

Quick T 951

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Chapter 951: Ghost bride: A replacement bridal sacrifice (Part 29)

Since that day, Wu Zhu was locked in closed doors and never came out.

Murong Han Xuan thought he fell into a daze after falling in love, so he slept for several days.

As for Su Luo Luo, she had been very active recently.

Because Zhi Zi has been close to someone recently, it was Murong Han Xuan's guard, Chen Yi.

After Luo Qing Chen learned of this, she had Chen Yi come to the hall they were living in.

At this time, Murong Ming's expression wasn't looking good.

Because the so-called Ten Thousand Year Old Blood Corpse that could destroy the world would break the seal soon.

The dark red sky was already gradually turning bright red.

For uninvited guests to appear at this time definitely wasn't a good sign.

"He's called Chen Yi, he is a very interesting person." Zhi Zi lowered her head. Although she looked like a noble, there was a faint blush on her white cheeks.

The ghost sisters didn't say anything and Murong Ming just looked at her.

In the end, Zhi Zi turned to Luo Qing Chen, "Miss, didn't you say that if there was a chance to come out of the imperial tomb, I would have a chance to enjoy love?"

"That is correct, but he....." Luo Qing Chen looked over Chen Yi. He had a simple smile, but his eyes were filled with complicated emotions.

It was like he was trying to hide something.

"He is very good!" Zhi Zi bit her lip as her eyes filled with the love of a young girl.

It was like she wasn't the ghost who had died for six hundred years, rather she was a girl who had just fallen in love.

"Does he know that there aren't just the four of us here?" Luo Qing Chen suddenly felt that she said something wrong and added, "Two people, there is me and the two of them, does he know that? But actually in this room, there are a total of nine....."

"He knows, he knows everything." Zhi Zi looked at Luo Qing Chen with an aggrieved look, "Miss, do you think that humans and ghosts are different, I should be thinking about a human like this?"

In the deep palace on a red terrace, she was a concubine, so she would feel lonely.

Chen Yi frequently appeared in front of her and amused her, making her feel that life was fulfilling.

Over time, they talked to each other.

Over time, he knew about her identity.

After a while, Luo Qing Chen said with a sigh, "I never care about differences between humans and ghosts, rather there are no boundaries when it comes to true love."

When she said this, Murong Ming had been staring at her the entire time.

There was a faint sparkle in those lazy eyes.

"But." She continued, "You have to take responsibility for your choice."

Zhi Zi heard this and her lashes trembled. She turned to look at Chen Yi, "I believe in my choice, I won't regret it even in death."

Luo Qing Chen seemed to be able to see Zhi Zi's future, but she couldn't stop it for her right now.

For her, Chen Yi was the best and no one could replace him.

"Alright." Murong Ming calmly looked at Chen Yi and said, "There is a place in the imperial palace called the Raksha Hall, I heard it's the forbidden part of the palace and it is sealed with the spells of the witch race."

"Yes." Chen Yi said with a nod, "No one had approached that place in a hundred years."

"The seal is about to break soon. Zhi Zi, go and guard it, tell me if anything strange happens."

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"Yes, young master." Zhi Zi nodded, still feeling a bit nervous.

She didn't know whether they recognized Chen Yi or not.

"I'll go with you." Chen Yi's eyes dimmed a bit as he looked at her, "The evil energy is strong there, I'm not assured if you go alone."

After Zhi Zi and Chen Yi left, Luo Qing Chen slightly knit her brows as a bit of worry filled her eyes.

The five cute ghosts beside her began gossiping.

"How could big sister Zhi Zi like this kind of person, he seems a bit too ordinary!"

"There's nothing ordinary when it comes to love, I think it's good if big sister Zhi Zi is happy!"

"Right! I still like a male ghost? Now that we're all ghosts, isn't it quite good!"

"Lou'er, you aren't planning to reincarnate with your male ghost!"

"A wandering ghost shouldn't be able to reincarnate into a human!"

.....

Luo Qing Chen turned to look at Murong Ming with a thoughtful look before asking with a soft laugh, "Did you send Zhi Zi to the Raksha Hall to test Chen Yi?"

Murong Ming narrowed his eyes and slowly picked up the crystal glass. He looked at her and said, "Do you think I'm that kind?"

"You....." Luo Qing Chen knit her brows, "It was for Zhi Zi's tear?"

"Un humph?" He revealed a careless smile and put the crystal glass in her hand, "You take care of it."

