

Sacred Body 91

[Chapter 91: Panwu Shenchao champion Hou, so vulnerable](#)

In fact, Jun Xiaoyao almost guessed at odds.

The Hunyuan Sanshou that was on display, and the self-proclaimed Lord Benhou, plus this golden dragon bed.

Except for the champion of Panwu Shenchao, Jun Xiaoyao couldn't find a second person.

Speaking of this champion Hou Yang, the experience is also legendary.

Rumor has it that he used to be a horse-raising servant in a royal palace. He had a lowly status, and he was warm and cold in the world.

However, one day, he accidentally picked up a divine sword, and has since risen all the way.

That divine sword is not another sword, it is the founder of the Panwu dynasty, one of the three swords of the Pan Emperor once forged by the Great Emperor Panwu, the Panhuang Shengling Sword!

Yang Pan relied on the Pan Emperor's Spirit Sword to rise step by step, seizing various opportunities, and finally became the champion of Panwu God Dynasty.

Even many people in the Panwu dynasty believed that Yang Pan was very likely the reincarnation of the Panwu Emperor.

Of course, this news is somewhat illusory and has not been confirmed.

But no matter what, Yang Pan's noble status in the Panwu dynasty is beyond doubt.

There is even news that this time the eldest princess of the Shen Dynasty Wu Mingyue chose Yang Pan.

It can be seen that the Panwu God Dynasty placed much importance on Yang Pan.

And now, when the champion Hou Zhan revealed his identity, except for Jun Xiaoyao and other people who guessed it, everyone else was shocked.

"It's really him, champion Hou Yangpan..." The Lord Suzaku took a deep breath, feeling extremely uneasy.

This is definitely an extremely arrogant evildoer in Huangtian Immortal Territory, and his strength is terrifying.

And the most important thing is that because this Yang Pan rose from the end of the day and came from the bottom, his personality is also very extreme, arrogant and moody.

It's like a petty citizen who wins 100 million prizes at once, and his heart will definitely expand.

Champion Hou belongs to this kind of psychological expansion.

Bai Yuer's face paled slightly, a little afraid.

She couldn't imagine what the consequences would be if Jun Xiaoyao didn't come.

Following this champion, there is absolutely no end to it.

His concubine room is already more than three thousand.

This is the mentality of the nouveau riche at the bottom. The beauties who had never dreamed of getting them before, now see one by one.

Not only the Suzaku ancient country was surprised.

The Lord Baihu and the Lord Xuanwu also showed surprises, and it made sense to think of his moody personality.

"No wonder, it turned out to be the champion of Panwu Shenchao..." The two masters sighed secretly in their hearts.

To be honest, champion Hou is not a benefactor.

They even would rather let Jun Xiaoyao be the master than follow the champion.

Now, the black hands behind the three ancient countries are exposed, and the situation is instantly clear.

Obviously, this is a contest between the son of the Jun family and the champion of the gods.

Jun Xiaoyao took a deep look at Champion Hou, and a strange color flashed under his eyes.

"So that's it, his breath..." Jun Xiaoyao muttered in his heart, understanding something.

"Son of the Jun family, we met for the first time, but it was not very pleasant." Yang Pan said indifferently.

There was a hint of jealousy in his eyes.

Yes, it is jealous.

He was jealous of nothing else, it was Jun Xiaoyao's appearance.

Yang Pan's appearance was unremarkable, let alone compare with Jun Xiaoyao, even Xiao Chen was much more handsome and handsome than him.

Yang Pan has a narrow personality and selfishness. After becoming a champion from the bottom of the house, his personality remains the same as before.

Jun Xiaoyao glanced at the jumbled corpse on the golden dragon bed, and sneered softly: "It turned out to be a multi-person exercise for such a big bed."

"What do you mean?" Yang Pan narrowed his eyes slightly.

"I said that a young man who raises a horse has the courage to pick peaches from this god!" Jun Xiaoyao's tone was cold and ironic.

As early as when Jun Xiaoyao accepted Yu'er as a slave, he had already planned to conquer the ancient kingdom of Sixiang.

Unexpectedly, the champion Hou Heng intervened.

However, upon hearing this, the entire battlefield was silent.

Raising a horse as a servant is an eternal shame in Yang Pan's heart and cannot be mentioned in the past.

After Yang Pan became the champion, he directly destroyed the palace where he had been.

There are hundreds of people in the whole government, not one staying!

From then on, no one dared to mention his past in front of Yang Pan.

But now, Jun Xiaoyao said indifferently that Yang Pan is a small servant who raises horses.

This is simply a pain in Yang Pan's heart.

"Jun Xiaoyao, you are looking for death!"

Yang Pan's eyes were dark, his face was blue, and he couldn't bear it anymore, so he shot directly.

As soon as he pointed it out, the mana surged, condensing into a crimson mana giant finger, crushing Xiang Jun Xiaoyao.

It is the supernatural power of the Panwu dynasty, Haoyang divine finger.

"Oh, who is looking for death, something that is overpowering!"

Jun Xiaoyao's face was indifferent, urging his idol to suppress prison.

One hundred thousand giant elephant particles erupted, and the body instantly blessed one billion catties of supernatural power.

That power, how surging, can blast Cangyu with one punch!

Jun Xiaoyao grabbed his probe, and the Spear of the Underworld condensed out and was thrown out by him, as if it had penetrated the void!

The spear of the underworld collided with Haoyang's giant finger, like a big star collision, and the mana ripples shook the sky!

In such a collision, the Haoyang God Finger was directly pierced by the Spear of the Underworld God, and then rushed towards Yang Pan unabated.

"Your strength..." Yang Pan's expression changed.

Before Jun Xiaoyao reached the late Guiyi Realm~www.mtlnovel.com~, it was enough to surprise him.

And now, the power of Jun Xiaoyao's moves exceeded his expectations.

"Tiangang God Seal!"

Yang Pan hurriedly made another move, pinching the seal with both hands, pushing it horizontally, and blasting towards the Spear of the Underworld.

But that billion jin of terrifying force directly changed Yang Pan's expression!

Puff!

Yang Pan's figure was blown away like a kite with a broken wire, and the spear of the underworld fell directly on the golden dragon bed, smashing it to pieces.

The scene fell into a dead silence...

"This... how could it be, that's the champion Hou Yangpan." Many people were astonished and petrified.

How could the champion of the dignified immortal dynasty be so vulnerable?

"It's not that the champion Hou is weak, but the king's son is too strong!" An ancient Suzaku general said with enthusiasm in his eyes.

The worship of Jun Xiaoyao by all the people in the ancient country of Vermilion rose once again.

Even the champion Hou can be easily defeated, and the son of the Jun family is indeed an invincible existence of the younger generation.

However, some people also expressed doubts.

"Hey, that champion Hou..." Jun Wanjie's eyes condensed, revealing doubts.

He once played against champion Hou, and even he felt a great pressure.

Although Jun Xiaoyao's strength is incredible now.

But no matter how unbearable the champion Hou is, he won't lose so easily, right?

Besides, the champion Hou still has the strongest hole card, and the Pan Emperor Life Sword is useless.

Just as everyone was talking about it, Jun Xiaoyao was indifferent, saying a little bit.

"Yang Pan, should you say you are arrogant, or should you say you are stupid, but it's just a clone who has the courage to attack this **** son."

Jun Xiaoyao's voice fell, and everyone in the audience solidified again.

That champion Hou Yangpan, turned out to be just a clone?

[Chapter 92: It turned out to be just a clone, the two great saints fell, and the Azure Dragon Lord fell...](#)

Before Yang Pan shot, although Jun Xiaoyao was crushed and beaten, but the powerful breath still made people's heart trembling.

It can be said that the general immortal force Tianjiao absolutely cannot beat Yang Pan.

But now, Jun Xiaoyao actually said that the Yang Pan in front of him was just a clone, which was a bit scary.

Even the clone has such strength, how powerful should the Yang Pan deity be?

Jun Xiaoyao's face was very plain.

As early as the first glance he saw Yang Pan, he understood that he was just a clone.

But Jun Xiaoyao didn't care about this.

Because whether the deity or the clone is the same in his eyes, it can be suppressed at will, it doesn't make much difference.

At best, it is just a few more tricks to suppress the deity.

In the distance, Yang Pan wiped the blood from the corners of his mouth with one hand, his face extremely gloomy.

He said coldly: "To subdue the ancient kingdom of the four elephants, there is no need to let the deity take action, but I didn't expect that I would run into you."

Yang Pan's heart was full of anger.

He is indeed just a clone, Yang Pan's deity is still in the Panwu dynasty.

However, in Yang Pan's view, even if it was just a clone, it was more than enough to conquer the ancient kingdom of the four elephants, and he didn't need to go out in person.

But who could have predicted that behind the ancient kingdom of Suzaku, there was Jun Xiaoyao standing.

This big change hindered Yang Pan's plan.

Yang Pan took a deep breath, and then said indifferently: "Jun Xiaoyao, you know that Lord Benhou is only a clone, you should also know how powerful the deity will be."

"If you stop now, there is still room for retention."

Yang Pan knew that it was impossible for his clone to defeat Jun Xiaoyao, so he could only use his deity to suppress others.

"Regardless of whether you are the deity or the clone, is there a difference for the **** son? It's just a palm suppression." Jun Xiaoyao held his hand, his expression faint.

"You..." Yang Pan raised his brows, his eyes filled with sternness.

