line of Zu An’s—“Whatcha lookin’ at?”—was even more incredible than Dragon Soulspeak.

Recalling the events in Wu Manor also brought to mind the night she’d spent, wrapped up in Zu An’s embrace. Her fair cheeks flushed with a trace of pink.

“Do you think I’m powerless without my Dragon Soulspeak?” Ao Quan cried out in anger. He raised his head towards the sky and brought it down again, spewing out a long stream of dragon’s breath as it descended.

The two of them could tell with a single glance that this gray-colored dragon’s breath carried devastating power.

“Bloody hell, your breath stinks!” Even from so far away, Zu An could smell a foul stench. He felt as though he were in a chemistry lab filled with different types of acids. Zu An cast a worried look at Yun Yuqing. If a single drop splattered her, she would dissolve right away.

Yun Yuqing didn’t allow herself to lose focus. The rune formation behind her surged with radiance. Streaks of purple light shot out to intercept the incoming attack, intercepting the incoming dragon’s breath. The stream of purple met the stream of dark gray in between the two combatants. In that instant, it was difficult to tell which would come out on top.

“Be careful!” Zu An immediately shouted a warning. However, it was too late.

A massive dragon tail swept towards her. Yun Yuqing couldn’t dodge in time. She hurriedly raised a hand, and was just barely able to form a rune shield.

Unfortunately, this hastily-constructed rune shield was insufficient to block a proper attack, and it was smashed to bits with a loud crash. Yun Yuqing groaned, and her body flew backwards.

The rune formations behind her dissipated. Without her purple rays to defend her, the gray dragon’s breath streamed towards her uncontested. Ao Quan was clearly wary of this woman, and wanted to use this opportunity to get rid of her once and for all.

Yun Yuqing’s ki was in a complete mess. The dragon’s tail strike had almost completely scattered her inner ki flow. Of course, given her cultivation, she would recover after a few breaths, but there was no way her opponent would give her the chance.

A hint of despair flashed across her eyes as she watched the dragon’s breath get closer and closer.

Suddenly, she felt something warm wrap itself around her. When she snapped out of her daze, she was already tens of feet away. She discovered herself in Zu An’s embrace.

“Ah Zu!” Even though the two of them had shared the most intimate act, objectively speaking, they weren’t all that familiar with each other, and being carried like this still left her feeling rather embarrassed.

Zu An was gasping for air. Fortunately, his reactions had been quick enough. Otherwise, this beauty would really have died right before his eyes.

“You again!” Ao Quan bristled in fury. With a blood-curdling scream, he charged straight at Zu An.

Zu An had just used Grandgale twice in succession. It had taken him a great deal of rest just to recover those two uses, and there was no way he could use it a third time.

Given the gap in their levels of cultivation, running for it was meaningless without this movement skill.

Yun Yuqing quickly leapt out of his embrace, shoving him behind her to protect him. She locked eyes with the incoming dragon, and then her beautiful eyes widened. The surroundings were suddenly suffused with a tinge of purple.

“Demonic Eye!”

Ao Quan had lived a long life, and instantly recognized the formidable skill which belonged to the demon race.

His dragon’s body came to an immediate halt. He had been bewitched by the Demonic Eye.

He immediately used Dragon Soulspeak to dispel the Demonic Eye’s effects. “Dragon Soulspeak—Close...”

How could Zu An allow him this chance? “Whatcha lookin’ at?”

“I’m looking at you, shithead!”

Ao Quan didn’t even have the strength to curse. He’d said this phrase so many times that he wanted to throw up. This was a living nightmare! He didn’t want to go through this ever again.

“Even if I don’t use my Dragon Soulspeak, your Demonic Eye can only control me for a few minutes. You will meet your demise once I break free!” Ao Quan felt incredibly wronged. Under any other circumstances, he would never have been trapped by this Demonic Eye technique. All of this was that bastard Zu An’s fault.

Yun Yuqing said nothing. Her focus was solely on restraining him. She had no trouble controlling a few dozen or even a hundred ordinary people, but a massive dragon a hundred zhang in length was an entirely different story.

Her body began to tremble, and sweat began to coat her forehead. Seeing this, Zu An looked at Ao Quan and said, “Aren’t you forgetting something?”

