

Stranger 641

Chapter 641: Demon Eye of Taint

A sword was a sword user's best friend, and a sword user who entrusted their spirit and soul to their sword was called a swordsman.

A swordsman could be separated into two categories: one who wields the sword, and one who manipulates the sword. In battle, a swordsman who wields the sword never allows their sword to leave their hand. They mainly cultivated their sword qi, and they excelled in close-ranged combat and offense.

A swordsman who manipulates the sword mainly cultivated their sword intent. They could take to the sky using their sword and behead an enemy from hundreds of kilometers away.

Most swordsmen who manipulated the sword used longswords as their primary weapon, but a small minority used sword pellets instead. A sword pellet was a swordsman's sword intent condensed into a round-shaped object. Capable of cutting metal like clay yet remaining flexible enough to twirl round and round one's finger, it was a weapon that possessed limitless potential. Not only that, the wielder could also change its form or the distance with a single thought.

Right now, Defeated was using a sword pellet art called Brilliant Thunder. A long time ago, he had stumbled upon an ancient swordsman martial arts manual, and recorded inside its papers was the method to create the sword pellet, Brilliant Thunder and a swordkinesis technique. The attack he unleashed just now was none other than that swordkinesis technique, "Dragon Serpent Rise".

When dragons and serpents rise, the heavens turned, and the earth flipped upside down. When the thunderous dragon of sword qi crashed down on Dream Master, everything within ten meters around the man exploded into lightning, the wind and clouds were broken down to the atoms, and the earth was cut into many fine cubes by the outburst of sword qi. Powerful wasn't good enough a word to describe the technique.

"An ancient sword pellet technique? I have heard that Defeated is an expert in hundreds of martial arts both old and new. I can tell that the rumors are true."

However, a crisp, melodious voice pierced through the roar of thunder. The next moment, the cloud of lightning and sword qi parted as meekly as a lamb, and Dream Master slowly stepped out into the open.

For the first time, a hint of shock and disbelief broke through the stoicism that normally clouded Defeated's eyes.

He could believe that Dream Master was strong enough to block his Thoughtful Fist one-handed. He could also believe that Dream Master was fast enough to avoid his Mountain Splitting Leg.

But to ignore the sealing effects of the Square Round Lock and ignore his Brilliant Thunder like it was nothing? That was borderline impossible.

Something's wrong.

Realization struck Defeated like a thunderbolt. There were only two ways his opponent could nullify his Square Round Lock and Brilliant Thunder like they were nothing. Either Dream Master was hopelessly strong, or everything he had experienced thus far... was fake.

Defeated had no doubt his opponent was strong, but to be so strong that he couldn't leave even a scratch on his person? That was impossible.

Therefore, everything he was experiencing up to this point must be fake. An illusion.

“Demon Eye of Taint—open!”

Pressing his index and middle fingers together, Defeated immediately sliced open his own forehead to reveal a bloody, disturbing-looking eyeball. The eyeball was covered in red nubs, and there were tiny mouths on the red nubs spouting some sort of noise that should never be said; unholy words that could corrupt one's soul just by listening to them.

The voices were occasionally loud or soft, slow or fast, weeping or laughing. Heaven and earth shook when the words mingled together to form filthy, grayish black taint. Cracks began to spread all over the world, and space itself became distorted. Everything was slowly breaking into a million pieces like glass.

“Begone!”

Defeated let out a yell, and the disturbing words suddenly tripled in volume and intensity. It sounded like a million people whispering insane yet indistinguishable curses at the same time. At that moment, the world was torn asunder, and everything dissolved into nothing like a dream.

When the illusion faded completely, and Defeated opened his eyes, he abruptly discovered that he was still standing at the foot of the hill. He should have scaled the hill, split it in half, locked the surrounding space, and annihilated the small corner of the world with “Dragon Serpent Rise”, and yet he hadn't. It was as if everything that happened just now was a dream.

He also noticed that countless colorful butterflies were flying around him. Strangely, they grew increasingly transparent after he had broken out of the illusion. Eventually, they were all gone.

“The Demon Eye of Taint of the Yellow Spring? No wonder you were able to break out of my dream.”

On the hill, Dream Master stroked his yellow flower and praised Defeated with a smile, “You definitely deserve the seventh spot on the Human Champions Ranking.”

“You're pretty good yourself.”

Fighting spirit burned brightly in Defeated's stoic eyes. At this point, he realized that he was trapped in Dream Master's dream the moment he arrived at the foot of the hill. Since Dream Master had full control of the dream, of course he was able to ignore the Square Circle Lock and Brilliant Thunder like nothing, and why he was so hopelessly strong and invincible inside his dream.

If he hadn't realized the incongruity, if he hadn't unleashed the Demon Eye of Taint—a power that was specifically used to pierce mental illusions and pollute the mind and soul—he would have lost the battle for sure. He might even die as a result.

He had good reason to believe that dying inside the dream would result in irreparable, possibly fatal damage to his mind and soul as well.

He must admit that Dream Master's power was as anomalous as it was terrifying. However, the danger only excited him even more. Why duel people who were stronger than him if not to face death in the face and continuously break through his limits?

Defeated lifted his palm like a saber and took a step forward. Unfortunately, before he could do anything else, a mad laugh and a rapid series of thumps broke out from the horizon.

When Defeated looked, he saw a big man running toward him from a distance. He was carrying a human head in one hand. The rapid thumps that sounded like gong strikes were really just his footsteps.

The big man's laughter hit him even before he arrived, "Hahaha! Did you realize that our prey wouldn't be a challenge and purposely left an extra for us, Dream Master? How kind of you!"

He was none other than Slaughterer.

Slaughterer ran about fifty meters before bending his knees and jumping into the sky with a loud bang. Such was his leap that the ground he was standing on had formed a shallow pit. His aim was perfect, and he fell toward Defeated like a meteor.

"Here I come! Try not to die too quickly!"

Defeated's eyes turned a little colder. He did not recognize Slaughterer, but he did recognize the human head in his hand. It was Amorous Mother's head.

It was clear that the big man was an ally of Dream Master. The fact that he killed Amorous Mother was proof of his strength.

Defeated bent his knees about half an inch and gently touched a right finger against the ground. When Slaughterer was less than ten meters away from him, he raised his palm and pushed upward.

Whoosh!

A dazzling purple saber beam boasting indomitable power shot into the air. There was a loud explosion, and Slaughterer was thrown right back where he came from without any resistance.

That wasn't the end of it, however. Defeated looked down after he sent Slaughterer flying. Green flames were burning all around his feet, and it was filled with inauspiciousness and calamity.

At the same time, a beautiful woman descended from the sky like a goddess. Colorful ribbons danced around her as she waved her hand and summoned what looked like a golden rain on top of Defeated.

Expression unchanged, Defeated raised his right leg about three inches. His foot was stretched straight and pointed toward the ground.

The next moment, Defeated sucked in a deep breath and plunged his foot diagonally into the ground like it was a spear. The solid earth was penetrated like it was tofu all the way up to his knee.

The ground shook, and the green flames burning on its surface flickered unsteadily. The next moment, Defeated let out a battle cry, crouched down, and raised his right leg.

The chunk of earth in front of him—all sixty meters of it—was lifted into the air as well.

What do you think would emerge victorious, your golden rain or my slab of earth?

The two objects clashed, and a series of deafening explosions ensued. Earth scattered everywhere, and everything was covered in dust for a time.

In the sky, Dancer let out a muffled groan as a trickle of blood slid down her mouth

The world was still dim and dusty when Defeated's voice rang beside Dream Master's ear.

"Looks like we can't finish this duel. I'll find you another day."

Chapter 642: Ghost Marriage and Ghost Bride

"Cough cough..."

The hill looked like it was tethering on the brink of complete collapse by the time the dust clouds faded. Dancer, Earth Walker and Slaughterer all cut a sorry figure.