"You deserve to be the Son of God..." Bai Yuer and the others showed worship.

In Huangtian Immortal Realm, how many people dare to despise the champion of the gods like this?

"Okay, Jun Xiaoyao, you are toasting and not eating fine wine." Yang Pan said.

Around him, four dark figures appeared, carrying a breath of majestic coercion.

"It's the four saints..." The eyes of the White Tiger and Xuanwu country masters showed fear.

If it were not for the four saints, their two countries would not have been defeated and surrendered so easily.

Jun Xiaoyao glanced, shook his head slightly and said, "Four puppets comparable to the Saint Realm, Yang Pan, your luck is good."

"What, is that a puppet?" The two masters of Baihu Xuanwu were surprised.

"What about the puppets, it's enough to suppress you." Yang Pan sneered.

He didn't even want to kill Jun Xiaoyao.

If he killed Jun Xiaoyao with his own strength, even the Jun family would have no handle.

After all, the younger generation struggles, life and death are normal.

But if Yang Pan killed Jun Xiaoyao with a saint puppet, the Jun family would definitely be furious.

Even the Panwu God Dynasty behind him could not protect him.

Although Yang Pan was arrogant, he was not mindless.

He only needs to use the saint puppet to suppress Jun Xiaoyao and others.

Then directly attack the ancient capital of Suzaku and obtain the compass component.

"Jun Xiaoyao, as long as you suppress you with a saint puppet, the ancient kingdom of Vermilion is not in the bag of Lord Benhou. Whether it is the thing or the worship of Yuer, it is Lord Benhou."

Yang Pan glanced at Bai Yu'er, a fiery and evil color flashed in his eyes.

Bai Yuer is indeed very beautiful, charming and charming, making Yang Panxin a little itchy.

He has the habit of collecting beauties, and this worship of Yuer is a treasure he must get.

"Wishful thinking, can you compare to a finger of the Son of God?" Bai Yuer scolded him coldly, showing disgust in his eyes.

Although Yang Pan's strength and status are not weak, but in terms of appearance, character, and temperament, he is not comparable to Jun Xiaoyao.

One is the fairy in the sky.

One is Xiaomin.

Can these two compare?

"Bitch, when you surrender to Lord Benhou, see if you will say that!" Yang Pan scolded.

The four saint puppets exploded at the same time, ready to shoot.

At this time, Jun Xiaoyao's gaze was swept towards the few country masters.

"You guys, do you still want to follow that Yang Pan?"

The words of Jun Xiaoyao caused the complexion of the Lord Baihu and the Lord Xuanwu to change, and then their eyes changed.

To tell the truth, Yang Pan's temperamental personality is even more scolding them for eating shit.

Instead of following the champion Hou, it is better to surrender to Jun Xiaoyao.

The status of Jun Xiaoyao is only higher than that of Champion Hou.

Under this consideration, there was almost no hesitation. The two masters flashed their figures and changed their camps and said: "I wait, I am willing to surrender to the son of the king's family!"

"You..." A cold flame burned in Yang Pan's eyes.

The Qinglong Lord's face tightened, he did not choose to stand on Jun Xiaoyao's side.

Because his son Xiao Chen had an enmity with Jun Xiaoyao.

In addition to this war, he Qinglong Ancient Country is considered the leader.

The ancient kingdom of Suzaku will not easily let go of the ancient kingdom of Qinglong.

And the most important point is that the lord of Qinglong wants to become the lord of the ancient kingdom of four elephants.

Only Yang Pan can fulfill his ambition.

Therefore, the Qinglong Kingdom Lord is determined to cling to Yang Pan's thigh.

Seeing the indifferent Azure Dragon Lord ~www.mtlnovel.com~ Jun Xiaoyao didn't care.

He will rectify Xiao Chen in the future, and it is obviously not a wise move to accept his father as a subordinate.

"Huh, do you two want to be annihilated?" Yang Panhan said.

The faces of the two kingdoms were unnatural.

Jun Xiaoyao said lightly: "With me, who dares to destroy their country?"

"Jun Xiaoyao, don't be complacent, I will add the Azure Dragon Kingdom Lord and five saints, so I can still suppress you!"

With an order from Yang Pan, the Qinglong Lord led four saint puppets to suppress Jun Xiaoyao.

The three masters of Suzaku, Baihu, and Xuanwu were also surging in aura, preparing to meet the enemy.

But at this moment, Jun Xiaoyao waved his hand and said with a chuckle: "Don't have to, just watch the show."

"Watching a play?" The three masters were stunned.

At this time, a piano sound suddenly rang in Yuankong, turning into a thousand-foot-thousand-thousand-killing blade, coming out of the sky.

The horrible sound of the piano was killing the blade, and even the space was shredded, and a dark space crack was pulled out wherever it went.

"Guardian!" Yang Pan's expression suddenly changed.

This time, he came here as a clone, so there was no protector with him.

But he didn't expect that behind Jun Xiaoyao, there was a guardian hiding behind him.

And looking at the power of the move, it is by no means comparable to the average saint.

"Damn it!"

In the pupils of the Qinglong Kingdom Lord, there was an unprecedented shock.

The sound of the sound of the piano made his saint's heart cold, and his body was filled with chills.

"Tianlong Huangquan!"

The Azure Dragon Lord let out a low roar, and the saint realm's strength completely exploded, and a phantom Azure Dragon blasted out with his fist, shaking the sky!

But the result is...

puff!

The killing blade crossed, the head fell!

Lord Qinglong, die!

[Chapter 93: 1 palm to death, champion Hou Yuezhan, Xiao Chen No. 2](#)

The head of the four great ancient kingdoms, the lord of the Qinglong ancient kingdom, was sealed with a trick and his head fell.

Blood splashed into the sky, very sad and beautiful.

Everyone was stunned, and he didn't expect a saint to be killed in seconds so easily.

The head of the Qinglong Kingdom fell to the ground, his expression condensed with horror, doubt, and puzzlement.

As if confused, how could his own dignified saint be killed by a single move?

However, it was not only that, the sound of the Qin Yin killed the blade unabated, and continued to plunder the four saint puppets.

Boom!

A violent roar sounded.

The two saint puppets were directly destroyed and cut off.

The remaining two puppets were also severely injured. Although they were not completely disintegrated, they were already fragmented.

The needle fell silently throughout the battlefield.

Champion Hou Tong trembles fiercely, revealing a ray of incredible.

Jun Xiaoyao's protector is so strong?

Originally, Yang Pan thought that even if Jun Xiaoyao had a Taoist protector, it was probably only in the realm of a saint.

No matter how high the level of power is, generally speaking, it is impossible to be willing to be a babysitter.

The guardian of Jun Xiaoyao is obviously beyond the realm of saints.

"Is it a saint king?" Yang Pan's face was very ugly.

Since becoming a champion Hou, he has never suffered such a big loss.

Now, his high-end combat power is almost completely lost, and the remaining two broken puppets have almost no combat power.

As for Jun Xiaoyao, there are three saints without mentioning the terrifying guardians.

In addition, the armies of the ancient Baihu and Xuanwu ancient kingdoms turned against the water.

Champion Hou, the trend is over.

Seeing such a situation, Yang Pan deeply breathed, "Jun Xiaoyao, are you really going to fight against Lord Benhou? How about we step back now?"

Yang Pan isn't stupid, he's all at this point, and if he continues to be tough, he will suffer.

"Heh, wasn't it strong before, now you take a step back?" Jun Xiaoyao said sarcastically.

"Jun Xiaoyao, Lord Benhou is giving you face, and it's no good to be an enemy of me!" Yang Pan said with an uncertain expression.

"Does this **** want your face, besides, I have so many enemies, and I still need you to be a small servant?" Jun Xiaoyao looked indifferent.

He stopped talking and raised his hand to explore.

The fierce golden vitality rose into the air and turned into a lifelike golden idol, as if it could suppress the world.

Faced with the avatar of this champion, Jun Xiaoyao didn't need to use any supernatural powers, just slap it over and solve the battle.

"Jun Xiaoyao, you are digging your own grave!" Yang Pan roared, also bursting out his own supernatural powers.

But he is a mere avatar, and he is not even with the Panhuang Shengling Sword. How can he be Jun Xiaoyao's enemy?

Puff!

Jun Xiaoyao pressed the palm of his hand and directly patted Yang Pan's clone into blood foam, breaking his body to pieces.

When seeing this scene, everyone felt their scalp numb.

The champion Hou Clone was slapped to death like this.

"The son of the Jun family, is it so powerful?" Many generals were surprised.

Their realm is a few levels higher than Jun Xiaoyao, but seeing Jun Xiaoyao's vigorous posture at the moment, there is a feeling of palpitations in their hearts.

At the same time that Jun Xiaoyao smashed Yang Pan's clone.

Far away in the Panwu dynasty, a magnificent palace with magnificent splendor, purple aura, and majestic atmosphere.

A roar came from it.

"Jun Xiaoyao, my Yang Pan and you are not at odds!"

Hearing this voice, the maids outside the hall looked pale and panicked.

If Yang Pan is angry, it is even more terrifying than Shura evil spirits.

"I seem to have heard the name of the prince's son, what kind of hatred did Hou Ye have with him?" Some of the servants were frightened and thought to themselves.

At this time, Yang Pan's cold voice came from the hall.

"Come here, pass the order of Lord Hou, and send out the news that my champion, Hou Yangpan, will meet at the palace of the gods, on the top of the Forbidden City, to fight against the king's house, and the king is happy!

