

## Sacred Body 111

[Chapter 111: Everyone here is rubbish, the top of the Forbidden City, one person picks...](#)

In the cracked dirt pit, Xiao Chen stood up, his body was shaking, and his chin was dripping with blood.

His eyes were blood red and he couldn't believe it.

Can't believe that I lost again.

Before, again and again, I lost to Jun Xiaoyao again and again.

Now, even the champion Hou can't beat it.

Rao is Xiao Chen's resolute character, and at this moment he also feels that Dao Heart is about to collapse.

To be honest, Xiao Chen's strength is indeed not weak.

If Yang Pan didn't have the Pan Huang Sheng Spirit Sword, which one would win or lose is still unknown.

However, it is a pity that Yang Pan, who possesses the Pan Emperor's Life Sword, is inherently invincible.

This is also the confidence of the Lord Panwu.

The position of the horse, after all, belongs to Yang Pan.

At this moment, many cultivators around are a little embarrassed.

They naturally saw that Xiao Chen and Wu Mingyue might have something to do with each other.

Just like the storyteller, the commoner boy counterattacked the drama of marrying the princess.

But reality is reality after all, and it cannot be as perfect as the story in the legend.

Xiao Chen still couldn't counterattack successfully after all.

"Haha, Lord Benhou just ask, who else?" Yang Pan was proud.

The arrogances of the major forces are full of jealousy in their expressions.

Ye Xingyun from the Huanggu Ye Family, Wang Gang from the Northland King Family, and Huang Xuan from Wanhuanling Mountain were all here to watch the ceremony, not to fight for the position of the horse.

So they didn't make a move either.

Seeing no one from the four wilds, Yang Pan inexplicably gave birth to a sense of superiority.

Invincible is so lonely...

He turned his head and looked at Wu Mingyue, who was pale, with a smile on the corner of his mouth and said: "Mingyue, you are still Lord Benhou after all."

Wu Mingyue's face was ugly, her jade hand clenched tightly.

She felt the extreme for Yang Pan.

Bad personality and plain appearance.

Even Wu Mingyue hates Jun Xiaoyao very much, but she also has to admit that Jun Xiaoyao's appearance is indeed very seductive.

At least watching every day, there will be no boredom, but a supreme enjoyment.

But if she were to face Yang Pan every day, she would vomit in disgust.

Yang Pan Chunfeng was proud, thinking that the overall situation was timed.

A faint voice came.

"I was slapped into the ground by my \*\*\*\* son, now I'm jumping again?"

"Huh?" Yang Pan raised his eyebrows and looked around.

But seeing Jun Xiaoyao, with a hand behind him, he stood faintly, with a condescending indifference in his expression.

That's right...

It's like a \*\*\*\* overlooking a mortal.

Jun Xiaoyao, stand up!

Wow!

This scene caused an uproar in the Quartet.

"The son of the Jun family, are you finally going to make a move?"

"Does he have to fight for the position of the cohort?"

"Interesting, the son of Jun's family made a shot. I wonder if he can suppress the champion?"

"It's probably a bit difficult. After all, the champion Hou Shen has a sword of the emperor, and it's not that easy to deal with."

But the proud daughters of the heavens and many female monks from all forces feel a sense of heartbreak.

"Brother Xiaoyao, you..." Jiang Luoli covered her mouth with her small hand, unable to believe it.

Does Jun Xiaoyao really want to marry Princess Panwu Shenchao?

Although Jiang Shengyi didn't say anything, his clear pupils were also slightly startled, somewhat surprised.

Jun Xiaoyao smiled faintly.

Naturally, it is impossible for him to fight for the position of consort.

The woman in this world, no matter who it is, as long as he wants it, he can get it, why bother to fight for it?

Furthermore, which woman is worthy of Jun Xiaoyao's fight?

At least for now, he hasn't encountered it.

Moreover, Wu Mingyue was originally his slave girl.

It is Jun Xiaoyao's private property.

Yang Pan wants to marry Wu Mingyue. Has his master agreed?

"Jun Xiaoyao, it's okay, since you took the initiative to stand up, then we are fighting dignifiedly."

"What the myth of the invincibility of the son of the Jun family, in front of the Lord Benhou, there is nothing!" Yang Pan's tone was arrogant and arrogant.

He believes that the reason why he was so embarrassed before was because Jun Xiaoyao sneaked.

He will not lose if he is playing a game upright.

Jun Xiaoyao shook his head when he heard the words.

"Why, don't you dare?" Yang Panmeifeng raised.

Jun Xiaoyao let out a chuckle, and the sole of his foot struck the ground, shaking in all directions!

He soared to the sky, and finally landed on the top of the Forbidden City!

Condescending, overlooking all beings!

"Yang Pan, do you want to challenge my son?" Jun Xiaoyao said indifferently.

"What do you mean by this?" Yang Pan's expression sank.

Seeing the unparalleled Jun Xiaoyao standing on the top of the Forbidden City in white clothes, he felt uncomfortable inexplicably.

It's so irritable.

"Yang Pan, I'm not targeting you, I mean the people here who try to be my enemy... are all rubbish."

A word fell, the whole scene was dead silent!

This is not just about Yang Pan alone.

Xiao Chen's expression was extremely dark.

In Ye Xingyun's eyes, a stern look flashed.

Huang Xuanyi and Feng Qingling both had ugly faces.

And Wang Gang of the Northland King's family was also a little unhappy, feeling that Jun Xiaoyao was a bit too mad.

"Jun Xiaoyao, you..." Yang Pan broke out in anger.

Jun Xiaoyao was obviously despising him and was unwilling to fight him alone.

Jun Xiaoyao looked at Xiao Chen and said, "Xiao Chen, this \*\*\*\* son knows that you want to kill me, now give you this opportunity."

He turned to look at Ye Xingyun.

"Ye Xingyun, the last ten-year-old banquet was suppressed by my \*\*\*\* son. You must be very upset. This time, I will give you a chance."

"There is still Wanhua Lingshan, I want to make a move, this \*\*\*\* son will continue~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ In short, today, above the imperial city, the top of the Forbidden City..."

"This son of God alone, fight all of you!"

Jun Xiaoyao's voice is cold, standing with his hands behind his hands, moving in white clothes and fluttering hair.

Standing on the top of the Forbidden City, he is like... a god!

boom!

This sentence, like a boulder rolling down the ocean, stirred up a huge wave.

In the entire Forbidden City, countless people were stunned.

Although they knew that Jun Xiaoyao was very strong and invincible.

But this time, it was not against one person alone, but to challenge all of them.

Others don't say that just a Yangpan is not something ordinary people can deal with.

And Xiao Chen, although he was defeated, his strength was obvious to all.

Ye Xingyun, who is in the body of the star king, needs no words for his strength.

Huang Xuanyi and Feng Qingling of Wanhua Mountain are the top figures of the younger generation.

It can be said that these people, if taken out alone, can sweep one side and dominate.

But now, Jun Xiaoyao has to challenge them all with his own strength.

This shocked everyone's eyes!

"Jun Xiaoyao, you are too crazy!" Yang Pan couldn't bear it, and shot directly, with a spear in his hand piercing through and stabbing at Jun Xiaoyao.

How could he endure such humiliation when he and Jun Xiaoyao were fighting on the top of the Forbidden City.

Jun Xiaoyao looked indifferent, with his right hand sticking out, and the twenty large Luo fairy bones released his divine light.

Xianxia lingers, the gods are soaring, like the hand of an ancient god, one palm can explode a planet!

Rumble!

The palm prints fell, and there was a lot of weather, like a corner of the sky collapsed, falling down.

boom!

Yang Pan was directly suppressed and crashed into the ground again with a crash.

For a while, everyone was dead.

Inside the Forbidden City, it was so quiet that needles fell...

#### [Chapter 112: Besieged in groups, still sweeping 4 sides](#)

All of them stared straight, not knowing what expression to show for a while.

Before Yang Pan was smashed into the ground, it can be said that he was caught off guard.

What about now?

Jun Xiaoyao was upright, pressing Yang Pan to the ground and rubbing it with his palm.

What is this?

hiss.....

The sound of inhalation spread everywhere.

Everyone looked at Jun Xiaoyao with surprise.

"How do I feel, that the prince's \*\*\*\* son just had the charm of a fairy?"

"Yeah, this is too terrifying, but the Emperor's deity's cultivation base at the first level gives people a feeling like a fairy god."

Jun Xiaoyao does not take action.

One shot, shocked!

"How could it be, how could he be so strong?" Xiao Chen's expression was dull.

He thought that his current strength had gradually caught up with Jun Xiaoyao.

But now it seems that the gap is still a moat!

He was defeated by the champion Hou, and now, the champion Hou was shot into the ground by Jun Xiaoyao.

This kind of contrast further highlights that the gap between him and Jun Xiaoyao cannot be made up!

"This guy..." Ye Xingyun's expression also became more solemn.

Even if he awakened some memories, his cultivation base began to soar.

But at this moment, seeing Jun Xiaoyao make a move, there is also a kind of creepy feeling.

The rest of Tianjiao also have this idea.

In the stands, Wu Mingyue didn't know how she felt when she saw this scene.

Fortunately, there are also surprises.

At least, if Jun Xiaoyao can defeat Yang Pan, she won't have to marry Yang Pan again.

but.....

Don't you want to marry Jun Xiaoyao?

Wu Mingyue bit her lip, thinking a little bit wildly.