Dancer was covered in dust and soot and looked a little pale. She no longer looked like a heavenly goddess.

Earth Walker crawled out of the underground with a dark expression. His aura was unstable, and the flame burning on his head was flickering erratically.

Slaughterer looked the worst out of all of them. There was a several inches long wound on his chest that went deep enough to reveal his insides. Powerful purple intent could be seen leaking out of it.

It wasn't too serious though. As he inhaled and exhaled, the flesh nubs on both sides of the wound slowly restored it to normal.

"Who is that man, Dream Master? I'm going to tear him to a million pieces for wounding me!" Slaughterer uttered through gritted teeth while his eyes shone with the promise of murder.

Earth Walker was also looking at Dream Master with green flames boiling in his pupils.

"He is Defeated," Dream Master answered.

"The seventh named warrior on the Human Champions Ranking, 'The Man Who Never Wins', Defeated?" Dancer exclaimed in surprise. "No wonder he's so strong!"

"Seventh named warrior my ass, I would've torn him to shreds if I wasn't careless!" Slaughterer scoffed. "Why didn't you attack just now, Dream Master? With our strengths combined, we absolutely could have slain him just now."

"You are right, but there is no need," Dream Master said indifferently. "The price would have been too great—cough!"

Suddenly, Dream Master let out a quiet cough. His face also turned unnaturally red.

"Are you hurt?"

Dancer supported Dream Master and asked concernedly.

"I am fine. It's just a minor injury." Dream Master shot her a gentle smile before tapping her forehead. Something dirty trickled out of his nose, and it was saying all kinds of unspeakable words. Just listening to it caused one's head to hurt like a migraine and threw one's mind into disarray.

When Dream Master pinched the dirty object, it actually started squirming and struggling like it was alive.

"What is that?" Dancer asked.

"This is a taint created by the Demon Eye of Taint." Dream Master explained, "The Demon Eye of Taint is a secret art created by Yellow Spring of the Nine Demonic Ways. It could inflict someone with the whispers of gods and demons and pollute one's mind and soul. It is a most potent terror."

"The Demon Eye of Taint was how Defeated managed to break out of my dream when we fought earlier."

"Is Defeated really that strong?" Earth Walker asked with a frown.

Although Defeated managed to repel the three of them and escape earlier, none of them were employing their full strength. He was confident that they could crush Defeated like nothing if they had gone all out. But now, Dream Master was saying that he had fought against Defeated earlier, and the warrior had actually managed to wound him.

Earth Walker knew just how strong Dream Master was. To give an example, he could go all out and still not leave a scratch on Dream Master's person. However, Defeated not only injured Dream Master, he managed to break out of their encirclement with ease afterward. That put the man on a level he did not think was possible.

"He is strong. He is at least as strong as I am."

Dream Master did not hide anything. "Most named warriors on the Human Champions Ranking do not deserve their reputation, but that does not apply to the top ten warriors. No one is a weakling that we can afford to underestimate."

"Defeated may be called 'The Man Who Never Wins', but that doesn't change the fact that he is a martial genius. Martial arts came to him as easily as breathing, and he could pick up even the most esoteric technique without too much effort. Moreover, he had challenged countless elites since he entered the *jianghu*, and no matter the outcome to the duel, he could always grasp their ultimate arts and turn it into his own."

"Without exaggeration, Defeated is an extremely accomplished warrior and a master of hundreds of martial arts. No one can tell how many trump cards he has except himself."

“Defeated might not be the strongest warrior in the Human Champions Ranking, but he is one of the hardest to kill for sure.”

“No matter how strong he is, there is no way he can fight all of us on his own, can he?” Slaughterer asked.

“Of course not,” Dream Master replied. “However, it would be extremely difficult to pin him down without full preparation. To kill him? That might as well be a pipedream.”

“Even if, by some miracle, we managed to slay him, I cannot imagine us doing it without paying a hefty price. Do not forget that the reason we are on this journey is to regain Nanke. It would be terrible if we fail our primary objective over some risky side quest.”

“Instead of risking our lives for a tantalizing but unlikely outcome, I would rather stay our hand and enjoy the handsome spoils we’ve already gotten.”

Annoyance and bloodthirst churned behind Slaughterer’s eyes. “Hmph. I suppose you’re right. But the next time we meet, I’m going to rip him into pieces for sure.”

“You sure it won’t be the other way around?” Earth Walker sneered.

“He’s just a mere mortal. You may fear him, but I don’t,” Slaughterer scoffed.

“Don’t shame the Eight Legions of Devas and Nagas with your cowardice.”

“Are you so damaged that you can’t even tell dreams from reality, Slaughterer?” Earth Walker eyed him coldly. “If that’s true, then I might as well end your misery right now.”

“Enough with the chatter.”

It was at this moment Dream Master interrupted. “Let’s catch a break. Our next stop is the thief who stole Nanke.”

“Yeah. It’s about time he pays the blood price.”

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“Phew...”

Ye Qing suddenly opened his eyes with a look of puzzlement.

“That’s the second time I dreamed of that bride. Strange.”

Ye Qing slowly lay down and cushioned the back of his head with his hands. He looked at the starry sky with a small frown on his face.

After he left the Hill of Services, Ye Qing kept journeying north until it was dark. Then, he sought out a random shelter and caught some rest. He had just fallen asleep when suddenly, he dreamed of

the bride he had dreamed at the Hill of Services. Even odder, she was now standing inside his room instead of outside like last time. It was unusual to say the least.

“That’s the second time I had the same dream. Is my subconscious telling me to get married, or am I possessed by a ghost or something?”

Ye Qing rejected the first theory immediately. Even if he desired the opposite sex and wanted to marry someone, why on earth would he dream of a ghost bride of all things?

However, he didn’t feel like he was possessed either. He was sure that he would notice with his spirit.

Strange. How strange!

A short while later, Ye Qing sat up and brought out the Annon Sutra. When in doubt, ask the Annon Sutra!

“I keep dreaming about brides as of late. What’s going on?”

Ye Qing spat out several mouthfuls of blood after asking the question. Soon, the Annon Sutra gave him an answer:

“As of late, I’ve had the same dream twice. It was a dream about a bride slowly approaching me. People say that what you think about in the day, you will dream of at night. Is this a sign that I’m missing female companionship?”

“But even if I am, why would I dream of a ghost bride instead of Young Red or Young Cui from the House of Red Delights? Am I secretly a spectrophilia?”

Ye Qing’s mouth twitched when he saw this. You’re the spectrophilia! Your whole family is spectrophilia!

“No, no. This feels more like the Ghost Marriage of the legends. Someone must be trying to kill me. That’s right! When the ghost bride reaches me, and I see her face, I will become her ghost husband and die!”

When the Annon Sutra manifested the word “die”, blood poured profusely out of the word, and ghastly wails could be heard from it.

Ye Qing: “...” *Is it just me, or is the Annon Sutra getting feistier and feistier as of late?*

Complains aside, at least the Annon Sutra gave him a straight answer this time. The dream was no coincidence. Someone was trying to kill him!

The name of the dream was Ghost Marriage, and the bride in the dream was called a ghost bride.

The moment the ghost bride reached him inside the dream was the moment he died.

“Ghost bride? Who on earth is trying to kill me?”

A steely glint entered Ye Qing’s eyes as he racked his brain for an answer.

Was it the Intelligence Department?

Or maybe Chu Wangsun?

He quickly discarded the possibility though. Looking back, his would-be assassin had probably afflicted him with the Ghost Marriage while he was staying at the Hill of Services. That was a good enough reason to eliminate the Intelligence Department and Chu Wangsun from the equation, not to mention that they didn't even know if he was still alive. No, it had to be someone from the Hill of Services.

Could it be Ancestor Greenwood? He had accidentally screwed over the old man back at the Hill of Services. Maybe the old man was petty little fuck who couldn't let trivialities slide.