"The time is set on the day when Wu Mingyue chooses a horse, and Lord Benhou will slam Jun Xiaoyao under his feet in front of all the forces in the fairyland!"

Hearing this, all the servants around the entire hall were petrified, their eyes widened, and he took a deep breath.

The champion of Panwu Shen Dynasty, the **** son of Huang Gujun.

This is not a trivial matter, if it spreads out, it will cause big waves!

Coupled with the time to choose the day when Wu Mingyue chooses a consort, then Panwu Shen Dynasty will be so popular.

How many forces will be attracted to come?

unimaginable.....

"The prosperous age of Tianjiao's battle for hegemony is about to kick off. I hope Master Hou will have the last laugh." An old servant sighed.

At that time, in the ancient country of Suzaku.

Jun Xiaoyao didn't know that Yang Pan was so angry that he was about to make an appointment with him.

But even if he knew it, Jun Xiaoyao estimated that there would be no waves.

Dare to shout in front of him?

Suppress with one palm.

There are countless people around, and there is still a sense of shock in the pupils at this moment.

Jun Xiaoyao's face was pale.

Shooting a Yang Pan avatar casually is really not a big deal to him.

Jun Xiaoyao glanced, and a ring flickered in the blood foam left by Yang Pan's clone.

Jun Xiaoyao raised his hand and grabbed it in his hand.

There is a soul seal on the ring, and Jun Xiaoyao urges the true spirit in the palace at will.

The true spirit, which is like the miniature version of Jun Xiaoyao, is to release a powerful psychic power.

Although Jun Xiaoyao's physical body is terrifying, but his soul cultivation hasn't pulled it down.

He has been cultivating the idea of chaos **** grinding ~www.mtlnovel.com~The power of the soul of Jun Xiaoyao easily broke through the seal of the ring.

Jun Xiaoyao didn't care about some of these messy things.

What he cares about is the bronze compass parts.

Sure enough, the three bronze compass parts are all in it.

"Yang Pan, Yang Pan, you've planned for so long, and I didn't pick the peaches in the end, it was Xiao Chen No. 2." Jun Xiaoyao smiled faintly.

Yang Pan's painstaking plan finally fulfilled Jun Xiaoyao.

He knew that Yang Pan must have exploded on the spot with anger at this moment.

Jun Xiaoyao incorporated three compass components into his space magical weapon.

In this way, he gathered all four compass components.

But right now, it's obviously not the time for research.

Jun Xiaoyao glanced at the bottom, and everyone's face was extremely pale on the Qinglong Ancient Team.

Those generals had a faint ray of hatred in their eyes.

After all, their country lord died indirectly in the hands of Jun Xiaoyao.

"According to the order of the **** child, all the generals above the soldiers in the Qinglong ancient country have been killed." Jun Xiaoyao said coldly.

"Yes!"

Without waiting for the Lord of Suzaku to agree, the Lord of White Tiger and Lord of Xuanwu rushed to drink.

Now that they have surrendered, they naturally have to show a little attitude now.

Soon, they wiped out many generals of Qinglong Ancient Country, and all those soldiers surrendered.

Next, Jun Xiaoyao issued an order to unify the four ancient kingdoms into the four elephant ancient kingdoms.

The Lord of the Vermilion Bird is the Lord of the Ancient Four Elephants.

And his successor is Bai Yuer.

This turmoil in the four ancient countries also subsided.

However, the waves have just started...

[Chapter 94: The secret of the bronze compass, the furious Xiao Chen](#)

Although this turmoil in the four ancient countries would not make the entire fairyland known.

However, dozens of nearby states are full of riots.

In the beginning, no one was optimistic about the ancient country of Suzaku, thinking that the result was set.

The ancient kingdom of Suzaku is either surrender or subjugation.

But in the end, the news came out, but it shocked the world.

The king's **** son, led Feng Lin Huoshan's four guards to help, domineering and strong.

And the person behind Qinglong Ancient Kingdom also surfaced, and was actually the champion of Panwu God Dynasty.

The next news is that everyone's scalp numb.

The son of the Jun family, powerfully killed the champion Hou clone.

Even the Azure Dragon Lord was beheaded by his guardians.

This game between the son of the Jun family and the champion of the gods, Hou, ended in a big victory for Jun Xiaoyao.

However, many people know that the surly and arrogant champion can never bear such a big loss.

Sure enough, within a few days, news came from Panwu Shenchao.

The champion, Hou Yang, wants to make an appointment with the champion of the battle at the top of the Forbidden City.

Moreover, the chosen day happened to be the day when Wu Mingyue, the eldest princess of the Shen Dynasty, chose her husband.

This news, like a boulder falling into the ocean, set off a huge wave.

Many people understand that Yang Pan has ulterior motives.

Because on the day Wu Mingyue chooses her husband, there are bound to be countless forces who come to Panwu God to observe the ceremony.

Under this circumstance, the heat and influence of the two men's fight will reach its peak.

If Yang Pan can really defeat Jun Xiaoyao, then this news will definitely spread throughout the entire Wild Heaven and Immortal Realm in the shortest possible time.

At that time, the myth of invincibility of the son of the Jun family will be broken instantly.

The champion Hou can step on the reputation of Jun Xiaoyao.

I have to say that Yang Pan's choice is still a bit cautious.

"Then champion, are you so confident in yourself?" Many people are discussing.

"You can't underestimate the champion Hou, he is recognized by the Pan Huang Sheng Ling Sword. There are even more rumors that he is the reincarnation of Pan Wu Great."

"That should be a rumor, but the champion Hou is indeed not weak, he is considered a top figure in the younger generation."

"I don't know if the king's son will take over the war script?"

"Let's wait and see..."

Just when everyone in Xianyu was expecting Jun Xiaoyao to respond.

Jun Xiaoyao did not send out any news.

This makes many people feel surprised.

The son of the Jun family who has always been quite high-profile, is it persuaded?

As everyone knows.

At this moment, Jun Xiaoyao is studying the bronze compass in the palace of the Suzaku ancient kingdom.

He has put the four compass components together to form a complete compass.

The complete compass is quite simple and mysterious, with the vicissitudes of time.

It's just that Jun Xiaoyao doesn't know how to use it yet.

"Could it be that the time used hasn't arrived yet?" Jun Xiaoyao guessed.

Now in the entire fairyland, there has been no news of the appearance of the bronze fairy palace for a long time.

It may be that the time has not yet arrived.

When news comes out from the Bronze Immortal Palace, this compass should be able to play a big role.

Thinking of this, Jun Xiaoyao included the bronze compass into the space magical instrument.

"This trip is not a small harvest." Jun Xiaoyao muttered to himself.

The most important thing is to get a bronze compass.

Secondly, he also signed to the ancient sage soldier, Fengming Qishan.

In addition, the ancient four elephant kingdoms are integrated.

Today, the strength of the Four Elephants is far from comparable to the four scattered ancient countries.

Although it is still not as immortal, it is already a very top power.

"On the top of the Forbidden City, do you have an appointment with me?" Jun Xiaoyao muttered to himself.

Recently, news of the champion Hou Yuezhan has been raging, and Jun Xiaoyao has naturally learned about it a long time ago.

He did not respond because he had been studying the bronze compass.

But now, Jun Xiaoyao is not ready to respond.

Anyway, he had planned it a long time ago, and he would go there in person on the day Wu Mingyue chooses a husband.

As for the champion, just suppress it by the way.

"Yang Pan, there is **** ahead..." Jun Xiaoyao smiled.

He knew that Yang Panshen was also a lucky person with the Emperor's Life Sword.

In his eyes, that is green leek.

Just when Jun Xiaoyao was thinking about how to harvest Yangpan afterwards.

Far away in Heimo Prefecture, one of the three thousand states.

Here, it can be regarded as an inaccessible Daozhou, with large tracts of wild mountains and Gobi deserts.

In the three thousand states, there are relatively few monks, and it is relatively desolate.

And at this moment, outside of a mountain exuding a wild atmosphere in Heimu Prefecture.

A handsome and handsome young man dressed in a cyan shirt was kneeling on the ground with blood red eyes and roaring up to the sky.

It was Xiao Chen.

After the Yuantian Secret Store, Xiao Chen, under the guidance of Master Qinglong, came to Heimozhou, preparing to find the ancient nest where the ancient freak of the Ancestral Dragon Nest was buried.

But just now, he accidentally heard the news of Qinglong Ancient Country from a passing cultivator.

His father, Qinglong Kingdom Lord, was killed by Jun Xiaoyao's protector.

The entire ancient kingdom of Qinglong was destroyed and merged into the ancient kingdom of four elephants.

The current Xiao Chen didn't even have the identity of the prince of the Qinglong Ancient Kingdom.

He has completely become a civilian without background.

"The hatred of killing the father, the hatred of destroying the country, Jun Xiaoyao, Xiao Chen, I will definitely want you to cramp, thwart your bones and make you ashes. If you don't fulfill this oath, you will not be a man!"

Xiao Chen looked up to the sky and roared, with extreme hatred and anger, UU reading www.uukanshu.com surged in his heart.

On the side, Master Qinglong's soul body appeared, and his old face was extremely ugly.

He also said that Xiao Chen was the son of national luck, but now, even the country is gone.

More importantly, that thing is gone.

