

Sacred Body 101

[Chapter 101: 3 strokes to crush, the unbelievable Feng Qingling was beaten away](#)

Hearing this voice, Jun Xiaoyao showed a cold look, and turned to look at Feng Qingling.

Feng Qingling looked at Fengming Qishan Qin with fiery eyes.

The attributes of this piano fit her very well, as if it was tailor-made for her.

Not to mention, it is a rare ancient sage soldier.

The ancient sage soldiers of the piano class are too rare, and this is not only used to cultivate sentiment.

As a weapon against the enemy, power is very powerful.

So Feng Qingling was moved, and couldn't help but speak.

"Oh, so what?" Jun Xiaoyao said playfully.

"One thousand superb **** sources, change your guqin." Feng Qingling said casually.

Some young Tianjiao around took a deep breath.

It is worthy of being a descendant of the Taikoo royal family, who casually took out a thousand gems of the gods.

But many people looked at Fengming Qishan in Jun Xiaoyao's hands.

Compared with the ancient sage soldier guqin, a thousand unique gods are definitely not much.

Even, there is still some shabby.

After all, the value of the ancient sage soldiers cannot be measured by the gem source.

At least, it also needs Xianyuan to measure.

But even if Feng Qingling is the noble girl of Wanhuanling Mountain, she would not be able to produce many fairy sources.

Even in the Jun family, Xianyuan is a very rare thing.

"One thousand exquisite sources of God to replace my guqin, my brain is not good, so I found someone to treat it." Jun Xiaoyao said indifferently.

He hadn't taken the initiative to trouble Wanhuan Lingshan, but the people of Wanhuan Lingshan dared to pay attention to his guqin.

"Huh? Do you know who I am?" Feng Qingling Liu Meiyixuan.

"I don't care who you are, and I am not interested at all. If you want to die, you can continue to dance in front of me." Jun Xiaoyao's tone was light.

Hearing this, many young talents stared straight.

Feng Qingling is the noble girl of Wanhuanling Mountain, and her identity and strength are not something ordinary people can provoke.

Even the descendants of the immortal forces, facing Feng Qingling, could not have this attitude.

"Looking for death, toast and not eat or drink fine wine!" Feng Qingling's beautiful eyes sprayed with red inflammation, she was really angry.

As the noble lady of Wanhuan Lingshan, she looked up from all directions wherever she went, and no one wanted to offend her.

In her opinion, she can see this guqin, Jun Xiaoyao should be happy to give it to her.

Feng Qingling shot directly, and the jade hand flicked out, and a series of red runes rose into the air, as if condensed into a phoenix wing.

"Is that...True Phoenix's supernatural power?!"

Many talented people around stood up, eyes shocked.

The supernatural power of the true phoenix in the Wanhuan Lingshan, and the supernatural power of the true dragon in the Ancestral Dragon Nest, are both top martial arts supernatural powers in the fairyland.

"No, there is the charm of the true phoenix supernatural power in it, but it's not the true true phoenix super supernatural power. It should be just an extended Sanshou." Some Tianjiao with a little vision blinked and said.

However, even if it's just Sanshou, from Feng Qingling's hands, the power is extremely powerful.

Not to mention, her own cultivation level has also reached the Great Consummation of Returning One Realm.

At this age, with such a cultivation level, Feng Qingling is worthy of the identity of the noble lady of Wanhuanling Mountain.

"Master, be careful..." Qin Xuan and Tianqin female both lost their voices.

Seeing the Lyrican girl paying attention to Jun Xiaoyao so much, the face of the third prince became more and more calm.

"I provoke the noble lady of Wanhuan Lingshan, I don't know how to die..." The third prince said coldly.

And just when this thought came up in his mind.

In the next moment, Jun Xiaoyao made a move.

Without using any moves, it was so simple and blasted out with one palm.

Puff!

Jun Xiaoyao's palm collided with Feng Qingling's moves.

Accompanied by a clicking sound that makes the scalp numb.

Feng Qingling's face suddenly turned pale.

Click!

Her jade arm was directly discounted by a terrifying force, and her bones were broken.

She was also shaken back, and finally crashed into a stone pillar.

Fortunately, the entire Xianqiong Building was branded with defensive arrays, otherwise, this time it would be enough to collapse half of the Xianqiong Building.

"How is it possible?" Feng Qingling's red lips were pale as paper.

The divine flames and rays of light all over her were all shot away, revealing her true face.

There was a sense of panic on the white and beautiful face.

Don't look at her as a woman, with a curvy body and slender bones.

But with a trace of Phoenix blood, her physical strength is far stronger than some human cultivators who focus on refining.

It is precisely because of this that she was horrified. How could the human body on the opposite side be so terrified?

Is it the same as her, the ancient royal family?

Upon seeing this, Jun Xiaoyao once again blasted out with a simple palm.

Against this Feng Qingling, he didn't need to perform any moves, he could suppress it with just one hand.

Seeing Jun Xiaoyao raising his palm and clapping again, Feng Qingling gritted his teeth.

The pride of being the royal family made her unable to accept such humiliation.

Feng Qingling's arm was blooming with red clouds and blood lingering, and her arm bones began to heal quickly.

"What a powerful body!"

"It is rumored that this Feng Qingling had been baptized in the Phoenix Blood Pond in the Ten Thousand Phoenix Spirit Mountain, and his body was astonishing. From this point of view, it is true.

Feng Qingling's state once again surprised a group of people.

Worthy of being the heir to the immortal tradition, all kinds of methods, trump cards, far from the average Tianjiao comparable.

"What's the use?" Jun Xiaoyao looked indifferent but expressionless.

"Flying Phoenix Claw!"

Feng Qingling turned his palm into claws, and a phoenix claw entwined with red clouds emerged, tearing the air and making a hissing wind.

When this claw goes down, an ordinary one-level Tianjiao will be torn apart in an instant.

Jun Xiaoyao squeezed his fist marks and directly exploded Feihuang's claws. Feng Qingling was shocked again and coughed up blood.

Jun Xiaoyao's eyes were cold, and his right arm was faintly lighted by fairy clouds.

He urged the power of a big Luo fairy bone.

Suddenly, Feng Qingling got a small lump~www.mtlnovel.com~ A sense of extreme danger rose from her heart.

Jun Xiaoyao is merciless and shocking.

With a single-handed move, Feng Qingling hurriedly sacrificed a magic weapon for his body, which was a red gold shield that resembled a phoenix wing closed.

boom!

Accompanied by a bang, it was as if a **** iron was fighting.

That piece of shield, which is not low in rank, was directly torn apart by a bombardment.

Feng Qingling was so scared that his soul flew into the sky, his phoenix wings shook behind him, and he rose into the air, dashed into the car, and fled like flying.

Even a ruthless word is too late to stay.

...

Dead still.

On the top floor of the entire Xianqiong Building, all Tianjiao Junjie, as if petrified, were stiff.

Feng Qingling, the famous lady of Wanhuanling Mountain, was actually beaten away by three strokes.

If this news goes out, it will cause a lot of shock.

Tianqin's eyes looked at Jun Xiaoyao, even more brilliant.

Qin Xuan's little mouth is also Zhang Yuan, and apparently she didn't expect Jun Xiaoyao to be so strong.

The young master of the Wanbao Chamber of Commerce, his face from the beginning of suspicion and jealousy, turned into a solemn expression now.

As the Young Master of the Chamber of Commerce, he has a sleek and shrewd character, knowing that such a character can never provoke anything.

The three princes are different.

He was born aloof, in the Panwu God Dynasty, he was like calling the wind and calling the rain.

But now, the appearance of Jun Xiaoyao undoubtedly made his sense of crisis rise sharply.

Looking at the attitude of the Tianqin girl towards Jun Xiaoyao, the three princes were even more upset.

"My son, you haven't responded to the little request of the Lyra girl before?" The Lyra girl said quietly.

What she was referring to, naturally, was talking about love with Jun Xiaoyao all night, no, it was playing the piano.

In those words, there was a hint of coquetry.

[Chapter 102: 3 The coldness of the prince, the killer organization, the nether sky!](#)

Seeing the look of the Lyra female, many male talents present seemed to hear their own heartbreaking voice.

However, they also knew that they knew that Jun Xiaoyao was not something to provoke.

Jun Xiaoyao looked at the movement of the Lyra female, and the corners of his lips curled up slightly.

Facts have proved that there is no so-called iceberg beauty in this world.

The reason why she is indifferent to you is not because of her character, but she simply looks down on you.

The third prince is such a sad existence.

His status and status are not low, but in terms of personality, ability and other aspects, he is not in the eyes of the Lyra Girl.

In contrast, Jun Xiaoyao seemed to exist as a fairy in the eyes of the Tianqin woman.

Mysterious identity and terrifying strength will not be mentioned for the time being.

Just a superb piano art is enough to make a Lyra female's heart broken.

But unfortunately, Jun Xiaoyao is not interested in the Tianqin girl.

But in order to design the three princes, Jun Xiaoyao can only agree.

"The Tianqin girl is so disrespectful when she invites her like this." Jun Xiaoyao said warmly.

Upon hearing Jun Xiaoyao's consent, the Tianqin girl was overjoyed, her expression that had always been cold and frosty, and a moving smile appeared.

This made the third prince so jealous that he was about to get red eyes.