He shook his head almost immediately after the thought crossed his mind, however. He had dreamed of the ghost bride even before he attended the Treasure Appreciation Auction. There was no way Ancestor Greenwood could predict the future and afflict him with the Ghost Marriage beforehand.

Using the same logic, he could eliminate the master of the mysterious hand as well.

So who was it?

He had kept a very low profile since entering the Hill of Services. Not counting Ancestor Greenwood, he had started no trouble and offended no one, so it couldn't be a case of petty grievances. He had neither exposed himself like an idiot nor revealed his wealth in the open either, so it couldn't be because someone was plotting to rob him.

But if this wasn't a crime of passion or greed, then what could it be? Who would want to harm him, and why?

Ye Qing rubbed his nose when suddenly, an inspiration struck him.

He had a different dream before he dreamed of the ghost bride. He had dreamed of the time he killed Huo Hao and took Nanke.

Generally speaking, someone of his cultivation level and spiritual power would fall into the deepest stage of sleep when they were resting, and at this stage, one normally did not dream.

But that night, he had experienced two dreams in a row. If the second dream was deliberate, then there was no way the first dream was an accident.

With that in mind, could this have something to do with Nanke and the Eight Legions of Devas and Nagas?

He could not think of any reason why he would dream of that time, at least not normally. It was far likelier that someone was spying on his memories using dreams as a medium.

It wasn't surprising. If the caster could afflict the Ghost Marriage on him without him noticing, then spying on his memories through his dreams was nothing at all.

All things considered, it was extremely likely that the caster was a member of the Eight Legions of Devas and Nagas. As for why they did it, that was very simple. One, they were going to take revenge for Huo Hao. Two, they were here to reclaim Nanke.

But how did the Eight Legions of Devas and Nagas manage to track him down? Assuming his guess was correct, it was probably because of Nanke. Nanke's ability was founded in dreams, and the caster who spied on his dreams and afflicted him with the Ghost Marriage was clearly an expert in

dreams as well. It was not impossible that the caster did some dream bullshit and found him using Nanke.

Of course, there was also the possibility that Huo Hao or his men's death had left some sort of imprint on his person, but that wasn't important anymore. What was important now was: how should he deal with his pursuer?

If he wasn't mistaken, they would be knocking on his door very soon. Therefore, his first priority would be to survive this attempted murder.

After all, he never noticed the Ghost Marriage even with his prodigious spirit. It wasn't until he asked the Annon Sutra that he realized that he was in danger. Clearly, the caster was no small fry.

Moreover, it was highly likely that the caster wasn't alone?

So, how was he going to survive this?

There were two options. One, he could run and try to escape. Two, he could try and kill all of them.

“Should I run? Or should I fight?”

Ye Qing tapped his brow while his thoughts raced.

Running would be the safest option. He already knew who his enemies were and what their objective was. He also had the Annon Sutra. He had everything he needed to avoid detection and make a break for it.

Of course, the flaws of the option were just as obvious. It was a temporary solution at best. Besides, considering how little time he had, there was a chance he might fail to eliminate the Ghost Marriage and escape his enemies even with all the tools he possessed, and if he failed to shake off his enemies, then he would be the one in deep trouble.

Even if everything went well, he couldn't run away forever. He had to face his demons eventually.

On the surface, fighting looked like the lousiest and riskiest option. One misstep, and he would die like a moth to fire. He had never been one for suicides, and he didn't intend to start now.

However, that was only if he looked at it from an ordinary warrior's perspective. He wasn't.

For starters, his pursuers probably had no idea about his true strength. They might know that he was an early-stage Spirit Master, and that his spirit was unusually strong for his cultivation level. However, he doubted that they knew just how special his spirit was or the fact that he possessed many powerful trump cards such as the “Boundless Heart Demon Tribulation”. Besides that, they definitely didn't know that his body had reached the level of a Half-Step Grandmaster.

Second, his pursuers did not know that he had already figured out their identity and objective. They were the ones in the dark right now, not him. He absolutely possessed the advantages necessary to take a certain amount of risks.

With that in mind, he absolutely could duke it out against his enemies and even kill them all even if he was outnumbered. If he succeeded, then he would never have to worry about them again—at least in the short term.

Even if he failed to kill all of them, he would have done some damage at least. It would weaken them and buy him more time to grow stronger.

Rather than watching his back all day and night, he would rather kill all of his enemies in one go and never have to worry about them again.

Of course, this option was only viable if his enemies weren't overwhelmingly stronger than him. If you threw a rock at a rock, chances were the rock would be usable even if it failed to crush its target. But if you threw an egg at a rock, then it was going to shatter no matter what. Not even the most perfect plan could make up for an impossible gap in strength.

Therefore, he needed to figure out how strong his enemies were first before doing anything. If there was a Grandmaster among his pursuers, then forget that he said anything. He was going to run like his life depended on it, because it was.

Was this cowardice? Of course not! Only an idiot would run headlong toward death!

Having made up his mind, Ye Qing unfolded the Annon Sutra once more.

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"Have you found him yet, Dream Master?" Slaughterer asked in an impatient tone.

"He's been moving non-stop," Dream Master replied, "but I can feel that the distance between us is getting shorter and shorter."

"Moving? Did he notice us? Maybe he's running for his life right now," Dancer asked.

Dream Master shook his head. "That is impossible. He is only an early-stage Spirit Master. His spirit is strong, but there is no way he can sense us from such a distance."

"Besides, the man is moving erratically. Sometimes he's moving east, sometimes he's moving west, sometimes he's sprinting straight ahead, and sometimes he even backtracked. Rather than running away, I'm more inclined to believe that he's avoiding something."

"Who cares? The sooner we find him, the sooner I'll be able to rip him to pieces!" Slaughterer snarled while clenching his fists tightly.

"Don't worry. We will reach him very soon," Dream Master replied unhurriedly.

The group of four continued to chase after Ye Qing for a time until they encountered an old, abandoned city.

The city was buried in sand a long time ago. There were broken walls, piles of rubble, yellow sand and dead grass everywhere. It looked as desolate as it was bleak.

Ruins like these were, in fact, a dime a dozen in Bei Mo. Several thousand years ago, Bei Mo was a famous plain with extremely fertile lands. Many towns and cities had been built on it to support countless people's dreams. Unfortunately, the plain was beset by so many natural disasters, man-made calamities, and sand that it eventually crossed the point of no return. As a result, the towns and cities were eventually abandoned and left to wither away in the sand.

Not only that, Bei Mo's numerous abandoned settlements functioned as excellent shelters for travelers, but any hunter, wanderer, or traveling merchant who roamed the wilderness of Bei Mo would tell you to follow this rule: if you encounter a city, stay away. If you see a village, do not enter.

To put it in simpler terms, it meant that one should avoid ancient cities and abandoned villages as much as possible, or grave danger might befall them.

The reason such a rule existed was because ancient cities and abandoned villages were among the easiest places to give birth to all kinds of powerful Strangers and Anomalies. It was not unusual for such a place to be more dangerous than the wilderness, which was why most Bei Mo travelers would rather sleep out in the open than take shelter in such a place.

Dream Master, Earth Walker, Dancer and Slaughterer clearly didn't heed the warning, however. Either they didn't know, or they didn't care.

"He's inside!" Dream Master declared while staring at the ancient city in front of him.

"Hahaha! Finally!" Slaughterer let out a savage laugh and broke into a run.

Dream Master, Earth Walker and Dancer exchanged a glance with each other, smiled, and followed right behind him.

Chapter 644: When Spring Wind and Fine Rain Descends Upon Humanity

"Something doesn't feel right about this fog..."

The ancient, abandoned city was dark and desolate. There were no signs of life anywhere, and it was so quiet that one could hear a pin drop. The fine mist draped over the city only added to the bleakness of the atmosphere.