"Hey, that bronze compass must have already fallen into the bag of the Emperor's God. This one is really too deep." Master Qinglong sighed deeply.

How did they know that when Jun Xiaoyao met Bai Yu'er, he had already set out to conquer the four ancient kingdoms.

As for the bronze compass, it was a surprise.

"Ancestor, I want to become stronger, I must kill that Jun Xiaoyao, I must kill him!"

Xiao Chen's eyes were blood red, his blood vessels were about to explode, and his whole person was like a madman.

"Xiao Chen, settle down, your Dao heart is about to fall into the devil!" Master Qinglong frowned and shouted coldly.

"Enchanting, haha, what about enchanting, I will kill Jun Xiaoyao, no matter what the price!"

Xiao Chen's delicate face was distorted, hideous like a ghost!

"You forgot, you still have the last two hole cards, the Supreme Blood in the ancient nest, and Wu Mingyue and Panwu Shenchao." Master Qinglong said.

These words poured cold water on Xiao Chen's head, instantly calming him down.

"Yes, I haven't lost yet. I still have a bright moon. If I want to marry her, she will definitely help me." Xiao Chen took a deep breath.

Xiao Chen's mood gradually calmed down when he thought of that beautiful woman with a beautiful face.

Even if I lost my father, I lost my country.

At least, there is a confidante who will accompany him and help him.

However, Xiao Chen didn't know.

Wu Mingyue concealed the news that she was a slave girl of Jun Xiaoyao.

If Xiao Chen finally knew it, it would be hard to imagine how crazy he would become.

[Chapter 95: Xiao Chen's chance, the ancient freaks of the Ancestral Dragon Nest awakened!](#)

"Ancestor, I'm sorry, it's the kid who has lost his temper. Now I have to go to the ancient nest and get the blood of the supreme, so that my strength will change."

Xiao Chen's character could indeed be called perseverance, and he calmed down at this moment.

Only when his strength becomes stronger can he marry Wu Mingyue.

"Xiao Chen, if your plan is to be implemented successfully, you must marry Wu Mingyue, and do you know who your biggest obstruction is now?" Master Qinglong asked.

"Could it be..." Xiao Chen raised his brows.

"Yes, it's not Jun Xiaoyao, but champion Hou, Yang Pan!" Qinglong Shangren said.

"Sure enough, it was Yang Pan. According to news, the consort has actually been decided by default. It is the champion Hou Yang Pan."

"However, how could I give Mingyue to that kind of scumbag!" Xiao Chen said with a cold face.

The person he hates most is Jun Xiaoyao.

But to Yang Pan, he was also extremely upset.

Who is Yang Pan, want to rob his woman?

How about champion Hou?

Wu Mingyue likes him, not the scumbag of Yang Pan.

Therefore, Xiao Chen made up his mind to step on Yang Pan in front of everyone on the day of Wu Mingyue's selection of a consort.

Only after defeating Yang Pan, he could get the favor of Panwu Shenchao.

"Well, that ancient nest should be in these barren mountains, go in." Qinglong Shanghuan said.

Xiao Chen nodded, his figure flashed, and he entered among the mountains.

Within a few days, under the guidance of Master Qinglong, Xiao Chen discovered a narrow mountain gap.

He entered along the gap, and there was a cave in it, like a small underground world.

Various gods are stacked in it, releasing aura glow.

Xiao Chen was just staring at him.

What made Xiao Chen even more breathed was that he actually found the Supreme Blood with the Ancestral Dragon bloodline in it.

That supreme blood, unexpectedly gathered into a small pool of blood.

Just when Xiao Chen was ready to accept the opportunity.

A female voice high above, like a queen, suddenly came out.

"Mortal, do you dare to move things in this palace?"

"Who is it?" Xiao Chen was surprised.

"No, it's probably the ancient freak who was sealed by Xianyuan..." Master Qinglong said through a voice transmission.

"Huh, there is still a strong soul possessed?"

The woman who claimed to be my palace made a voice, slightly surprised.

Xiao Chen gritted his teeth, ignored the voice, and continued to practice with the blood of the supreme.

"Mortal, how about a deal with this palace?" the female voice said.

"Deal, you are an ancient freak of the Primordial Royal family, what can you do with me?" Xiao Chen said coldly.

"I don't know how long this palace has been in sleep. The Xianyuan formation has already lost its energy. Go and find the blood of ninety-nine virgins and ninety-nine virgins to help this palace run the fairy formation. This palace can help you realize a wish," the voice said.

"Such a frantic thing, Xiao Mou would not do it even if he died." Xiao Chenyi said righteously.

"Oh, any wish is fine. As long as this palace says a word, even Ancestral Dragon Nest will listen to this palace's opinion." The female voice continued.

"Any wish..." Xiao Chen's eyes darkly changed.

If this ancient freak in the Ancestral Dragon Nest kills Jun Xiaoyao for him...

Xiao Chen shook his head suddenly, suppressing this thought.

"No, I will repay Xiao Chen's hatred by myself!" Xiao Chen continued to concentrate on absorbing the blood of the Supreme.

"Oh...really, from the perspective of this palace, human nature is very dirty..." the female voice murmured, and then fell into silence.

Xiao Chen also breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed that the ancient freak in the Ancestral Dragon Nest should have certain restrictions and could not be released temporarily.

He can finally settle down to practice.

"Jun Xiaoyao, wait, don't be surprised the next time you appear in front of you..." Xiao Chen's eyes lit up a flame of revenge.

...

On the side of the Sixiang Ancient Country, after it has stabilized completely, Jun Xiaoyao is also ready to return to Jun's house.

After all, he has to start preparing for the next round.

Against the Panwu Shen Dynasty Bureau.

In Panwuling, Jun Xiaoyao must go, not just because of signing in.

It is even more because he may be in it to find the opportunity for the awakening of the next Eucharist vision.

Only Panwu Mausoleum was the private treasure of the Panwu God Dynasty, and it was impossible for outsiders to enter casually.

Let alone a big figure with the identity of Jun Xiaoyao.

No power is so stupid as to take the opportunity of one's own family to support the arrogance of another family.

When Jun Xiaoyao left the ancient country of Suzaku, Bai Yuer was extremely reluctant.

"The ancient country of Four Elephants will be handed over to you and the Lord of the Vermilion Bird, don't let me down." Jun Xiaoyao said.

"Yes, Yuer must take good care of the ancient country of Vermilion Bird!" Bai Yuer looked firm.

After that, Jun Xiaoyao returned to Jun's house with everyone.

The Panwu God Dynasty, the champion Hou Yuezhan, is still fermenting.

Jun Xiaoyao never made any statement.

This time, some people began to spread rumors on purpose.

Said that the son of the Jun family was afraid of the champion and did not dare to challenge.

The people who deliberately spread such rumors ~www.mtlnovel.com~ have champions as well as people from the ancient royal family.

Their purpose is undoubtedly to discredit Jun Xiaoyao.

Of course, there are also many strong supporters of Jun Xiaoyao, who think that Jun Xiaoyao is just disdain to challenge.

Most of these supporters are women.

After all, no matter where you are, there is always no shortage of such things as stubborn fans.

But the facts are indeed as these supporters think.

Jun Xiaoyao is just too lazy to fight, just slap Yang Pan by the way, why bother?

A few more months passed.

Jun Xiaoyao is twelve years old.

He has a more prosperous body and a more handsome face.

The only thing that bothered Jun Xiaoyao was that there was no immortal source to cultivate the immortal body of Daluo.

Later, the Jun family gave Jun Xiaoyao more than a dozen Yuan Yuan, but for Jun Xiaoyao, it was far from enough.

Looking at these ten thousand yuan of immortal sources, Jun Xiaoyao did not expect that he would have a day when he lacked resources.

"This Immortal Immortal Body of Da Luo consumes really terrifying resources, more than that of the ancient sacrament." Jun Xiaoyao shook his head helplessly.

"Let's suspend cultivation first and find a way to get some resources."

"Is it possible to blackmail some resources from the Panwu God Dynasty? As the eldest princess of the God Dynasty, Wu Mingyue should have a lot of resources." Jun Xiaoyao murmured.

If Wu Mingyue heard this, I was afraid to say that Jun Xiaoyao had Shura's heart again.

"Well, it's time to go to the Panwu God Dynasty. Some rounds should be arranged in advance."

"I would also like to see that Xiao Chen and Na Yang clashed, the dog bit the dog and made a furry." Jun Xiaoyao smiled.

He knew that because of Wu Mingyue's relationship, Xiao Chen and Yang Pan would definitely have a conflict.

When the time comes, wouldn't it be interesting to watch two leeks pinch each other?

[Chapter 96: The banquet of the gods is about to start, all forces rush to, Wanhuang Lingshan Tianjiao...](#)

After thinking about the follow-up plan, Jun Xiaoyao was alone, riding in a cart pulled by nine lions, leaving Jun's house and heading to Panwu God Dynasty.

He didn't bring Jun Zhuangjian and others, even Jun Linglong.

Because this time, Jun Xiaoyao had to act alone and it was not convenient to take them.

Just after Jun Xiaoyao left Jun's house.

The entire Immortal Territory also gradually caused waves.

Because of the news from the Panwu God Dynasty, a grand banquet will be held in the Forbidden City, the imperial capital of Panwu God Dynasty, half a month later.

The Panwu God Dynasty will invite all forces from the Wild Heaven and Immortal Territory to come.