## **Chapter 478: The Most Intimate of Strangers**

Ao Quan froze. “What did I forget?”

“You forgot that I’m still here.” Zu An sighed.

Ao Quan roared with laughter. “It’s precisely because you’re around that this woman can’t defeat me! Given her cultivation, she can choose to fight or leave at will. Unfortunately, it seems she is going to give up her life for the sake of protecting your sorry ass.”

“Please stop trying to ruin our relationship. We love each other in sickness and in health. How could an old and impotent dragon who can’t get it up ever understand such a thing?” Zu An said with a snort.

Yun Yuqing’s face became hot. This guy really let his mouth run wherever it wanted to go! Can this thing we share even be considered love? I’m someone else’s wife!

Then again, she didn't really know what she was really feeling either. She only knew that she had rushed over the moment she heard that he was in danger.

"Can't get it up?!" Ao Quan's eyes went red when he heard this. He howled in anger, "I won't kill you immediately when I get my hands on you. Instead, I will tear your manhood apart piece by piece while you're still alive! We'll see how long you can maintain your cockiness!"

You have successfully trolled Ao Quan for 1024 Rage points!

These Rage points weren't a result of the Fragrant Barf skill. Rather, Ao Quan himself was legitimately furious with Zu An.

"I'm actually worried for you. Your mind might become permanently scarred if you catch a glimpse of mine." Zu An said as he searched for a weakness in his opponent. Even though Ao Quan's body had been constrained by the Demonic Eye, he wasn't completely immobilized. It was just that his movements had become extremely sluggish.

Yun Yuqing's heart was pounding. She clearly knew where this man got his confidence from—she had experienced it personally! The shock she had felt back then was still fresh in her memory.

But this is a real dragon! He is a hundred zhang in length. Why would he be scared of you?

For some strange reason, however, Ao Quan seemed completely infuriated! His body twitched and wriggled, trying to break free from the Demonic Eye's influence. "I want to kill you! I want to kill you!" he cried out continuously.

You have successfully trolled Ao Quan for 999... 999... 999...

Yun Yuqing felt the pressure mounting, and was afraid that she might lose control at any second. She quickly said, "Stop provoking him! I'm..."

Before she could finish, Zu An's eyes lit up. "Now!"

As soon as he said this, he leapt forward, leaving behind a streak of afterimages as he attacked his opponent's claw.

Ao Quan immediately realized what he was trying to do. He roared with laughter. "What are you trying to do? Are you trying to injure me with your pitiful, ant-like cultivation?"

"No, someone your size will only reach my knees no matter how high you jump! What can you do to harm me?"

Zu An's trash talk had hurt his ego. He wanted a chance to fire back, and he had finally been granted one.

Letting it all out felt awfully good!

Zu An snorted coldly, and a pitch-black dagger suddenly appeared in his hands.

Ao Quan burst out laughing when he saw this. A dagger that small was like a toothpick compared to its massive body. It wouldn't do anything, no matter how much it prodded him.

This overconfidence was precisely what Zu An was counting on. Seeing that the dragon was making no move to avoid it, he thrust it straight into his claw.

He had learned from his previous encounter, and didn't try to stab it through the dragon's thick scales. Instead, he carefully aimed for a joint between two scales, and thrust the dagger into the flesh beneath.

Ao Quan felt a slight stinging sensation spread outwards from his toe. He was surprised by the sharpness of the dagger. After all, dragons did not only possess famously tough scales—even their hide was too thick for an ordinary weapon to penetrate.

He dismissed the matter. Instead, he let out a hearty laugh and said, "Is that all? That's it? Huh...?"

His smile froze, and he was overcome by a feeling of extreme fear. His body was covered in cryptic and profound-looking black runes. Not even he, with all of his knowledge and experience, could decipher them.

"How is this possible?!"

That was his last thought, before his mind was overwhelmed by darkness. His massive body fell out of the sky, crashing into the ground in a cloud of dust.

"Keep showing off!" Zu An put away the Poisonous Prick then spat on the old dragon's corpse.

He hadn't expected to obtain two dragon corpses in quick succession! Even a single dragon's body was a treasure in itself. I'll have to study them properly later...

He let his imagination run wild as he placed the massive dragon corpse into the Brilliant Glass Bead.