It's hard for his daughter to buy a beautiful woman and smile, Jun Xiaoyao casually agreed, but it made the Tianqin girl smile.

"Master, please..." The Tianqin girl seemed a little impatient, and wanted to talk to Jun Xiaoyao on the piano.

Jun Xiaoyao nodded slightly and led Qin Xuan away with the Tianqin girl.

Leave a group of licking dogs, you look at me, I look at you, messy in the wind.

"Hey, the third prince, we have been fighting for so long, but in the end we made someone else's wedding dress." The young master of the Wanbao Chamber of Commerce came over, gave a wry smile, and shook his head slightly.

"Are you so willing to let that guy meddle with the Lyrae girl?" In the eyes of the third prince, a little shadow appeared.

"I just warn you, it's best not to provoke that person." Wanbao Chamber of Commerce Young Master said.

"Oh, do you know his identity?" The third prince flashed his eyes.

"I don't know, it's just an intuition." The Young Master of the Wanbao Chamber of Commerce said.

He has seen too many people, who can provoke and who can't, he has intuition.

"Don't mess with it, heh, even if he is an immortal heir, I am also the prince of the Panwu dynasty." The third prince snorted and left.

"Hey, if you don't listen to good people, you will suffer." The young master of Wanbao Chamber of Commerce shook his head secretly.

He faintly felt that the third prince might be in bad luck.

...

The Xianqionglou Douqin Club came to an end.

But it caused a lot of waves.

Because this is the first time that a younger generation has beaten a Lyra female on the piano road.

The noble girl Feng Qingling of Wanhuan Lingshan was crushed by a mysterious son, which surprised many people.

In the imperial capital, many monks in restaurants and tea shops are talking about this news.

"As soon as the eldest princess chooses a consort, all powerful talents have emerged."

"Yeah, Feng Qingling of Wanhuanling Mountain can be regarded as a respectable one among the younger generation, so he was easily defeated."

"I really don't know what freaks will appear in the future."

"I am looking forward to the arrival of the prince's son, but it's a pity that I haven't heard from him."

"Keep waiting, I believe that the son of the Jun family will definitely not let the champion Hou arrogant."

...

The imperial capital, the eastern area, a secluded and elegant mountain villa.

From time to time, there is a small sound of the piano, which makes people want to hear.

Three rods in the month.

Jun Xiaoyao, dressed in white, stepped out of the villa, followed by the reluctant Lyrae girl.

"My son, it's already so late, don't you rest in the villa?" The female Tianqin said with a hint of nostalgia.

She and Jun Xiaoyao are in the villa, playing the piano and discussing Taoism, which is comfortable and cozy.

She has never experienced this feeling.

"No, there is still something going on, let's say goodbye first." Jun Xiaoyao said.

"Really, that's really a pity, I hope I can have a chance to meet with the son next time." The Tianqin female Yurong was sad.

Jun Xiaoyao turned and left, but was stopped by the Tianqin girl.

"After communicating for so long, I still don't know the name of the son?" The girl Tianqin asked, her eyes glowing.

"It's easy to become a fairy, and it's hard to be a happy one, so goodbye." Jun Xiaoyao left.

"It's easy to be a fairy..."

The Lyra woman murmured, and then her beautiful body was struck by lightning, her beautiful pupils widened.

"It turns out... it was that..." The Lyra woman took a deep breath.

Surprise, surprise, joy, all kinds of emotions, tumbling inside.

She actually communicated with such a transcendent existence alone for so long.

On the other side, Jun Xiaoyao walked in the void.

"I've been here for so long, can that person be able to hold it back?" Jun Xiaoyao's eyes changed.

Naturally, he didn't get bored so he went to talk to the Tianqin girl.

In addition to getting three hundred yuan of immortal source, his most important purpose is to set up a set to deal with the three princes.

Just when Jun Xiaoyao was thinking to himself.

He suddenly realized that the noise of some people around him seemed to have disappeared.

Even the lights in the pavilions around the imperial capital were completely extinguished.

The surroundings were plunged into absolute darkness, and there was no sound of insects and birds.

"Oh, are you here?" Jun Xiaoyao raised his eyebrows.

Obviously, he was caught in an isolation formation.

At this moment, a shadow suddenly appeared from behind Jun Xiaoyao, and a blood-red sword pierced at the back of Jun Xiaoyao.

He Dao Jing!

Jun Xiaoyao immediately judged the person's breath.

"dead!"

A hoarse voice ~www.mtlnovel.com~ came from the shadow.

The **** sword edge carried a deadly edge.

"Blood-killing swordsmanship, you are the assassin of Netherworld." Jun Xiaoyao turned his body to the side, banged his palm at the sword's front, and said at the same time.

Netherworld is a fiercely famous killer organization in Huangtian Immortal Territory.

They can assassinate anyone as long as they pay a sufficient price.

Even people of immortal orthodoxy, they dare to assassinate.

"Stupid!"

Seeing Jun Xiaoyao resisting his sword with his palm, the assassin sneered.

His realm was originally one level higher than Jun Xiaoyao, and he also used princely weapons to perform top-level assassination swordsmanship.

In this case, Jun Xiaoyao even retaliated with his palm. In his eyes, it was stupid.

However, the next moment, that Netherworld could not laugh at this moment.

Clang!

A voice sounded like a clash of gold and iron.

Jun Xiaoyao smashed the royal weapon with his bare hands.

Not only that, above his right arm, Xianxia surged with radiance.

Six big Luo fairy bones, at the same time blessing strength.

A punch was blasted out, and the void shuddered, rippling waves after the debut.

"How is it possible!" The assassin's pupils condensed with horror.

puff!

With a punch, Jun Xiaoyao directly smashed the assassin into blood foam.

The blood rain was falling and falling.

Jun Xiaoyao's expression remained frozen. After looking around, he said lightly: "Come out, why bother to hide it?"

"Hehe, I underestimate your prey. Which immortal heir are you?"

In the dark night, four figures emerged.

In addition to the three men in black, there is also a man in blood.

The blood-clothed assassin of the Netherworld, the realm of cultivation is Nirvana!

[Chapter 103: Suppress Nirvana assassins, design 3 princes](#)

Nirvana, reaching this level, the whole body has undergone transformation.

Not only the body has been baptized by fire, but the true spirit of the temple in the brain has also been baptized and turned into the soul.

If we talk about the realm of harmony, we are looking for all kinds of spiritual seeds and immortal seeds to be in harmony with one's own Tao.

Then Nirvana is to search for fire, baptize the body, transform the soul, and realize the evolution of life levels.

Therefore, the monks in the Nirvana realm will have a qualitative change in their strength, which is definitely not something that the monks in the unified realm or the combined realm can easily contend.

The assassin sent by You Ming Tian to assassinate Jun Xiaoyao is not only a Hedao realm, but also a blood-clothed assassin in Nirvana realm.

It can be said that this is not something that any younger generation of Tianjiao can contend.

"I admit that your strength is absolutely beyond the ordinary immortal forces of Tianjiao, but under such a siege, do you still have room to struggle?" The blood-clothed assassin's voice was hoarse like a night owl.

"Have you never heard a word?" Jun Xiaoyao said lightly.

"What?" The blood-clothed assassin's eyes were sharp.

"The villain died of talking too much."

Jun Xiaoyao's voice fell, and the wings of the devil were extended behind him. With a move, he directly slammed a fist at the Assassin in the Hedao Realm closest to him.

In his arm, the fairy bones of Daluo were shining, and the fairy light was lingering, and a punch was blasted out, and the surging fist wind seemed to tear the space.

The Assassin in the Hedao Realm felt the extreme danger and instinctively stabbed a sword.

There was a clang!

Without any suspense, the assassin was directly bombarded by Jun Xiaoyao.

"Damn, kill!" The blood-clothed assassin looked gloomy, and joined the other two assassins before assassinating Jun Xiaoyao.

The blood-colored sword light appeared out of the sky, with a trembling breath.

Jun Xiaoyao turned around, raised his hand and grabbed it, his mana surging, turned into a spear of the **** of darkness, and threw it at an assassin.

The Spear of the Underworld penetrated the void, extremely fierce, and also blessed the terrifying power of a billion catties of supernatural power.

This spear can penetrate the world.

The assassin, with a horrified expression, was penetrated without any resistance.

The average Hedao realm master's physical strength is far less than one billion catties, not even 100 million catties.

"Curse of death!"

The only remaining black-clothed assassin saw this, his hair standing on end.

Even if they have been trained and have excellent psychological quality, they still can't help being afraid of this situation.

The young supreme shrouded in the fairy light in front of him is simply a little monster that can't be guessed by common sense!

Therefore, the black-clothed assassin directly performed a cursing secret technique of Netherworld, wanting to make Yin Yijun Xiaoyao.

At the same time, the blood-clothed assassin also took action. The two blood-colored sword lights overlapped, staggered horizontally and vertically, forming a cross, as if they could split the void!

It is Netherworld's extremely powerful swordsmanship magic power, cross blood killing technique!

Jun Xiaoyao's expression remained calm.

The power of the curse secret technique fell on him, without making any waves.

Don't forget, Jun Xiaoyao's ridiculous ancient sacred body does not invade all evils, and has immunity to various evil dark forces.

And this curse power is also a dark power, so it can't work on Jun Xiaoyao.