At that time, the Panwu God Dynasty will also select Wu Mingyue's horse from among the young talents of many forces.

As soon as this news came out, the clouds moved from all directions, and countless forces were all leaving. Various boats, chariots, and flying ancient beasts swept across the sky from time to time and drove in the direction of Panwushen.

As a powerful immortal dynasty, if you can marry its eldest princess and become a consort, it can almost be said to be an alliance.

Those top-level orthodoxy, want to form an alliance with the Panwu God Dynasty, to a higher level.

The immortal forces wanted to turn Panwu Shenchao into their ally.

After all, lone palms are hard to scream, even if it is a powerful immortal force, if there is no friendly force, there is also the risk of being besieged by other immortal Daoism.

Because of this, many forces are moved, ready to let the disciples try their luck.

Not to mention that the princess of the gods, her face is outstanding, she is also a beautiful woman, her popularity is very high, and her reputation is well-known in the deserted fairyland.

The superposition of the two reasons made the Panwu Shen Dynasty banquet very powerful.

But at the same time the news spread.

On the side of champion Hou Fu, champion Hou Yangpan spoke again.

He said that if the son of the Jun family dare not fight, then in the future, he will personally climb the gate of the Jun family to challenge.

As soon as this heavy news came out, it caused great waves.

Many people feel that this champion Hou Weiwei is too rampant.

Dare to go to the Junjiashan gate to block others.

The last Long Haotian who went to the Junjia Mountain Gate to challenge, the grass on the head of his grave was five feet high.

Many female monks who worship Jun Xiaoyao are angry.

"Champion Hou is ugly, just jealous of my happy and prosperous beauty!"

"Yes, what about his strength? Don't you know that this is the age of looking at faces?"

"Furthermore, my family is happy, and the strength is also invincible of the same generation, so what is the champion?"

...

Desolate ancient Jiang family, within the family land.

"Damn it, hate it, it's so damning, it's mad!"

A petite and exquisite figure, stamping his jade feet, was so angry that behind his little head, both double pony tails were raised.

A delicate face is also a cute little expression.

"Luo Li, if you don't cultivate well, you will always be locked up in the clan field."

Not far away, dressed in snow clothes, Jiang Shengyi, who was immortal and graceful, walked up and looked at Jiang Luoli with a fierce face, and had a headache.

"Hmph, Luo Li couldn't bear this tone, that champion, even spreading such news, trying to discredit Xiaoyao brother!" Jiang Luoli frowned, with an angry expression on his face.

"It's just a lot of villains. The champion Hou's temperament is notoriously bad, so I don't need to care about it. He doesn't care about Xiaoyao either." Jiang Shengyi said.

The matter of champion Hou Yue Zhanjun Xiaoyao, is raging in the fairyland.

Although Jiang Luoli retreats in the clan, she can still get news through the maid.

"No, I want to leave the customs and go to Panwu Shenchao!" Jiang Luoli said.

"What are you going to do, are you going to fight for the horse?" Jiang Shengyi joked.

"I'm going to suppress the champion, stomping on his face to vent my anger, and see if he dares to provoke Xiaoyao brother!" Jiang Luoli said righteously.

"Oh? Is it just that?" Jiang Shengyi smiled slightly, seeming to see Jiang Luoli through.

When Jiang Luoli heard the words, her pretty face turned red, and she lowered her head a little embarrassedly, her two jade fingers twisted at each other.

"Of course, even though it is impossible for Brother Xiaoyao to fight for some kind of spouse, in case..." Jiang Luoli hesitated.

Obviously, Jiang Luoli was afraid that Jun Xiaoyao would go to a banquet, and then compete for the position of the horse and marry Wu Mingyue.

After all, Wu Mingyue is also a very famous peerless beauty, and almost no man can see Wu Mingyue without being moved.

"This is your main purpose, right?" Jiang Shengyi smiled.

There is no marriage yet, Jiang Luoli has become a little hen who protects herself.

Jiang Luoli was very embarrassed to be said, and her crystal earlobes were all red.

"Okay, then I will take you there." Jiang Shengyi smiled helplessly and rubbed Jiang Luoli's little head.

"Oh yeah, Sister Shengyi is the best!" Jiang Luoli's brilliant smile turned into a crescent shape.

Jiang Shengyi also smiled slightly, but there was a touch of unnoticeable sadness deep in his eyes.

"This Nizi, really likes Xiaoyao very much..."

...

On the other side, Huangguye Family Land.

On a towering mountain top, a blue-shirted youth with a handsome face and a sword eyebrow was sitting cross-legged.

The sky above his head was like a curtain of night.

A dazzling galaxy, flowing in the night, amidst the beauty, with an extremely dangerous aura.

This boy is no one else, but Ye Xingyun.

As early as when Jun Xiaoyao was ten years old, Ye Xingyun was severely ravaged by Jun Xiaoyao and lost his face.

But Ye Xingyun, a blessing in disguise, awakened a certain memory.

After that, Ye Xingyun's personality seemed to have undergone subtle changes, becoming more and more calm and restrained.

No longer like before, arrogant and sharp.

"Panwu God, champion Hou Yuezhan, with Jun Xiaoyao's character, it is impossible to be absent." Ye Xingyun narrowed his eyes ~www.mtlnovel.com~ thinking.

Although his character has changed a little, his hatred has not changed.

Jun Xiaoyao, he wants to get back in revenge.

Jiang Luoli, he also wanted to grab it.

"Well, I will go to Panwu God Dynasty this time, just to find out the true strength of that Jun Xiaoyao."

Ye Xingyun was sure to let Fuber prepare the car.

...

Chizhou, a vast expanse of ancient Lingshan.

The entire Lingshan Mountain covers a very wide area, filled with smoke and clouds, and all over the sky.

There are Danya strange rocks, strange cliffs, colorful phoenixes flying, and phoenix birds circling.

At a glance, you can't see the end of the mountain range.

This boundary is exactly the clan land of Wanhuan Lingshan, one of the ancient imperial families.

Wanhuan Lingshan is a top-notch Archaic imperial family alongside the Ancestral Dragon's Nest, with profound background and strong strength.

At this moment, an old voice came from a mountain range.

"Huang Xuanyi, Feng Qingling, you two, go to the Panwu God Dynasty, remember, don't lose my reputation as Wanhuanling Mountain."

"Yes, please follow the orders of the Great Elder!"

In the mountains, two figures of a man and a woman, surrounded by blazing divine light, rose into the air.

Above the sky, two golden phoenix birds were pulling two carts.

These two figures directly flashed into it.

"I really don't know if this time, can I see the rumored son of the Jun family?" Feng Qing said in the car.

"Heh, I also want to see what kind of character Jun Xiaoyao is, who has made Ancestral Dragon Nest's face lost again and again." Huang Xuan joined together.

"But we, it's Long Haotian and Long Bichi." Feng Qingling chuckles.

"If Jun Xiaoyao underestimated us, he would suffer a lot..." Huang Xuan's tone was also very relaxed, with a sense of calm and contentment.

[Chapter 97: Leading girl Qin Xuan, above the imperial city, on the top of the Forbidden City, can be expected...](#)

Just when the whole fairyland was surging.

Jun Xiaoyao, located in the center of the eye of the storm, is about to reach the imperial capital of the Panwu dynasty.

He passed several teleportation formations halfway and reached Panwu Daozhou.

The imperial capital of the Panwu dynasty was in the central area of Panwu Daozhou.

There is only half a month left, enough for Jun Xiaoyao's next arrangement.

At this time, the sound of nine lions came from outside the car.

"Master, in front is the capital of the Emperor Panwu."

Jun Xiaoyao heard the words and took a look at the curtain.

Ahead, a majestic and majestic city with extreme majesty, towering above the earth.

The entire giant city is wide and boundless, and its walls are like the Great Wall extending to infinity from left to right.

Within the imperial capital, there are pavilions, towers and pavilions, noisy markets, and crowds.

There are many floating islands suspended in the sky, and palaces are scattered on them, just like gods.

"This Martial God dynasty is worthy of being an immortal dynasty, but it also has a certain atmosphere."
Jun Xiaoyao looked at it.

Immortal Taoism, transcendence above, is the giant of Xianyu, each is not simple.

It is precisely because of this that, although the Jun family and the Ancestral Dragon Nest have deep hatred, they have never set off an immortal battle.

Because both sides know that it is not that simple to completely eradicate one party's immortal forces.

Of course, strictly speaking, it is Zulong's Nest that is more afraid of the monarch.

And the Panwu God Dynasty, as the Taoism created by the Panwu Emperor, although it is not at its peak, it has not fallen much.

Jun Xiaoyao's figure fell from the sky, and the nine lions broke free from the reins and followed Jun Xiaoyao.

"Dog left, are you too conspicuous like this?" Jun Xiaoyao looked sideways.

The nine lions are all poured out of gold, with golden light shining, so that people can't open their eyes. The golden color is too dazzling.

Jun Xiaoyao didn't want to let himself become a monkey in the zoo and be watched by people.

And some of the things he wants to do are inconvenient to be too public.

"Master, can you not call others' real names?" the nine lions whispered, grimly.

Then, its figure shrank suddenly, and finally turned into a one in Jun Xiaoyao's attention...

Uh... Shiba Inu.

That's right, in Jun Xiaoyao's eyes, this is no different from Shiba Inu.

It's just that this is a nine-headed Shiba Inu, which looks weird and funny.