One moment, Yun Yuqing had been struggling to control that massive dragon, and yet, in the next instant, it had unexpectedly breathed its last. This sudden twist left her completely stunned.

Zu An ran over to her side and waved his hand in front of her eyes. "So, what do you think? Your man is formidable, isn't he?"

"Yeah..." Yun Yuqing nodded instinctively, but quickly realized what had happened. "You're not my man."

Zu An laughed. This woman was willing to sleep with him and bear his child, yet she still quibbled over these small details.

"Right, how are your injuries? I have some medicine on me." Zu An's voice was full of concern. After all, she had suffered the full brunt of Ao Quan's tail strike earlier.

"It's no big deal." Yun Yuqing shook her head. Given her level of cultivation, she would be fine after some rest. Something else was on her mind. "How did you do that?"

That dragon's strength was far above her own. If he had been able to use Dragon Soulspeak, not even a master rank cultivator would have been able to do anything. However, he had been dealt with so easily by Zu An.

"My weapon is a little peculiar. It can kill as long as it draws blood," explained Zu An. She had already seen what had happened, so there was no way he could hide it from her. It seemed better just to tell her the truth.

"Such a miraculous weapon actually exists?" Yun Yuqing was taken aback. That was a giant dragon, but it died with just a little poke from that weapon. Is it coated in some poison? But what kind of poison could be that strong? "Right, do you have a spatial artifact on you?"

Zu An nodded. "Yup. I put that massive dragon's corpse inside it."

"There's actually a spatial artifact with that much storage space in this world?" Yun Yuqing shook, and she grew unsteady. Her brain was just about to give up on her. Too many inconceivable things had happened this day, and every single one of them seemed impossible to process.

Zu An chuckled. He reached out an arm and wrapped it around her supple waist. "So, what do you think? Now you know how amazing I am, right?"

Yun Yuqing blushed, although it was unclear whether he had read her mind or not. She snorted and said, "Don't you know that wealth should be hidden away? You have so many amazing items on you. Aren't you scared that I'd kill you and steal everything?"

Zu An put on a scared expression. "Are you trying to steal my money or my body? I don't care if you steal my wealth, but if you want my body, please at least let me take the lead..."

"Hmph!" Yun Yuqing's heart began to pound like crazy. "You're always like this, not a shred of decency at all," she spat.

Zu An laughed and wrapped his arms around her again. This woman's body was fragrant and supple. She felt really comfortable in his arms. "Right, why are you here? I thought that I wouldn't be able to see you again for a long time."

Yun Yuqing released a long sigh. "I inadvertently learned that King Wu had arranged for some men to kill you... This all came about because of me, so I couldn't bear to see something happen to you. That's why I came to take a look."

Zu An stared at her blankly. He wasn't surprised at all to find out that King Wu wanted him dead because of what had happened that night. Whether it was King Wu's way of venting his frustrations, or an attempt to silence him, there was no way he would allow him to survive.

But Yun Yuqing had rushed all the way here just to prevent that from happening! That was completely unexpected.

After all, the two of them could only be described as the most intimate of strangers.

They hadn't spent that much time together, and they held very different levels of status in society. Ordinarily speaking, there should have been no way for them to cross paths.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Yun Yuqing shifted her gaze away bashfully. "Don't think too much into it. I didn't... I didn't come for your sake. I just didn't want to see you get into trouble because of me."

Zu An smiled and remained silent. He gently undid the veil on her face, and lifted her chin to kiss her.

#### **Chapter 479: What Luck!**

A shiver ran through Yun Yuqing's entire body. She instinctively backpedaled, placing her hands against his chest and trying to push him away.

The two of them were still rather unfamiliar with each other, after all. Unless she was feeling exceptionally emotional or passionate, her first instinct was to refuse his kiss.

But Zu An didn't give up. He wrapped his other hand around her small waist and pulled her right back.

While she hesitated, her mind racing with uncertain thoughts, Zu An had already pressed his lips against hers.

Yun Yuqing's eyes immediately went wide. She beat her fist against his chest, demanding that he let go.

Of course, there was no way Zu An would do that! After a short, fruitless struggle, Yun Yuqing finally gave in.

"You really are a dominating person..."

Given her cultivation, she could have pushed this man away from her with a fraction of her full strength. Although she reached out her hand several times to do so, she did not follow through in the end. She tapped her fist weakly against his chest, but her eyes were already slowly closing.