However, the deeper they ventured into the city, the thicker the mist became. Eventually, it had grown into a thick fog that prevented even the sharpest eyes from seeing anything beyond several inches.

Dancer tried probing her surroundings for a bit before saying, "This fog is blocking my spiritual senses."

"Are you sure our prey is inside this city, Dream Master?" Slaughterer turned back to look at Dream Master.

"I'm sure," Dream Master replied affirmatively while touching his forehead.

"Okay. Watch me." Slaughterer cracked his neck loudly before taking a step forward. Then, he threw a devastating punch.

Whoosh!

Space shook, and an astral wind blew. His powerful fist force collapsed all the buildings within tens of meters around him, and his astral wind scattered the surrounding dust and fog like a violent tsunami. Everything within tens of meters of the group became as clear as day.

"Let's go."

Slaughterer withdrew his fist and smiled proudly at his handiwork. Unfortunately, they had only taken a few steps when the fog rolled right back in and reset all his progress.

“Allow me.”

Dancer smiled and flicked a single water bead into the sky. When it broke, it transformed into a drizzle that encompassed the entire city.

The drizzle was soft, soothing, and imbued with some sort of purifying power. The coldness and the fog within the ancient city slowly dissipated as if cleansed by the drizzle, and the withered brambles and plants on the ground actually started growing roots and sprouts. What was once a cold, dead city in ashes now felt like it was facing a new dawn.

For a moment, it looked like Dancer had done what Slaughterer had failed to do. However, the fog rolled back in as soon as the rain was finished.

“Huh? I can't believe it. My Rain Prayer isn't working on this fog.” Dancer sounded very puzzled.

Her Rain Prayer could purify all sorts of evils and yin existences and scatter the wind and fog. It was especially effective against anomalous fog like this one. And yet, it had failed to work its magic this time.

“That's troubling. Be on your guard, everyone,” Dream Master warned.

His companions did not really take his warning to heart though. They were all supremely confident in their strength.

“Hey Dream Master! Where the hell is he?”

Slaughterer was the most impatient and rash of the group. Knowing that the thief who stole Nanke was just ahead of them, he had rushed ahead without waiting for his companion. He was certain that they could keep up with him.

Unfortunately, he was unable to locate anyone or any signs of life despite walking for a long time. Eventually, he lost his cool and looked back to ask Dream Master regarding the thief's latest location.

It was then he noticed that his companions were nowhere to be found.

“Where the hell did they go? Dream Master? Dream Master! Dancer! Dancer...”

Slaughterer yelled a couple of times, but he did not hear a reply from anyone.

“Screw it. I'll go alone. Locating the thief is our first priority anyway.”

Slaughterer let out a savage laugh before resuming his journey.

On the other side, Dream Master, Earth Walker and Dancer also realized Slaughterer had gone missing after they rounded a corner. It should have been impossible for them to miss such a big, loud man, and yet they had.

“Slaughterer's gone missing.”

Dancer turned to Dream Master for instructions after calling out to Slaughterer to no avail.

“I can go look for him,” Earth Walker suggested.

“It’s fine. I’ll do it myself.” Dream Master smiled and touched his forehead. Illusory butterflies immediately flew into the open and danced around him, their forms gradually solidifying over time.

“Go.”

Dream Master waved, and the butterflies scattered in every direction. However, his smile stiffened, and a “Huh?” escaped his lips just a moment later.

“What’s wrong?” Dancer asked.

“I just lost contact with my Dream Butterflies.” Dream Master said slowly, “I was careless. This strange fog isn’t the only strange phenomenon in this city. Something’s wrong with the city itself.”

“Should we worry about Slaughterer’s safety?” Dancer asked worriedly.

“It should be fine. Something’s definitely off about the city, but I haven’t detected any danger when I came.” Dream Master hummed. “Besides, even if the unknown dangers of this city prove too much for Slaughterer, he is more than capable of keeping himself alive.”

“Right now, our first priority is to retrieve Nanke. The longer we take, the higher the chances that something may go awry. We can always find Slaughterer after we’ve completed our objective.”

“Very well.” Dancer nodded. Earth Walker had no objections to offer either.

“Let’s go. Try not to stray too far from the group. You don’t want to get lost like Slaughterer,” Dream Master instructed before they resumed their journey.

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“Dammit, just where the hell am I?!”

Slaughterer was currently standing atop a broken wall. He was wearing an ugly snarl.

He was certain that he would locate the thief who stole Nanke in no time. When that happened, he would rip him from limb to limb and quell the impatience and frustration boiling inside his heart.

However, reality was a cruel mistress. Despite searching around the area for over an incense stick, forget the thief, he couldn’t even locate his own companions.

That would’ve been fine if he had run into a couple of Strangers at least. After all, he could’ve used them as his punching bags. However, the city seemed to be completely empty. He couldn’t find a single living thing that he could vent his frustrations on at all.

Worse still, he seemed to have lost his way. More accurately, he discovered that he was unable to leave the city no matter which direction he was traveling.

“Graaaaaaahhhh!!!”

Slaughterer let out an angry roar and punched a wall beside him, sending bricks and stones flying everywhere. Everything was in a dilapidated state to begin with, so the punch threatened to collapse the entire wall. Slaughterer was just starting though. As if he had gone crazy, he punched the wall again and again until it finally collapsed with a loud rumble.

“Hah... hah...”

Slaughterer stared at the collapsed wall for a moment. It was only then the red glow in his eyes slowly receded.

“Are you done venting yet? If you are, then let’s go!”

Suddenly, a voice erupted from somewhere. Slaughterer turned around and saw Earth Walker leaning against a building and watching him coldly.

“Earth Walker? How did you find me?” Slaughterer couldn’t help but feel a spark of joy when he saw Earth Walker. Although the man was someone he disliked, it was still better than having no one in this heavens forsaken place.

Earth Walker replied coldly, “How can I not while you were throwing such a tantrum? C’mon.”

The man then turned away and started walking.

“Where are we going?” Slaughterer hurriedly caught up to him.

“Outside,” Earth Walker said succinctly.

“We’re not searching for Nanke anymore?” Slaughterer asked in confusion.

“We already found it,” Earth Walker replied.

“You found it?” Slaughterer blurted before growing terribly anxious. “How did you find Nanke so quickly? And where is the thief who stole Nanke? Did you kill him yet?”

“Nah. We know you want him for yourself,” Earth Walker answered.

“Hahaha! Good, good!” Slaughterer let out a vicious laugh. “I’m going to skin him, break his bones, rip out his tendons, remove his marrows, and light his soul on fire. I’m going to treat him to the Five Cruel Punishments of our Eight Legions of Devas and Nagas and make him wish he was dead!”

“Oh, I can’t wait! Stop dilly-dallying and let’s go!”

Slaughterer urged and ran past Earth Walker, expecting the man to pick up the pace as well.

“If you insist, then I’ll send you to the other side right now!”

Behind Slaughterer, Earth Walker’s lips suddenly curled into a disdainful smile.

“What did you say?”

Alarm and panic suddenly welled in Slaughterer’s heart as he looked behind him. He immediately saw a fantastical, crimson light shining so bright that it illuminated even the darkest depths of his soul.

The spring wind and fine rain had arrived to blow a human soul away from this world.

Chapter 645: Killing Slaughterer

Pssh!

The wind stopped, and the rain ceased with a quiet spray of blood.

For a time, Slaughterer and Earth Walker simply stared at each other.

Slaughterer was clutching his throat with shock and puzzlement on his face.

And Earth Walker was smiling brightly yet unfeelingly while carrying a saber.

“You... You’re not Earth Walker!” Slaughterer said slowly. His voice sounded weak and heavy.

“That is correct. I’m not Earth Walker.” Earth Walker, or rather Ye Qing confirmed with the shake of his head.

“Who are you?” Slaughterer asked.

