

Chapter 1345

"Yeremiyah, his swordsmanship is out of this world, his strokes were fluid and sharp. The smile of the god of swords, could move all supreme beings." Henry muttered, speaking without turning his head, "This person learned to wield the sword at seven years old and mastered the art of it in just seven years. Since then, he has never been defeated in battle. You are all lucky enough to experience such a strike of a sword on this very day."

Henry raised his arm slightly, and the seven-meter tall giant figure in a white gown behind him raised its sword-wielding arm. Then, with a cold flash, the black roc in the air dissipated instantly.

The power of a single strike of the sword destroyed the divine figure conjured under the combined efforts of the 13 black-robed men. The 13 pairs of eyes hidden under the black robes all widened at that moment.

Henry continued, "The heroic spirits have souls, but the Battle Spirit has only one move, but even so, it's enough to dominate the world. Alas, Master Lu, I really wasn't expecting something like this to be hidden in that holy book. Thank you."

Behind Henry, the white figure held a long sword.

The 13 robed men exchanged looks at each other, then unified their hands to form a seal. Black Spiritual Qi kept emanating from their bodies. When the thickness of the Black Spiritual Qi on their bodies reached its peak, the men all mutated in unison. Their physiques grew tremendously, bursting out of their cloaks.

At that moment, it all became clear to Henry as to why they had all hidden themselves under their cloaks. After all, their bodies had long been mutated, simply by looking at the 13 faces, they no longer looked human, all of their faces had features of beasts.

Through the use of the Alvin League's unique genetic technology, they were able to squeeze out all of their potential within a short period of time, allowing them to improve rapidly. However, at the same time, they also had a great price to pay.

The 13 robed men suddenly grew up to three meters tall. Each of them had a thick body and powerful limbs, they were all monsters.

"Tsk tsk, it's no wonder you're worthy of being the King of Hell." The leading robed man's voice sounded even more hoarse. "An attack with

such power has truly exceeded our expectations. Very few in the Divine Realm are capable of taking you on, I believe. However, how many times can you use an attack like this? Plus, while we're within this Energy Emitting Formation?"

The thirteen men switched positions back and forth, forming a circle around Henry.

Henry's lips curled into a smile. "Every Battle Spirit has only one move, but you guys won't be able to withstand this next move either. Watch this carefully, the next move is called... "

Henry was interrupted by a loud shout within the thick fog.

"How dare you monsters! I can tell with a single glance that none of you are human!"

This shout was powerful and sonorous, it was packed with energy, and sounded like a resounding gong.

Above Henry's head, the floating lotus disappeared instantly, the white figure behind Henry also disappeared at the same time.

A bald figure wearing in a red monk robe appeared in Henry's eyes. This figure held a fly-whisk in one hand, and formed a seal in the other as he descended from the sky.

The thirteen men glanced upwards. Then bared their fangs at the bald figure in unison.

"What are these party tricks? How brave of you to show off before me! Allow me to reveal your true forms!" The bald figure raised his fly-whisk and waved it in the wind, it expanded and elongated then wrapped itself around the 13 men. "Mighty Heavenly Dragon! Prajna Buddha! Ksitigarbha Bodhisattva! Hollow Prajna!"

The bald figure continued chanting loudly.

"Mighty Sky Dragon! Sky Dragon! Dragon!"

The bald figure created an echo all on his own.

The fly-whisk swept at the thirteen members of the Alvin League.

The thirteen members of the Alvin League were not easy to deal with either. Their limbs had evolved into claws, and they tore the fly-whisk that swayed in the wind into shreds instantly!

"How dare you monsters! Reapario!"

The bald figure's hand formed another seal, and the originally shredded fly-whisk reappeared in an unharmed condition.

The 13 members of the Alvin League roared out in unison.

"Hmph!" The bald figure harrumphed coldly. "How daring of you to resist such a powerful Dharma spell, I'll capture all of you! You cocky punks can't see true power even when it stands before you. Soaring Dragon! All Powerful Mighty Dragon! Powerful Mighty Dragon! Mighty Dragon! Dragon dragon...dragon!"