If Jun Xiaoyao really wants to marry her, what should I do?

However, after thinking about it, with Jun Xiaoyao's cold and aloof personality, it is estimated that he is not too good for him.

When Wu Mingyue thought of this, her face was slightly sad.

In Jun Xiaoyao's eyes, she was just a \*\*\*\* that threatened to use.

In battle.

Yang Pan got up from the ground with an unprecedented cold face.

He knew that it would be impossible to deal with Jun Xiaoyao if he didn't use the power of the Panhuang Life Spirit Sword.

At this moment, Huang Xuanyi and Feng Qingling both flashed out and shot directly at Jun Xiaoyao.

The purpose of their coming here was originally to find out the details of Jun Xiaoyao.

"Jun Xiaoyao, the previous grudges in Xianqiong Tower should be reported today!" Feng Qingling raised his hand, and the mighty mana burst out into a match.

Huang Xuanyi also shot, and phoenix runes appeared around him, like big scarlet stars, bombarding Jun Xiaoyao.

Jun Xiaoyao didn't take it seriously. He controlled the military cutting tactics, knives, spears, swords, halberds, axes, hooks, and forks.

Boom!

It's like big stars exploded one after another.

With the strength of Jun Xiaoyao now, the power of any means is extremely amazing.

Feng Qingling was shocked, vomiting a big mouth of blood, her body flew backwards.

She couldn't even bear Jun Xiaoyao's move.

Huang Xuan was okay, but was shaken back.

It's just that his arms trembled slightly, and there was a touch of surprise in his pupils.

The strength of Jun Xiaoyao far exceeded his expectations!

At this moment, Ye Xingyun's eyes flashed and he also shot.

He pushed out with one hand, a star appeared, and the rumbling crushed the void, causing shocking fluctuations.

"Huh?" Jun Xiaoyao raised his eyebrows lightly.

Ye Xingyun felt that something was wrong with him.

It is not simply an increase in strength, but a subtle change.

Jun Xiaoyao also noticed, Ye Xingyun's eyes were extremely deep, with a chill and temptation.

Far from the appearance of the young boy before.

"Could it be..." Jun Xiaoyao had some guesses in his heart.

He was not idle either, pinching the seal of the king with one hand, the vast emperor's figure in the world appeared.

Yiyin Town World!

Ye Xingyun's moves were directly deciphered, and his figure was also shocked suddenly, his chest tumbling endlessly.

"How did Jun Xiaoyao's strength rise so fast?" Ye Xingyun's eyes were cold.

He originally thought that after he awakened his memory, his cultivation speed was already against the sky.

But never thought that Jun Xiaoyao's cultivation speed was faster than him.

"Could it be that even my predecessor is not as good as Jun Xiaoyao?" Ye Xingyun thought suddenly.

He shook his head, feeling impossible.

In his memory, the figure clad in the sun, moon and stars is definitely the strongest in the world.

How could Jun Xiaoyao be comparable?

"The son of the king's family, let me, Wang Gang, come for a while!"

Suddenly, Wang Gang of the Wang Family of the North also shot.

He squeezed out his fist, and when the golden mang was released, the entire arm seemed to be rendered golden, branding many runes.

"It's the king's faculty, the Vajra Buddha, it is rumored that the king's family got it from the western sky." Some people's eyes were strange.

This is an extremely powerful magical power that can shatter mountains and rivers with a single blow.

"The King of the North?" Jun Xiaoyao murmured.

The most famous of the royal family of the North is the little emperor of the Wang family who looks like a great emperor.

In Jun Xiaoyao's eyes, it was simply a fat and oily leek.

The luck of the little emperor of the Wang Family was even more terrifying than Yang Pan.

The Wang Gang in front of him was Wang Teng's younger brother, and his strength was not weak.

But unfortunately, I ran into Jun Xiaoyao.

Jun Xiaoyao didn't even sacrifice to martial arts~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ just blasted out with a single punch.

With the physical strength of the ancient sacrament itself, it is enough to crush it.

Click!

The two fist together, and Wang Gang's expression changed suddenly.

He only felt that an unstoppable terrorist counter-shock force came from the front of the boxer.

His Vajra Buddha hand was directly smashed, and the entire arm bone seemed to be broken, and the whole person flew out.

Many people were shocked again when Wang Gang was repulsed by a blow.

Could it be that there is really no Tianjiao, is Jun Xiaoyao's enemy?

"Jun Xiaoyao, the hatred of killing the father, the hatred of destroying the country, I want you to return it thousands of times!"

Xiao Chen couldn't help it either, and finally shot.

He directly transformed into a half-dragon form, urging the Azure Dragon Transformation Art to the extreme.

The wings of the dragon are extended behind, the body surface is covered with scales, and the palms of the hands are turned into fierce and sharp dragon claws.

He was extremely fast, turning into a cyan afterimage, tearing away at Jun Xiaoyao!

"Xiao Chen, you've been jumping around for long enough, have you been impatient?"

Jun Xiaoyao's expression was indifferent, he urged the dragon's energy, shot out with one hand, the monstrous mana turned into dragon claws.

It is the ancestor dragon's nest unique knowledge, cut the dragon hand!

boom!



Jun Xiaoyao's attack has blessed a billion catties of great power.

The surging and vast divine power made the void tremble, and the sound of breaking the wind was sharp and piercing.

Puff!

This blow directly shattered Xiao Chen half of his body, splashing blood in the sky.

Jun Xiaoyao's eyes were indifferent, and he stepped out, tearing the dragon wings behind Xiao Chen's back!

"what!"

Xiao Chen let out a scream, spit out blood, transformed into a parabola, and fell heavily to the ground.

Before being defeated by champion Hou, now he was hit hard by Jun Xiaoyao.

Xiao Chen was finally completely defeated.

[Chapter 113: The 4 big arrogances shot, suppressed the 4 parties, Jun Xiaoyao is the end...](#)

The entire Forbidden City fell into silence.

Looking at Xiao Chen who was hitting the ground hard, many people felt chills.

Xiao Chen's strength is obvious to all.

And now, it was so easy to lose.

He and Yang Pan had been fighting for a long time before.

It can be seen from this that Jun Xiaoyao's strength is definitely not comparable to Yang Pan.

"Damn it!" Yang Pan looked sharp, his spear pierced through, and shot again.

Huang Xuanyi also continued to shoot.

Feng Qingling was severely injured and could no longer make a move.

In the depths of her eyes, there was also a sense of horror, as if there was a shadow, and she did not dare to meet Jun Xiaoyao again.

Ye Xingyun and Wang Gang also shot.

Right now, Yang Pan, Huang Xuanyi, Ye Xingyun, and Wang Gang.

All four Tianjiao surrounded Xiang Jun Xiaoyao at the same time.

This is extremely shocking.

You know, the young Tianjiao, which one is not arrogant.

But now, facing the unshakable Jun Xiaoyao like a mountain, they can only choose to shoot at the same time.

At this moment, Jun Xiaoyao stands on the top of the Forbidden City, above the nine heavens, like a \*\*\*\* overlooking the world.

And Yang Pan and the other four are like mortals challenging the gods.

This scene is like four warriors fighting an oss together.

Jun Xiaoyao is the final boss!

"Come on, don't hesitate to go, this son of God gives you a chance to struggle!" Jun Xiaoyao's eyes were indifferent.

Yang Pan burst out his whole body of mana and poured it into the stun gun.

Thousands of gun shadows came out at the same time.

Huang Xuan pointed to the center of his eyebrows one by one, and the monstrous red flame swept out like a torrent.

"It's the Phoenix Sky Fire of Wanhuanling Mountain. It is rumored that this fire can burn everything..." Many people looked terrified.

Ye Xingyun is spinning with both hands, as if there are countless big stars, spinning around in his hands, turning into a roulette.

This is the martial arts supernatural power he awakened from his memory, the Xingyun Wheel.

As soon as the roulette came out, it traversed the sky, like countless stars rolling by.

Wang Gang also shot, and the light of his fist illuminates Tianyu, waves oscillating out like ripples. That is a unique skill of the Wang family, Wang Wuquan.

The four great arrogances are all out.

It can be said that if you change to any other person, standing in the position of Jun Xiaoyao, you will have to be afraid, will produce despair and powerlessness.

But Jun Xiaoyao's expression was extremely flat.

Perhaps it was because Invincible was used to it, Jun Xiaoyao didn't even know what was called jealousy and fear.

He urged the idols to suppress the prison, and the golden glow of the whole body rose into the air, turning into a golden idol that suppressed the world.

This condensed idol was extremely solid and lifelike, squeezing the whole world.

Just a glance at that power is shocking.

"What a strong aura, where does the technique of the Emperor's God Son come from?" A group of monks were surprised by the storm.

Countless people are watching, what will be the result of Jun Xiaoyao fighting the four great arrogances alone.

"One force breaks ten thousand laws, there is nothing in this world that cannot be broken by absolute power!"

Jun Xiaoyao pressed his right hand, and the power of the twenty big Luo fairy bones was once again blessed.

Coupled with the supernatural power of 1 billion catties of Idol's Prison Guard, this power is simply amazing!

Boom!

The sky is shaking, the heavens are overturned!

It seems that the entire space will be crushed by Jun Xiaoyao!

boom!

A storm was created in the void, as if it could not bear the monstrous power burst out by Jun Xiaoyao!

boom!