Jun Xiaoyao blasted out with a palm and pushed it horizontally towards the black-clothed assassin, violently splitting his body and splashing blood in the sky.

"court death!"

The only remaining blood-clothed assassin sneered upon seeing this.

His cross-blood killing technique has fallen in front of Jun Xiaoyao.

At this time, Jun Xiaoyao's body surface suddenly condensed into a slender blue-gold armor, shining with cold and strong metallic luster.

It is the Azure Dragon Armor!

Clang!

The blood-clothed assassin's moves fell on the battle armor, sparking sparks, but he couldn't bring any harm to Jun Xiaoyao.

"How can this be?"

However, before the blood-clothed assassin was shocked, Jun Xiaoyao's eyebrows, suddenly a chain of order rushed out, turning into a golden dagger.

It is Yuan Huang Dao Sword!

This move was too sudden.

Coupled with such a distance, even the blood-clothed assassin would not have enough reaction time to avoid it.

Puff!

The entire body of the blood-clothed assassin was shattered by the Yuanhuang Taoist sword.

A flash of light escaped from the palace of his mind.

It is the soul of this assassin.

"Can you go?" Jun Xiaoyao smiled faintly and raised his hand to catch.

This blood-clothed assassin is the key to his layout.

The golden hand of mana directly trapped the assassin's soul.

"Who bought you to kill me?" Jun Xiaoyao asked.

The assassin's soul was horrified, but he didn't say anything.

The buyer's identity and whereabouts will not be revealed, which is an unspoken rule of any killer organization.

Jun Xiaoyao didn't care, and said indifferently: "In fact, you don't even know who it is, but you need to leave a piece of evidence."

After all, Jun Xiaoyao directly stimulates his own soul power.

Suddenly, a huge black grinding disc appeared in the void.

It was stained with blood, as if it was stained with the blood of gods and demons.

"what is that?"

The assassin's soul felt a sense of fear and trembling from the soul.

"If you don't say it personally, then let you taste the taste of being crushed by the chaos god." Jun Xiaoyao said.

This Chaos God Grind is exactly the means he has evolved through his observation of ideas through the Chaos God Grind.

Because Jun Xiaoyao is a soul that has passed through, he is immune to the pain caused by the chaos divine mill.

But other people do not have this ability.

The pain of the soul is millions of times stronger than the body.

"Ah ah ah ah ah!"

The pain of crushing the soul ~www.mtlnovel.com~ caused the assassin's soul to scream and concuss.

Jun Xiaoyao also controlled his strength and would not directly crush his soul.

The pain of this kind of soul being ground by the Chaos God is simply more painful than Ling Chi.

Finally, in the end, the assassin's soul couldn't bear it.

"Say, who bought your Netherworld assassin to assassinate me." Jun Xiaoyao said indifferently.

He took out the light and shadow stone.

This kind of stone can leave sounds and images.

"Yes... It's the Panwu God Dynasty... The Third Prince..." The assassin's soul was weak and weak to the extreme.

"can."

Jun Xiaoyao smiled and put away the light and shadow stone.

Then directly use the Chaos God Grinding to crush the assassin's soul.

Playing with the light and shadow stone in his hand, Jun Xiaoyao smiled faintly: "Third princes, third princes, you probably don't know at all, who is the target you are going to assassinate, right?"

The assassin who bought the Netherworld, assassinated the **** son of the ancient monarch.

If this news spreads out, let alone the Three Princes will be forever.

Even the entire Panwu God Dynasty will be greatly implicated.

Huang Gu Jun's family was angry, not just talking about it.

The ethics of all immortal forces are also the most taboo, and their own Tianjiao is targeted by those killer organizations.

Therefore, it is a taboo to buy through the killer organization.

The three princes didn't even know how terrifying the identity and status of the target he was going to assassinate.

If he knew the identity of Jun Xiaoyao, even if he gave the three princes a hundred courage, he would definitely not dare to do such a thing.

Just after Jun Xiaoyao killed the assassins of Netherworld.

The third prince was also in a secret hall of the Emperor's Palace, waiting for news from Netherworld.

[Chapter 104: The assassination failed, the Jun family arrived, Xiao Chen's transformation](#)

"Hmph, competing with this prince for a woman is too naive." The third prince had a sneer on his face.

Although he also knew that the mysterious young man was extraordinary, he just couldn't swallow that breath.

Moreover, he himself was also the prince of the immortal dynasty, and his status was not low, so he didn't need to fear the descendants of the immortal forces.

Besides, the Assassins of Netherworld, regardless of their final success or failure, will not reveal the buyer.

So taking a step back, even if it fails, the three princes don't have to worry about their identity being leaked out.

Of course, the three princes naturally didn't know that Jun Xiaoyao possessed the method of chaos divine grinding.

"Failure is impossible to fail. Let alone the assassins sent, all have a higher level of cultivation than that person, and there are even two-level Nirvana powerhouses."

The third prince smiled with confidence.

At this moment, a hoarse voice came.

"The assassination failed. In a short period of time, we will never make another move."

"what?"

Hearing this transmission, the face of the third prince suddenly changed.

"What has changed, or is it said that a guardian has taken action?" The third prince said.

The only situation he can think of is that there is a protector who takes action.

"No, they should all check and confirm before taking the shot." The voice said.

"Then you mean, if you are in a single state, you will kill the Assassins in the Nether Heaven and Nirvana Realm?" The third prince couldn't believe it.

"That's the fact. We've already been stunned, and we won't make another move in a short time, and the reward will not be returned."

After the voice said this sentence, it disappeared.

The three princes were left with a gloomy expression.

"How can this be? What is the origin of that person, is he really so powerful?" The third prince didn't want to believe it at all.

He paid a large price, but in the end he got such a result.

He doubted whether Netherworld was fooling him.

But assassin organizations like Netherworld, although cold-blooded and cruel, they talk about credibility the most.

Without credibility, no one would look for them at all.

The face of the third prince changed and he felt a sense of anxiety in his heart.

It's like a disaster.

"Is that person...no, it must be impossible, how could it be such a coincidence?"

Vaguely, a name came up in the mind of the third prince, but he was expelled instantly.

That name is too terrifying. If it were him, the three princes could hardly imagine the consequences of himself.

"No, this prince must be thinking too much, besides, even if the Netherworld Assassin is dead, it is impossible to reveal my identity."

The three princes said as if to comfort themselves.

...

The imperial capital, in a quaint and quiet courtyard.

Jun Xiaoyao sat cross-legged, refining the source of immortality.

Three hundred fairy sources are enough for Jun Xiaoyao to refine a batch of Daluo fairy bones again.

"The three princes are really pitiful. They lost Xianyuan, lost a woman, and were designed by me once." Jun Xiaoyao shook his head.

The three princes are so miserable for a man.

But after thinking about it, Xiao Chen, Ji Xuan, Champion Hou, etc., the people who are hostile to him, seem to be miserable.

"By the way, Xiao Chen should be coming to the Emperor of God's Capital too, and staged a scene of grabbing relatives. I want to see him and the champion Hou fighting." Jun Xiaoyao thought to himself.

He also vaguely guessed that Xiao Chen's aura was not exhausted, and his appearance this time might be greatly changed.

But Jun Xiaoyao didn't care, no matter how Xiao Chen changed, it would be difficult to catch up with his shadow.

On the contrary, Jun Xiaoyao hoped that Xiao Chen would become a little better, otherwise, it wouldn't be so interesting then.

"Now that the two chess pieces have been arranged, Panwu Shenchao wants to open up Panwuling to me, so I will refine these fairy sources and wait for the banquet to start."

Jun Xiaoyao murmured, once again sinking into the cultivation.

...

As time passed, the day when Wu Mingyue chose the husband and wife was getting closer and closer.

All forces, like rivers returning to the sea, gathered in the imperial capital.

In the sky, a line of flying ancient beasts pulled their carts, roaring and crushing the sky.

On the coach, there is a banner of the Jun family.

Such a sound has attracted the attention of countless people in the Quartet.

"It's Huanggu Jun's family here!"

"Sure enough, the Jun family is here, is that **** son among them?"

"The son of the Jun family surrendered nine lions as mounts, but why didn't he see them?"

"Isn't it really not here?"

Many people were surprised when they saw the Jun family's motorcade.

Everyone knows that the son of the Jun family pulls the cart with nine lions.

But now, there is no trace of the nine lions.

In the chariot, Jun Zhanjian and other sequences sat in one place to discuss.

"The son of God should have come to the imperial capital, right?" Jun Zhandao.

"It should be here, but the son should have his own ideas, we don't need to disturb him." Jun Linglong said.

She thought of Lan Xin, knowing that Jun Xiaoyao was leaving early alone, there must be some kind of arrangement, it is not convenient to take them.

"Yes, how can we understand the thoughts of the **** son." Jun Xuehuang said.

"Huh, it's just the words of the champion, which is really uncomfortable. Who gave him the courage to provoke him?"

There is light intertwined in Jun Wanjie's eyes, and his tone is very disdainful.

He admitted that the champion Hou is indeed not weak, but if he wants to crush Jun Xiaoyao, that is a fantasy.

"It's just a clown, and when the time comes, the **** will be able to suppress ~www.mtlnovel.com~ Jun Xuehuangdao.

They are extremely confident about Jun Xiaoyao.