"Is this a walking emoticon, no matter what." Jun Xiaoyao sighed lightly.

At least the nine Shiba Inu were not so ostentatious.

Jun Xiaoyao held his hand and entered the imperial capital through the city gate like a stroll in a leisurely courtyard.

The sergeant of the Shen Dynasty guarding the gate of the city, seeing Jun Xiaoyao, were all surprised and afraid to stop him.

Because Jun Xiaoyao's temperament is too detached.

The whole body was faintly divine, shrouded in fairy radiance, and the whole body was filled with immortal charm and Taoism.

This is naturally attributed to the Daluo fairy bone he refined.

Jun Xiaoyao's appearance is also shrouded by Xianhui, which makes people indistinct.

Jun Xiaoyao was just like that, without any hindrance, he entered the imperial capital directly.

After Jun Xiaoyao left, a young guard asked in doubt: "Chief guard, why didn't you stop that person to check his identity? All monks must be checked when entering the city."

"You are so stunned, can that kind of character be able to stop the inspection casually, maybe it is a proud man of an immortal orthodoxy, and his status is not lower than that of the princess!" The chief guard glared.

"Oh, that's it." The young guard also nodded again and again, feeling scared for a while.

After Jun Xiaoyao entered the imperial capital, he also attracted a lot of attention.

Although his appearance was concealed by the seemingly non-existent haze, his temperament could not be concealed.

Many young girls, and some powerful female monks, couldn't help looking at Xiangjun Xiaoyao from the corner of their eyes.

There are many people who know Jun Xiaoyao's name in the entire Huangtian Fairyland.

But few people have actually met him.

In addition, there are also many disciples of immortal Taoism, who are in royal bodies, **** bodies, etc., and their bodies are covered with misty charm.

It's impossible that everyone who has a fairy light shrouded in him is Jun Xiaoyao, right?

Therefore, no one can see through.

At this time, a young girl in a plain blue sarong looked hesitant, but in the end she gritted her teeth and bit her scalp and walked forward.

"This is the first time for the son to come to the imperial capital of the gods. Qin Xuan can lead the son and understand various situations."

The young girl named Qin Xuan was worried.

She had also attracted many disciples from big forces, but it was the first time for a mysterious and transcendent existence like Jun Xiaoyao.

The other female monks only dared to wait and see from a distance, and didn't have the courage to approach.

"Oh?" Jun Xiaoyao's eyes fell on Qin Xuan, his eyebrows lightly raised.

Qin Xuan was only fifteen or sixteen years old, and his cultivation level had reached the Great Perfection in the Divine Bridge Realm.

He noticed this, but didn't say anything.

"Yes, then you can lead the way." Jun Xiaoyao took out a piece of exquisite source of God.

A group of passers-by around were staring at it.

"Fuck, this is a source of superb quality, that son is too tyrant, right?"

"It's definitely a descendant of some immortal force, hey, I really envy that girl!"

There were many exclamations around, and many female monks bit their lips and stomped their feet, cursing that they had missed the opportunity.

Qin Xuan also opened her mouth slightly, looking flattered.

Jun Xiaoyao's expression was rather plain.

Because Peerless God Source is already his most common currency.

"My son, let me tell you the latest news. In a few days, the banquet of the eldest princess of God Dynasty will be held."

"There is also the champion, who will fight the king's son at the top of the Forbidden City."

"I heard that the deity of the Jun family is a godlike figure, with an invincible appearance of his peers."

When Qin Xuan said Jun Xiaoyao, her beautiful eyes were full of longing.

After all, Jun Xiaoyao is already a dream in the hearts of hundreds of millions of girls in Xianyu.

The eyes of the nine lions that followed were strange.

If this girl knows that the one next to her is the prince's son she admires and longs for, is she afraid that she will faint with excitement?

But then, when it comes to Champion Hou, her mood is obviously wrong, and there is a fluctuation
~www.mtnovel.com~ It seems that there is a kind of hatred in it.

Jun Xiaoyao looked in his eyes and asked casually: "If the son of the Jun family really agrees, who do you hope will win?"

Qin Xuan heard this, with a deep hatred in her eyes, and said without hesitation: "Qin Xuan hopes that the king's son can win, and even kill the champion!"

A different color flashed in Jun Xiaoyao's eyes and said: "At your age, you have the cultivation base of Shenqiao Dzugchen, and your background should not be simple. How can you become a leader?"

Qin Xuan clenched her fists with her five fingers, and said in a deep voice: "I am a member of Qin Tianhou's Mansion, and my father is Shenchao Qin Tianhou."

"And my mother was a well-known beauty in the Shen Dynasty. Later, she was fancied by the champion Hou and wanted to be included in his harem. My father refused, and was killed by him, and my mother died."

"The entire Hou Mansion has fallen, I can only live outside." Qin Xuan whispered, but the hatred in her eyes was thick and could not be resolved.

"So it is." Jun Xiaoyao nodded slightly.

He didn't have much sympathy, after all, there are too many people worthy of sympathy in this world.

Jun Xiaoyao is not the kind of Virgin who pity the miserable people.

"Sorry, I must have made the son unhappy after talking about so many personal matters." Qin Xuan regained her mood and smiled reluctantly.

"Don't you want revenge?" Jun Xiaoyao asked.

"Vengeance? The champion Hou is in the Panwu dynasty, like an emperor. Who can get revenge on him?" Qin Xuan said bitterly, very weak.

"Above the imperial city, the top of the Forbidden City, you may be able to look forward to it then."

Jun Xiaoyao whispered, holding his hands and walking in front of him leisurely.

Seeing Jun Xiaoyao's back, Qin Xuan was a little stunned for a while.

She didn't quite understand what Jun Xiaoyao meant by saying this.

[Chapter 98: Tianqin Girl's Qin Fighting will be arranged for the 3 princes, Feng Qingling will come...](#)

Under Qin Xuan's introduction, Jun Xiaoyao had an understanding of the imperial city.

"By the way, in this imperial city, is there a place to get the source stone?" Jun Xiaoyao asked.

"Source stone?" Qin Xuan glanced at Jun Xiaoyao.

That means, obviously.

Would someone who can take out even the superb **** source at will, still lack the source stone?

"I'm talking about Xianyuan." Jun Xiaoyao said.

"Xianyuan?" Qin Xuan was slightly surprised.

For a person of her level, Peerless God Source is already an opportunity that cannot be met.

As for Xianyuan, she didn't even think about it.

"By the way, I remembered that in a few days, Xianqionglou, the goddess of the Xianwu Qin Sect, the Tianqin Girl, will hold a Qin Fight."

"If anyone can beat the Lyra Girl in the Qin Dao aspect, he will be rewarded with three hundred yuan from the fairy source." Qin Xuan said suddenly.

Jun Xiaoyao was slightly surprised when he heard this.

He knows the Xianwu Qin Sect, a famous top-level orthodoxy who uses the piano to enter Taoism.

Once, the master of the Xianwu Qin Sect once subdued the four saints, Wang Qiang, with the sound of the piano.

The Lyra Girl is also a prestigious beauty and the top proud girl of the Fairy Dance Qin Sect.

"Although Xianwu Qinzong is a top-level orthodoxy, does it take out three hundred yuan of immortal sources?" Jun Xiaoyao was puzzled.

"The prince doesn't know that those fairy sources were gathered by the followers of the Lyrican girl, such as the young master of the Wanbao Chamber of Commerce, the third prince of the Panwu God Dynasty and so on."

"Wait, you said that the third prince of the Panwu God Dynasty is a follower of the Tianqin Girl?" Jun Xiaoyao's eyes flickered slightly.

"That's right, it's just that the Qin Girl was an iceberg beauty that day, with an arrogant personality. Even the third prince could not pursue her hard." Qin Xuan said.

This is not a big secret, many people know it.

Jun Xiaoyao thought in his mind, a plan gradually appeared in his mind.

"My piano skill is average, but dealing with the piano fight should be fairly easy."

"If everything can be as I imagined, then Pan Wuling will be stable." Jun Xiaoyao smiled at the corner of his mouth, and he was confident.

Calculating an immortal force is not that simple.

But for Jun Xiaoyao, it is not too difficult to complete.

"That Wu Mingyue is the first chess piece, and the third prince of the Martial God Dynasty is the second chess piece." Jun Xiaoyao whispered in his heart.

As the time goes.

The entire imperial capital is also getting more and more lively.

Every day, you can see many young talents of top orthodoxy come.

And before Wu Mingyue chooses the consort and the champion Hou Yuezhan.

One more thing caused a small sensation.

That is the heavenly arrogant girl of the Xianwu Qinzong, the Tianqin Girl, who will hold a Qin fight in Xianqiong Tower.

This Tianqin girl is also a well-known beauty in Huangtian Fairyland.

It's just that she is an iceberg beauty and has no interest in the pursuit of any young talent.

Only the Qin Dao can arouse the interest of the Lyra Girl.

But Qin Dao is very partial. In the entire Wild Heaven and Immortal Realm, how many young talents are proficient in Qin Dao?

It is precisely because of this that no man has been able to enter the eyes of a Lyra woman.

Some people even made up a joke for this.

If a man can conquer the Lyra female.

Then that man must be the **** of Qindao.

Of course, even if Tianqin's female personality is like this, the people who pursue her are still like the crucian carp.

The three hundred fairy sources in the Qin Fighting Club were sponsored by the licking dogs of the Lyra Girl.

...