The violent explosion sound spread throughout the entire Shen Dynasty Emperor!

At this moment, everyone in the imperial capital looked up at the sky and saw an unforgettable scene in their lives!

In the center of the collision, it seemed that a hundred nuclear bombs had exploded!

Looking from a distance, it was like the sky opened an eye!

This kind of collision, Rao is the powerhouse such as Panwu God Lord, all looks surprised.

The Lord Panwu shot directly, limiting the horrible fluctuations.

But even so, the space cage he released was still shaking.

Unimaginable, it was just a move released by Guiyi Realm Tianjiao.

In this extreme collision.

Four voices of vomiting blood sounded.

Yang Pan, Huang Xuanyi, Ye Xingyun, and Wang Gang vomited blood in their mouths like they don't want money.

Their bones shattered, their bodies were wounded, and their breath was greatly reduced.

"How is it possible?!" Huang Xuan looked horrified.

Ye Xingyun was also blank in his mind, and some of them couldn't recover.

Wang Gang's eyes were shocked.

This kind of power, even his elder brother, Wang Jiashao Emperor Wang Teng, is slightly inferior.

Of course, Yang Pan was the most shocked.

He was arrogant and defiant, and he had even released news before, saying that he would fight Jun Xiaoyao in a decisive battle on the top of the Forbidden City.

As a result, now, let alone him, even if the four of them are all together, they are all crushed by Jun Xiaoyao.

This contrast is too great.

If the news spreads, Yang Pan will become the laughing stock of everyone in the world.

"No, how could I be defeated, impossible!" Yang Pan looked stern.

The essence of his character is a selfish and arrogant petty citizen. It was only because of temporary luck that he was able to board the current champion position.

Frustrated at the moment, it is natural to be a little bit ashamed to become angry.

He is directly madly urging the power of the Emperor Soul Sword in his body.

A breath of life permeated, causing his injury to quickly recover and reach its peak.

"Is that the power of the Panhuang Life Spirit Sword?" Many people were surprised.

The \*\*\*\* of Panwu murmured: "As long as there is the Pan Emperor's Spirit Sword, Yang Pan's vitality can't be eliminated, so he is born invincible."

This is also where the Lord Panwu's confidence in Yang Pan ~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ and at this moment, Ye Xingyun, Huang Xuanyi, and Wang Gang all left the battlefield directly.

They knew that the current Jun Xiaoyao was not theirs.

"Jun Xiaoyao, if you want to be proud, let you taste the power of the Panhuang Life Spirit Sword!"

Under the urging of Yang Pan, an ancient sword filled with a simple atmosphere slowly emerged from his body.

This is not just a sword shadow, but a real Panhuang Shengling Sword.

On the body of the sword, mountains and rivers, hundreds of millions of creatures, and scenes of worship of ancient ancestors are depicted.

As soon as the ancient sword came out, there was a vast majesty permeating it, as if the Panwu Emperor showed a trace of majesty.

Although the Pan Huang Sheng Ling Sword is only one-third of the Emperor Pan Huang Sword, its strength is not comparable to that of ordinary ancient sage soldiers.

Almost almost approaching the quasi-imperial soldiers.

Of course, with Yang Pan's strength, it was obvious that he couldn't fully spur the power of Pan Huang's life sword.

Said it is a stimulus, in fact it is more appropriate to call it borrowing.

"Heh... It's just relying on a sword, so I can say it so confidently." Jun Xiaoyao smiled.

Real strength comes from its own strength, not from foreign objects.

Therefore, Jun Xiaoyao has always paid attention to the improvement of his own strength, and the cultivation of his body rarely relies on various foreign objects.

Can the Jun family not get it out, quasi-imperial soldier?

Of course it can.

As long as Jun Xiaoyao wants it, not to mention the quasi-imperial soldiers, even the real Emperor Dao soldiers will be loaned to him by the Jun family.

But is it useful?

If you lose your weapon, you will be beaten back to the original state immediately.

So at this moment, seeing Yang Pan relying on the power of the Pan Emperor's Life Sword, Jun Xiaoyao seemed very disdainful.

"Let me wake you..."

Jun Xiaoyao murmured, his chest shining brightly.

Supreme bone, launch!

#### [Chapter 114: Stepping on the face of the Yangpan, the candidate for the horse, the choice of Jun Xiaoyao](#)

Yang Pan relied on the power of the Pan Emperor's Spirit Sword to release its dazzling sword light at a point.

One sword, as if it can cut through the world!

And Jun Xiaoyao urges the power of the supreme bone.

A blazing and splendid divine glow burst out from his chest, as if it was a baptism from heaven.

The two extreme moves collided, the wind and thunder shook, the world trembled, and a vast ripple of mana swept across the square.

If it weren't for Panwu Divine Master to restrain this wave of fluctuations with space, those young arrogances around him would definitely die or be injured.

And in such a terrifying collision.

But seeing Yang Pan, like a bird with its wings folded, fell from the sky, blood staining his chest armor.

Even with the protection of the Heavenly Horn God Armor, it is impossible for him to resist that shock wave.

And Yang Pan's gaze stared at the center of the collision.

He wanted to know the state of Jun Xiaoyao.

However, when the brilliance dissipated, the ripples died down.

Dressed in white, Jun Xiaoyao, who is aloof, still stands calmly in place.

"This..." Yang Pan's expression froze in an instant.

It was like seeing the most incredible thing in the world.

He even sacrificed the Pan Emperor Life Spirit Sword, but he couldn't bring any harm to Jun Xiaoyao?

At this moment, Yang Pan began to wonder if the Pan Emperor Life Spirit Sword he sacrificed was a fake.

"Yes, if you can fully release the power of the Pan Emperor's Spirit Sword, you might really be able to bring me some small threats, but it's a pity..." Jun Xiaoyao shook his head slightly.

In the Yuantian secret store before, even the Supreme Demon Corpse couldn't bring him any serious injuries.

What is the use of Yang Pan even if he sacrifices the Pan Emperor Life Sword at the moment?

"It's impossible..." Yang Pan was a little lost.

Isn't his greatest reliance on the Pan Emperor Sword of Life?

But now, Yang Pan's Dao heart is beginning to be unstable.

"During the war, are you still lost?"

Jun Xiaoyao extended the Devil's Wings behind him, and his figure moved, as if flashing across the void, he crushed Yang Pan with one hand.

Yang Pan recovered and hurriedly resisted.

boom! boom! boom!

With several consecutive moves, the earthquake champion Hou Lian vomited blood, even with the protection of the heavenly horns, it was useless.

Jun Xiaoyao once again appeared the Slaughter Immortal Sword Art, the vast and bright sword light, slashed out towards Yang Pan.

Yang Pan was so frightened that the souls of the dead rushed out, and hurriedly resisted it with the Pan Emperor Life Spirit Sword.

Puff!

With blood rushing, the Heavenly Light Horned Divine Armor on Yang Pan was directly cut open by Jian Light.

A sword wound with deep bones stretched from the chest to the abdomen.

If it hadn't been for the restoration of the Pan Emperor's Spirit Sword, Yang Pan was afraid that he would immediately be desperate.

boom!

Jun Xiaoyao fell from the sky and stepped on Yang Pan's face.

"After jumping for so long, are you awake now?" Jun Xiaoyao asked lightly.

"You..." Yang Pan struggled, but he couldn't turn over anyway.

Jun Xiaoyao's own supernatural power almost slammed his head.

Shame, resentment, rage, powerlessness...

All kinds of emotions rolled in Yang Pan's heart.

As a champion under one person and above ten thousand people, he was like the earth emperor in the Panwu dynasty.

But now, in the eyes of countless forces, Jun Xiaoyao stepped on his face in the public.

This shame is unforgettable for life.

"The son..." Qin Xuan's eyes were red in the crowd, and her body was shaking with excitement.

The enemy who hated her, but felt powerless, was stepped on by Jun Xiaoyao at this moment, like a dead dog!

"Oh yeah, Brother Xiaoyao is the best, trampling that big beetle to death!" Jiang Luoli also squeezed the pink fist and cheered.

Before Jun Xiaoyao said he wanted to help him vent his anger, but now he is really venting his anger.

"Jun's son, it's almost there."

Finally, on the high platform, the Lord Panwu spoke.

No matter how Yang Pan is, he is also the champion of Shenchao.

Wu Mingyue, who was on the side, had to admit that she was indeed a little delighted to see Yang Pan deflated.

But then, she became nervous again.

Jun Xiaoyao defeated Yang Pan, doesn't it mean that he is qualified to be a consort?

"Heh... Since the gods have all spoken, why don't you give a face to Jun?" Jun Xiaoyao smiled.

He kicked it out, blessing Shen Huo huge force.

A series of clicks sounded, it was Yang Pan's bones that were shattering.

He was kicked and hit a side hall heavily.

In this scene, the corner of Panwu God's eyes twitched slightly.

Jun Xiaoyao also knew that it was impossible to kill Yang Pan under the watchful eyes of the Lord Panwu.

Besides, Yangpan can be regarded as a leek, and it may not be worth harvesting in the future.

Panhuangjian, um...

Jun Xiaoyao admitted that he was a little tempted.

I am afraid that no one will be indifferent to the imperial soldiers.

"So, today's fight..." The Lord Panwu hesitated, not knowing how to speak.

Originally, according to the script, it was Yang Pan who swept all over the place, and then he became a consort and married Wu Mingyue.