“I thought you were going to skin me alive, strip my bones, and light my soul on fire? How can you not know who I am?” Ye Qing chuckled while sliding his fingers across Red Sleeve.

“It’s you?!” Slaughterer’s face contorted, and his pupils narrowed in realization. At the same time, blood began seeping out of his fingers. “It was you.”

“Yup,” Ye Qing replied. “Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Ye Qing, and I’m the one who killed Huo Hao and took Nanke.”

“By the way, did you know that Huo Hao also died after I beheaded him using Red Sleeve? It’s a mighty coincidence, wouldn’t you agree?”

“How did you know that we are coming for you?” Slaughterer asked puzzledly. It was clear that Ye Qing knew about their arrival. It was also clear that this was no hasty ambush. The man was obviously well prepared.

But how did he find out in the first place?

“Why don’t you guess?” Ye Qing asked with a raised eyebrow.

A snarl escaped Slaughterer’s mouth. “Since you know that I am one of the Eight Legions of Devas and Nagas, you must be aware of the consequences of murdering a member of the People of the Divine, don’t you?”

“Oh, I’m aware. The consequence of killing you lot is nothing at all.” Ye Qing scoffed. “After all, nothing happened to me when I killed Huo Hao. Why would it be any different now?”

“You cannot escape. You may kill me, but someone will take revenge for me!”

Slaughterer suddenly shouted like a madman. “It’s not just you. Your family, your friends, everyone related to you will die because of your actions!”

Ye Qing was unmoved by Slaughterer’s threat, however. He continued to smile as he said, “Someone? Oh, you think that Dream Master, Earth Walker and Dancer are going to take revenge for you. How amusing.”

“Don’t worry. I’m a man of my word, and I promise you’ll meet them in the underworld very soon.”

“You—”

Slaughterer wanted to say more, but the blood spilling through his fingers abruptly increased in volume. Before he knew it, his head had rolled right off his shoulders.

Clearly, Ye Qing’s earlier attack had severed his head.

“Huo Hao was much less talkative when I killed his ass. Why are you different?”

Ye Qing mused as he brought his foot down on Slaughterer’s head while channeling his astral qi. The head exploded in a shower of blood and brain matter before his Burning Wind burned it all into ash.

After he was done with Slaughterer’s head, Ye Qing walked up to the man’s corpse and stared for a bit. Then, he removed a palm-sized pouch from his waist.

“A Nature’s Pouch? Now that’s what I call a rare find.”

A Nature’s Pouch was a storage-type Strange Artifact created using a Nature’s Shell. It functioned almost the same as a Nature’s Shell except that it was rarer and more valuable.

A simple sweep of his demonic thought was all Ye Qing needed to dismantle the restriction protecting the Nature’s Pouch. The content of the pouch was revealed to him immediately.

“Let’s see here. The Nether River Water, the Corpse King Gallbladder, the Mother Child Affinity Stone... wait a second, these are the items Amorous Mother bought during the Treasure Appreciation Auction. Why would he have them?”

The answer came to him almost immediately after he asked the question. Clearly, Slaughterer had robbed Amorous Mother after she left the Hill of Services. This would explain why Slaughterer and his friends hadn’t sought him out immediately after he left the Hill of Services. They probably thought that he was in the bag, and that there was no harm in hunting down some big games and earning some pure profit.

If Amorous Mother was dead, then Ancestor Greenwood, Weak Old Man and more were probably dead as well.

“Wait. What are the chances the Wenliang Pearl fell into Dream Master’s hands as well?” Ye Qing’s eyes immediately lit up when the thought occurred to him. When he looked down on Slaughterer’s headless corpse again, his eyes were awash with appreciation and gratitude. This man was no enemy. Nay, he was a benefactor! Not only did he give him his life, he even gave him his money and treasures! Where else would you find such a generous philanthropist?

“What a good man...”

Ye Qing grinned as he put away the Nature’s Pouch and got ready to leave. “So... who’s next?”

“Whoever I choose, I’ll need to separate the group first. It’ll be risky to fight all three of them at once.”

His plan was nothing special or even complicated. To sum it up, it was divide and conquer.

Earlier, he used the Annon Sutra to confirm that he had four pursuers in total, and none of them were Grandmasters. The strongest warriors of the group were Dream Master and Earth Walker, both Half-Step Grandmasters, and the weakest—albeit just slightly—were Slaughterer and Dancer, who were both late-stage Spirit Masters.

Moreover, all four men hailed from the mysterious Eight Legions of Devas and Nagas. They were definitely stronger than your conventional Spirit Master or Half-Step Grandmaster.

That was why Ye Qing didn’t ambush them while they were still together. He was strong, but he wasn’t arrogant enough to think that he was strong enough to defeat the four of them combined.

It was a different story if they were split up though. He was confident that he could kill them all one on one. But how should he enact his plan?

Thankfully, luck was on Ye Qing’s side. He found this ancient city not long after he began his search for a suitable ambush spot.

The ancient city was plagued by a Stranger called the Endless Wall, though of course it was neither endless nor a type of wall. The Endless Wall was a fog-like Stranger that caused anyone who entered its range to become lost. The victim would think that they were traveling in a straight line, when in reality they were walking in circles. They would not be conscious of the fact either. On top of that, the Endless Wall was a fog-like Stranger, so it was extremely difficult to eliminate or repel.

The good news was that the Endless Wall did not possess any other ability. It wasn’t particularly harmful either, and the method to dispel the Endless Wall’s power was actually quite simple. One simply needed to wipe a virgin boy’s piss on their eyelids, and they would be able to see through the fog and find their way out.

Of course, if the victim wasn’t a virgin boy, nor did they have virgin boy piss in their possession, it was still fine. They simply needed to wait until dawn came, and the sunlight would automatically dispel the Endless Wall.

Therefore, forget a warrior, even an ordinary person could deal with the Endless Wall with ease.

The Endless Wall's presence was extremely helpful for Ye Qing though. It allowed him to lure his pursuers deeper into the city, divide and conquer them one by one.

That said, Endless Wall was an extremely common wilderness Stranger. Even if his pursuers were the most sheltered warriors ever, they should have heard of the Stranger at least once. Therefore, depending solely on the Endless Wall to separate his enemies was an unreliable strategy to say the least.

Luckily for Ye Qing, he also had the "Children of Blood Demon", Corpse Ship edition. Not only could it block vision and sound, it could isolate energies and spiritual senses as well. This meant that he could use the Endless Wall as cover and isolate his enemies using his "Children of Blood Demon" as he pleased.

Since the group of four entered the ancient city, he had been watching them from the shadows and searching for an opportunity to separate the group. It didn't take long. When he thought that the time was right, he used his demonic thought to influence Slaughterer's emotions and caused him to leave his own group of his own volition. The rest was history.

As for why he picked Slaughterer, the reason was simple. One, Slaughterer's impulsiveness and recklessness made him all too easy to be influenced by his demonic thought. Two, Slaughterer was the weakest of the four, and you always picked off the weakest link first.

After Slaughterer left his group, Ye Qing immediately morphed his body to resemble Earth Walker and used the "Paranirmitava?avartin Heavenly Demon Sutra" to copy the warrior's aura. Just in case, he also used his demonic thought to influence Slaughterer into letting down his guard. That was how he was able to kill the man effortlessly.

One down, three more to go. Already, Ye Qing was wondering who his next prey was going to be. Just like before, he was going to split up the group, pretend to be one of them, and kill them one by one.

Someone might say that his tactic was underhanded and despicable, but this was a life-or-death situation. Anything was acceptable when one's life was on the line.

Ye Qing was so engrossed with plotting his next move that he failed to notice that Slaughterer's headless, still standing body was undergoing a subtle change.

Chapter 646: Xingtian Finale

The blood gushing out of Slaughterer's neck hadn't poured to the ground. Instead, it swam across his torso and formed all sorts of anomalous, mysterious, and savage-looking pictures and runes.