...

The entrance of the Imperial City.

"Stop, what are you doing with such a strict package, take off your hood and let us check." The city gate guard said to a black robe figure.

In the face of Jun Xiaoyao and other transcendent arrogances, they dare not block the inspection.

But these civilian monks, naturally, could not hide from inspection.

The figure in the black robe slowly took off the hood, revealing a beautiful and handsome cheek.

It was Xiao Chen.

At this moment, Xiao Chen's face was full of determination and determination.

Even the guards of the city gate were shocked by Xiao Chen's aura.

"Okay...Okay, let's go in." The guard swallowed, not daring to say more.

Xiao Chen's faint aura was almost the same as the immortal force's Tianjiao.

"Success or failure, in one fell swoop!"

Xiao Chen clenched his fist.

His pupils all seemed to have turned into a sky-like blue.

Under the skin, there is also a faint blue dragon light pattern flowing.

After being baptized by the Supreme Blood, Xiao Chen's strength has progressed by leaps and bounds.

Directly broke through to the Great Perfection of Guiyi Realm.

Not only that, but his Azure Sky Transforming Dragon Technique was completely completed with the help of Supreme Blood.

And Dacheng's Azure Dragon Transformation Art is the Supreme Law.

In addition, from the blood of the supreme, he comprehended many martial arts supernatural powers of the Canglong line.

It can be said that Xiao Chen now is far more powerful than before!

The increase in strength also brought great confidence to Xiao Chen.

"This time, I will marry Mingyue and become Panwu God's chariot!"

"Whether it is the champion Hou or Jun Xiaoyao, I will be stepped under my feet!"

"The ultimate winner can only be Xiao Chen!"

[Chapter 105: The banquet opens, the emperor's soldiers plate the emperor sword, and Jun Xiaoyao goes to the Forbidden City...](#)

Time finally came half a month later, that is, the day the banquet opened.

On this day, the entire imperial capital seemed to be boiling.

All the major forces rushed to the Forbidden City in the center of the imperial capital.

Many people who are not eligible to participate in the banquet also follow, even if they are outside to watch the excitement.

Many people are also very curious, who will eventually get the hands of Wu Mingyue, the jewel of the gods?

Panwu Palace, Forbidden City.

The magnificent Forbidden City, like an ancient heaven, carries a breath of majesty.

The Golden Queyun Palace, with glazed tile roofs, sacred clouds, thousands of Rui Cai.

From a distance, it looked like a palace of the heavens.

This Forbidden City is rumored to be built by the Great Emperor Panwu when he ordered countless craftsmen when he founded the Shen Dynasty.

It is also a symbol of the Panwu dynasty.

As for the Wuling, it is deep behind the Forbidden City.

There, it is also an absolute forbidden place for the Panwu God Dynasty. If anyone approaches it without permission, it will be killed directly.

At this moment, there is a big banquet in the Forbidden City.

Numerous delicacies and delicacies were presented by the maid of the palace.

Many top powers, people of immortal orthodoxy, gathered together.

In a hall in the Forbidden City, Wu Mingyue in a red dress robe sat in front of the dressing table.

There are several court ladies next to her who are pulling up her hair buns.

Wu Mingyue, dressed in a red gown, was a bit more charming and moving.

She has cut water on her pupils, her eyebrows are like ink paintings, she has light powder on her fat-like skin, and she has Zhu Dan in her mouth.

Only between the eyebrows, there is a melancholy color that cannot be removed.

On the side, a close-knit lady who had grown up from childhood saw this, and said: "Your Royal Highness, today is your day to choose your husband, you should be happier."

Wu Mingyue shook her head slightly when she heard this, "Xi'er, I can't choose my partner freely, so how can I be happy?"

Wu Mingyue was thinking whether Xiao Chen would come.

In fact, she didn't want Xiao Chen to come.

Because even if Xiao Chen came, he couldn't change anything.

Her father, the **** of Panwu, couldn't let her marry a little man with no background.

Unless Xiao Chen is talented and evil is the same as Jun Xiaoyao, then it is possible to be valued.

But is it possible?

In the entire Huangtian Immortal Realm, how many people are talented to be comparable to Jun Xiaoyao?

Xiao Chen did work very hard, but if the hard work is useful, what would he have to do with genius?

"His Royal Highness doesn't have to be too disappointed. Among those young talents, maybe there are those who can match the princess." Xi'er comforted.

"Heh, who is it, is it the champion Hou?" Wu Mingyue sneered.

She knew that the **** of Panwu had always wanted her to marry champion Hou.

For nothing else, just because the champion Hou got the Panhuang Shengling Sword to recognize the master, there is a trace of it may be the reincarnation of Panwu Great.

Of course, it doesn't matter if it is not.

Because what the Lord Panwu wants most is to let the champion Hou find Panhuang Sanjian for him.

The Panhuang Life Spirit Sword is just one of Panhuang's three swords.

In addition, there are Panhuang Years Sword and Panhuang Void Sword.

It is rumored that the combination of Panhuang's three swords can be transformed into Emperor Panwu's warrior, Panhuang sword.

Emperor soldiers, also known as ancient Emperor soldiers, Great Emperor weapons, Ji Dao Emperor soldiers.

It is the tool of the ancient emperor's proof of the Dao, with great power.

With a move of the emperor's soldiers, it can shatter the universe, destroy all star fields, hit the sky of the universe, and bleed hundreds of millions of creatures!

To put it in an unimaginative metaphor, the deterrent power of imperial soldiers is equivalent to nuclear weapons.

Generally speaking, the ancestors had the immortal orthodoxy of the Supreme Emperor, and they all have the background of emperor soldiers.

Panwu God Dynasty also had it.

But later, Panhuangjian was divided into three.

The Panwu God Dynasty experienced many turbulences, and finally led to the loss of Panhuang Sanjian.

It wasn't until Yang Pan got the Pan Huang Sheng Spirit Sword that he regained hope in Pan Wu Shen Chao.

It is precisely because of this that the **** of Panwu sees Yang Pan in this way and directly named him the champion.

As a result, Yang Pan's character became more swollen, and he was lawless throughout the Panwu dynasty, just like the earth emperor.

When Xi'er heard the three words Champion Hou, there was also a flash of disgust in her eyes.

The reputation of champion Hou is really bad.

"Your Royal Highness doesn't have to hurt your mind. Maybe someone can suppress the champion." Xi'er said, a look of yearning suddenly appeared on her face.

"You mean..." Wu Mingyue said.

"Yes, of course he is the son of the king's family. It is rumored that he was born like an immortal, with a good personality, strong strength and unparalleled background."

"It's the most perfect and perfect character in Xi'er's heart..." Xi'er looked forward to it, with little stars in his eyes.

Good personality?

A fairy-like existence?

Wu Mingyue's Yuyan tightened.

It is another ignorant girl who has been biased.

What kind of fairy is Jun Xiaoyao, he is simply a devil who eats people without spitting out bones!

He didn't show any pity for her, and used despicable coercion methods to make her a slave.

Up to now, Wu Mingyue has clung to this secret.

"Don't mention him again." Wu Mingyue's face was slightly cold.

"Oh..." Seeing Wu Mingyue's expression was wrong, Xi'er closed her mouth wittily.

She thought Wu Mingyue was upset because of the champion Hou.

"I hope he won't come." Wu Mingyue prayed in her heart.

Otherwise, she really doesn't know how to face Jun Xiaoyao when the time comes.

...

at the same time.

A courtyard with a quiet environment and pleasant scenery in the Royal Capital.

The fairy mist is faint, and the sun is lingering.

There is a divine breath permeating.

In the courtyard, Jun Xiaoyao sat cross-legged.

The flowers and plants around him seemed to be nourished, bright and lush.

And Jun Xiaoyao's whole person, breath is even more detached.

His right arm seemed to be imprinted with immortal patterns, like an immortal arm.

In the distance, Qin Xuan watched Jun Xiaoyao practicing with a surprised look, shocked.

That kind of weather is too amazing.

Nine lions, turned into nine Shiba Inu, lay lazily on the ground, eating the flesh of the spirit beast.

"The young man's breath is too terrifying," Qin Xuan exclaimed.

"Master, he is an evildoer, this kind of sight is not strange." Nine lions replied lazily.

At this moment, Jun Xiaoyao's body shook slightly, which also ended his cultivation. UU Reading
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In front of him, there was a pile of immortal sources that had lost their spirituality.

"It's okay. I have refined 14 large Luo fairy bones, plus the previous six, which is exactly 20." Jun Xiaoyao whispered.

His right arm, including the wrist bones, metacarpal bones, and phalanges, has 20 bones tempered into a big Luo fairy bone.

The power is definitely much better than before.

"It's still a bottomless pit, if only a fat and oily leek can be found." Jun Xiaoyao said to himself.

But he thought about it, and he hasn't found a suitable candidate yet.

As for Ye Xingyun, Jun Xiaoyao never cared about this little role.

I didn't know that he had such a change later.

"The banquet is about to begin." Jun Xiaoyao got up and walked to Qin Xuan and the nine lions.

"Let's go." Jun Xiaoyao said.

"Where is the son going?" Qin Xuan asked.

"Imperial Palace, Forbidden City to make an appointment!" Jun Xiaoyao said with deep eyes.

"Entry?" Qin Xuan was puzzled.