The crystal glass revealed a faint blue flow and she felt a slight chill coming from it.

"Why are you giving it to me?" She slightly knit her brows and asked in a questioning voice, "Are you planning on opening the life and death stage before the Raksha Hall opens?"

"Right." He nodded, confirming without any hesitation.

The life and death stage wasn't just as simple as opening his powers, it was also his calamity.

"But....." She raised the crystal glass in her hand and muttered, "Can you gather all the sincere tears?"

"Even if it can gather, it is already too late." Murong Ming looked at the fire red sky outside the window that kept spreading.

"What do you mean?"

"It's about to break its seal!"

—

At the same time, Zhi Zi and Chen Yi had just arrived at the Raksha Hall after passing through a long corridor.

To be accurate, this Raksha Hall wasn't in the imperial palace. Rather a certain emperor did something several hundred years ago to make it easier to check on the Raksha Hall.

They constructed a long passage from the west that led to the Raksha Hall.

The seal on the Raksha Hall was shattering like glass, falling bit by bit.

The sky above the hall was torn apart, revealing a terrifying scene.

"Chen Yi, go back first!" Zhi Zi knit her brows and a dark glow appeared around her right hand, "This barrier is about to break, the thing inside isn't something you can deal with."

For a while, Chen Yi didn't respond.

When she turned around, Chen Yi was looking at her in a daze and an unknown emotion filled his eyes.

"What is it?" Zhi Zi felt a bit flustered at this moment without knowing the reason why.

It was a strange feeling of panic.....

Chen Yi slowly came to her and raised his right hand, softly touching her cheek. His lips slightly curled as he said, "I've never seen Chun'er worry about me like this before."

"Chun'er?" Her voice trembled slightly, "I.....I'm Zhi Zi."

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“You are Chun’er, my beloved childhood sweetheart, Song Chun.” He suddenly grabbed her by the skirt and pushed her against the broken barrier, “Why are you occupying her body, give me back Chun’er!”

Zhi Zi’s mind was completely empty.

Those clear eyes became bloodshot and the barrier behind her suddenly flickered as it released a chill.

It was like she had taken him as his most important person only to become the biggest joke in the world.

“Ao, si!” The Raksha Hall trembled and the barrier shattered, as a bloodthirsty killing intent filled the air.

“You lied to me, right?” Zhi Zi bit her lip and ignored the danger behind her, as her tears unconsciously came out.

There was only a tear of blood left.

Chen Yi was stunned and his heart filled with a bit of pain. He had never felt this feeling before.

Song Chun was his childhood sweetheart. He had been rather introverted since he was young, he never had a female playmate other than Song Chun.

He thought that when he was sixteen, he could propose to Song Chun.

But he never thought that when she went to a feast in the palace, she would fall in love with the emperor Murong Han Xuan at first sight.

The following year, she entered the harem as a concubine.

Murong Han Xuan wasn’t bad to her, probably because she looked beautiful and had a gentle disposition.

Not long after, she became his favourite concubine and gradually had no relations with the big brother she grew up with.

But he.....wasn’t willing.

In the end, he entered his palace with his martial arts.

The journey was bumpy, but the heavens didn’t let him down and he became Murong Han Xuan’s personal guard.

It was because of this that he felt Song Chun’s happiness in the palace. At times she was lonely, but she was willing to accept this.

But at this time, when he saw the injured girl in front of him, he no longer thought of Song Chun.

Rather he thought of the cute female ghost.....

“I.....” He wanted to explain something, but he couldn’t say anything.

A red light flickered not far away and quickly approached Zhi Zi who was moving back. Chen Yi panicked and shouted in a daze, "Don't go back."

Zhi Zi was stunned and she knit her brows. The large purple blood corpse behind her attacked, being covered in blood and being as tall as ten people.

It had a completely purple body, a blood red head, and it was covered in rotten skin. One hand had ten fingers and they were all incomparably sharp.

The most terrifying thing was not his appearance, rather it was his blood red eyes. It was so red that it seemed like it was flowing with blood and a bone chilling coldness made one tremble.

There was a deep and cold voice that filled the sky.

Daring to fight the heavens and earth, slaughter all people.

Going against the universe, reversing yin and yang, reincarnating into life again.

"Now, there is no one who can trap me!" He gave an angry roar, as if he planned on destroying the world with these words.