...

A while later, the voices of two girls drifted over from a distance away. "Ah Zu! Au Zu..."

These two were Pei Mianman and Zheng Dan. Worried for his safety, they had hurried over in search of him.

Yun Yuqing jumped in fright. She quickly pushed him away and looked guiltily in the direction that the voices had come from. She sighed in relief. The two of them were still quite far away and hadn't noticed what was going on.

"It's all your fault! My reputation was almost completely ruined." Yun Yuqing bit her lip gently as she sorted out her messy clothes. She shot the man next to her a look of rebuke. Tears threatened to flow out from her lovely eyes at any moment.

Zu An only chuckled, admiring the beautiful scene in front of him. He initially felt that this whole ordeal had been terrible, but meeting such a stunning woman at the end of it all improved his view of it tremendously.

"I can't stay out for too long, or someone will notice. I have to head back." Yun Yuqing said in a rush.

Zu An froze. "You're that scared of King Wu?"

Yun Yuqing shook her head. "It's complicated. Mostly, it's because my demon race has forged a relatively strong alliance with him, and we have to maintain some appearances for now... There's no time. I'll tell you the rest of it if we ever have the chance to meet again."

Just as she was about to leave, she suddenly turned around. Balancing on the tips of her toes, she gave him a quick peck before running off, her face burning red.

Zu An rubbed his cheek. A hint of her fragrance lingered on his fingertip. This woman was as adorably shy as a young woman, and she had behaved like a maiden when they'd spent the night together as well. She didn't seem like a married woman at all, but more like an innocent young lady.

Pei Mianman and Zheng Dan had come close enough to notice him. They were both overjoyed, and waved happily in his direction. "Ah Zu!"

Zu An felt a twinge of regret when he saw the anxious expressions on the two women's faces. They had been so worried about him, while he was flirting and having fun over here.

He waved back and made his way to them. "I'm over here!"

Both young ladies sighed in relief when they saw that he was fine. "What about that old dragon?"

"He's dead," Zu An said with a laugh.

"Dead?" The two girls both cried out in alarm. Pei Mianman hurriedly asked, "How did he die?"

Zu An stuck out his chest. "I killed him, obviously."

"You?" Pei Mianman had a weird look on her face. Who was it that was beaten up like a dog earlier?

Zheng Dan had a thoughtful look on her face, but she didn't doubt him. After all, she had personally seen him kill a red dragon before.

"What, you don't believe me?" Zu An sniffed disdainfully. "Don't you know that I am full of secrets? I've even killed master rank cultivators before, not just this stupid old dragon."

Pei Mianman recalled the first time she had seen him in the Chu clan's ancestral hall. The speed of his development was truly shocking, and way beyond what she could imagine. Each time they met again, his strength would have grown by leaps and bounds. No matter how talented he could be, this just seemed to defy reality.

This man might truly possess a wealth of secrets. This line of thinking seemed to convince her of his statement. "Who cares about that old dragon's death? I'm more interested in that fragrance on your body."

Pei Mianman moved closer to him and sniffed his chest. An ambiguous smile spread across her face. "This is quite an elegant fragrance. It must belong to a beautiful woman."

Upon hearing this, Zheng Dan gave him a strange look as well. Wasn't he being pursued by a giant dragon? How did he suddenly end up meeting a woman?



Zu An's heart began to pound. These women's noses were all sharper than a dog's! "Absolute nonsense!" He said quickly, the words tumbling out of his mouth. "This is the smell of the medicinal powder that young miss Ji gave me some time ago. I used it to poison that giant dragon."

"Really?" Pei Mianman was skeptical. "What sort of poison is strong enough to knock out such a giant dragon?"

"That I do not know. Miss Ji's family has their secrets..." Zu An chuckled and quickly changed the topic. "By the way, how are your injuries?"

"We're all right." The two girls shook their heads. "The Soul Return Pills you gave us were extremely effective. The medicine has already begun to take effect."

"That's good." Zu An sighed in relief when he saw that they weren't going to continue pressing the issue.

Pei Mianman blinked. "What are you planning to do now?" she asked him curiously.

Zu An was still a criminal, after all, and the whole world was after his Phoenix Nirvana Sutra. He was in a rather sticky situation.