Xianqiong Tower is one of the most luxurious and luxurious pavilions in the imperial capital of God.

The entrance fee just to enter the Xianqiong Tower requires ten low-grade gods.

It can be said that this is the most luxurious place, and only the top Taoist disciples, the princes and nobles of the gods, and the immortal forces Tianjiao can enter.

Today, on the top floor of Xianqiong Building, there is rain and sunshine covering it.

Many young talents are gathered together.

It can be said that apart from the eldest princess's son-in-law banquet, this piano fight will be the most grand.

Among the Tianjiao scattered around, there are many amazing auras, all of which are the top talents of various forces.

In one of the VIP seats, there was a young man in a luxurious red-gold robe.

He has a handsome face, a calm temperament, and the breath of a superior. He is the third prince of the Panwu dynasty.

At this moment, his eyes are looking at the high platform with obsession and nostalgia.

On the high platform, the mist is faint.

A glamorous and graceful woman in a big red floral dress robe was sitting on it.

Her skin is extremely white and her appearance is very beautiful.

A Suqin is placed in front of you, stroking the strings, looking from a distance, it is like a beautiful scenery in a scroll.

This girl is the arrogant girl of the fairy dance Qin Sect, the Lyra girl.

A woman who entered the Taoist way with the piano, was pure and clean.

At this moment, her slender and snow-white hands, like sheep's fat jade, were gently ticking the strings, and the gurgling sound of the piano was like running water, unexpectedly attracted spirit birds to fly around Xianqiong Tower.

"This song should only be found in the sky, and it is rare to hear it in the world..." The third prince was fascinated and full of praise.

The attractiveness of Lyra Girl ~www.mtlnovel.com~ is not only her appearance, but also the temperament that exudes from her bones.

"Listen to a fairy song, and wash away the dust on the earth..." On the other side, a handsome young man with a kind of noble character also sighed.

He is the Young Master of Wanbao Chamber of Commerce.

Wanbao Chamber of Commerce is a well-known chamber of commerce in Huangtian Immortal Territory. It has strong strength and trades with many immortal traditions.

And a large part of the three hundred yuan in the Qin Fighting Club came from the young master of the Wanbao Chamber of Commerce.

Of course, although they were in pain when they came out of this Xianyuan, it was also for Boga's laugh.

It's just that it's hard to make Lyra female laugh.

It is even more difficult to make her look different.

At this moment, there was a golden phoenix bird in the distance of the sky, pulling a chariot and driving towards Xianqiong Tower.

When they saw the Phoenix Bird, many Tianjiaos were surprised at the top floor of Xianqiong Building.

"That's... the phoenix bird of Ten Thousand Phoenix Spirit Mountain. Could it be that a descendant of Ten Thousand Phoenix Spirit Mountain was born?"

Everyone was extremely surprised.

The phoenix bird stopped in the void, and a slender figure shrouded in a red glow came out of the chariot.

Behind her, there is a pair of phoenix wings, the beauty of which is dazzling in the sky, which makes people indistinct.

It is Feng Qingling.

As soon as she and Huang Xuan arrived at the Emperor of God's Capital, they heard about the Qin Fighting Club.

It just so happened that Feng Qingling was also good at piano music, so he came to the meeting alone with the desire to win.

The Tianqin girl glanced at Feng Qingling and said nothing.

Compared to her strength, she may not be able to compare to the descendant of the ancient royal family.

But Biqinyi, she asked herself, did not lose any immortal patriots.

As time goes by, all the talents are coming together, and the Qin Club will begin.

And just at this moment, a figure in white clothes stepped into Xianqiong Tower...

[Chapter 99: Feng Qingling was defeated when the Qin fight began](#)

"My son, do we really want to come in?"

Qin Xuan, who was following Jun Xiaoyao, glanced at the luxurious and luxurious Xianqiong Tower, with a sense of anxiety on her face.

She has never entered such an upscale place.

"If you don't come in, how can you participate in the piano fight?" Jun Xiaoyao smiled.

He casually took out a superb **** source, and threw it to the young man in Xianqiong Tower.

The little servant looked dumbfounded, and did not dare to stop Jun Xiaoyao from entering.

Qin Xuan nodded slightly.

She also regarded Jun Xiaoyao as a suitor who admired and admired the Tianqin girl.

As for fighting the piano?

Qin Xuan never thought about it.

Soon, Jun Xiaoyao and Qin Xuan boarded the top floor of Xianqiong Building.

When Jun Xiaoyao appeared, the eyes of the audience couldn't help but converge.

That kind of aura is so special that it's hard for people to even notice.

"Hey, who is that with such an amazing outlook?"

"How do I feel like an immortal has fallen into the mortal dust?"

Many talents of the big powers have different colors in their eyes.

The three princes and the young master of the Wanbao Chamber of Commerce were also surprised.

Especially the three princes, while surprised, there was a faint sense of guard in his eyes.

In his opinion, most of the men who come to participate in the Qin fight are to pay homage to the fairy posture of the Lyra female.

The three princes had long regarded the Lyra female as a forbidden existence.

The mysterious son shrouded in fairy light in front of him gave the third prince a faint sense of threat.

Because in front of the white-clothed prince, even his prince had a vague sense of inferiority.

Like a humble mortal, facing a fairy.

This feeling made the three princes extremely unhappy.

What made him even more uncomfortable was that the gaze of the Lyra woman was also attracted by the white-clothed young man.

"It's amazing..."

Rao is the frosty character of the Lyra Girl, and she is also surprised at this moment.

In front of the white-clothed young man, she was vaguely embarrassed.

Jun Xiaoyao didn't care about the gaze of the audience, and found a place to sit down at will.

On the other hand, Qin Xuan was a little flustered by being watched by so many people.

"Huh... he..."

On the other side, Feng Qingling also noticed Jun Xiaoyao.

The red clouds in her eyes condensed, wanting to see through the fairy mist on Jun Xiaoyao's face.

"Huh?" Jun Xiaoyao raised his eyebrows slightly, and the true spirit in the divine palace released his soul power in his mind.

Suddenly, Feng Qingling frowned, feeling a pain in his mind.

"This person has some ways." Feng Qingling frowned and gave up spying.

After all, when she came this time, she mainly wanted to meet the Lyrae, who is known as the number one piano artist.

Jun Xiaoyao retracted his gaze and murmured: "People of Ten Thousand Phoenix Spirit Mountain, it seems that this vein has also begun to act."

The Zulong Nest was doing things before.

Now the descendants of Wanhua Lingshan have also appeared.

And these two veins happen to have a good relationship, and they are both aimed at the Jun family.

Therefore, Jun Xiaoyao naturally has no good impressions of Feng Qingling.

"Everyone, it's almost time, so let's start the Qin Fighting Club now." An old woman from the Immortal Dance Qinzong said beside the high platform.

She is also the protector of the Lyra Girl.

"Haha, if that's the case, then I will show my ugliness first, and I also ask the Lyra female to give me some advice." A young man walked out, smiling, and took out his guqin.

"please."

The Lyra woman only uttered one word, her voice was clear and cold.

The youth played the piano, and the sound of the piano was like running water.

As for the Lyra girl, her glamorous eyebrows were always indifferent.

After listening to the song of the young man, the Lyra woman plucked the strings with her slender fingers.

In an instant, the sound of the piano sounded like a natural sound.

There is a holy glow around her, there is a cloud of smoke rising, and there is a gleam in the void, which sets off the heavenly piano girl, and it is like a fairy in the piano.

Almost everyone present was intoxicated by hearing it, and the three princes and the young master of Wanbao Chamber of Commerce and others had a strong admiration in their hearts.

The song of Lyra Girl falls, and the reverberation is endless.

"This is a fairy tune, wonderful, wonderful!"

"After listening to the music of the Lyra Woman, I feel as if I am about to sublimate." Many talented people are sighing.

"It's really good." Qin Xuan was also fascinated.

Even people like her who don't know the way of the piano are a little fascinated.

"Not bad." Jun Xiaoyao said lightly.

He does not specialize in piano practice, nor has he practiced much.

But with Jun Xiaoyao's enchanting talent, plus some famous guqin songs known in previous lives.

Under the fusion of the two, Jun Xiaoyao's piano art has reached its peak without knowing it.

As for the music of the Lyrae girl, to his ears, it can only be regarded as pretty good, and it belongs to the category that can be appreciated.

The young man who challenged the Tianqin girl, arched his hands to the Tianqin girl: "As expected of the young generation in the fairyland, the first Lyra girl in the Qin Dao, I will bow down."

"Accepted." Yu Rong, the Lyrican girl, was lightly, not happy because of the victory.

Next, several Tianjiao came forward to challenge one after another, all of them lost.

Seeing this scene, the three princes, the young master of Wanbao Chamber of Commerce and others all smiled.

No one can beat the Lyra Girl in piano art, and no one can arouse the interest of Lyra Girl.

At this time, a female voice with a touch of arrogance came.

"Let Qingling come for a while, you, the younger generation of Xianyu, the first person in Qin Dao."

Feng Qingling got up, dressed in a long red dress, UU reading www.uukanshu.com outlines a tall and graceful figure.

Although the face was shrouded in the gods, but the vaguely stunning glimpse was amazing.

She took out a fiery red guqin, the strings seemed to linger in flames.

It is an extremely powerful princely weapon.

"I don't dare to be the first person in Qin Dao. Since Miss Feng is going to challenge, then please." The Tianqin girl's tone is light, but she also implies a **** for tat.