This time, the fly-whisk increased tremendously in size, it was as if the Milky Way had fallen onto earth from space.

Although the fly-whisk was extremely powerful, it was still shredded by the 13 members of the Alvin League. After all, these men were also experts in the Divine Realm, adding to the fact that they were had undergone the process of beastification, their minds might have lost clarity, but their killing abilities would become much more powerful. Only those who existed at the top of the Divine Realm like Verrall possessed the possible ability of slaughtering them.

The bald figure witnessed how easily his second attack had been shattered by his opponent.

"Reapario! Earthshaker!"

The bald figure waved the fly-whisk in his hand once more.

The thirteen members of the Alvin League no longer remained still. They took the initiative to attack before the monk could. They bared their fangs and lashed out with their huge claws as they charged at the bald figure standing in the sky.

"Waaahhhhhh!" The bald figure screamed.

Just when Henry thought that the monk was going to use an ultimate move, the monk had changed his mind.

"Brother, save me! These men are too fierce. I can't defeat them!"

The bald figure sped towards Henry as quickly as he could.

Just as the bald figure rocketed towards Henry, it all became clear. A half of a drumstick that was hidden within the red robes of that plump bald man was exposed. Henry rolled his eyes, who else could it be? It was Ranjeet!

"Since when did you become a monk?" Henry stared at the six dotted scars on Ranjeet's head with a quizzical look on his face.

"Brother, I'll tell you later. Run!" Ranjeet reached out with his greasy hand. Apparently, he had been munching on a drumstick before the fight.

The greasy hands grabbed Henry by his clothes, then they both fled towards the same direction.

Although the fog was thick, it obviously had little effect on "locals" like Ranjeet. He charged around with Henry in the fog. After speeding around for more than ten minutes, they finally rid the 13 members of the Alvin League off their tails.

"Phew! It's finally safe here!" he leaned against a plant and sat down, gasping for air.

Henry looked on at Ranjeet who leaned against a cactus plant, then could not help giving him a thumbs up.

"Bro, why do I feel something pricking me on my back?" Ranjeet said as he pulled out a drumstick from his robe and put it into his mouth while he scratched twice at his back subconsciously. He then realised something was not right. He quickly turned around to look and his eyes widened comically.

Henry also chose a spot to sit down. After leaving the Recluse World, Henry had never met Ranjeet ever again. To his surprise, this man had a kasaya over him this time. This was an occupation with a high salary, and required a very high level of education.

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Henry asked Ranjeet about all that happened after he had left.

As Ranjeet told Henry his story, tears and snot flowed all over his face.

Henry subconsciously moved a little farther away from Ranjeet.

"Brother, do you know? After you left, they never ever fed me a full meal. They abused me!"

Ranjeet wiped his nose and said sadly, "They didn't even allow me to leave that place. If it weren't for that man who took me away in the end, I might still have been locked up there!"

Henry laughed dryly. He did feel apologetic for this matter. Back then, Henry had thought that it would have been too dangerous if he went to the Recluse World alone. He brought Ranjeet along because he was the successor of the Loulan. If anything went wrong, the Recluse Association might restrain themselves a little. Even if it all did go south in the end, with his identity, Ranjeet would not be in danger, it would be unavoidable for him to be mistreated.

However, Henry did not expect that the Recluse Association would form an alliance with the Alvin League and enslave the people of the Recluse World. In the end, Henry was unable to fend off his enemies and almost lost his life in the Recluse World, let alone still having any energy left to watch out for Ranjeet.

"The man sent me to a temple. He said that the temple was a suitable place for me. He shaved my head and forced me to become a monk. He even banned me from eating meat. Brother, my life was miserable! Fortunately for me, the elders have activated the formation, otherwise I would still be stuck among the monks now."