"I've decided to head to the capital with those members of the Sang clan," Zu An replied.

"You're going with the Sang clan?" Pei Mianman had a strange look on her face. "Did you end up falling for young miss Sang?"

Zu An looked as though she had just done him a great injustice. "Do I look like that sort of person?"

"Yup," Pei Mianman and Zheng Dan replied at the same time. They both froze for a moment, then burst out laughing together.

Zu An glared at them silently.

"I can't live as a criminal forever," he said in a heavy voice. "I have to head to the capital and deal with this matter once and for all."

Zheng Dan could not conceal her worry. "You'll be up against the all-powerful emperor! How will you deal with him?"

Pei Mianman nodded in agreement. "Precisely. In my opinion, you should go into hiding for a period of time. The emperor doesn't have long to live, after all. It would be much better if you laid low until he died."

"It'll be too late then." Zu An shook her head, then smiled when he saw their worried expressions. "Do I look like an idiot?"

"If you're an idiot, then there aren't many smart people in this world." Pei Mianman snorted. She couldn't help but glance at Zheng Dan. Forget about making Chuyan your wife, you've even tamed the cute fiancée of the Sang clan! If such a man is considered a fool, then what does that make Sang Qian?

"That's settled, then. I have my own plans. I can't go into detail now, but don't worry. I have some confidence in myself," Zu An offered as a way of explanation.

This seemed to ease the last of their worries.

With that out of the way, they headed back. The three Sang clan members seemed shocked to see them. “Where is that dragon?”

Zu An snorted. “I killed him, of course.”

“How is that possible?!” Sang Qian exclaimed. He was the one who had incited that dragon to get rid of Zu An. He had only expected to see two grieving beauties return, but here was Zu An, alive and kicking!

“I don’t suppose you think that the dragon would just let me go?” Zu An rolled his eyes. “Were you wishing for my death, young master Sang?”

“No, not at all! You’ve got it all wrong!” Sang Qian’s expression changed immediately. With an embarrassed smile, he tried to explain himself.

“Oh? Then who was it that was telling that dragon all sorts of bad things about me?” Zu An snorted, and a hint of killing intent flickered in his eyes.

Sang Qian was speechless. Usually, he would never have bothered explaining himself at all. But then, he had just seen Zu An chase away Ding Run, and then heroically face off against a massive dragon. Now, even that dragon had been killed. Zu An might still have other powerful trump cards up his sleeve—how could he dare offend him? Unfortunately, no matter how hard he racked his brains, he couldn’t find a suitable excuse.

In the end, his sister was the first to reply. “Big brother Zu,” Sang Qian said, “please forgive him. My brother has always been a rude and impetuous person, and never minces his words. He wasn’t able to foresee the severe consequences of his actions. He only replied to that elder’s questions subconsciously—he didn’t know that elder was here to avenge his kin.”

Zu An broke out into laughter. “Young miss Sang, your ability to lie through your teeth is impressive!”

Sang Qian’s face reddened. She had obviously known that this excuse wouldn’t be enough to convince Zu An. However, the fact that Zu An hadn’t immediately made a move against them meant that he wasn’t intending to turn hostile right away. It seemed that a superficial explanation would suffice for now.

Sang Hong also spoke up. “My son’s actions earlier were indeed rather inappropriate. This old one apologizes in his place. I hope young master Zu can look past this, out of consideration for the camaraderie we have built up over the recent battles.”

Zu An fell deep into thought. He was currently weighing the pros and cons of the situation. Sang Qian and her brother were both at the fifth rank, while Sang Hong had recovered some of his strength as well. It wouldn’t be easy to defeat them if they really ended up fighting right now.

Besides, he still needed Sang Hong’s help once they reached the capital. After taking a moment to consider his options, he smiled and said, “It’s all right. For the sake of Lord Sang and the beautiful Miss Sang, I will let this matter slide. However, there will be no next time.”

He planned to find another chance to deal with Sang Qian. Now wasn’t the time.

“Thank you, young master.” Sang Hong clasped his fist.

Sang Qien blushed. If this guy was going to call her Miss Sang, then Miss Sang would have been fine! Why did he have to add the word ‘beautiful’ in front of it? No wonder sister-in-law’s heart was stolen by this guy. He really is better at talking to girls than my own brother.