Zhi Zi was taken aback. A dim glow appeared on her right hand as she shouted to Zhi Zi, "Quickly leave, don't let me see you again."

As soon as her voice fell, she charged in the direction of the Ten Thousand Year Old Blood Corpse, giving Chen Yi more time to escape.

But Chen Yi felt like his feet couldn't move at all.

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His world suddenly became confused and his mind filled with chaos, not knowing what to do.

His reasoning told him to run as fast as he could. He definitely couldn't deal with this ten thousand year old monster.

The female ghost had taken over Chun'er's body, so she would be repaying Chun'er if she died and wasn't worth pitying.

But the feelings in his heart called out to him: Can you really see through your heart?

Although Zhi Zi was a ghost that had been in this world for six hundred years, she was not a match at all when it came to the Ten Thousand Year Old Blood Corpse.

The blood corpse had blood pour from its head like a waterfall. Its mouth, eyes, and ears, were all filled with this thick red liquid.

"Little thing, I will use your soul as an appetizer today!" A powerful red light burst forth towards Zhi Zi and she used all her strength to resist, but she was still knocked to the ground.

"Pu." There was a sweet taste in her mouth as she spat out a mouthful of blood.

“Zhi Zi!” Chen Yi rushed forward without even thinking, wanting to hug Zhi Zi, but he found a chill run down his back.

“Careful!” Zhi Zi turned, exposing her soul and flesh.

At that moment, her first thought was to protect Chen Yi and the second thought was to protect this body.

If her soul scattered, at least that girl could be with him. It was like.....the story was complete.

“Ah!” She roared into the sky and used her six hundred years of cultivation to form an invisible barrier, protecting Chen Yi and Song Chun’s body.

After that.

“Peng.” A powerful force hit her soul and the barrier shattered instantly.

And then her soul scattered.

There were white fragments in the air and a faint wisp of smoke.

“No!” Chen Yi roared out in a heartbroken voice as he kept trying to grasp those white fragments.

But as long as he touched a fragment, it turned into a crystal tear that fell in his hand.

When Murong Ming and Luo Qing Chen arrived, the crystal glass in Luo Qing Chen’s hand released a faint blue glow as a crystal drop fell down.

“Zhi Zi.....” Her fingers trembled and her voice was a bit hoarse.

Murong Ming standing beside her tightly knit his brows and his ice cold eyes seemed like it could freeze people.

In less than a few seconds, the white fragments gradually disappeared and left just a few soft words.

“Chen Yi, I don’t hate you. If there’s a next life, please don’t meet me.”

“Zhi Zi, Zhi Zi.....” He softly said before falling to his knees, as tears came from the corner of his eyes.

It was his fault, it was all his fault. He couldn’t see through his heart, he didn’t understand that he was just friends with Song Chun.

As for his feelings for Zhi Zi, they were.....

The Ten Thousand Year Old Blood Corpse seemed a bit wild after seeing an old acquaintance. Its body continued to shrink before it finally took human form.

His face was still rotten and although he had four limbs, the middle portion was flesh that was torn apart.

With dark red blood, it moved step by step towards Murong Ming, slowly saying in a strange voice, “You are the only person worthy of fighting me in this world, it’s a pity that you haven’t opened the life and death stage yet.”

“Un humph.” He narrowed his eyes and with his right hand, he pulled Luo Qing Chen who had been standing in front of him behind him, then he said to the Ten Thousand Year Old Blood Corpse, “It doesn’t matter if I open the life or death stage when it comes to dealing with you.”

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“You’re as arrogant as seven hundred years ago.” The Ten Thousand Year Old Blood Corpse took a deep look at him and said with a strange smile, “Tomorrow at midnight, this corpse will wait for you at the stage of life and death. If you don’t open it, I’ll open it for you!”

He must see that he was nothing, just like back then.

As soon as his voice fell, the sky was filled with ten thousand blood flowers and a thick blood smell.

After a while, Murong Ming coldly looked at Chen Yi on the ground, “You owe her more than just this life.”

Luo Qing Chen didn’t know why Murong Ming said this, but she knew that the moment he did, he pulled her away from this Raksha Hall without even looking back.

“Can you tell me what role the life and death stage has other than sealing your powers?” She threw off his hand and took the crystal glass from him. She looked at him seriously as she asked word for word, “Can you not open the life and death stage if I don’t cry? You will lose, right?”