But now, looking at Yang Pan, who was lying in the ruins, covered in blood and extremely embarrassed, the Lord Panwu couldn't say to let him be a steward.

"Well, to appease Yang Pan, you don't necessarily have to use this method." Panwu \*\*\*\* master thought.

Wouldn't it be more valuable than ten Yangpans if you could win over the evildoer of Jun Xiaoyao?

Thinking of this, the Lord Panwu spoke: "As expected, the son of the Emperor's family has a dragon and phoenix form, and invincible spirit~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ It seems that the most suitable candidate for a horseman is beyond doubt."

With a word from the God Lord Panwu, the Quartet was immediately shocked.

Is this going to recruit Jun Xiaoyao as a messenger?

Jun Zhantian didn't say anything.

This is Jun Xiaoyao's own business, if he is willing, the Jun family will not object.

Jiang Luoli's small face immediately changed, extremely nervous, and her small hands were twisted together.

Although Jiang Luoli is sometimes naive, but sometimes also very smart.

For example, now, she didn't step forward to ask Jun Xiaoyao about his choice.

Of course, Jiang Luoli herself didn't want Jun Xiaoyao to be a servant.

Although it is normal for a man as good as Jun Xiaoyao to have three wives and four concubines, Jiang Luoli will always have lumps in his heart.

On the side, Jiang Shengyi also had a hint of anxiety.

She also didn't want Jun Xiaoyao to agree to be a consort.

"I am for Luo Li." Jiang Shengyi murmured in his heart.

But why, only Jiang Shengyi knew in his heart.

In addition to them, the rest of the female monks who worship Jun Xiaoyao, and their brain-dead fans, also don't want Jun Xiaoyao to be a horseman.



They are all girlfriends, fantasizing that they can become Jun Xiaoyao's Taoists.

If Jun Xiaoyao agrees to become a cohort, aren't these girlfriends' dreams shattered?

At this moment, in the world, everyone is waiting for Jun Xiaoyao's answer.

Xiao Chen was covered in blood, and his pupils trembled because of anger.

He couldn't imagine how furious he would be if Jun Xiaoyao became a consort.

Seeing that Jun Xiaoyao didn't immediately agree, the \*\*\*\* of Panwu frowned slightly and threw a blockbuster again.

"If you can become a consort of my Panwu God Dynasty, you will get a chance to enter Panwu Mausoleum."

As soon as this statement came out, the Quartet was in an uproar!

[Chapter 115: Jun Xiaoyao's intimidation, Wu Mingyue severed the relationship, Xiao Chenche...](#)

Panwu Mausoleum is the most ancient and mysterious place of the Panwu God Dynasty.

It is said that there is an existence related to the Great Panwu.

Panwu Mausoleum is also the most core secret place of the Panwu God Dynasty. Generally speaking, even those princes, nobles, princes and princes cannot enter once.

And now, Panwu God Lord actually said that as long as he became a consort, he could enter Panwu Mausoleum once.

This is definitely a waste of money.

Rao is Jun Xiaoyao, but also a flash of surprise.

This martial arts master is really willing.

At that time, Jun Xiaoyao casually brought out something from Panwuling, it might be priceless.

Of course, the purpose of Jun Xiaoyao's coming to Panwu God Dynasty was to Panwuling.

On the one hand, to sign in, and on the other hand, to awaken the next vision of the Eucharist.

So no matter what, Panwuling, Jun Xiaoyao is bound to win.

But Panwu God Lord wanted to use this to tie Jun Xiaoyao and Panwu Shenchao together, that would be a bit whimsical.

Jun Xiaoyao didn't say much, just said, "So can you let Jun Mou enter Panwuling?"

"Jun Xiaoyao, did you agree?" The Lord Panwu smiled faintly.

"Let Jun Mou enter Panwuling Mausoleum first." Jun Xiaoyao said flatly.

Even if he was facing the Lord of the Gods, his expression was not wavering.

The Lord Panwu said with a deep gaze: "It's better to hit the sun if you choose a day, or just get married today. The son of the king's family and the eldest princess of the gods are also a perfect match."

The Lord Panwu wanted to directly let Jun Xiaoyao and Wu Mingyue cook mature rice.

This is considered stable.

When Wu Mingyue heard this, her face turned pale.

At this time, a loud shout sounded: "No, Mingyue, you must not agree!"

The person who spoke was Xiao Chen.

His eyes were bloodshot.

If Wu Mingyue was really with her blood sea enemy at the end, then Xiao Chen would really go violently.

Even if I was green, I was still with the enemy.

It's almost double happiness...no, it's double pain.

"Xiao Chen, I..." Wu Mingyue bit her lip, her eyes complicated.

She knew in her heart that Xiao Chen wanted to be with her, it was just a beautiful fantasy.

Jun Xiaoyao's eyes flashed, and a hint of playfulness suddenly appeared on his face, transmitting to Wu Mingyue.

However, when Wu Mingyue heard the rumors of Jun Xiaoyao, Jiaoyan suddenly felt cold and shy.

Because Jun Xiaoyao wanted her to completely break Xiao Chen's delusion.

If you don't follow his words, Jun Xiaoyao will directly expose her status as a slave girl.

"Jun Xiaoyao, are you too bastard?!" Wu Mingyue said coldly.

"Heh, I'm doing this for Xiao Chen's good, after all, it's not good to hang him like this all day, isn't it?"

"It's better to let him stop thinking and let it go completely.

Jun Xiaoyao spoke loudly, with a smile on the corner of his mouth.

Of course, Jun Xiaoyao's real purpose is just to see, what chance is there behind Xiao Chen?

Wu Mingyue's beautiful eyes showed the color of struggle.

She did not say, the identity of the slave girl would be exposed.

"Three...two..." Jun Xiaoyao's face was flat and began to count down.

Wu Mingyue took a deep breath, her chest rising and falling.

"Xiao Chen, I'm sorry, after all, it's impossible between you and me, just end it like this, forget me."

When Wu Mingyue said this, her jade hands trembled slightly.

Xiao Chen was stunned when he heard the words, his face dull.

"Mingyue...you...what did you say?" Xiao Chen couldn't believe his ears.

Wu Mingyue, but a woman who is in love with him!

Although there was no close contact, Xiao Chen had already regarded her as his own woman emotionally.

As a result, Wu Mingyue actually said such unfeeling and indifferent words.

Say forget and forget, how is that possible?

Xiao Chen couldn't believe it, bloodshot spread in his eyes, shook his head frantically, gritted his teeth and said, "Is it because of the pressure of the Panwu God, Mingyue, this must not be your true word!"

Wu Mingyue bit her lip secretly, feeling very uncomfortable.

"Continue..." Jun Xiaoyao said indifferently.

Wu Mingyue said with an expression of forbearance.

"Xiao Chen, you and I are really not people of the same world, it's all over."

Xiao Chen froze in place like a clay sculpture.

Wu Mingyue at this moment actually made him seem to have seen the original worship of Yuer.

They are all so indifferent, unfeeling, turning their faces to deny people.

Then, he looked at Jun Xiaoyao, and his anger suddenly rushed to his forehead.

"I understand. It's because of Jun Xiaoyao. Do you still think he is better?!" Xiao Chen yelled, his temples were about to explode.

It must be because Wu Mingyue, after seeing Jun Xiaoyao's excellent performance, was tempted by him.

This will reject him.

This is what Xiao Chen is thinking now.

It turned out that no matter how hard he worked, he couldn't compare to Jun Xiaoyao!

"Wu Mingyue, you slut, you are in vain for my sincerity to you. That's how you treat me. What is the difference between you and my grieving fiancée worshipping Yuer?"

Xiao Chen was completely mad, and every blood vessel seemed to be twitching all over his body.

His fiancée is gone.

His father was killed.

The ancient kingdom of Qinglong was destroyed.

Now, even his last hope, Wu Mingyue, has abandoned him.

The dream of becoming a consort was also shattered.

Revenge is even more remote, and the strength gap between him and Jun Xiaoyao will only get bigger and bigger.

crazy!

Xiao Chen was completely crazy!

"presumptuous!"

On the stage, seeing Xiao Chen scolding Wu Mingyue slut, the Lord Panwu's face sank and he flicked out his hand.

Puff!

Xiao Chen was directly knocked into the air, vomiting blood, and hit the ground fiercely.

If it hadn't been for Master Qinglong to secretly protect Xiao Chen's internal organs with the power of the soul, he might have fallen directly.

However, Xiao Chen was still smiling wildly without realizing it.

"Haha, everyone betrayed me, everyone left me, haha!"

Xiao Chen was ragged all over, with a gray face and blood all over his body. He was laughing and crazy.

"It's not like that, I was forced..." Wu Mingyue was crying silently, very heartbroken.

Jun Xiaoyao ~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ looked at this scene indifferently.

He has never been a Virgin, nor has he considered himself a righteous light.

Sometimes he might have such kindness, such as helping Qin Xuan and cruelly torturing Yang Pan.

But if you become Jun Xiaoyao's enemy, you must be prepared to be killed by him.

"Xiao Chen... hey..." Master Qinglong was also completely speechless.

Xiao Chen, it was really too miserable, even with his help.

"No... I Xiao Chen hasn't lost yet, I still have one last hope..."

Xiao Chen suddenly recovered, with a hint of madness in his expression.

"The ancient freak in the ancient nest said that as long as I find ninety-nine virgins and the blood of ninety-nine virgins to help her break the seal, she can help me realize a wish!"