At that instant, a peal of laughter drifted over from close by. “What luck! I thought I would have to fight a great battle against that old dragon, but it seems he’s actually already gone.”

## **Chapter 480: Can’t Move**

Who is it? The voice caught everyone by surprise, and they quickly looked in the direction from which it had come from. A group of people had made their appearance, ranging from tall to short, fat to skinny. It was none other than the Solitary Eight of the Devil Sect that they had encountered earlier.

Zu An was none too pleased.

Is this a public restroom? They never stop coming!

If you guys were going to come by anyway, you should have come earlier! You guys could have tangled with that old dragon and that Cash Warrior, and left me to reap the harvest at the end!

Instead, he had been the one who had to deal with those two on his own, and now this group showed up to pillage the rewards. This left him extremely annoyed.

The rest of his group had similar expressions on their faces, clearly thinking along the same lines.

“It seems they’ve managed to deal with those dark elves. When I snuck away earlier, those dark elves were still holding on,” Pei Mianman said quietly. She was quite annoyed with herself. If she had known this would happen, she would have stopped Zu An from returning. They wouldn’t have bumped into those people then.

A seductive figure slowly walked out. Her eyes flickered with a glint of happiness when she saw Zu An safe and sound. However, her expression changed again when she noticed the beauties standing at his side. “Young master Zu really is the envy of all other mortals. You’re always surrounded by beauties wherever you go.”

Pei Mianman said with a laugh, “Is Lady Qiu jealous of our positions at Zu An’s side? I can give you my spot if you want.”

“How dare you shame the holy saint of our sect?!” One of the women berated her loudly.

Zu An couldn’t help but give her a look. It wasn’t because she was beautiful—rather, it was the exact opposite. She was fierce and imposing, and she had few feminine traits, if any. She was even taller than an average man, and her arms bulged with muscles, thicker than the thighs of many men. She wielded a massive sledgehammer in her hand.

He recognized her as the lightning cultivator from the earlier battle.

What's up with all these damned lightning-wielding cultivators and their bloody hammers? In his past world, the Duke of Thunder from Eastern mythology wielded a hammer, and Thor's Mjolnir was yet another hammer. Now, a lightning cultivator of this world had also appeared with a hammer.

However, the shaft of her hammer was much longer than Thor's, which made her weapon seem more like a polearm.

Pei Mianman didn't seem to mind her angry words. She smiled and said, "Miss lightning cultivator, I fear that you do not understand the hearts of women well. This female saint of yours might actually be secretly delighted to hear my words."

"You're courting death!" This lightning cultivator was often quick to anger. Furthermore, because of her own nature, she saved most of her contempt for such flirtatious women. Qiu Honglei was the holy saint of her sect and the sect master's disciple, so she was an exception, but there was no way she would tolerate this woman's continued provocation.

Rage surged within her whenever two ridiculous melons on her chest caught her eye. Added to that, every single movement this woman made was flirtatious and seductive, constantly drawing the eyes of men all around her.

She had despised Pei Mianman ever since the first time she laid eyes on her. Now that she had an excuse, she sent her hammer flying straight at her.

"Be careful!" Zu An's group immediately dispersed when they saw this. That hammer sent smoke and dust flying everywhere as it impacted the ground, smashing a massive crater into it. Lightning crackled in all directions.

Zu An and the others just managed to avoid the shockwaves by retreating a significant distance. That lightning cultivator didn't stop, paying Zu An no attention whatsoever as she continued to pursue Pei Mianman.

Pei Mianman was both angry and speechless. Black flames surged all around her.

Since the lightning cultivator had made her move, the other solitary eight members rushed forward as well, charging at Zu An's group.

The wood element cultivator was comparatively weaker than his companions in terms of fighting strength. He threw himself at Zheng Dan, preventing her water element from affecting his companion who wielded the fire element.

The wood cultivator was a man, and even his hair was green. Plants flourished on the ground as he passed by, and Zheng Dan suddenly found herself surrounded by snake-like vines, which were covered with thorns and were as thick as pythons.

Zheng Dan danced away from them, preemptively evading them and making sure that she wasn't caught within the cage of powerful vines and immobilized.