The blood squirmed unnaturally for a bit before forming a human face with no eyes and no mouth. Suddenly, Slaughterer's nipples split open into a pair of eyes, and his belly button widened into a mouth.

When the unholy transformation was complete, the face slowly began to move as if it was alive. It was none other than Slaughterer's face.

The next moment, the face looked in Ye Qing's direction, eyes smoldering with seemingly infinite hatred and killing intent. At the same time, a vast amount of baleful aura gushed out of his body like a volcanic eruption.

The thick fog in the area was dispelled instantly, and the air turned cold, stifling, and smelly. Indistinct illusions of corpses and blood began appearing all over the place as if hell itself was surfacing to the yang world.

Not only that, Slaughterer's aura was many, many times stronger than it was before. It was as if he had awakened as some sort of demon king of Asura.

“RAAAAAAAGHHHHH!!!”

Slaughterer let out a mighty roar, and a massive, blood red axe and a demonic-looking shield descended from the black sky. When he caught the axe with his right hand and the shield with his left, the illusion of blood and death stirred ominously, and his fighting spirit pierced the heavens. A powerful shockwave washed out of the warrior and annihilated the surrounding walls, sand, and plants into dust.

As soon as he was ready, Slaughterer swung his axe at Ye Qing.

BOOM!

The mountain of bodies and sea of blood overwhelmed Ye Qing instantly.

“Hahahahaha!”

Slaughterer laughed savagely from his belly button at the successful ambush, the large face on his chest looking crazed and savage.

Slaughterer was a member of the Asuras, and the word “Asura” was defined as “anti-heaven”. Although their men were ugly, and their women were beautiful, both genders were tall, massive, and extremely warlike. Originally an evil god, they possessed Seven Emotions and Six Desires like a human, but they weren't humans. According to the myths, the Asuras and the Devas were originally enemies. The continuous strife eventually resulted in the Asuras being exiled from the heavens and forced to reside in the caves of Mount Meru. Despite waging many battles against the Devas, they were never able to gain the upper hand.

It should not need to be said, but the Eight Legions of Devas and Negas were no divine god or celestial. They might call themselves the People of the Divine, but they were well aware of the fact that they weren't the true gods of the ancient times. At best, they were humans with a very small percentage of divine blood in them.

The Asuras Slaughterer hailed from were humans who inherited the bloodline of true Asuras. It was why they possessed some of the abilities and characteristics of the true Asuras. For example, their men were ugly, their women were beautiful, and both genders were tall and massive. They also possessed supernatural strength and were naturally predisposed toward conflict. Assuming someone's bloodline was sufficiently thick, they could even become unkillable just like the ancient Asuras.

Of course, there was no such thing as power without a cost. In exchange for immense power, an Asura was naturally violent, impulsive, warlike, cruel and bloodthirsty.

In the Asuras, the thicker one's bloodline, the higher their position and status. Slaughterer was a blood relative in the direct line of descent of the Asura King, so his Asura blood was very thick. Not

only that, he also cultivated their supreme martial art, the 'Unkillable Asura Body' and forged an extremely tenacious body. He could regrow his body parts and even stay alive without a head.

That was why he didn't die even after Ye Qing had beheaded him, destroyed his head, and annihilated the Yin God within.

Right now, he was executing a secret technique in the "Unkillable Asura Body" known as "Xingtian Finale".

A long, long time ago, the war god Xingtian fought against the Yellow Emperor to claim supremacy over all living things. However, the Yellow Emperor was able to behead him and bury him in Changyang Mountain. Unwilling to die, he transformed his nipples into eyes and his belly button into his mouth so he might continue his war.

To put it simply, "Xingtian Finale" allowed the practitioner to stay alive without a head and even borrow the power of the war god temporarily. For a short time, the practitioner would gain the power of a Half-Step Grandmaster and become strong enough to battle even a Grandmaster for a time.

Of course, as strong as "Xingtian Finale" was, its activation conditions were extremely stringent. First, it could only be executed when the practitioner was in a life-or-death crisis. Second, the practitioner's will must remain strong even after their head was gone. Three, the practitioner would gain immense power and be able to stay alive even without a head, but their body would forever be fixed in its current state: a headless body where the nipples became their eyes, and their belly button became their mouth. It was a tragic state to say the least.

Finally, "Xingtian Finale" could be executed only once in a lifetime. Moreover, the practitioner would enter a prolonged state of weakness after the effects had passed.

Despite its flaws, "Xingtian Finale" was without a doubt a powerful offensive and defensive art. Even among the Asuras, only those with outstanding talent and rich bloodline could learn it.

Slaughterer had learned "Xingtian Finale" just a while ago, and he never expected to use it so soon. It was a stroke of luck though. If he hadn't learned the "Xingtian Finale", he would already be dead. Although he would never be able to use this secret art again, and his current appearance resembled a Stranger far more than a human, it was worth the price considering that it gave him a second chance at life and the opportunity to take revenge against his hated foe.

Or so he thought. The sea of blood suddenly stopped dead in its tracks as if it had crashed against an impassable wall. Then, it started rolling back toward him!

Caught off guard but not a novice, Slaughterer immediately raised his shield in defense. The sea of blood crashed against it but failed to inflict any damage to him.

However, the second the bloody waves were crushed, a human figure abruptly appeared in front of his shield and threw out a punch.

Thump!

It sounded like a drumbeat, except this one was loud enough to deafen one's ears. Slaughterer's body trembled, and an unstoppable force penetrated the shield and into his body. His arm snapped like a twig, and the runes and picture covering his body abruptly distorted and disappeared into nothing. At the same time, the ground beneath his feet rolled like waves.

The next moment, Slaughterer found himself flying through the air uncontrollably. He crashed through countless buildings before he finally hit a hill and stopped.

“Cough! Cough! Impossible!”

Blood was dripping down Slaughterer’s belly button. His eyes were blank with shock and disbelief as well. After transforming into the war god Xingtian, he was now a Half-Step Grandmaster whose power was on par with an ordinary Grandmaster. So how was it possible for his enemy to send him flying in one punch?

“IMPOSSIBLE!”

Slaughterer roared as fighting spirit exploded from his body. He raised his arms, and the hill he was embedded in collapsed just like that.

It was at this moment a demonic ape descended from the sky while clutching its hands high above its head. Then, it brought its hands down on Slaughterer’s head like a hammer.

The sky shook, and the earth trembled. Slaughterer barely managed to raise his shield in time before the demonic ape struck him.

BOOM!!!

The earth within tens of meters of the point of impact split into a million pieces like glass. Slaughterer’s axe and shield too crumbled into smithereens.

Slaughterer himself was still alive, but his body now looked like it was made of porcelain. Cracks covered him from head to toe, and his presence had become terribly weak and shriveled, though his fighting spirit remained as strong as ever.

“You... You’re not an early-stage Spirit Master?!”

Slaughterer asked. Every time he said a word, his body would gain a new crack.

“I am an early-stage spirit Master.”

Ye Qing released his “Chaos Demon Ape Body” and returned to his normal appearance. While looking down on Slaughterer, he answered, “However, I’m a little different from the early-stage Spirit Master you know. You see, I have the body of a body-tempering Half-Step Grandmaster. I sure got you good, didn’t I?”

“A body-tempering Half-Step Grandmaster?!”

Slaughterer’s eyes widened in disbelief. “This is impossible... this cannot be possible...”

“Why not?” Ye Qing’s lips curled into a devilish smile. “There is no such thing as impossible in this world.”

“I should thank you for your Nanke though. Without it, I would never have reached the heights I have and become strong enough to kill you.”

Ye Qing said sincerely, “So seriously, thank you.”

“You bas—!”

Rage consumed Slaughterer as he tried to stand, but the sudden movement was the last straw. His entire body started crumbling in earnest, and he dissolved into ash before the pieces could even hit the ground.