Ranjeet looked as if he was about to cry as he rattled on.

Henry looked Ranjeet's face that was so plump it was as if oil could be squeezed out from it. He did not believe Ranjeet saying that he was not allowed to eat meat. However, there was one thing that Henry was curious about. "You said there was a man who saved you. Who is he?"

"He said his name was Japheth. He even stopped me from looking at the pretty girls we passed by along the way. That was just so annoying."

Ranjeet's face was filled with disgust. "However, there are still many benefits to being a monk. Those delicate, young, I mean, kind devoted

female believers are so beautiful when they pray to the Buddha?"

Henry pursed his lips. He did not have anymore to say to Ranjeet.

The two of them rested for a while, then Ranjeet got up.

"Brother, I can feel that the inheritance of our ancestral grounds has been opened, and that it will be unearthed very soon. I have to return to the ancestral grounds as soon as possible to complete the inheritance. Many people have come this time. If a fight really breaks out, you have to help me, Brother!"

Ranjeet looked at Henry with pleadingly.

Henry nodded, he was unable to refuse Ranjeet. After all, the incident in the Recluse World always made him feel somewhat guilty.

Upon receiving Henry's consent, Ranjeet's appetite increased. As if by magic, he fished out two drumsticks from his robe and stuffed them into his mouth.

The Heretic God remained silent ever since Henry clashed with the members of the Alvin League.

With Ranjeet by his side, Henry no longer needed to rely on the Heretic God. Under the guidance of Ranjeet, they took the shortest route to the Loulan ancestral grounds.

Along the way, Henry saw many bodies lying around in the fog. Some of them had clearly been murdered, and some of them were had a natural death.

Ranjeet explained, "The purpose of the Elders activating this formation is to prevent others from breaking into the ancestral grounds. There are many Energy Emitting Formations hidden within the fog. Those weaker ones would have their Spiritual Qi drained away very quickly, which would lead to the activation of a few other mechanisms, such as a poison fog, to kill off the invaders."

Henry scanned at Ranjeet from head to toe and said, "You always seemed like a lazy bum, but you're actually already at the middle stage of the Divine Realm, aren't you?"

Ranjeet scratched his head. As he touched his bald head with his greasy hand, it looked like his bald head was shining.

"Hang on."

Henry suddenly pulled at Ranjeet.

Ranjeet's expression was instantly serious. "I heard it too."

In the thick fog before them, voices sounded.

Henry and Ranjeet tip-toed over. In front of them, the fog was still heavy. It was clear that there were people within it, but they could not be clearly seen because of the fog.

"Catman, long time no see."

A voice sounded.

"Japheth, I could have seen you if I had wanted to. I just really didn't want to."

In the thick fog, the tall and slender Catman looked at the person before him and showed a hint of helplessness.

Standing before Catman was a middle-aged man with a square face. This man looked very ordinary, but for those who knew of Japheth, this man was nothing like the ordinary. As the head of the Trinity, Japheth was the strongest among the Trinity, this man brimmed with righteousness and justice, and he acted in a generous fashion.

Japheth looked at Catman and said, "You reek of smoke and dust."

Catman pursed his lips and said, "Isn't life all about money and women, what's strange about me smelling like smoke and dust?"

Or should I live my life like you, never getting close to a woman? If so, what's the point of life?"

The Japheth smiled. "I'm doing it for my beliefs."

"Go play around with your beliefs then. As the inheritance of the Loulan shall soon be unearthed, I know why others are here, but you, why are you here?"

Catman frowned slightly.

"I have my own reasons, of course."

"Japheth, I've always been curious about who you're working for."

Catman moved, then suddenly appeared a meter away from Japheth. "Since way back then, you have always done everything only for the sake of justice. There was never another motive."

"Who am I working for?"

Who can I possibly work for?"

Japheth laughed. "I live just for myself."