The two faced each other and started playing the piano at the same time.

"Listen to me, Feng Qiu Huang!" Feng Qing Lingyu touched the strings, there were countless red runes, branding in the void.

Then, there was a sound of phoenix and phoenix.

One phoenix, one phoenix, two lifelike divine birds, surrounded Feng Qingling.

Such a vision surprised many people.

Tianqin Girl also started to play her famous song, Neisang Yuyi.

In an instant, everyone seemed to see the immortal palace come to the world, the fairy ere dancing, the sky falling chaotically, and the ground gushing golden lotus.

Everyone seems to be intoxicated, I don't know what year it is.

Two piano music, interweaving and colliding.

Finally, there was a boom.

One of Feng Qingling's strings broke.

Her face was faintly cyan, and her eyebrows changed.

Finally, I stopped playing the piano.

"It's worthy of being the first person in the young generation of piano in Xianyu. If even I can't defeat you, then no one can defeat you." Feng Qingling shook his head slightly.

She comes from Wanhuanling Mountain, with pride and nobility in her bones.

But now, she also had to admit that she was defeated.

Of course, this is only a defeat on the piano road, if it is really better than her strength, the Lyra Girl is definitely not as good as her.

Moreover, Feng Qingling is also very proud.

She believes that she can't defeat the Lyra Girl, and no one in the entire Huangtian Fairyland can beat the Lyra Girl on the piano road.

[Chapter 100: 1 Qu Guangling is scattered, the avenue is manifested, shocking the audience, the young girl of Tianqin...](#)

Seeing that even Feng Qingling from Wanhuanling Mountain is no match for the Tianqin Girl on the piano road.

The love of the three princes and others is even stronger.

"Hehe, Tianqin Girl has the legend of the Sect Master of the Immortal Dance Qin Sect. On the Qin Dao, I am afraid that no one can beat you." The young master of the Wanbao Chamber of Commerce flattered.

"That's not true. My master said that there is one person in Qin Dao, who is far from her." The Tianqin woman said suddenly.

"Oh, who is it?" the third prince asked.

The people present were also very curious.

In terms of strength, the Sect Master of the Immortal Dance Qin Sect may not be at the top in the Wild Heaven Immortal Domain.

But if you talk about Qin Dao, that sovereign can be the number one.

The Tianqin girl shook her head slightly and said: "My master didn't say much, only said that that person seems to have something to do with the Jun family."

Hearing this, many people around were very surprised.

"The ancient monarch's house?" The three princes also flickered.

If it is said that the emperor has mentioned the most name recently, is it possible that Jun is happy.

"Jun's family..." There was a slight coldness in Feng Qingling's eyes.

She has no affection for the Jun family.

But Jun Xiaoyao also felt a little surprised.

"It wouldn't be such a coincidence?" Jun Xiaoyao thought of his mysterious protector who had never appeared.

The Daoist's Qin Dao is strong enough to kill the saint at will.

Jun Xiaoyao guessed that in the mouth of the female Tianqin, the master of the Qin Dao who even admired the Sect Master of the Immortal Dance Qin Dao, and Bacheng was his guardian.

At this time, the old woman who defended the Tianqin girl said: "Is there anyone else who wants to challenge the young lady?"

The entire top floor of Xianqiong Building was quiet.

Even Feng Qingling of Wanhuanling Mountain was defeated.

Who else dares to shoot?

"My son, it seems that this piano fight is about to end." Qin Xuan said from the side.

However, Jun Xiaoyao stood up.

"The son?" Qin Xuan looked puzzled.

"I'm taking the liberty to challenge the Lyra female, I wonder if you can?" Jun Xiaoyao said lightly.

All the eyes around, Qi Qi fell to Jun Xiaoyao.

A ray of surprise flashed in the beautiful eyes of the Lyra female.

She has been secretly paying attention to Jun Xiaoyao, after all, his temperament is too vulgar.

"Of course, I didn't expect the son to be a piano player." The female Tianqin said actively.

"Forget it, I probably played for a few months." Jun Xiaoyao said.

It was indeed only a few months since he signed in and got Fengming Qishan.

However, as soon as these words came out, the entire Xianqiong Building fell silent.

Many people are even more surprised.

"Is this person entertaining the Lyra girl?"

"I've only been studying the piano for a few months, and want to challenge the first person on the Qin Dao in the Wild Immortal Domain?"

Everyone felt that this mysterious young man was afraid to be funny.

Even the Lyra girl with a frosty temperament could not help but be stunned.

If she were to be a person, the Lyrae might not even bother to compete with her.

But Jun Xiaoyao's temperament is too special, like an immortal, it is impossible to refuse, wanting to find out.

"Yes, please, please." The female Tianqin said with deep eyes.

Jun Xiaoyao sat cross-legged on the high platform.

There was a hint of sarcasm in Feng Qingling's eyes.

Even she can't compare to the Lyra Girl. How can someone who has been studying piano for a few months be able to compare?

But at the next moment, Feng Qingling's eyes suddenly solidified.

The pupils suddenly shrank, and breathing seemed to stop.

Because Jun Xiaoyao took out a guqin.

The red gilt, exquisite and gorgeous, with a mysterious and powerful power fluctuation.

It is Guqin, Fengming Qishan.

"I'm not mistaken, is that Ancient Saint Soldier?"

"It's really an ancient sage soldier, what is the origin of that young man, he can come up with an ancient sacred soldier!"

If they were just talents, everyone was quite disapproving of Jun Xiaoyao.

So now, it is completely shocked!

After all, no one can take out the Old Saint Soldier.

"That young man is definitely a descendant of an immortal tradition!" Someone thought to himself.

The third prince was also surprised.

There were many discussions in the entire Xianqiong Building.

Feng Qingling looked at Fengming Qishan, her beautiful eyes filled with unprecedented heat.

That piano fits her too well.

If she had got the violin early, maybe she would not lose to the Lyra girl.

Greed surged in Feng Qingling's eyes.

As the Taikoo royal family, domineering is a character that has been melted into their blood.

And here, the girl's heart was shaken.

She became more sure that the fairy-like son in front of him was very big.

Next, the Tianqin girl calmed her mind and began to play the piano.

Still a good trump card, neon clothes feather song.

Jun Xiaoyao's slender fingers plucked the strings.

One of the top ten famous songs, Guangling San!

When the song comes out, the sky is auspicious and the flowers of the avenue bloom.

In the void, patches of light and rain fell.

This is the concrete manifestation of Tao, making everyone present seem to have experienced a sublimation.

As for Jun Xiaoyao, his whole body was shrouded in Xianhui, his aura was too sacred, and his aura was full.

At this moment, everyone lost consciousness.

In the song Jun Xiaoyao, Tao has been integrated into the sound of the piano, which is a kind of comprehension and evolution.

It has even surpassed the music itself!

Feng Qingling took a deep breath, his scarlet eyes were full of shock.

She just said that if she cannot defeat the Lyra Girl, no one in the entire fairyland can beat the Lyra Girl.

But now, hearing this music, Feng Qingling was lost.

This Qin song, Lyra Girl's Feather Clothes Song, is far incomparable!

The Lyra woman stopped stroking the qin, her beautiful eyes stunned.

She could no longer play.

Because she plays only form.

And Jun Xiaoyao is a god!

If the Qin Dao has a god, then it should also look like Jun Xiaoyao!

"Lost." The Lyra female murmured, feeling like she never had before, emerging from her heart.

When the song ended, Jun Xiaoyao felt refreshed.

He glanced around, everyone was still in the lingering sound.

After a long while, these arrogances came back to their senses, and there were tremors in their pupils.

"Lianqin girl, willing to bow down to the wind." Tianqin girl actually got up and bowed to Jun Xiaoyao.

"Miss..." The old woman of Xianwu Qinzong ~www.mtlnovel.com~ was also surprised.

The young lady of their family has always been cold and noble.

Don't say bowing down to other men, it's just that you don't see it straight.

When the third prince saw this scene, his face turned green.

There is also the young master of Wanbao Chamber of Commerce, who also looks ugly.

However, he is also considered to have a lot of knowledge and experience, knowing that people like Jun Xiaoyao must not provoke casually.

If you are not careful, it will bring disaster.

"Since the young master is victorious, then these three hundred immortal sources belong to the young master." The Tianqin girl was generous, without any hesitation, and directly handed the three hundred immortal sources to Jun Xiaoyao.

The three princes and others who saw this scene were more like eating flies, their faces turned purple.

There is a feeling of using one's own money to raise a rival in love.

There was a splendor in the eyes of the Lyra female, looking at Jun Xiaoyao, slightly hesitating, she still spoke.

"The Lyrican girl has a ruthless invitation, and hopes to communicate with her son through the night."

The mysterious young man in front of him, with outstanding temperament and amazing talent, can easily take out the ancient sage soldier, obviously the background is also good.

In addition, Qin Dao is still so extraordinary, so she is willing to bow down.

Even if the Lyra Girl is an iceberg beauty, she can't help but melt at this moment.

The water rushed.

And the three princes and others who heard this, their chest tightness and gas blocked, their faces alternated with blue and white.

Playing piano all night?

Still talking about love all night?

The third prince felt that he was too green.

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

Things really developed as he expected.

The plan may be implemented smoothly.

Just when Jun Xiaoyao was about to speak.

A female voice interrupted them.

"Your Guqin, I am very interested..."