Thinking of this, Xiao Chen's expression was distorted and he was crazy like never before.

He thought that this kind of thing was utterly conscience.

But now, it doesn't matter.

As long as you can kill Jun Xiaoyao, let Xiao Chen be in the demon, and turn into a ghost.

Xiao Chen stumbled and left the Forbidden City, looking like a ghost in hell!

Wu Mingyue watched Xiao Chen leave, but couldn't keep it.

She stared at Jun Xiaoyao coldly, and whispered in secret.

"Jun Xiaoyao, you are a cannibal devil!"

"Oh, really, how do you know that Xiao Chen you like is not a devil?" Jun Xiaoyao showed a playful smile.

"Impossible, he is so determined, even if he encounters setbacks, he will be cheered up and will not do anything against the laws of nature." Wu Mingyue said firmly.

This is also the reason why she likes Xiao Chen.

Xiao Chen's character makes her appreciate.

"Heh... the human heart will change." Jun Xiaoyao smiled.

[Chapter 116: Tearing your face, is Wu Mingyue worthy? The fear of the Lord Panwu](#)

Seeing Xiao Chen staggering away from his back, Jun Xiaoyao's eyes were deep.

He knew that there must be some secret hidden behind Xiao Chen.

Thinking of this, Jun Xiaoyao secretly transmitted the sound of Jun sword.

"Zhangjian, follow Xiao Chen secretly, remember, don't startle the snake, and don't be discovered by him, just track it and record it."

When Jun Zhanjian heard the sound transmission, he nodded slightly, his figure flashed and disappeared in place.

The corner of Jun Xiaoyao's lips made a smile.

Thinking that it won't be long before, the secret behind Xiao Chen can also be revealed.

But right now, the most important thing is not Xiao Chen, but Pan Wuling's chance.

"This old fox..." Jun Xiaoyao narrowed his eyes slightly and looked at the Lord Panwu.

This warrior master obviously wanted to force him to admit his identity as a warrior in the public.

After that, if Jun Xiaoyao did anything detrimental to the Panwu God Dynasty, his identity as a horseman would be a shackle.

Everyone in the world will scold Jun Xiaoyao for being ungrateful.

"Panwu God Lord, he's too cunning, he wants to sacrifice Wu Mingyue to bind me and Panwu Shenchao, but how can it be that simple?"

Jun Xiaoyao's lips sneered.

He is free by nature and does not accept any restrictions. How can he be tied to the Panwu God Dynasty?

Besides, Wu Mingyue's current status is his slave girl.

How could Jun Xiaoyao marry his slave girl.

If he really wants Wu Mingyue's body, he can move his slave mark. Why bother to fight for the status of a consort.

"Divine Lord Panwu, are you too eager?" Jun Xiaoyao smiled slightly.

"Hehe, choosing a day is worse than hitting the sun. The emperor also hopes that his daughter will have a good home." Panwu God Lord said with a smile.

"Good home?" Jun Xiaoyao tilted his head slightly.

I'm afraid Wu Mingyue hates him to death in her heart now.

Yang Pan, who walked out of the ruins, heard the words of the Lord Panwu, his face was also ugly.

He is not stupid either, knowing that the Lord Panwu is already impossible to make him a consort.

"Hmph, in the end, I didn't want Lord Benhou to help find the Three Swords of the Emperor Pan." Yang Pan's face was gloomy and he cursed inwardly.

He was not agitated either, and he seemed a little calm compared to before.

No way, I'm afraid of being beaten.

He was protected by the Pan Emperor's Spirit Sword. Although he was not in danger of life, he was always beaten by Jun Xiaoyao.

Before getting a new opportunity, Yang Pan didn't dare to jump around again.

"Well, in that case, the banquet continues, it's just a marriage banquet." The Lord Panwu waved his hand.

Wu Mingyue's face paled.

Want her to marry Jun Xiaoyao?

Although compared with Yang Pan, Jun Xiaoyao is indeed much better.

But it is also a fire pit.

Not to mention, her current status is still Jun Xiaoyao's slave girl.

At that time, the wedding night in the bridal chamber, if Jun Xiaoyao wants to play some special master-slave game...

Wu Mingyue didn't dare to think anymore.

Hearing the words of the Lord Panwu, the audience also made a noise.

The arrogant women of many forces all looked at Wu Mingyue with envy and hatred.

Jiang Luoli was a little lost, and two ponytails drooped down at the back of his head.

"Yes, no..." Jiang Shengyi shook his hand slightly.

In her eyes, Jun Xiaoyao should not be such a casual person.

With his status and appearance, there is no need to find the proud girl of heaven, and there is no need to like a princess.

The more Jiang Shengyi thinks about it, the less it feels.

Then, she suddenly recovered and realized that she seemed to be jealous of Wu Mingyue.

can you?

With a congenital Taoist fetus, her Taoism is round and calm, not happy with things or sad with herself.

Since when did she have such emotional fluctuations?

And just when there was noise from all sides.

A faint sigh suddenly sounded.

"Divine Lord Panwu, isn't it okay to open one eye and close one eye, do you have to tear up your face and talk to you?"

Hearing this sound, the noise in the room was silent.

Unbelievable gazes all fell on Jun Xiaoyao.

Jiang Luoli and the others, their expressions renewed, staring at Jun Xiaoyao.

The Lord Panwu's face condensed slightly and said: "Jun Xiaoyao, what do you mean by this?"

"What do you mean?" Jun Xiaoyao smiled and said: "Do you think Wu Mingyue is worthy of Jun?"

In a word, everyone in the Forbidden City was silent!

be surprised!

Shocked!

Dumbfounded!

In the Forbidden City of the God of Panwu, in front of the Lord of Panwu, questioning whether the princess Wu Mingyue is worthy?

This is already naked face-to-face slap.

Wu Mingyue's lips almost bite out blood, her face pale as paper, without the slightest blood.

Jun Xiaoyao's words are not a humiliation to her.

"Jun Xiaoyao, do you know what you are talking about?" Panwu Divine Master burst out with an aura of Quasi-Supreme.

The \*\*\*\* of Panwu is a quasi-supreme powerhouse.

But he was obviously not the strongest of the Panwu God Dynasty.

For an immortal orthodoxy, even the Supreme Supreme is not the strongest.

But it is a pity that this momentum has no effect on Jun Xiaoyao.

Originally, Jun Xiaoyao wanted to fool the past.

In this way, everyone is happy and there is no need to tear their skin.

However, the \*\*\*\* of Panwu, however, wanted to force Jun Xiaoyao to be the servant.

This makes Jun Xiaoyao a little unhappy.

Since Panwushen mainly designed him.

Then he could only design the Panwu God Lord in reverse. U U Reading [www.uukANAnshu.com](http://www.uukANAnshu.com)

It just so happened that Jun Xiaoyao still had no use for a trick.

Jun Xiaoyao originally thought that this chess piece would not be used today.

Now it seems that it really needs to be used.

"Jun has no interest in this consort, but I want to enter Panwuling too!" Jun Xiaoyao's tone was cold and domineering.

This remark caused a shocking wave.

Countless people were shocked to the scalp tingling.

A Guiyi Realm Tianjiao, speaking to a quasi-supreme powerhouse, simply refreshed their vision.

Moreover, this is an immortal imperial consort, and Jun Xiaoyao has a look of disgust for the identity that many Tianjiao can't envy.

At this moment, many male Tianjiao were a little bit unfair for Wu Mingyue.

And those female monks screamed fanatically one by one.

This is the son of the Jun family whom they admire and yearn for.

The feeling of Highness Gao Leng.

Rather than a scumbag who loves anyone casually.

"Hehe, I know that Brother Xiaoyao is not such a casual person!" Jiang Luoli regained his vitality, and his bright and pretty face showed a charming smirk.

Jiang Shengyi also secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

But after another thought, Jun Xiaoyao didn't even care about Jiang Luoli, let alone Wu Mingyue.

"Jun Xiaoyao, are you here to smash the scene today?"

The eyes of the God of Panwu revealed icy anger.



If it were replaced by any other Tianjiao, even the Tianjiao of the immortal Taoism, the Lord Panwu would not hesitate to slap him to death.

But if it was Jun Xiaoyao, the \*\*\*\* of Panwu couldn't do anything.

fear!

Too jealous!

Shooting a Jun Xiaoyao to death is tantamount to offending the two great ancient families of Jun and Jiang.

Even Panwu Shenchao could not bear the consequences.

[Chapter 117: The mysterious protector's action is not good for the young master, and there is no mercy!](#)

The Jun family and the Jiang family are two of the three imperial families.

Strength and background, in a ridiculous ancient family, it can be regarded as a leader.

The general immortal traditions dare not provoke them at will.

What's more, the Panwu dynasty has experienced a slight decline in recent years.

Even the strategic weapons, the Emperor Panhuang Sword, have not been found yet.

In this case, if it really provokes the two great families, Panwu Shenchao will pay an unimaginable price.

It may even set off an immortal war.

Therefore, the \*\*\*\* of Panwu, Shengsheng suppressed his anger.

It's just that look, very cold.

Jun Xiaoyao stood with his hands in his hands, his expression calm, and his mouth sneered.

He likes the look of Panwu God Lord who can't understand him and can't get rid of him.

"This kid..." The corner of Panwu God's eyes twitched slightly.

Seeing Jun Xiaoyao's smiling mouth, he really wanted to slap it.