At this moment, nine lions and one donkey rolled, got up and soared into the air.

The golden light surged and shook the sky, and all the monks were astonished in a radius of ten miles.

Among the gods, a mighty and mighty nine lions appeared and roared to the sky!

Jun Xiaoyao stepped into the void and directly sat cross-legged on the nine lions.

"Why, don't you go together? This **** son said, you may be able to look forward to it." Jun Xiaoyao looked down and looked at Qin Xuan.

And Qin Xuan on the ground is already like a clay sculpture, stuck in place.

It seemed to be lost.

"The son is... the son of the Jun family?!"

Qin Xuanyu covered her pink lips with her hand, couldn't help but lose her voice, blood poured to her forehead, her pretty face flushed red.

She was dizzy and almost fainted because of excessive surprise, excitement, and excitement!

[Chapter 106: All forces gather, Huang Xuan 1's guess, Northland Wang Family](#)

In Qin Xuan's eyes, Jun Xiaoyao is a character who only exists in legends.

But now, when Qin Xuan knew the true identity of Jun Xiaoyao, she was completely stunned.

This is too dreamy and unrealistic!

"Why are you standing stupid?" Jun Xiaoyao said.

"Qin... Qin Xuan has seen... I have seen the son of God!" Qin Xuan started to speak unfavorably, stammering, and saluted Jun Xiaoyao.

"Okay, come up." Jun Xiaoyao waved his hand.

This kind of respectful attitude is not surprising to him.

Qin Xuan was nervous and excited, her pretty face was red, and she swept across the back of the nine lions.

Nine lions can be large or small, and there is no problem carrying a hundred people.

Qin Xuan stood behind, looking at Jun Xiaoyao, her eyes awed and admired.

"Don't worry, Yang Pan will pay the price." Jun Xiaoyao said lightly.

He didn't want to avenge Qin Xuan, he just wanted to cut a wave of leeks.

However, in Qin Xuan's eyes, this was just avenging her.

"Thank you, Lord God!" Qin Xuan's words were trembling.

Others may not be able to deal with champion Hou.

But Qin Xuan believed that Jun Xiaoyao would definitely be able to do it.

Around the monks who were attracted by the nine lions, their eyes widened suddenly when they saw the transcendent figure standing on the nine lions and took a deep breath.

"Then...Is that the king's **** son?"

"Yes, absolutely, he has the ability to surrender nine lions as a mount, and his aura is so strong. There is no second person besides the son of the Jun family!"

"Hi... Someone said before that the son of the Jun family was afraid of the champion. Who would have thought that the son of God would have come long ago."

"I'm afraid the son of God didn't put the champion in his eyes at all, right?"

Countless uproars sounded from all directions.

A lot of curiosity, passion, worship, and surprised eyes all fell on Jun Xiaoyao.

Jun Xiaoyao shook his head slightly.

Sometimes being too famous is also an annoyance.

Nine lions carried Jun Xiaoyao and Qin Xuan into the air.

Jun Xiaoyao looked into the distance, towards the Forbidden City of the Imperial Palace.

"Champion Hou has been jumping for so long, it is time to slap him to wake him up and recognize the reality." Jun Xiaoyao said with his hand.

...

Royal Palace, Forbidden City.

The four forces gathered together, and the atmosphere was extremely noisy and prosperous.

From time to time, forces arrive and then take their seats.

At this moment, two phoenix sounds suddenly sounded in Tiantian.

Two golden phoenix birds, pulling two carts, came across the void.

"That is... Ten Thousand Phoenix Spirit Mountain!" Many monks looked up.

As a top-tier Primordial royal family on par with the Ancestral Dragon Nest, the prestige and deterrence of Wanhua Lingshan is no less than the former.

Two red streamers flashed out of the chariot. It was Huang Xuanyi and Feng Qingling.

Both of them are back with wings.

Feng Qingling's complexion was white, her red eyes were crystal clear, and her expression was cold, not very beautiful.

Obviously, she is still worrying about what happened to Xianqionglou before.

That kind of embarrassing experience was like a nightmare to her noble lady.

Huang Xuanyi, who was on the side, was wearing a red robe with wings on his shoulders.

The whole person looks very handsome, with a red mark on the eyebrows, which is very mysterious.

"It turned out to be Huang Xuanyi and Feng Qingling. These two are both famous arrogances of Wanhua Lingshan."

"But I have heard that Feng Qingling seemed to be in Xianqiong Tower and was taught a lesson by a mysterious arrogant."

"Hush, be quiet, don't be heard, be careful of the disaster." A monk hurriedly warned.

It provokes Wanhua Lingshan, but there is nothing good to eat.

Feng Qingling's expression became even more ugly when she heard the faint voice of discussion.

"Qing Ling, with your strength, it should not be so easy to lose." Huang Xuan together.

"That guy, the physical strength is even more terrifying than our Primordial Royal Family." Feng Qingling said with resentment.

"You said, could it be the prince's divine son who possessed the ancient sacrament?" Huang Xuan guessed.

Except for a few physiques such as the Human Eucharist, Huang Xuanyi really couldn't think of any physique that could be more terrifying than the Primordial Royal Family.

"Jun's son?" Feng Qingling's body trembled suddenly.

She didn't expect it before, because it was reported that Jun Xiaoyao did not come to Panwu Shenchao.

Moreover, it is impossible that every person with a strong physical body is Jun Xiaoyao, right?

However, Feng Qingling thought about it now and felt that it was not impossible.

"Oh, it looks like it's not far from ten." Huang Xuan joined together.

"If it is really him, then the prince's **** son is more terrifying than the rumors." Feng Qingling was very jealous.

When they first left Wanhua Lingshan, they also said that Jun Xiaoyao would suffer if they underestimated them.

As a result, Feng Qingling had suffered a big loss now.

"Don't worry, I will meet Na Jun Xiaoyao then." Huang Xuan said lightly.

In his eyes, there was a faint red golden flame igniting.

As the top arrogant of Ten Thousand Phoenix Spirit Mountain, has he ever feared anyone?

"Xuan Yi, you must help me get back." Feng Qingling gritted his teeth.

Up to now, her jade arm is still aching.

The two of them were talking, and they fell into the VIP seat~www.mtlnovel.com~ another sky, a carriage came in the air.

Many people were surprised to see the flag on the carriage.

"It's Huang Gu Ye's family here."

In the carriage, two figures flashed out, it was Ye Xingyun and his old servant Fu Bo.

Fu Bo looked at Ye Xingyun with a trace of relief.

Since the last time Ye Xingyun was defeated in Jun Xiaoyao's hands, Ye Xingyun, who returned to Ye's house, seemed to be a different person.

I was in retreat all day, burying my head in practice.

And the personality is much calmer than before, and that kind of youthfulness and impulse have been washed away.

"Jun Xiaoyao, will you appear?" Ye Xingyun muttered to himself.

Soon after Ye Xingyun and others took their seats.

On the other side, the ancient flying beast once again pulled the chariot.

"That is, the King of the North!" Some powerful people stared.

The Royal Family of the North Land, located in the extreme north of the Wild Heaven Immortal Territory, is a famous ancient family in the North, occupying more than 30 states.

Called a great overlord of the Northland.

"The King of the North is here, is it because the young emperor of the King is coming to fight for the horse?" Some monks cast their eyes.

The most famous of the royal family in the north is the Tianjiao, the young emperor of the Wang family, and Wang Teng in their clan.

A man who was called by his father as a great emperor.

Wang Teng entered the WTO very few times and spent most of his time in retreat.

But every time you enter the WTO, there will be a group of Tianjiao challenges, and in the end, no one is the enemy of Wang Teng.

Therefore, Wang Teng's name also began to resound through the wild and immortal realm.

"Tsk tusk, if it's the Emperor Wang's coming this time, it will be interesting."

"Yes, son of god, young emperor, champion, who is not amazing?"

Many people are looking forward to the collision of the king's **** son, the king's young emperor, the **** champion Hou and others!

[Chapter 107: Ye Xingyun is heartbroken, and the champion Hou Benzun appears, like a big black...](#)

Several streamers fell from the flying ancient beast.

Everyone looked at him, and the head was a young man with a tall figure and a jealous eyebrow.

Seeing this person, the cultivators all around were slightly disappointed.

"It's not the Emperor of the Wang Family, but Wang Teng's younger brother, Wang Gang." A Tianjiao shook his head slightly, rather disappointed.

They also want to admire the demeanor of the young emperor.

"Hmph, my brother, how could it be possible to come here and compete with a group of people for a consort?" Wang Gang looked around and smiled coldly.

He also has great respect for Wang Teng.

In his thoughts, if Wu Mingyue took the initiative to post, maybe Wang Teng could accept it.

Asking Wang Teng to take the initiative to grab the position of the consort is simply losing the identity of the young emperor.

The entire Beidi Wang family is proud of Wang Teng.

At this time, a car roared in Yuankong again.

"The Jun family is finally here!"

The monks of many forces present couldn't help standing up and looking at them, wanting to see if Jun Xiaoyao appeared.

However, to their disappointment, they did not see the nine lions.

That is Jun Xiaoyao's queen mount.

Jun Zhantian showed up with Jun Zhanjian and others.

After seeing that there was indeed no figure of Jun Xiaoyao appearing.