That wood cultivator froze momentarily, but continued his attacks. The two soon found themselves in a messy tangle. Given the gap in their respective cultivations, Zheng Dan had no chance of breaking through his ki armor, but the wood cultivator couldn't quickly take down Zheng Dan either.

Off to the side, Sang Qien was amazed. "Sister-in-law's combat sense is extraordinary! She's amazing!"

"But of course!" Sang Qian was quite proud. Zheng Dan had been the boss of the Whale Gang, after all, a big shot in Brightmoon City's underground world. How could she be just another fifth rank cultivator?

However, right in the middle of his gloating, he suddenly remembered that she seemed to be more partial towards Zu An than himself, and the smile of his face quickly froze.

Thankfully, he didn't have much time to feel jealous. Several people were charging right towards them.

The ones who squared up with them were the water-, fire- and earth-wielding members of the Solitary Eight.

Two of them by themselves should have been enough to deal with these wounded opponents, but they had to be extra careful of Sang Hong. He was at the eighth rank after all, so they didn't dare lower their guard no matter how wounded he was.

The water element cultivator was an elder who wielded a staff. As he waved his weapon about, a light, misty rain sprang up, drenching their clothes.

The three of them from the Sang clan were all fire element cultivators. The effects of their elemental skills would be greatly reduced after being doused in water.

The earth element cultivator was a large and fierce-looking man. His hands struck the ground, and the ground rippled like an earthquake.

The three Sang family members were unable to keep their balance, and began to lean unsteadily from one side to the other.

The fire element user produced an exquisite bow and fired it at the three opponents reeling in front of him.

His arrows were different from ordinary arrows. They were surrounded by bright flames that greatly augmented their power.

Sang Hong roared. A ring of flames erupted around him, stabilizing a small area of the ground around himself and stopping it from shaking.

Thus balanced, he sent a fist flying out towards the flaming arrow. He was an eighth rank cultivator after all, and even though he was seriously injured, his powerful sight remained. His sense of timing was still excellent.

However, after deflecting the arrow successfully, he still spat out a mouthful of blood as his previous injuries flared up again.

The enemies attacked again. Fortunately, Sang Qien reacted quickly, rushing over to his side to offer aid.

Only then did Sang Qian wake up from his daze and dash over as well.

The two of them coordinated their movements with their heavily-injured father, just barely dealing with the relentless attacks of the three Solitary Eight members.

Zu An was the one facing the greatest pressure, since he was the Devil Sect's main target.

The metal, ice, and wind element users surrounded Zu An.

The metal element user was a fatty dressed in golden robes embroidered with golden ingots. He gave off the aura of a rich local landlord.

He held a golden abacus in his hand. When he shook it, the beads flew out like hidden weapons, targeting Zu An's vital areas.

Zu An quickly used his Sunflower Phantasm to evade. His unpredictable movements made all of those beads miss.

However, those beads seemed like guided missiles. They didn't drop to the floor, but continued to attack him.

Zu An's eyes narrowed. He split into three copies using his Sunflower Phantasm in order to confuse his opponent.

Employing a series of strange, sneaky movements, he slipped beside the metal cultivator and thrust his sword towards his body.

\*Clank!\*

Metal collided on metal. Zu An noticed that his attack had met his opponent's metal ki armor. No wonder metal element and earth element cultivators were publicly acknowledged to be the ones with the most powerful defenses! Sure enough, his armor was incredibly tough.

Thank heavens Yuan Wenlong hadn't reached the sixth rank yet during the Clans Tournament. Otherwise, I would have had no chance of victory against his ki armor.

Three ice arrows flew towards him at great speed. These clearly belonged to the ice cultivator.

Zu An barely managed to dodge to the side, but he was still clipped by one of the ice arrows.

Half of his body was instantly covered in a layer of frost, weighing that side of him down significantly. These ice arrows clearly had slowing effects.

"Hmph, I can sleep in bed with my wife's freezing body! You think I'm scared of this little bit of cold that you have?" Zu An fired up his Primordial Origin Sutra, and most of the frost quickly dissipated.

Another attack came flying out from the golden abacus. Zu An tried to evade with his Sunflower Phantasm, but he suddenly discovered that the air had become extremely viscous. It was difficult for him to move quickly.

The wind element cultivator had summoned five small tornadoes in a formation around him. Zu An found himself trapped in a powerful field of wind, which greatly affected his movements.