But reason, still let Panwu \*\*\*\* constrain the killing intent.

Seeing the indifferent Panwu God Lord and the elders of all the surrounding forces, they all secretly took a breath.

It seemed that the deterrence of the Jun family was far stronger than they thought.

Jun Xiaoyao was so humiliated and provocative, the Lord Panwu was shocked like a tortoise, and he didn't even dare to suppress it.

"Enough, Jun Xiaoyao, since you don't like the position of the gods, then let's go, I don't have to ask you for my Panwu Shenchao!"

The Lord Panwu waved his sleeves, his tone indifferent.

This is his last face.

Jun Xiaoyao still stood in place, tilted his head and said, "Divine Lord Panwu, don't you understand?"

"My son is disdainful of my identity as a horseman."

"Panwuling, this \*\*\*\* son will also enter!"

"Presumptuous!" Panwu \*\*\*\* master's breath couldn't help rioting.

He no longer held accountable and let Jun Xiaoyao leave.

Jun Xiaoyao was even so admirable.

At this moment, Jun Zhantian said coldly: "God Lord Panwu, pay attention to your words, my son of the Jun family, not anyone can swear casually."

The Lord Panwu's face was frozen.

At this time, Wu Mingyue couldn't help saying: "Jun Xiaoyao, enough, Mingyue admits that Mingyue is not worthy of you, but please don't make unreasonable trouble!"

"Unreasonably making trouble? Jun has always used reason to convince people, why did you make trouble unreasonably?" Jun Xiaoyao raised his eyebrows slightly, pretending to be surprised.

Seeing Jun Xiaoyao like this, Wu Mingyue grinded her silver teeth angrily.

Shameless!

Jun Xiaoyao is too shameless!

If Jun Xiaoyao is really reasonable, pigs can climb the tree!

"Okay, I want to see, what truth you can tell, if not, then it's impossible to forget about the matter today!" The Lord Panwu said coldly.

He has regressed, and if he continues to show weakness, what prestige is there in that Pan Wushen Dynasty.

"Isn't the truth simple?" A light and shadow stone appeared in Jun Xiaoyao's hands.

He turned his gaze to the third prince, with a slight smile on his mouth.

Seeing this smile, the hearts of the three princes fell to the bottom of the valley as if they were bound by a boulder.

There was a strong ominous meaning in his heart.

"No... impossible... absolutely not... he was scaring me..."

A cold sweat broke out on the third prince's back, and his legs began to tremble slightly.

Jun Xiaoyao poured mana into the light and shadow stone.

The shadow of the soul of the blood-clothed assassin in the Nether Heaven appeared.

Accompanied by what he said.

"It's the Panwu God Dynasty... the third prince... bought our Netherworld assassin and assassinated you..."

The voice in the light and shadow stone spread throughout the Forbidden City.

For a time, the Quartet was dead.

Countless people widened their eyes and looked at the scene in the light and shadow stone in disbelief.

"The third prince of the Martial God Dynasty, actually bought the Assassin of the Nether Heaven and assassinated the son of the Emperor?" A top Taoist elder took a deep breath, his heart was extremely shocked.

"Is this not life? The most taboo of the Immortal Taoism is that the descendants are assassinated by those killer assassins."

"It's over, these three princes are over..."

All around, after a short silence, a loud noise erupted.

Everyone felt incredible, but Jun Xiaoyao would come up with this kind of evidence.

"This... how could it happen?" Wu Mingyue Yurong also froze, feeling cold all over.

Assassinate Jun Xiaoyao?

How much courage does it take to do this kind of thing?

The expression of the God Lord Panwu was also stunned, and he no longer had the confidence he had before.

Puff!

The third prince softened his legs and sat on the ground with his ass, his crotch was wet and a strange smell was emitted.

"No...no, I don't, I don't know anything?" The third prince was sweating like rain, his face pale as a dead person, and his body trembling like chaff.

"Don't you dare to admit it? I have a witness." Jun Xiaoyao said with a light smile.

Among the crowd, a beautiful woman walked out, it was the Lyra woman.

She glanced at the third prince indifferently with beautiful eyes and said, "The Lyrae girl can testify. Before in the Xianqiong Tower, the third prince had a strong hostility towards Lord God."

"Afterwards, the Lord Godzi did indeed come to the house of the Tianqin woman, playing the piano and talking about the Tao, presumably he was assassinated after the son of God left."

The words of the Lyra Girl undoubtedly make things more real.

"Lianqin girl, you..." Hearing the words, the third prince almost poured blood.

He has been pursuing the Tianqin girl for a long time and has given away many treasures, even Xianyuan is willing to give it away.

As a result, Tianqin girl actually cheated him like this, without hesitation.

Lyra female Yurong was cold, and said with a sense of irritation: "What a peerless figure, Lord Godzi~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ can you assassinate if you want?"

After speaking, the Tianqin girl turned her head, looked at Jun Xiaoyao, and immediately changed her face with a cute smile.

It seems that I hope to be praised and recognized by Jun Xiaoyao.

Jun Xiaoyao smiled slightly and nodded faintly to the Lyra female.

The Lyra girl laughed too, very contented.

Seeing this scene, the three princes face turned purple, and finally vomited a mouthful of old blood.

The goddess in his mind became Jun Xiaoyao's female licking dog!

Now, a bigger crisis has just arrived.

After the evidence was confirmed, Jun Xiaoyao looked coldly and said: "Panwu God Lord, your three princes of God Dynasty assassinated this \*\*\*\* son, how should this account be calculated?"

Jun Xiaoyao's words made the Lord Panwu's face sink to the extreme. He turned his head to look at the third prince, wishing to slap the rebellious son to death.

Today, the entire face of Panwu Shenchao was lost!

Wu Mingyue was also panicked, and did not expect the situation to develop to this point.

Jun Zhantian waited for several clan elders to come forward, his old face filled with anger and coldness: "Panwu God Lord, should I give my Jun family an explanation?"

The \*\*\*\* of Panwu was forced to be speechless for a while.

But at this moment.

Suddenly there was a sound of piano in Yuankong bursting into the air!

The goal is impressively the three princes!

"Who is it?!" Panwu \*\*\*\* master reacted, but it was too late.

Puff!

Killing blades across, blood splattered the sky!

The heads of the three princes were separated and their heads were thrown high!

His face was still filled with shock, doubt, fear, and fear.

"Damn, who would dare to kill my son!" Panwu God Lord burst into anger and breath.

A cold voice came from the depths of the void.

"Those who dare to disadvantage the young master will be killed without mercy!"

[Chapter 118: A follower of the King of Gods in White, a woman with a heavy pupil in gray, Ah 9](#)

Throughout the Forbidden City, the monks of all forces have not yet reacted.

They were still immersed in the shock just now.

However, at this moment, I saw the separation of the heads of the three princes.

Everyone was stunned, their minds were blank, and they didn't turn around for a while.

In the Forbidden City, the imperial capital of the Panwu God Dynasty, in front of the Panwu God Lord, killed the three princes of the Panwu God Dynasty.

What kind of courage is there to do this kind of thing?

Even the Jun family must be held accountable before making a ruling.

But in a blink of an eye, the third prince was in a different place. This was too fast, and it was a long time to recover.

The Lord Panwu's face turned blue, and with a long howl, he raised his hand to explore, and the quasi-sovereign breath broke out, blasting into the void in the distance.

He was furious and angry. He didn't expect anyone to dare to kill his son under his nose.

In the distance, there was the sound of piano clank, colliding with the moves of the Panwu God Lord, breaking the space.

Finally, a peerless figure in grey clothes appeared.

It was a woman in grey clothes, sitting cross-legged deep in the void, with a charcoal-tailed piano on her knees.

The gray robe is wide and the clothes are fluttering, but it is difficult to hide the proud figure.

Three thousand green silks are long and messy, covering most of their faces.

Occasionally a breeze blows, revealing a small and half fairy face, which is also white as snow and dreamlike beauty.

Her beauty is not weaker than Jiang Shengyi.

There is even a mysterious sense of vicissitudes that accumulates over the years.

"That one is..."

In the Forbidden City, most of the monks were stunned.

They did not expect that it was a woman who shot and killed the three princes.

And she is a powerful woman.

Many male monks were stunned when they saw the fairy face of the gray-clothed woman, marveling at her beauty and mystery.

"No, look at the gray-clothed woman's eyes, how come there is a feeling of reopening the world and evolving into chaos?" a powerful elder asked in surprise.

At this time, everyone found that the gray-clothed woman's eyes were slightly hidden by the blue silk.

But you can still vaguely see it, as if the sun is ruining and the stars are sinking, repeating the terrifying scene of chaos.

Moreover, the pupils seemed to overlap each other, showing the appearance of double rings.

"Hiss...could it be the rumored double pupil?" Many people took a mad breath, their expressions hard to hide shock.

The double pupil is an extremely rare strong pupil.

Among the three thousand physiques, it is also ranked in the top 30, which is extremely terrifying.

Seeing such a mysterious and detached woman with heavy eyes in grey clothes appeared, the audience was silent.

"Huh? Are you?" When the \*\*\*\* master Panwu saw the woman with a heavy pupil in gray, her pupils suddenly shrank.

Even his quasi-supreme felt a faint pressure.

Jun Xiaoyao was slightly surprised.

He didn't expect that his guardian was a woman.

And she is an extremely powerful woman.