“Yes.” His blue eyes had a faint sparkle as he said, “But I won’t lose.”

“You’re lying!” She took a deep breath and pursed her lips, “If you were so sure about dealing with him, you wouldn’t have cared that much about helping the sisters find their obsessions!”

“.....”

“Because you knew as long as they found their obsessions, they would leave behind sincere tears!” She took a deep breath before looking at him and continuing, “But you never thought that, you just wanted Zhi Zi to leave behind the sorrowful tears after seeing Chen Yi. You never thought that she would be so moved that it would scatter her soul!”

She suddenly could see through the man in front of her a bit.

Mysteriousness with a touch of laziness and an indescribable gentleness.

“That is all correct.” He looked at her with endless emotions.

He saw the faint dark glow of the Netherworld Ring on her left hand before intently looking at her.

“Murong Ming, but I can’t cry.....” Her brows trembled slightly as she said, “I know what kind of tear you want, I want to give it to you as well.”

The crystal glass tears were tears of deep obsession, not just any casual tears would work.

She knew that the situation was very dangerous, the witch race should know that the ten thousand year corpse broke his barrier.

But they didn't come out to stop it. It was clear that they couldn't win and would find it hard to protect themselves.

She knew that Murong Ming didn't have any desires to save the world, but he wanted to protect the people by him, she could see that.

After a while, he revealed a lazy smile and took her hand, "Don't cry if you can't cry! Anyway, you wouldn't look good if you cry."

His tone was very soft, like he wanted to break this atmosphere. There was also a bit of pampering and coaxing in his voice.

"In short, I want to go to the life and death stage with you tomorrow." Luo Qing Chen seriously looked at him, "Is that alright?"

She knew that she was facing a Ten Thousand Year Old Blood Corpse with a deep grudge against the world, even a six hundred year old wandering ghost like Zhi Zi had died instantly in front of him.

This kind of monster, her chances of winning was less than 50% even with the Exquisite Ring.

It wasn't her underestimating herself, she had to calculate the odds facing such a strong enemy.

"We'll talk tomorrow." He looked at Luo Qing Chen and suddenly felt that her serious appearance was a bit cuter than normal.

Her brows knit and her lips pursed, it made people want to.....

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"What are you looking at!" With him seriously looking at her, she couldn't help feeling a bit nervous. She couldn't help teasing, "It can't be that you've fallen in love with me, right!"

Although it was teasing, Murong Ming's eyes gradually became dim.

His reaction wasn't as relaxed when she first said this, rather it became a bit solemn.

This solemn look made her feel both happy and a bit unsettled.

On the way, he held her hand and walked very slowly.

There were only the two of them in this long corridor.

There was nothing in front and nothing behind.

"If we can keep walking like this, it seems like it would be good."

For a long time after, she would vaguely remember the bitter smile he had when he said this.

This was a helpless bitter smile from the bottom of his heart.....

When they returned, it was silent. It wasn't as loud as before.

Murong Ming knit his brows and his blue light sparkled.

He narrowed his eyes and his lashes trembled. After a while, he opened them again and said, "Damn, they've been caught."

"Who? Who caught them?" Luo Qing Chen looked at him in disbelief and asked, "Who can see them!"

"Wu Zhu." He narrowed his eyes before continuing, "Su Luo Luo....."

"How can Wu Zhu catch them....." She knit her brows and said, "Su Luo Luo doesn't have any ways, how is that possible?"

"The witch clan's treasure, the Soul Trapping Bead." Murong Ming said while softly gritting his teeth, "The blood corpse broke the barrier and changed the surrounding aura. With this chance, they were caught."

In a normal situation, for ghosts that had cultivated for several hundred years in the imperial tomb, the witch clan couldn't catch all five of them even with the Soul Trapping Bead. Ghosts had sharper senses than people, so if it wasn't for the Ten Thousand Year Old Blood Corpse, it would have been hard for them to be caught!

"What did the witch clan catch them for?" Luo Qing Chen said with a cold laugh, "If they had this treasure, why didn't they catch the thirty three ghosts and capture the girls instead? This witch clan, what meaning is there for it to continue existing?"

Seeing her angry appearance, his lips couldn't help curling, "Heroes have the same views."

"Let's go save them!" Luo Qing Chen took out the Nine Section Moon Whip from thin air, looking very powerful.

"You....." Murong Ming looked at the Nine Section Moon Whip in her hand and said, "Are you really a human?"