Chapter 647: If You Want To Kill Someone, Aim For The Heart

“Heh... that’s it? Your strength is commendable, but your mental fortitude is utter trash!” Ye Qing remarked as he stared at the pile of ash that was once Slaughterer. There was a saying that went something like this: “If you want to kill someone, aim for the heart.” It worked in the figurative sense as well. In a sense, he had literally talked Slaughterer into a pile of ash, and that was a rare achievement indeed.

Once he was certain that Slaughterer was definitely dead, and that he wouldn’t come back to life a second time, Ye Qing finally let out a sigh of relief. He honestly wasn’t expecting Slaughterer to resurrect even after his head was removed, and his Yin God was destroyed. As if that wasn’t enough, he was several times stronger than before, so much so that he was forced to transform into a Chaos Demon Ape to finish the job. He had to admit that the Eight Legions had dispatched quite the formidable group to reclaim Nanke, and he could not afford to be careless even a little.

In fact, he resolved himself to annihilate every enemy he ever came across from head to toe from now on. It was the only way to be sure.

“The battle was rowdier than expected. Even with the fog, I’m sure Dream Master and his companions have picked up the commotion. They’re probably on their way here right now.”

Ye Qing muttered to himself while rubbing his chin. A few seconds later, he snapped his fingers. “It’s fine though. In fact, this is a great opportunity.”

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“I can’t sense Slaughterer anymore. Is he dead?”

On the other side, Dream Master, Earth Walker and Dancer were making their way toward the Ye Qing and Slaughterer’s battlefield. They could’ve moved faster, but they were forced to slow down because they didn’t want to lose their way or split away from the group like Slaughterer had.

However, not long after they began their journey, Slaughterer’s aura had suddenly disappeared completely. It was no wonder Dancer was worrying over their companion’s fate.

“It should be fine. Slaughterer is no weakling, and he has the ‘Xingtian Finale’ too. He should be able to make his getaway and survive even if he ran into an ordinary Grandmaster,” Dream Master replied.

“We haven’t encountered a single Stranger or Anomaly the entire way, but Slaughterer was forced to go all out! Who on earth is he fighting?”

Earth Walker spoke up, “Could it be the thief?”

“You’re overthinking this. The thief is only an early-stage Spirit Master. There was no way he could force Slaughterer to go all out. Besides, they aren’t even in the same direction.” Dream Master denied his suspicion. “It’s far likelier that Slaughterer ran into a Stranger of some sort.”

“Makes sense,” Earth Walker agreed.

“Wait.” Suddenly, Dream Master skidded to a stop.

“What’s wrong?” Dancer asked with a frown.

“Nanke’s presence just reappeared.” Dream Master pointed in the opposite direction of Slaughterer.

Earlier, he was tracking Nanke’s presence when suddenly, it disappeared from his senses. For whatever reason, he had somehow lost track of the Strange Artifact.

Nanke was a Strange Artifact that had been passed down within the Eight Legions of Devas and Nagas for many generations. Owned by the Devas, it was marked by an ancient imprint left by the Devas.

Dream Master was a member of the Devas, the most venerated people among the Eight Legions, and his objective was to retrieve Nanke in the name of Di Shitian.

Sixty years ago, the Heavenly King Protector responsible for guarding Nanke had suddenly gone missing while out on a mission. As a result, Nanke had gone missing as well. Not even the Heavenly Emperor of the Devas was able to detect its existence.

Decades later, Di Shitian suddenly felt Nanke’s presence again and dispatched the Kinnaras to retrieve Nanke. To avoid drawing attention, he dispatched the small fries instead of his true elites. At first, everything went smoothly. The Kinnaras were able to retrieve Nanke, and they were on their way back to the Eight Legions of Devas and Nagas.

Then, a disaster happened. The Kinnaras he dispatched were annihilated, and Nanke had gone missing yet again. Di Shitian wanted to dispatch his elites to search for Nanke and eliminate the audacious fool who dared to challenge the Eight Legions of Devas and Nagas immediately, but unfortunately, he was in the middle of debating Dao with a champion at the time. It consumed his focus such that he could not spare even a sliver of his attention on other matters. As a result, the matter of retrieving Nanke and slaying the blasphemer was delayed for several months straight.

As soon as the debate was over, Di Shitian gave Dream Master the order to hunt down the blasphemer and bestowed him with an Edict of Divine Thought. It allowed him to perceive Nanke’s presence and direction even from hundreds of kilometers away. This was why Dream Master was able to track down Nanke despite the vastness of the *jianghu*.

Not long ago, the Edict of Divine Thought had suddenly lost track of Nanke. Naturally, this came as a huge surprise to Dream Master. This had never happened before as Di Shitian was the greatest champion of the Devas; perhaps even the greatest champion of the Eight Legions. There were only two possibilities as to why his Edict of Divine Thought had suddenly lost its effectiveness. Either

someone on the same level as Di Shitian had isolated the connection, or something was very anomalous about this ancient city.

The chances that it was the first possibility was quite low. After all, they already knew that the thief was an early-Stage Spirit Master, and there was no way an early-stage Spirit Master could isolate the connection. Therefore, it most likely had something to do with the city itself.

Dream Master could not help but be worried. If he failed to retrieve Nanke, then how was he going to face Di Shitian?

Thankfully, the heavens had answered his prayer. For whatever reason, Nanke's presence had reappeared.

Earth Walker and Dancer were well aware how serious the situation was. They both frowned and looked to Dream Master for instructions. "What should we do?"

Dream Master hesitated for a moment. They could neither abandon Slaughterer nor ignore Nanke. If they did not retrieve Nanke while the Edict of Divine Thought could still perceive it, they might never have a second chance. If they failed to complete the mission Di Shitian had entrusted them with, not even a million deaths could make up for their sin.

It was at this moment Earth Walker spoke up, "I'll go look for Slaughterer. You should go retrieve Nanke with Dancer."

Dream Master mulled over the suggestion for a moment before nodding in agreement. "Very well. It's not like we have a better option at the moment. Be careful, and try to make as much noise as possible when you find Slaughterer. We'll come find you afterward."

"Got it," Earth Walker replied before sinking into the earth. He was gone in just the blink of an eye.

"Let's go."

After Earth Walker was gone, Dream Master motioned for Dancer to follow him. The two of them began moving in the opposite direction.

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"This should be the place!"

Earth Walker's brow crinkled a little as he stared at the tattered battlefield in front of him and perceived the terrifying energies in the air.

"What a fighting spirit. Who or what on earth did Slaughterer run into that he was forced to use 'Xingtian Finale'?"

Earth Walker observed his surroundings carefully until a familiar scent suddenly caught his attention. "I smell blood. It's coming from here..."

Earth Walker crouched down and found a piece of rock with some blood on it. A second later, he noticed a few drops of blood and some messy footprints not far away.

"It belongs to Slaughterer."

Earth Walker recognized the footprints immediately. He did not hesitate to follow the trail.

Just a short while later, Earth Walker saw a humanoid silhouette amidst the fog. Before he could even say anything, the unknown person called out warily, "Who is it?!"

"It's me. Earth Walker," Earth Walker replied. He could tell that it was Slaughterer's voice.

"Why are you alone? Where is Dream Master and Dancer?" The man's voice was tinged with recognition and obvious relief.

"They went to look for Nanke. I came to check what the hell happened here," Earth Walker answered while walking closer toward Slaughterer.

Slaughterer looked absolutely terrible. His body was covered in blood, his face was as white as a ghost, and his energies were scratching the bottom.

Earth Walker's eyes glinted as he asked, "What happened? How did you become like this?"

"Cough! Cough... It's nothing. I ran into a powerful Stranger is all." Slaughterer coughed twice and tried to stand, but his knees buckled at the wrong time and caused him to fall forward.

Earth Walker hurriedly stepped forward and caught him firmly. "You shouldn't move quickly in your state."