Catman shook his head. "Keep those words for yourself. I know you have a close relationship with Loulan. However, this time, I'm warning you not to intervene with the matters of Loulan. The inheritance of Loulan this time is of great importance, it's not something anyone can change. This is my advice for you."

Having said that, Catman turned his head and looked into the fog. It was the exact direction where Henry and Ranjeet were.

"You don't have to tell me all this."

Japheth said with a smile, "Whatever I do, I always follow my heart. I do whatever I want."

"I'm just trying to warn you. Goodbye."

After saying that, Catman turned into a flash of light and disappeared instantly.

Japheth also took a look to the direction of Henry and Ranjeet, then his figure disappeared in the fog.

Although the formation of the Loulan ancestral grounds was peculiar, it was still somewhat lacking before the first echelon of experts of the stage of Spirit Control. If it was not for some reason, people like Catman and Japheth who were basically at a galactic level would have long since entered the stage of Spirit Control.


"Oh my god, we have been noticed by this man."

Ranjeet cupped his mouth with his greasy hand and said, "This is that man, the one that stopped me from eating meat."

Henry slightly paid more attention to Ranjeet. He could feel that this fat, thick-skinned man was really afraid of Japheth.

Just as the both of them were about to move forward, they heard the voice of a lady.

"Joselito Yang, you've gone too far!"

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Chapter 1347

This voice immediately caught the attention of Henry and Ranjeet.

For Henry, it was Joselito's name that caught his attention.

However, it was the melodious female voice that attracted Ranjeet's attention.

"There is a little lady... I mean, a female benefactor is in trouble! Amitabha, we monks must be compassionate."

Ranjeet put his palms together and said. "Saving one life is more meritorious than building a seven-floor pagoda! I can't stand by and do nothing when I see evil. I shall take you life, you evildoer!"

Ranjeet's wiped his greasy hands on his kasaya. Then, he pulled out his fly-whisk and jumped into the air and shouted, "How dare you, monster! I can tell that you are not a human being at first sight. Today, I shall reveal your true form. Eat this! Mighty Heavenly dragon!"

Just as Ranjeet waved his fly-whisk around in the fog, it was cut apart by a sharp blade of Qi.

In the oasis, Verrall stood beside Joselito, with his hands clasped behind his back, he did not even have to move. The sharp Qi around him alone caused him to have very few rivals in the Divine Realm.

Joselito held the official sword of Western Xia in his hand. He was also at the stage of the Divine Realm. With the help of Verrall, Joselito easily obtained two smaller inheritances. At that moment, Joselito had his eye on the third inheritance.

The Yan Xia has had a history that spanned five thousand years. During those thousands of years, countless outstanding talents had appeared, and the amount of inheritances they had left behind were unimaginable. However, the powers of those inheritances were limited. The heroic spirit within them were unable to suppress the Devil's fragment, unlike the inheritances of the Western Xia and the Loulan, which was why they were not well known. In the eyes of many larger inheritors, those smaller inheritances were perfect tonics, they were fodder that could enhance one's power. As long as they devoured a certain amount of inheritances, they would be able to awaken the heroic spirits of their own and step into the Spirit-controlling Realm.

Facing Joselito was another duo similar to the pair from Western Xia. A silver-haired old lady accompanied a girl. The girl held a pink fan and wore a long dress. She was in her early twenties, well in the years of

her prime. However at that moment, she was within Joselito's grasp, a trail of blood trickled from a corner of her mouth. She looked pathetic.

The old lady beside the girl was obviously the girl's guardian. However, compared to Verrall, the old lady's for no match for him. After all, the strike of a sword from the level of the Paramount realm was no joke.

Back then, Verrall had lived for the inheritance of the Western Xia. However, when Joselito inherited Western Xia, Verrall lived for Joselito. Whatever Joselito said, Verrall did.

The sudden appearance of Ranjeet, interrupted Joselito's move on the girl, but a short interruption was all that it was. In the face of the sharp Qi from Verrall, it was apparent that Ranjeet's Mighty Heavenly Dragon did nothing at all.