Humans couldn't take things out of thin air!

"I've heard some unknown thing say that I'm also a ghost." Luo Qing Chen recalled what the system had told her before and seriously said to Murong Ming, "I seem to be a ghost that died thirty thousand years ago!"

"Then perhaps we've known each other in a past life." Seeing her serious look, he raised his hand and softly touched her head, "But we can't save them now."

"Why?"

"I know why the witch clan caught them for." Murong Ming revealed a cold glow in his eyes, "The witch clan is good at sacrificing, so they often use sacrifices to suppress ghosts and then seal them away."

Luo Qing Chen's heart skipped a beat when she heard this, "Is the witch clan planning to sacrifice their souls to seal the blood corpse?"

She never thought that the witch clan would use such a cruel method to survive!

Back then, the witch clan had sent them into the imperial tomb to be sacrifices and now.....the witch clan wouldn't let their souls go!

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At the same time, at the witch clan's divining altar.

"Wu Zhu, are we really sacrificing these five spirits to the blood corpse?" The elder revealed a difficult look, "It will become stronger after swallowing them."

"But.....the five ghosts will need to merge with the Ten Thousand Year Old Blood Corpse." Wu Zhu narrowed her eyes and looked at the dark life and death stage, "As long as the life and death stage is open, we can push them down while it is taking the time to fuse."

Whether it was humans, demons, or ghosts, they couldn't escape the life and death stage in this world.

They must die!

The witch clan definitely couldn't be destroyed in her hands, whether it was the Ten Thousand Year Old Blood Corpse or Murong Ming who wanted to destroy them.

This time, the witch clan must take care of them before they could make a move.

The witch clan was weak and naturally couldn't do it, so she had to wait to reap the benefits while they were fighting.

At midnight.

The bridge leading to the life and death stage was a bridge called 'Regret'. Normal people couldn't see this and it could only be seen by people with the ability to see ghosts.

At any time, it was as bright as day.

There was an abyss no matter where one looked, but they could see a crystalline bridge that led to the life and death stage.

Looking down from the bridge, one could see the large underworld which had a strange red glow that made one's heart palpitate.

Murong Ming's expression wasn't good. When he was walking on the bridge, he turned around more than once to ask her, "Can't you wait for me?"

Without knowing why, he was very flustered. He couldn't help thinking about what an expert had told him seven hundred years ago.

—You will encounter a calamity, either in this life or the next. In that moment of the calamity, you will lose your most important person. That person may be someone else, or it could be you.

These words had been echoing in his heart for hundreds of years. He had been trapped in the imperial tomb for generations and he had never met any people important to him.

He always thought that the calamity this expert mentioned was for himself.

But now he suddenly wasn't that certain.

“No.” Luo Qing Chen said, “Even if you don’t believe in my abilities, you should believe in your own abilities!”

Murong Ming was definitely very strong and it was beyond her imagination.

The Netherworld Ring on her left hand explained everything, she dreamed of strange scenes when she wore it.

They all came from the underworld and the picture was real, it should be the story of the master of this ring.

This meant that Murong Ming had already been to the underworld.

The fact that he can walk under the sun and not reincarnate meant one thing—

He was a very important person in the underworld.

Although it was only a guess, she was almost certain of it.

After a while, he said with a sigh, “Then just follow me. Anyway without your tear, whether it is me, the witch clan, or the blood corpse, we can’t open the life and death stage.”

Suddenly his thoughts unknowingly changed. At first he wanted to quickly collect the seven tears and open the life and death stage, then destroy it.

Because as long as he opened it, he would regain his sealed abilities.

However, if it was destroyed, his calamity would never come.

But now, he didn’t want her tear that much.

It was like.....he couldn’t bear to see her sad.

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There was a large space ten steps away from the life and death stage. After crossing the ‘Regret’ bridge, this was the space one reached in the end.

The Ten Thousand Year Old Blood Corpse standing there with his hands crossed in the center.

It looked more terrifying than it did yesterday. His head was covered in hands made of rotten flesh, reaching at least a hundred densely packed together.

The hands were very small and each hand kept shaking, like a strange beckoning.

He slowly turned and ate a hand growing from his head as he looked at Murong Ming, “Quite punctual!”

He looked at Luo Qing Chen in the back and a very red glow appeared in his blood red eyes, “This beautiful girl, we meet again.”