All kinds of voices came out.

Of course, most people still believe that even if Jun Xiaoyao cannot defeat the champion, he will never be afraid.

There are also a few people who think that Jun Xiaoyao is guilty of conscience and dare not come.

"It's really a group of short-sighted guys, how can ordinary people measure the strength of the son?" Jun Linglong said indifferently.

Even the closest people like them do not know Jun Xiaoyao's true strength.

How would those outsiders know?

"Don't worry about it, I believe Xiaoyao will come." Jun Zhantian smiled, confident.

And it didn't take long for the Jiang family to come.

Jiang Shengyi and Jiang Luoli, the appearance of the two beauties, the young and the young, seemed to add splendor to the world.

The eyes of countless people were taken away by these two shadows.

"It is said that the princess of the gods is stunning, but the Jiang family's double beauty is worse than it is." A young Tianjiao admired.

"These two beauties, if they can be favored by one of them, I will die without regrets!" a male monk said idiotically.

"You're thinking about fart, do you think you are the son of the king's family?" A group of people rolled their eyes.

At Ye Family's side, Ye Xingyun's pupils trembled slightly.

The exquisite shadow that made him think about it day and night appeared.

Although his personality has undergone subtle changes, his feelings have not changed.

Just when Ye Xingyun wanted to step forward to say hello.

Jiang Luoli jumped directly to Jun's side.

"Where is Brother Xiaoyao, Brother Xiaoyao, where is he?" Jiang Luoli probed his head and swept around among the Jun family crowd.

But looking left and right, she didn't see the figure that made her miss day and night.

"Xiaoyao hasn't come yet." Jun Zhantian said.

"You Nizi, are you in such a hurry?" Jiang Shengyi walked up, snow-clothed and dust-free, and the fairy face was as beautiful as a dream and illusion, which made people sink.

"Huh..." Jiang Luoli puffed up her mouth and wrinkled Xiaoqiong's nose.

She was a little unhappy.

Because I didn't see the person I wanted to meet.

By coincidence, Ye Xingyun just got together at this time.

"Luo Li, it's been a long time." Ye Xingyun showed a calm and decent smile.

"Who are you?" Jiang Luoli felt a little depressed and irritated.

"I am Ye Xingyun." Ye Xingyun's cheek was stiff again.

"Oh, I remember..." Jiang Luoli nodded his head.

However, before Ye Xingyun was secretly happy, he heard it.

"You're the one who was beaten and fainted by Brother Xiaoyao, right?"

Even if Ye Xingyun's personality was calm, he almost vomited a mouthful of blood at this moment.

Jiang Luoli spoke to Brother Xiaoyao, and closed his mouth to Brother Xiaoyao.

It was almost like a curse, making Ye Xingyun crazy, wishing to obliterate Jun Xiaoyao directly.

He barely smiled stiffly, then turned and left.

Jiang Luoli didn't care either, only Jun Xiaoyao was in her heart.

"You Nizi, don't worry, I think he should come." Jiang Shengyi smiled comfortingly.

Although she did not show it, but in her heart...

In fact, I also want to see Jun Xiaoyao.

No... I really want to see you.

As time goes by, the major immortal forces have almost come together.

However, no one noticed that there was a figure wearing a hood sitting on the seat in the corner of the rear.

It was Xiao Chen.

He stared at the Jun family coldly.

It is said that love the house and black, hate is the same.

"In the future, if I, Xiao Chen, can rise up completely, I must uproot the Jun family and cut the roots!" Xiao Chen vowed secretly in his heart.

And at this moment, there was a lot of noise and exclamation around.

Far from the sky, a figure shrouded in divine light stepped into the sky.

"It's the champion!" many monks shouted.

No wonder they are so concerned, because the champion Hou was originally the eye of the storm.

He is the person most likely to be elected Wu Mingyue's consort.

Plus the engagement with Jun Xiaoyao.

All this pushed the champion Hou to the forefront.

The champion Hou at the moment is different from the champion Hou in the ancient country of Suzaku.

The champion Hou is just a clone.

And this one is the deity.

The true champion Hou, dressed in a dark and vicious sky-light horn armor, holding a sharp sharp spear.

In his body ~www.mtlnovel.com~ is still faintly, there is an endless sword intent permeating, it is the emperor spirit sword.

"Is this the champion of the gods, the aura is really strong!"

"Yes, seeing it is better than hearing it. Although this champion has a bad reputation, he is really strong!"

Seeing the real champion Hou appear, many immortal forces' Tianjiao, their expressions are a bit solemn.

The breath of champion Hou is too strong.

Plus a **** costume picked up by good luck.

Even the top Tianjiao of the immortal forces must be jealous.

In the corner, seeing Xiao Chen of Champion Hou, his face was instantly covered with frost.

"Is this person the scumbag who wants to get Mingyue, I really can't underestimate it." Xiao Chen's heart filled with coldness.

Tiantian, Yang Pan's eyes fell on Jun's side.

"Oh, it didn't appear as expected, it seems I still look at Jun Xiaoyao highly." Yang Pan had a sneer on his face.

Jun Xiaoyao picked his peaches halfway, took his chance, and destroyed his clone and saint puppet.

Yang Pan simply had the heart to kill Jun Xiaoyao.

Being able to severely defeat Jun Xiaoyao's reputation under the public is also a kind of revenge.

However, as soon as his voice fell, a crisp voice with anger sounded.

"What qualifications do you have to evaluate Brother Xiaoyao, you ugly **** beetle!"

The person who opened his voice was Jiang Luoli.

Her words shocked the audience.

Then a lot of eyes looked at the champion Hou.

Champion Hou wears a dark skylight armor, and there are two dark corners on his head.

From a distance, it looks a bit like a **** beetle.

Many monks pouted, covering their mouths with their hands, and suffocating a smile, their faces flushed.

Yang Pan's expression sank, and his expression became cold and severe.

[Chapter 108: The palm prints falling from the sky, shooting the champion Hou, Jun Xiaoyao is strong...](#)

But when his gaze fell on Jiang Luoli, his gloomy expression eased slightly, and a faintly stunning color was revealed under his eyes.

Yang Pan itself has a hobby of collecting beauties in the harem.

Jiang Luoli's brilliant and lovely, petite and charming, whoever he is, will be amazing at first glance.

There will even be a faint feeling of wanting to be bullied.

Feeling Yang Pan's gloomy sight, Jiang Luoli had small bumps on her snow-white skin, and she felt sick.

"You big beetle, what do you look at!" Jiang Luoli showed a look of disgust.

Yang Pan didn't mind, but smiled with a ray of smile: "The pearl in the palm of the Jiang family really looks extraordinary."

His heart began to rise.

If it weren't for today to compete for the position of the horse, Yang Pan would have wanted to subdue Jiang Luoli.

As if he had sensed Yang Pan's intentions, Jiang Luoli stared openly, her Yingbai face flushed with anger.

"Sick beetle, die!"

Jiang Luoli didn't care about it and shot directly.

She flicked out her little hand, and the auras in the surrounding world seemed to have gathered together, turning into a vast aura palm print, suppressing Xiang Yang Pan.

"It deserves to be the Yuanling Dao Body, with every move, it will move the world."

Many people admire it.

Upon seeing this, Yang Pan's expression was very relaxed and casual. He raised his hand and pierced with the dreadful spear. The horrible spear pierced the sky and pierced the aura palm print.

One shot exposed Yang Pan's cultivation.

The same is the Great Perfection of Guiyijing.

And the reason why so many Tianjiao are stuck in this state is not because they cannot break through.

It's the next realm of Hedao, where you need to find a spiritual seed, fairy seed, etc. that fit with you.

Different levels of spirit seed and immortal seed are vital to the later cultivation speed and strength.

Some rare fairy species, such as world tree seedlings, Hongmeng Purple Qi species, etc., can bring terrifying blessings to Tianjiao.

Therefore, no Tianjiao will break into the Hedao Realm casually.

Boom!

The gun light collided with the aura palm prints, and then directly penetrated it.

Jiang Luoli's Yuan Ling Dao body is not weak in combat effectiveness, but what he is best at is cultivation.

And Yang Pan is in a **** outfit, and his cultivation level is also at the top.

So Jiang Luoli wanted to deal with Yang Pan, obviously not that simple thing.

Yang Pan's eyes flashed, and he continued to shoot, and the horrible dark spear in his hand was drawn with a dreadful spear.

Strong move, the demon flurry!

The void seemed to be boiling, the gunman rioted the world, and blasted towards Jiang Luoli.

A wicked thought came out of Yang Pan's heart.

Jiang Luoli is so cute, should she cry for a long time with a punch?

Jiang Luoli's moist and beautiful eyes also showed a solemn color.

She said she would teach Yang Pan on behalf of Jun Xiaoyao, but now it seems that Yang Pan's strength is indeed not covered.

"Excessive." Jiang Shengyi frowned slightly.

Just when she wanted to make a move.

Suddenly there was an extremely vast golden palm print that fell from the sky and slammed down at Yang Pan!

"who is it!"

Yang Pan's complexion changed abruptly, his pupils shrank sharply, a terrifying pressure poured down, and even the spear light he released was crushed.

Yang Pan was caught off guard and was caught flat-footed. He could only defend himself with the Heavenly Light Armor, and at the same time he blocked his spear.

boom!