The \*\*\*\* of Panwu is the emperor of a country, with a superb cultivation base, and there are definitely not many people who dare to confront him.

Not to mention a woman.

But now, sitting in the depths of the void, the mysterious and graceful gray-clothed woman, the imposing manner is not weak at all.

"If you dare to conspiracy to frame the young master, you will kill without mercy!" The gray-clothed heavy pupil woman said indifferently.

When Jun Xiaoyao heard this, something inexplicable flashed in his eyes.

The name the woman in the grey clothes called him was not the son of the son, the son of god, etc., but the young master.

This is intriguing.

"Are you that..."

Suddenly, the \*\*\*\* of Panwu seemed to have thought of something, with extreme surprise and fear on his face.

The old people of the big powers also came back to their senses as if they were thinking of something.

"The old man remembered, this woman with heavy eyes in gray is..." An old man looked shocked.

He didn't expect that this one would show up again, and also become Jun Xiaoyao's protector.

"Girl Nine, it's still a shot." Jun Zhantian murmured, not surprised.

"She is one of the eight tribes of the \*\*\*\* king who followed the \*\*\*\* king in white clothes without regrets, the piano girl with heavy pupil, Ah Jiu!" an immortal elder could not help but exclaimed.

As soon as this remark came out, the Quartet caused great waves.

If the leader of the Jun family's generation is Jun Xiaoyao.

Then the previous generation is Jun Wugui.

He is powerful, and there is no need to repeat it with words.

All in all, even his eight followers, randomly taking out one, are invincible existences sweeping all directions.

And this gray-clothed woman with heavy eyes, Ah Jiu, was one of the eight followers of Jun Wugui.

"It's so." Jun Xiaoyao suddenly.

No wonder Jun Zhantian said before that his guardian has an extraordinary background.

Unexpectedly, it was actually his father's subordinate.

At this time, the Lyrican girl was also surprised and said: "It is her, that one seems to be what my master once said, leaving her beyond the reach of the dust."

The master of the Tianqin girl is the master of the Xianwu Qin Sect.

It is conceivable that she can be beyond the reach of the dust, so detached and peerless.

At this time, the identity of the girl in gray clothes, Ah Jiu, was completely exposed, and there was an uproar.

The face of the Lord Panwu is hard to see the extreme.

That woman, not to mention how powerful she is, her identity is the most daunting.

Followers of the White King!

Although that change occurred ten years ago, no one knows that the white-clothed \*\*\*\* Wang Jun Wugui is now alive or dead.

However, no one dared to underestimate it.

"I killed him, do you have an opinion?" Ah Jiu's voice was cold and indifferent. UU Reading  
www.ukahnshu.com sat high in the sky, like an ancient female fairy.

The Lord Panwu has never been so aggrieved.

He wanted to shoot, but the consequences could not be estimated.

Seeing the changing face of the Lord Panwu, many people around were secretly speechless.

The power behind Jun Xiaoyao was too terrifying to be able to force an immortal \*\*\*\* dynasty master to this level.

"This matter is indeed the wrongdoing of the emperor, this is the punishment he deserves." Panwu \*\*\*\* master closed his eyes for a long time before speaking.

A word, quiet the Quartet.

The lord of the dignified immortal dynasty was finally subdued.

"Father..." Wu Mingyue's pupils trembled.

Unexpectedly, their immortal gods would have such a day of bowing their heads.

Jun Xiaoyao's face didn't change much, and he said, "In that case, can Jun Mou enter Panwuling?"

"Jun Xiaoyao, don't go too far!" The Lord Panwu's face was already dark to the extreme.

Jun Xiaoyao not only humiliated Wu Mingyue in public, saying that she was not worthy of him.

Even the three princes were killed.

And now, Jun Xiaoyao still wants to enter Panwuling.

No one can swallow this breath.

Jun Xiaoyao's face was flat, and he said, "The death of the three princes is the punishment he deserves, but Jun's loss should always be compensated."

loss?

The Lord Panwu almost wanted to slap the king Xiaoyao to death!

What did Jun Xiaoyao lose?

No lack of arms or legs.

It's purely to ruin people.

However, just as the situation was at a stalemate, an ancient and vicissitudes of voice slowly sounded from the depths of the palace.

"Forget it, give the son of the Jun family a chance to enter Panwuling."

Hearing this voice, the Lord Panwu's face changed!



### [Chapter 119: The 16th ancestor of the Jun family, the old emperor feels bitter, Panwuling sign...](#)

It was no one else who made this sound, but the old emperor of the Panwu God Dynasty, a supremely powerful man.

"Why is this?" Panwu \*\*\*\* master was puzzled.

Why did the old emperor speak, saying to give Jun Xiaoyao a chance?

However, the Lord Panwu didn't dare to confront the old emperor, so he could only recognize it.

"Hmph, since the old emperor doesn't care and gives you a chance, so be it." Panwu \*\*\*\* master said with an indifferent expression.

"What, is the old emperor really speaking?" There were many surprised sounds around.

That old emperor, but an extremely strong man, has been retiring for many years.

Never thought that today's turmoil would have shocked him.

What is even more confusing is why the old emperor agreed to let Jun Xiaoyao enter Panwuling?

Many people in the outside world are somewhat incomprehensible.

At this moment, in the depths of the palace, an ancient underground secret room.

The three figures sit opposite each other.

One of them is an old man wearing a crown, with a supreme aura, is the old emperor of the Panwu dynasty.

Opposite him, there were two figures sitting cross-legged.

One of the thin gray-robed old men was the eighteenth ancestor of the Jun family.

The other, also in a gray robe, just looks like a ten-year-old child, but his eyes are very vicissitudes and old-fashioned.

"Unexpectedly, even the sixteenth ancestor of the Jun family was born." The old emperor gave a wry smile.

"Well, I've been buried in the ground for a long time, and it's time to come out and move my bones." The sixteenth ancestor, who looked like a child, twisted his neck and said with a smile.

The corner of the old emperor's eyes twitched slightly.

The sixteenth ancestor of the Jun family looked like a child, but in fact, his generation was scary.

Rumor has it that the 16th ancestor of the Jun family swallowed a longevity fruit at the age of ten, and has maintained the appearance of a ten-year-old child ever since.

But if he underestimated his strength because of his appearance, it would be a bit stupid.

The strength of the sixteen ancestors is only stronger than the eighteen ancestors.

"Haha, the arrival of the two really made my Panwu God shine." The old emperor chief smiled, but he felt helpless in his heart.

"Yes, the old emperor is really generous, so that the descendants of my Jun family can enter Panwuling, come and make a toast." Eighteenth Ancestor pulled out a smile and raised the wine glass on the table.

"You are polite." The old emperor also raised his glass, but he felt bitter.

The two ancestors of the Jun family were smiling faces.

If he does not agree to let Jun Xiaoyao enter Panwuling.

Then what he wants to eat next is not a toast, but a fine.

Although the old emperor was strong, he could not withstand the persecution of the two ancestors of the Jun family, and could only regress and subdue.

The scene in this secret room is unknown to the outside world.

They are still wondering, when did the old emperor of the Panwu God Dynasty be so open-minded?

"Could it be that the ancestor is here?" Jun Xiaoyao guessed, his eyes narrowed.

The old emperor of the Panwu dynasty can be softened, and there should be only the ancestor-level figures of the Jun family.

Just a single eighteen ancestor, can make the old emperor so jealous?

Jun Xiaoyao shook his head slightly, but he didn't think much.

Anyway, it's enough for one's own purpose to be achieved.

Afterwards, the \*\*\*\* of Panwu was cold, and reluctantly opened Panwuling for Jun Xiaoyao.

Panwu Mausoleum is located deep underground in the Forbidden City.

At the entrance, stands an ancient monument.

Jun Xiaoyao came here and looked at the ancient monument, vaguely, he seemed to feel something.

"It seems that in this Wuling, I should have gained a lot." Jun Xiaoyao smiled lightly.

Around, people from many forces followed.

Although they can't enter Panwuling, it's good to just look outside.

They also wanted to know why Jun Xiaoyao wanted to enter Panwu Mausoleum so much.

"Go in, remember, you only have one chance, if you come out, you can't go in again." Panwu \*\*\*\* master said coldly.

"Oh, is there still danger in it?" Jun Xiaoyao asked.

"There is no danger for people with my bloodline directly from the Panwu God Dynasty, but if they are outsiders..." The Panwu God Lord didn't say much.

But in the words, there is obviously no lack of threats.

"Heh...Jun has even contended with the Supreme Demon Corpse, is he still afraid of a Wuling Mausoleum?" Jun Xiaoyao smiled, flicking his sleeves, and without hesitation, he leaned close to the ancient monument.

His figure was suddenly shrouded in light and disappeared.

Hearing Jun Xiaoyao's words, the face of the Lord Panwu became colder.

All the onlookers around were also secretly speechless.

Indeed, to Jun Xiaoyao, all kinds of dangerous mysteries seemed to be able to turn a good fortune into a disaster, and it was nothing at all.

Just as everyone outside is waiting.

Jun Xiaoyao has already come to Panwuling.

Looking around, the entire Panwu Mausoleum is more like an underground palace.

Everywhere is filled with ancient, vicissitudes of life, like a group of dusty palaces.

Jun Xiaoyao has a leisurely expression.

However, not long after he stepped out, the formation pattern suddenly appeared on the ground, and the formation pattern spread.