Luo Qing Chen narrowed her cold eyes and she waved the Exquisite Ring on her right hand, exploding the area with golden light. The Exquisite Ring was so powerful that it cut off half the hands on his head.

He gave a grunt before saying with a strange smile, "This beautiful girl is rather fierce. You think that by cutting off my 'accessories', they won't grow back?"

As soon as his voice fell, he shook his head and wanted to stretch out hands from the rotten flesh.

It was a pity that he was disappointed.

Luo Qing Chen gave a cold snort and she looked at the half ghost half human blood corpse without any warmth, "You think that it can still grow?"

The Ten Thousand Year Old Blood Corpse narrowed its rotten eyes and said with gritting teeth, "Since you came to die, I will help you."

As soon as his voice fell, the sky changed colours. The sky that was as bright as day gradually turned dark red.

With an angry roar, he became as tall as ten people before angrily shouting, "Murong Ming, I was defeated by you back then and was trapped in the Raksha Hall for several hundred years by the witch clan. You know that I just escaped from the Witch Spirit Mountain, they had imprisoned me for nine thousand years!"

He really, really hated the witch clan.

But he hated Murong Ming more. When it took him nine thousand years to break free of the Witch Spirit Mountain and he was prepared to suck people's blood.

Murong Ming had found him and after a battle between the two, both sides were seriously injured.

The witch clan took advantage of this and sealed him with the former ghost king. This time he was sealed near the imperial palace and the true dragon emperor's energy suppressed him.

But he already calculated that Murong Ming would be killed by his brother.

Without Murong Ming's emperor energy, he would have a chance to break the seal again.

Everyone knew Murong Ming died, but the Murong Clan built an imperial tomb for him. Half his abilities were sealed by the former ghost king in the life and death stage after he became a ghost, but that other half was still enough to suppress him.

This lasted for seven hundred years.

If his true body didn't come out of the imperial tomb, he wouldn't have had a chance to break the seal.

Murong Ming's eyes turned cold and a death god's sickle appeared in his hand. There was a red light that appeared on his forehead as he looked over and said, "I want to see if I can take care of this blood corpse with only half my abilities."

As soon as his voice fell, a blue and red light clashed in the air.

The two moved very quickly, so fast that Luo Qing Chen almost became dizzy. The clash between the Ten Thousand Year Old Blood Corpse and a ghost of several hundred years was incomparably powerful.

But several seconds later, the two glows bounced off each other. Murong Ming fell to the ground covered in blood and he spat out a large mouthful of blood.

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The blood corpse fell onto the ground in pieces. The stubborn head twisted and angrily muttered, "Idiot, if you don't have the other half of your power from breaking the life and death stage, you can't kill me, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

After laughing into the sky, the strange laughter echoed across the life and death stage.

Luo Qing Chen almost instantly caught Murong Ming and her eyes trembled as she said, "How are you?"

He closed his eyes and slightly knit his brows before shaking his head. He looked back at the split apart blood corpse with a faint smile and said, "Are you sure?"

If he was destined to open the life and death stage, if he was destined to doom his most important person.

It was better to end things here.

As soon as his voice fell, he took the Netherworld Ring from Luo Qing Chen's left hand and he had a determined look in his eyes, "Opening of heaven and earth, all things in chaos. Walking the way of the calamity, becoming a ghost in the sun. I swear....."

"Murong Ming!" Luo Qing Chen pressed down on the Netherworld Ring that was releasing a deep blue glow as she said with a shocking look, "You're crazy! You aren't some righteous warrior, why do you want to die with this ghost!"

She felt her heart being flustered and a faint mist coming over her eyes, as the way her lips were pursed hurt one's heart.

Murong Ming looked at her in a daze. He looked at her clear eyes with a trace of tears and looked at her worried expression.

At that moment, he suddenly felt that nothing else mattered in this world. As long as she was by his side, it seemed.....like it was enough.

She knit her brows and when she couldn't help closing her eyes from the tears.

Murong Ming gave a sigh and put his right hand over her eyes. His left hand took her by the waist and pulled her to his side. Those lips with a trace of blood on them kissed her.

"I'm not willing to see you cry, use mine." As soon as his voice fell, Luo Qing Chen felt a cold tear fall onto the back of her hand.

That was Murong Ming's tear.....

Of the seven sincere tears, the last one could be Luo Qing Chen's or Murong Ming's.

[Ding, affection has increased by one hundred. Mission completion rate is now 100%.]