Containing the vast Weili's palm print, it directly smashed Yang Pan into the ground, spreading large cracks in the surrounding ground.

The whole noisy Forbidden City seemed to be frozen at this moment.

The faces of countless people are frozen.

He was so blatant just now, the champion with an invincible might, he was smashed into the ground at this moment.

This kind of contrast is so huge that many people haven't recovered for a long while.

At this time, a calm and indifferent voice came slowly.

"This is the so-called champion? But you."

Hearing this voice, everyone's eyes were suddenly cast into the sky.

A nine lion pouring like gold appeared with two figures.

The figure in white clothes in front, bathed in Xianhui, was beyond the era, and the indifferent and playful voice came from his mouth.

"It's the son of the Jun family, he is finally here!"

Boiling all around, there was an uproar!

Since Yang Pan released the news about the battle, everyone was looking forward to how Jun Xiaoyao would respond.

But Jun Xiaoyao never responded.

This caused some hostile forces to seize the handle and force Hei Jun to escape.

And now, Jun Xiaoyao appeared.

Strong as always!

The champion Hou, who was still arrogant and unable to jump, was now embarrassed and broke out of the cracks in the ground.

He didn't suffer too much injury, but his face was a bit sad.

"Jun Xiaoyao, you unexpectedly attacked!" Yang Pan's face was cold and terrifying, and he was extremely embarrassed.

He would not be so embarrassed if it hadn't been caught off guard.

"If you shoot a fly, do you still have to ask the fly if you agree?" Jun Xiaoyao glanced at Yang Pan lightly.

The tone was extremely contemptuous.

This is not arrogance, but a natural invincibility.

Yang Pan's face turned green when he heard this. As the Emperor of the Panwu God Dynasty, he had never suffered such humiliation.

On the other side, Jiang Luoli's small face was stunned for a while, and then cheered, running faster than a rabbit, and directly came to Jun Xiaoyao~www.mtnovel.com~ and hung on him like an octopus.

It's like a cute pendant.

"Brother Xiaoyao, Luo Li knows you will come!" Jiang Luoli's smiling star turned into a crescent moon.

"Come down." Jun Xiaoyao was helpless.

"No, I haven't seen Brother Xiaoyao for two years, four months, sixteen days, three hours and two quarters of an hour." Jiang Luoli pouted, a little wronged.

Jun Xiaoyao was even more ashamed when he heard the words.

How do you feel that Jiang Luoli has the potential to be sick.

"If you don't come down, how can I vent my anger for you?" Jun Xiaoyao sighed.

"Oh, brother Xiaoyao, you must crush that big beetle." Jiang Luoli then let go of her hands and feet reluctantly.

Looking at the crazy Jiang Luoli, many young arrogances around him were mad with jealousy.

It's really incomparable between people.

Ye Xingyun's face was extremely cold, if it weren't for his personality change, he could not help but challenge Jun Xiaoyao at this moment.

On the Wanhua Lingshan side, Feng Qingling's pupils shrank slightly and said, "It turns out that it is really him."

At this time, Feng Qingling was completely sure that the mysterious Tianjiao who crushed her was Jun Xiaoyao.

"It's really strong, you can't underestimate it." Huang Xuanyi's expression is also rare and solemn.

From the Northern Kingdom's family, that unruly young Wang Gang took a look at Jun Xiaoyao and shook his head slightly and said, "It's okay, but it can't be compared with Big Brother."

In his eyes, the king's **** son is inferior to his king's young emperor.

In the corner, Xiao Chen couldn't help but burst into a murderous intent when he saw Jun Xiaoyao appear.

But he endured it deeply.

He knew that it was not the time yet.

Only when he truly became the squadron of the Panwu God Dynasty, he was qualified to face Shangjun Xiaoyao.

[Chapter 109: Jiang Luoli's jealousy, the Lord Panwu came, Xiao Chen appeared](#)

The entire Forbidden City was full of noise because of Jun Xiaoyao's arrival.

Jun Xiaoyao looked at the iron-faced Yang Pan, and said in a calm tone: "You shouldn't fight because you don't think it is necessary. Shooting you to death is not much more troublesome than shooting a fly."

"Jun Xiaoyao, don't talk about it, thinking that if one of my clones is destroyed, it will be really invincible?" Yang Pan said coldly.

He believes that Jun Xiaoyao's self-confidence is because Zeng easily killed his clone.

"Heh..." Jun Xiaoyao chuckled lightly without saying anything.

How can Yang Pan understand his ability.

Coldness surged in Yang Pan's eyes.

With his irritable personality, he almost couldn't help but directly start a war.

But when he thought that he would still be competing for the position of the horse, Yang Pan pressed this tone for the time being.

When he was vying for the position of the consort, he would challenge Jun Xiaoyao again and fight him on the top of the Forbidden City.

Jun Xiaoyao obviously also knew Yang Pan's thoughts.

He doesn't care about playing early and late, anyway, the result will not change.

Seeing the two men whose fighting was temporarily put out, the cultivators around still sighed.

Jun Xiaoyao's appearance was too strong and directly destroyed the champion Hou's invincible spirit.

But they are also very curious, will Jun Xiaoyao take part in the contender competition?

Jun Xiaoyao walked to Jun's side.

"Son of God!" Jun Zhanjian and others all handed over, with joy in their eyes.

They have also been annoyed by those rumors recently.

As soon as Jun Xiaoyao appeared, all the discredited rumors were self-defeating.

"Xiaoyao, you know you won't avoid fighting." Jiang Shengyi walked over and smiled.

"Sister Shengyi." Jun Xiaoyao nodded slightly.

Jiang Luoli looked at the two of them, her eyes rolling.

She didn't think much about it.

"My Lord God, we have met again. The last time I played the piano all night, it is still vivid and unforgettable."

At this time, a beautiful lady came again, it was the Lyra female.

There was a trace of nostalgia in her tone, and longing was vaguely revealed in her eyes.

After knowing the true identity of Jun Xiaoyao, she felt flattered.

But Tianqin girl didn't know that Jun Xiaoyao only used her once.

"Wh...what...what? Talking about love all night?"

When Jiang Luoli heard the words, if he was struck by lightning, his whole body seemed to be petrified.

"Obviously it was mine first..." Jiang Luoli's small mouth squashed, his jealousy filled.

"Ms. Jiang misunderstood. It was playing the piano instead of having love." The Tianqin woman explained.

Jiang Luoli was still a little grudging, but it was all night, who knew that something unsuitable for children would happen.

"What are you thinking about, girl?" Jun Xiaoyao tapped Jiang Luoli's head.

Looking at Jun Xiaoyao, who is deeply trapped in the beauty Xiuluo field, let alone an outsider, even Jun Zhanjian looked envied and said, "I wish I had the charm of one-tenth of the Lord God Son."

"Are you thinking about peaches?" Jun Xuehuang attacked.

At this time, a magnificent voice came from the depths of the palace.

A golden arch bridge extended from a distance, and a group of people came slowly.

The head was a middle-aged man in an imperial robe, with a majestic face and great power in power.

This man is the emperor of the Panwu dynasty, the **** of Panwu.

And behind him, followed by a group of princes and princes.

Wu Mingyue and the three princes are among them.

The three princes immediately noticed Jun Xiaoyao, and his heart suddenly became cold and sank to the bottom.

"It's over, it really is him, the son of the Jun Family..."

There was a faint expectation in the hearts of the three princes before.

Unexpectedly, it turned out to be true now.

Buy the Netherworld assassin and assassinate the king's son.

If this is exposed, the three princes can hardly imagine what the consequences will be.

"It doesn't matter, calm, the assassin of Netherworld, death will not reveal my identity." The third prince thought in his heart.

But at this moment, Jun Xiaoyao's gaze happened to fall on the third prince.

The third prince was stiff.

Jun Xiaoyao showed a faint smile and nodded slightly.

Upon seeing this, the third prince also pulled out a reluctant smile on his face.

In his heart, he let out a long sigh of relief.

"It seems that Jun Xiaoyao didn't know that I was instructing him behind his back." The third prince secretly said.

Taking a step back, even if Jun Xiaoyao would guess that it was him, it couldn't be established without evidence.

It's a big deal that the three princes refused to admit it, just pretending to be stupid.

It's a pity that the third prince didn't know, Jun Xiaoyao's smile.

It's the smile of the devil.

Wu Mingyue also saw Jun Xiaoyao, her face instantly became unnatural.

"Sure enough, it's still here." Wu Mingyue sighed, unusually nervous.

After all, her lifeblood is still in Jun Xiaoyao's hands.

"Is that the eldest princess of the gods, this is the first time I have seen it, it is really stunning!"

"Yeah, I finally understand why so many Tianjiao are vying for the identity of the consort. Not only can they soar into the sky, but they can also get such a beautiful woman."

Many monks looked at Wu Mingyue, and their eyes were amazing.

Wu Mingyue in a red dress robe is charming and coquettish, unparalleled.

"Mingyue..."

Sitting in the corner, Xiao Chen's heart was surging, his expression faintly excited and longing.

Wu Mingyue is his woman, and today he will not cede Wu Mingyue to anyone!

"Thank you all for coming to this banquet. Today is also the day for the little girl Mingyue to choose a husband. Only the talents who stand out can become the husband of my Panwu dynasty~www.mtlnovel.com~ The Lord Panwu speaks, and the voice spreads everywhere. .