Suddenly, Jun Xiaoyao felt the gravity around him, as if it had become much stronger, as if an ancient mountain was pressing on his shoulder.

"What is this, is it a test?" Jun Xiaoyao raised his eyebrows.

Before he could think about it, a few bronze arrows came with a sharp aura.

Jun Xiaoyao took a quick look and smashed those arrows.

boom! boom! boom!

The ground is shaking rhythmically.

Immediately ~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ rows of bronze puppets roared from the depths of Panwuling.

Among them, there are puppets holding a bronze longge, and there are puppets holding a longbow and crossbow.

"This is... Terracotta Warriors?" Jun Xiaoyao raised an eyebrow, disapproving.

However, on second thought, it is understandable that Panwu Mausoleum was rumored to be a royal tomb with guards similar to terracotta soldiers.

"The formation here, together with the terracotta warriors and horses, the ordinary Tianjiao, might really be forced to retreat." Jun Xiaoyao chuckled.

He finally understood what the threat that the Lord Panwu said just now.

Ordinary Tianjiao, it is indeed difficult to make an inch, and it is impossible to go deep into Panwuling.

But for Jun Xiaoyao, this test is a bit boring.

Rumble!

Jun Xiaoyao urges the ancient sacred body and idols to suppress prison power.

The golden blood rose up and turned into a lifelike golden idol.

The idol rushed out suddenly, the trunk rolled, and a group of bronze puppets were knocked into flight.

Each of these puppets is comparable to the Guiyi Realm Tianjiao, plus invulnerability, no pain, more like a killing machine.

Unfortunately, in front of Jun Xiaoyao, it is not good.

Jun Xiaoyao again pointed out as a sword, and cut out with one sword.

The Slaughter Immortal Sword Art was displayed, and the mighty sword light directly tore the bronze puppet battle formation in front.

Behind Jun Xiaoyao, the wings of the demon spread out, turning into a stream of light, and easily broke through the line of defense.

If the Lord Panwu saw this scene, he would definitely be astonished.

In Panwu Mausoleum, the test against the young supreme has little effect on Jun Xiaoyao.

But after Jun Xiaoyao went deep into Panwuling, his mind once again heard the system's mechanical sound.

"Ding, congratulations to the host, arrived at the sign-in site Wuling, do you sign in?"

"Sign in!" Jun Xiaoyao said.

[Chapter 120: Sign in with a 7-star reward, a sword of the emperor, the mysterious fallen saint...](#)

"Ding, congratulations to the host, you have won the seven-star reward, the Emperor's Years Sword!"

As the system's voice fell, Jun Xiaoyao was suddenly cut apart in the void in front of him.

Immediately, an ancient sword with a simple meaning appeared in front of Jun Xiaoyao.

This ancient sword was similar to the ancient sword Jun Xiaoyao saw on Yang Pan before.

It's just that the emperor spirit sword is filled with vitality, and the sword is also carved with hundreds of millions of people.

And this Panhuang Years Sword, the whole body is flowing with the meaning of simple and long-term years.

In this sword, what is carved is the rotation of the sun and the moon, the changing of the four seasons, the turning of the sky and the stars, and the passage of time.

Just looking at it gives a sense of vicissitudes.

"Interesting, I didn't expect to get one of Panhuang's three swords."

Rao Yijun Xiaoyao's calm and calm character is rare at this moment.

Although the sign-in reward is random, sometimes, it seems to be somewhat related to the sign-in place.

Among them, there are no rules at all.

But no matter what, to be able to get the seven-star reward, and it is also the Emperor's Years Sword, this is definitely a surprise for Jun Xiaoyao.

"Have I evolved from a non-chief to the European Emperor?" Jun Xiaoyao murmured.

He signed in at the Suzaku Ancient Kingdom Palace last time, but only received a four-star award.

Slightly shook his head, Jun Xiaoyao raised his hand, holding the Panhuang Years Sword.

Suddenly, he felt a wave of time flowing.

His whole arm seems to be aging in time.

At this time, the twenty large Luo fairy bones in his arm shined brightly, resisting the erosion of this force of time.

"Interestingly, if someone else gets this Emperor Years Sword, it will be difficult to use for a while." Jun Xiaoyao said.

The power of time is very mysterious and terrifying.

If most people approach this Emperor Years Sword, they are afraid that they will age immediately.

Unless it is some strong people who can hold on with their own strength.

Jun Xiaoyao's thoughts moved slightly, holding the Pan Emperor Years Sword, and randomly chopped off the bronze puppets behind him with a sword.

Suddenly, a semi-imaginary sword light swept across, and the bronze puppets began to decay and age, and then they turned into patina powder.

"It's really strong." Jun Xiaoyao nodded slightly.

With his current realm, he couldn't exert much power of the Pan Emperor Years Sword.

But with this random sword, the power is extremely powerful.

Suddenly, the supreme bone in Jun Xiaoyao's chest trembled again, as if it resonated.

"The supreme bone has changed again, last time because of the reincarnation Daojin." Jun Xiaoyao muttered.

Thinking about it this way, the next supernatural power of the Supreme Bone seems to be related to the power of reincarnation.

"It seems that when I have time later, I have to go to the Holy Spirit Academy to find out whether the reincarnation Holy Spirit can transform my supreme bone." Jun Xiaoyao muttered to himself.

He incorporated the Pan Emperor Years Sword into the space magic weapon.

"If the Pan Martial God Lord knows the Pan Emperor Years Sword he has worked so hard to find, I will get it when I sign in. I am afraid it will vomit blood?" Jun Xiaoyao couldn't help but smile.

Right now, the Pan Huang Sheng Ling Sword was in Yang Pan's hands.

The Emperor Pan's Sword is in the hands of Jun Xiaoyao.

In the end, only Panhuang Void Sword was left.

"Not in a hurry, the reason why I kept Yang Pan alive is not to use him as a coolie to find the Panhuang Void Sword, then I just have to grab him."

Jun Xiaoyao is an exhaustive plan, and he has long thought of a successor.

The only value of Yang Pan's life is to help him find the last Panhuang Void Sword.

That Panwu God Lord, obviously also holding this idea.

But Jun Xiaoyao didn't mind, he couldn't take what he wanted.

"It's not a trip in vain just because of the Emperor Years Sword." Jun Xiaoyao continued on.

Even if in the end, Jun Xiaoyao did not find the opportunity for the transformation of the Eucharist vision, he would have nothing to regret.

A sword, paid back.

After getting rid of those bronze puppets, Jun Xiaoyao also continued to go deep into Panwuling.

The ancient temple is covered with thick dust.

Most of the temples are empty.

Obviously, the fate inside had already been searched by Panwu Shenchao.

As for the sacred pills, treasure medicines, holy medicines, princely weapons, etc. that were occasionally left behind, Jun Xiaoyao didn't care at all.

At this time, a special palace suddenly appeared in Jun Xiaoyao's vision.

That palace is located in one of the most remote corners in the depths of Panwu Mausoleum, surrounded by piles of weeds.

There are even some chains outside, enclosing that area, as if you don't want people to approach it.

"Huh...that's..." Jun Xiaoyao's eyes dimmed.

In this Wuling, most places, you can see traces that someone has explored.

Only that one hall seemed to be uninhabited.

And there seemed to be a \*\*\*\* mist around him.

What made Jun Xiaoyao curious was not only the abnormal appearance of the palace.

It's even more because there was a faint reaction in his wild ancient sacrament.

Jun Xiaoyao must be in his heart, just stepping away.

He pushed open the door of the temple, and it was completely dark inside.

A gust of yin wind blows out, and most people are absolutely frightened, but Jun Xiaoyao is indifferent.

His ridiculous ancient sacrament restrained all evil spirits and dark power, so it was not vain~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ At this moment, deep in the darkness, there was a rattling chain sound.

It felt like something imprisoned in chains started to move.

"Huh?" Just when Jun Xiaoyao was concentrating.

A \*\*\*\* fist wind suddenly exploded from the depths of the darkness.

At the same time, there was a roar like a beast.

"What the hell?"

Jun Xiaoyao pushed his right arm horizontally, and the twenty large Luo fairy bones shone out, and the extremely sacred breath came out, colliding with the \*\*\*\* fist wind.

boom!

With a shock, the whole palace was trembling.

And under the light of Daluo's fairy bone, he also saw the figure in front of him clearly.

It was a figure with long hair hanging down to the ground like a savage.

A pair of scarlet eyes, full of chaos and mania.

But what made Jun Xiaoyao care about was not the image of the wild man, but his physique.

It turned out to be an ancient sacrament!

boom!

After the collision with one blow, Jun Xiaoyao and the savage figure retreated simultaneously.

Jun Xiaoyao's arms were numb.

"Fortunately, there is the blessing of Daluo Immortal Bone and Idol's Prison Guarding Force, otherwise the result is unpredictable." Jun Xiaoyao's eyes were very solemn.

In the depths of this Wuling, inside the forbidden palace.

How could an ancient eucharist appear?

And it's not an ordinary ancient eucharist.

This ridiculous ancient Eucharist felt like a fallen Eucharist after some transformation and mutation.

Yes, it is the fallen Eucharist!

Because the qi and blood of the Eucharist are all brilliant and sacred gold, but the blood of the fallen Eucharist is an ominous dark red.

"This fallen Eucharist will definitely not be Emperor Panwu, what kind of existence is it?"

Jun Xiaoyao's heart is full of doubts.