“Murong Ming.” She hadn’t heard the system’s voice in a long time, it was like a hammer to the heart.

“Un.” He patted her head as he said in a pampering tone, “I didn’t know when my calamity would appear and I wouldn’t have to deal with it if I didn’t open the life and death stage, so I was never afraid, but now.....”

Now, he knew that the most important person wasn’t himself.

Whether it was a person or ghost, they wouldn’t be able to make a decisive decision if they were tied down.

Because they had someone they wanted to be with, so they didn’t want to die.....

“Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!” The blood corpse that was in pieces came back together, sticking together using its blood.

It was wildly laughing as its rotten belly kept releasing human heads. These small heads cried out with the cries of babies as they were covered in blood.

“Murong Ming, do you not know?” The Ten Thousand Year Old Blood Corpse said with a wild smile, “The previous ghost king wanted you to do. You need to open the life and death stage to recover your power, but that will also trigger your calamity.”

Wu Zhu was leading everyone in the witch clan over with the Soul Trapping Bead, slowly walking towards the life and death stage.

They knew that Murong Ming had already gone up, so they followed closely behind, planning on being the oriole that stalked.

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Chapter 960: Ghost bride: A replacement bridal sacrifice (Part 38)

“I have an enemy coming.” The Ten Thousand Year Old Blood Corpse looked at the Regret bridge. His right hand was covered in red light as it attacked in Wu Zhu’s direction.

Wu Zhu’s group fell to the ground and begged, “Lord Blood Corpse, spare us. We’re here to give you sacrifices.....”

Wu Zhu never thought that even though she hid her aura with the witch clan’s powder, the Ten Thousand Year Old Blood Corpse would still find her.

“This is bad, Ning’er and the others.” Luo Qing Chen narrowed her eyes as the crystal glass in her right hand released blue light.

Murong Ming knit his brows as his blood covered left hand touched the crystal. He closed his eyes and chanted an unknown spell.

The blue light of the crystal glass broke the sky and parted the clouds to reach a deep place.

“Peng.” With an explosion of white light, the entire life and death stage released a dazzling white light.

The Ten Thousand Year Old Blood Corpse had a strange glow in his red eyes. He raised his right hand and sucked the Soul Trapping Bead into its stomach. The five ghosts came out of the bead and were being sucked down by the hundreds of heads on its stomach.

Luo Qing Chen's right hand trembled as she jumped out, releasing golden light from the Exquisite Ring. Fragments of a spell filled the sky before trapping the blood corpse.

"Miss, quickly leave, you aren't its match!" The sisters all called out.

She narrowed her cold eyes as they filled with determination!

"Un." The blood corpse gave a grunt as it opened its bloody eyes. It looked at Luo Qing Chen with the aura of death, "Murong Ming can't even kill me, you think you can?"

"Why not?" She took out the Nine Section Moon Whip with cold eyes and firmly grabbed his neck with the whip in her right hand as she roared, "Let them go....."

The Ten Thousand Year Old Blood Corpse's rotten flesh peeled off from the power of the Nine Section Moon Whip. He said in a fierce voice, "You are all dead souls for me."

"That depends on if you have the skills." Luo Qing Chen pulled with her right hand. Murong Ming who was sparkling with blue light beside her had the powerful white light of the life and death stage enter him bit by bit.

This power was probably his power sealed by the former ghost king.

As soon as his voice fell, he used all his strength to break free of Luo Qing Chen's Nine Section Moon Whip. But he couldn't get rid of the spell fragments from the Exquisite Ring. With an angry roar, he slapped down on the souls of the sisters.

Countless soul fragments filled the sky at this moment.

"Thank you, miss." This was their final sentence.

The sisters spoke to her in unison.

If their souls remained being sucked by the blood corpse's heads, they would have never been able to reincarnate and would become part of the blood corpse.

Never ending.

The sky was filled with mist, which was all their obsessions.

The first story: The young miss and the fox.

She thought the fox was dead, but the fox wasn't dead and was only seriously injured, unable to crawl back up.

The fox found that the young miss had become a sacrifice many years later and lived in seclusion in the mountains. Only when the soul appeared did they meet again.

"Xiu, xiu, xiu." The picture didn't fade as a completely white nine tail fox ran across the Regret bridge, using its tail to tightly hug the scattered fragments.

In the end, after roaring into the sky, the fox charged at the life and death stage and jumped down without hesitation.