"What! How dare you, old crook! Watch me capture you!"

Ranjeet erupted with unprecedented courage in front of the girl. He waved his arms, and the fly-whisk in his hand instantly grew to more than ten meters long, winding towards Verrall.

Verrall just stood still, without making any movements, the fly-whisk that grew up to more than ten meters long was shredded to inches.

"Oh no! It must be because I have been eating too much meat recently. The power from the Buddha has stopped flowing within me, and the Reapario has lost its effectiveness!"

Ranjeet was horrified.

"Where did this monk come from?"

When Joselito saw Ranjeet, he could tell that this man had ill intentions. He waved at Verrall and ordered, "Kill him."

Verrall nodded silently. He gently pointed a finger at Ranjeet.

Upon seeing that Verrall was pointing at him, Ranjeet's face was instantly filled with fear. He could feel the sharpness that rushed at him. His bravery that was displayed earlier dissipated in an instant.

"Please sir, don't kill me!"

Ranjeet knelt down before Verrall with a thud. Sir, would you be interested in making an investment?

"It's a pretty good project. You'll definitely be rolling with profit." 

The moment the girl saw Ranjeet appear suddenly, she thought that things would take a turn. However, the monk ended up on his knees in mere seconds.

"What nonsense."

Verrall snorted coldly. His finger was still pointed at Ranjeet, the decision to kill him did not falter.

A cold ray of light shot directly at Ranjeet from Verrall's finger. Just as it was about to hit Ranjeet, another ray of cold light appeared suddenly, cutting off Verrall's attack.

"Another expert swordsman!"

Verrall's gaze instantly turned towards another direction. In that direction, a white ray of light filled the sky and charged towards Verrall ferociously.

Verrall's eyes were solemn. "The tip of this sword is condensed and powerful, yet has a sense of peace within it. Within this peacefulness also lies a belief of invincibility. This sword, could it be the legendary..." Verrall also sent out countless rays of light.

While Verrall was occupied with the rays of light, Henry suddenly appeared behind Ranjeet, then lifted him by the collar and said, "Let's go!"

"Bring the little lady... I mean, bring the female benefactor along as well!"

Ranjeet still had his mind on her as he made his escape.

The old lady that accompanied the girl was no fool. Seeing that Verrall had his hands full with other matters, she immediately pulled the girl away with her. "Let's go!"

Henry led Ranjeet, the old lady, and the girl, to flee in the same direction within the fog.

"Dear benefactor, please come with me. Amitabha."

This all sounded like a lengthy story, but in fact, all of it happened in a split second.

After Verrall had deflected the rays of light that had filled the sky, Henry and the other three had already disappeared into the fog.

Verrall was not in a hurry to chase after them. Instead, he looked at the direction where the Sword Qi came from and asked, "May I know who you are?"

No reply came from the fog.

Verrall continued, "I've read about your the belief within your sword strike in the ancient books, I can't believe that it truly exists. May I know who your teacher is?"

He was still replied with silence.

"What are you doing, you old sack of bones? They have all gone!"

Joselito looked to the direction where the girl had fled, he was filled with rage.

Seeing that no reply came from the fog, Verrall shook his head and said to Joselito, "Master, there's an expert hidden in there."

"Bullshit!"

Joselito's face was filled with disdain. "If there really is an expert, he wouldn't be hiding. You piece of trash. You can't even hold on to your prey. Hurry up, go get her! I don't only want her inheritance, I want her body too!"

Joselito's eyes were filled with fierce possessiveness.

Verrall bowed and said, "Master, your wish is my command."

Verrall checked the surroundings with his senses for a little while then led Joselito into the fog. The fog was incapable of stopping beings like Catman and Japheth, so it naturally would be unable to stop Verrall too.

Verrall and Joselito were still in the fog. Their only purpose was to hunt for prey. Many inheritors had come this time, all of them were prey in the eyes of Joselito. He enjoyed being a predator very much. ²

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