"Next, when the banquet begins, you young talents can also compete."

The main voice of Panwu God fell, and the whole banquet officially began.

"Haha, then I will show the ugliness first, and I have admired Princess Mingyue for a long time."

A handsome young man with a long sword on his back jumped onto the high platform he had prepared and laughed.

"He is a true disciple of the Tiannan Sword Sect, a powerful Tianjiao." Some monks said.

The Tiannan Sword Sect is also the top kendo force on the side.

However, Wu Mingyue did not even look at that day.

"Ah....."

A sneer came from Yang Pan.

He shot it directly, and the terrifying spear light made ripples in the void.

Upon seeing this, the real disciple of the Tiannan Sword Sect changed his expression suddenly, and his sword was unsheathed behind his back, and he moved to resist.

However, under one move, the true disciple vomited blood and flew upside down, and a blood hole appeared on his shoulder.

What's more serious is that the real disciple's whole body bones were shattered.

Several elders of the Tiannan Sword Sect came forward to investigate, their expressions were ugly.

However, due to Yang Pan's identity and the presence of the Panwu **** master, they also dared not speak.

"Huh, this prince's position is required, and anyone who doesn't have eyesight wants to fight for it, he can come up for a fight!"

Standing on a high platform, Yang Pan was wearing a heavenly horn armor and holding a mortal spear.
boom!

Just as Yang Pan's voice fell, a majestic breath suddenly spread from a banquet in the back.

At the same time, there was a cold shout with a determined meaning.

"Only I, Xiao Chen, can be Mingyue's cohort. As for you, Yang Pan, how far you go!"

[Chapter 110: Xiao Chen Dou Yang Pan, 2 leeks pinched each other, Pan Huang's life sword...](#)

The breath of terror erupted like a volcano.

Xiao Chen got up, took off his hood, revealing a face with determination.

He has cultivated for a long time, isn't it just for today?

And to deal with Jun Xiaoyao, he must become a servant of the Panwu God Dynasty.

"Who is that person, how do you feel that you haven't seen it before? It shouldn't be the arrogance of some big power?"

"I'll go, that seems to be Xiao Chen, the eldest prince of Qinglong Ancient Kingdom!"

"The prince of the ancient kingdom of Qinglong, hasn't the ancient kingdom of Qinglong all destroyed?"

"Yes, and this Xiao Chen's strength doesn't seem to be particularly outstanding, right?"

Many surprised eyes came from all directions.

Jun Xiaoyao glanced lightly.

He was not surprised.

He would be surprised if Xiao Chen didn't show up.

While Jun Xiaoyao looked at him, Xiao Chen also glanced at Jun Xiaoyao.

The bitter hatred in those eyes was so thick that the waters of the whole sea could not wash away.

However, Xiao Chen did not lose his mind. What he had to do now was not to deal with Jun Xiaoyao, but to deal with Yang Pan.

"Where does the unknown person dare to challenge Lord Benhou?" Yang Pan frowned.

He is dignified and dignified as the champion, when did he even dare to provoke him.

"Xiao Chen!?"

When Wu Mingyue saw Xiao Chen, her delicate body trembled slightly.

Although she didn't want Xiao Chen to come, she still felt a little moved when she really saw Xiao Chen appear at this moment.

"Mingyue, do you know that person?" God Lord Panwu asked seeing Wu Mingyue's strange expression.

"Well, a friend." Wu Mingyue hesitated.

She knew that the Lord Panwu definitely didn't want Xiao Chen to be a consort.

In the field, Xiao Chen leaped into the air in one step and landed directly on the high platform, standing opposite Yang Pan.

"Yang Pan, you are a scumbag who is licentious and conscientious, what qualifications do you have to be a consort of Mingyue?" Xiao Chen's tone was cold and frosty.

"Huh, Lord Ben Hou is not worthy, are you worthy?" Yang Pan sneered.

"Today, I, Xiao Chen, personally defeated you in front of countless forces!"

Xiao Chen's words fell, and with a clear whistle to the sky, the strength of the Great Perfection of Guiyi Realm burst out.

It was densely packed with thousands of blue dragon light patterns lingering around him.

Xiao Chen at the moment was like the Azure Dragon God of War.

"Huh? Zulong's nest technique?" Yang Pan's expression condensed slightly.

At this moment, Xiao Chen's realm was no longer weaker than him.

Jun Xiaoyao looked at it with a deep gaze and said, "Sure enough, Xiao Chen still has a secret behind it. It seems that it will be time to investigate."

"Even if you are a dragon, Lord Benhou will kill the dragon today!"

Yang Pan shot, the stun gun shook the void, and the mighty mana burst out, like a corner of the sky tilted down.

"Blue Dragon Claw!"

Xiao Chen probed with one hand, the blue light gathered, turned into a blue dragon claw that was dozens of feet long, and grabbed the champion.

The two men collided with each other, and there were waves!

Upon seeing this, the Lord Panwu waved with one hand and the void turned into a cage, limiting the fluctuation of the battle between the two.

"How can Xiao Chen become so strong, so he can compete with champion Hou?"

"Yes, I thought he would be defeated by a few tricks." Many surprises sounded.

Jun Xiaoyao was very calm, watching Xiao Chen and Yang Pan fighting, sitting on the mountain and watching tigers fight.

He seemed to see that two leeks were pinching each other.

"Damn, this kid!" Yang Pan's eyes surged with anger.

Before being slapped into the ground by Jun Xiaoyao, he had already embarrassed him.

But now, a miscellaneous fish that pops up casually is so difficult to deal with.

"Destroyed by Silence!"

Yang Pan urged his extreme moves, and his mana was poured into the stun gun.

Strands of black spear light burst out with the aura of death, and even the void seemed to be annihilated wherever it passed.

"Don't move Qinglong Bell!"

Xiao Chen sacrificed his defensive skills, and a giant clock coiled by a blue dragon protected his figure.

Then he punched out again, and thousands of blue dragon light patterns burst out at the same time, with immense power.

Watching the battle between the two men, many monks were shocked.

Champion Hou Qiang, they are not surprised.

But Xiao Chen was too strong, right?

"Xiao Chen..." Wu Mingyue's eyes showed a touch of emotion.

She knew that Xiao Chen came here because of her.

The volatility in the field was very shocking, and the battle between the two was heated.

In the end, Xiao Chen had blood stains all over his body.

The corner of Yang Pan's mouth also brought out a trace of blood.

"This kid..." Yang Pan became a little impatient, directly urging the Pan Emperor Sheng Spirit Sword in his body.

An amazing sword intent rushed straight into the sky.

A simple and vicissitudes of sword shadow appeared from time to time behind Yang Pan.

He didn't fully sacrifice the Pan Emperor's Spirit Sword, but just a sword shadow was enough to shock the Quartet.

"Panhuang Sword..." A light flashed through the eyes of the Lord Panwu.

He supported Yang Pan, wasn't it just for him to find the other two swords in the future.

To put it bluntly, it is also a use.

In order to let Yang Pananxin be used by him, the **** of Panwu could only marry Wu Mingyue to him.

In fact, this is almost the default.

Because the Lord Panwu knows that Yang Pan, who owns the Panhuang Sword, is born invincible.

No one can defeat Yang Pan, who possesses the Pan Emperor's Life Sword. Even the top arrogant of the Immortal Orthodoxy cannot be defeated by UU Reader www.uukanshu.com.

This Xiao Chen's performance was beyond the expectations of the God Lord Panwu.

But the result will not change.

Sure enough, when Yang Pan sacrificed the power of the Pan Emperor's Soul Sword.

In Xiao Chen's mind, Master Qinglong's voice came.

"Xiao Chen, it's not good, your current strength can't stop the Panhuang Life Spirit Sword, take a step back."

Master Qinglong was too weak to help Xiao Chen.

If he shoots, it is tantamount to interfering in the battlefield, and the **** of Panwu will definitely not sit back and watch.

It is also a plug-in, Master Qinglong is obviously not as convenient as Panhuang Shenglingjian.

The strong will be noticed as soon as they get out.

"How can I retreat? If I retreat, Mingyue will be taken away by him!" Xiao Chen's eyes were cracked, and his final will burst out.

"The Canglong is in the sky!"

Xiao Chen's whole body soared up ten thousand azure dragon light patterns, condensed into a huge azure dragon of light, and slammed away at Yang Pan.

Yang Pan is also the force that urges Pan Huang's life sword.

Its sword light gathered at a point on the tip of the sword, and then struck it down.

A bit of sword light seems to destroy everything in the world!

Rumble!

The Azure Dragon of Light was split into two directly by Jianguang, and Xiao Chen also spit out a large mouthful of blood before flying out.

"Xiao Chen!" Wu Mingyue's delicate face faded.

"Haha, it's just ants, I dare to shake the sky, Mingyue, you belong to the Lord, no one can take it!" Yang Pan smiled wildly.

"You..." Wu Mingyue has a delicate face.

Looking at that Yang Pan, she suddenly felt that even Jun Xiaoyao was better than Yang Pan.

"What am I thinking about? That Jun Xiaoyao is also a nasty guy." Wu Mingyue reacted and thought this idea was absurd.

It is impossible for her to like Jun Xiaoyao.

Absolutely not!