Earth Walker did not see that Slaughterer's limp right hand had clenched into a fist. While Earth Walker was distracted, it swung straight toward the back of his head. Despite being completely soundless and auraless, the fist was brimming with intent and power.

Chapter 648: Earth Walker, The Yaksas

However, Earth Walker suddenly burst into green flames before Slaughterer's fist could get anywhere close to its target. It engulfed the big man in the blink of an eye.

Earth Walker himself no longer looked human. During the short period, he had grown over three meters tall and became covered in sharp needles. His hands looked as big as palm-leaf fans, and his fingers turned as sharp as swords. One of his eyes had shifted to his scalp, and the other just above his chin. The shape of his eyes had changed as well. One of them was triangular, and the other a crescent.

One of his nostrils was facing upward, and the other downward. Like the antennae of a snail, it occasionally extended or retracted at will. As for his ears, one of them was at the front, and the other at the back. His appearance looked scary to say the least, though it was nothing compared to the green flames covering his body. It was overflowing with inauspiciousness and calamitous energy.

Slaughterer was massive, but compared to Earth Walker in his current form? It was the difference between an infant and a big man. Right now, Earth Walker was holding Slaughterer with an iron grip and cackling evilly.

"What are you doing, Earth Walker! Unhand me!" Slaughterer roared.

“You’re not Slaughterer,” Earth Walker said simply. His voice sounded raspy and disturbing, and sparks flew out of his mouth as he spoke.

“Have you gone crazy, Earth Walker? Who else can I be if not Slaughterer? Unhand me already!” Slaughterer yelled again.

However, Earth Walker was completely unmoved. “You’re not him. Your appearance and your aura are exactly the same as Slaughterer, but I know for a fact that you’re not him.”

“Now speak. Who are you? Where is Slaughterer?”

“Aw man. It looks like you really did find me out.”

Slaughterer abruptly stopped struggling as a curious look replaced his angry snarl. “I was pretty confident in my disguise, you know. What did I do wrong?”

“Your disguise is pretty incredible. Your appearance, body shape, energies and more were exactly identical to Slaughterer. Unfortunately for you, you’re not a member of the Eight Legions, so you’re unaware of the signature characteristics of the Asuras’ secret art,” Earth Walker replied.

“Is that so? Care to explain further?” Slaughterer—or more accurately, Ye Qing asked.

The fake Slaughterer was Ye Qing, of course. Earlier, he had used Nanke to lure Dream Master, Earth Walker and Dancer away from the battlefield he chose to fight Slaughterer at. It was to make sure that the trio wouldn’t sense the ensuing battle, and if they did, they wouldn’t be able to help him in time. Once they were sufficiently far apart from each other, he immediately wrapped Nanke with the Annon Sutra, snuck back to Slaughterer and killed him.

Of course, he wasn’t sure if the Annon Sutra could stop Dream Master from sensing Nanke at first. As mysterious as it was, he had come to learn that the Annon Sutra wasn’t omnipotent.

Luckily for him, the Annon Sutra was still OP even though it wasn’t omnipotent. After a period of observation, he confirmed that the vellum could isolate Nanke’s presence. That was why he pulled the exact same trick and forced the group to split up a second time.

Someone might argue that it was a bad idea to use the same trick a second time, but Ye Qing was fairly confident that it would work. After all, the group’s primary objective was to retrieve Nanke, and this was confirmed by their worried expressions when Dream Master suddenly lost track of the Strange Artifact. If Nanke’s presence were to reappear, he was sure they would give chase immediately.

However, Slaughterer was their companion, and they couldn’t just abandon him to his fate. Therefore, the best solution from their perspective was to split up and accomplish both objectives at the same time. That would be his cue to act.

After he confirmed that Earth Walker had split away from the group, Ye Qing traveled back to the battlefield first and disguised himself as Slaughterer. He was hoping to pull the same trick that had fooled Slaughterer and slay Earth Walker with minimal effort. However, the dumb-looking Earth

Walker had somehow seen through his disguise and caught him by surprise. This should not have happened.

Earth Walker sneered as he answered, “When you fought Slaughterer earlier, you forced him to use his trump card, ‘Xingtian Finale’. ‘Xingtian Finale’ is an Asura secret art that turns an Asura into a fearless warrior who can continue fighting even without a head. However, executing such a secret art would cause them to fall into a period of extreme weakness, and more importantly, they could never regenerate their head again. They could only live as the war god Xingtian had; a headless body who uses their nipples as the eyes and their belly button as the mouth.”

“Your disguise is perfect. You managed to mimic Slaughterer’s appearance, body shape, energies, and even his exhaustion after using his trump card. However, you missed the one thing you should never have missed, which is why I realized you’re a fake from the moment I lay my eyes on you.”

“I see!” Ye Qing exclaimed in realization. He supposed he was careless. He never thought that Slaughterer’s secret art would have such a severe flaw. He should’ve asked the Annon Sutra first before carrying out his plan.

On second thought, it wouldn’t have mattered even if he discovered this trait sooner. He could morph his body to mimic almost any human being in the world, but a headless one? It wasn’t like he could remove his own head.

It was fine though. The surprise attack might have failed, but a frontal attack would achieve the same outcome.

Ye Qing tilted his head and asked another question, “If you already know that I’m a fake, then why did you still approach me? Are you stupid or suicidal?”

“Hmph! You have one helluva mouth for someone with one foot in the grave already,” Earth Walker scoffed.

His enemy had tried to trick him, so he had repaid the favor in return. That was why he didn’t expose Ye Qing immediately after seeing through his disguise. He wanted to get close enough so he could unleash his full strength and restrain the impudent fool.

His opponent was strong enough to force “Xingtian Finale” out of Slaughterer. He might even have killed the big idiot already. Had he exposed Ye Qing immediately, he would’ve had to clash against him in a head-on fight. He was sure he would win, but as a veteran of the *jianghu*, he knew that to let carelessness into his head. Why take a risk when there was a safer, more superior option?

As soon as he got close to Ye Qing, he immediately activated his Yaksa bloodline and unleashed his full power. Thanks to this, he was able to outwit his enemy and restrain him.

Earth Walker was a descendant of the ancient Yaksas and a member of the Yaksas of the Eight Legions. He was swift, strong, and cunning.

A Yaksa could be split into two types, namely Sky Yaksa and Earth Yaksa. A Sky Yaksa had a pair of wings that allowed them to fly and pull off all kinds of tricky movements. An Earth Yaksa was a natural in Earth Escape and could slip into the underground anytime, anywhere. Their head was

constantly covered in green flames, and they enjoyed spreading plagues and calamities. They were also born with a face that only a mother could love.

Earth Walker was descended from an Earth Yaksa. He was a Half-Step Grandmaster in his own right, but when he activated his bloodline, he could give even a proper Grandmaster a run for their money.

The fake Slaughterer was currently restrained, and his insides were sealed and corrupted by his green flames. He could not see how the man could possibly get out of this—not unless he was a Grandmaster.

Was the fake Slaughterer a Grandmaster? Of course not. If he really was a Grandmaster, then he wouldn't bother with such petty tricks. He would've just attacked him head on.

As for why Earth Walker hadn't killed Ye Qing outright, it was because he wanted to know if Slaughterer was still alive or not.

Yes, there was a huge chance that Slaughterer was already dead—but what if he wasn't? What if his idiot companion was still alive?

Besides, his enemy was completely under his control right now. He wasn't afraid of anything Ye Qing might pull in his current state.

“Now speak. Where is Slaughterer? Give me the truth, and I may grant you an easy death.” Earth Walker tightened his grip while threatening, “Otherwise, you will wish that you were dead.”

Chapter 649: Are You Stupid Or Suicidal?

“You want to meet Slaughterer that badly? fine. I'll fulfill your wish.”

Ye Qing shook his head with a sigh.

“What are you talking about?” Ye Qing's calm demeanor irritated Earth Walker greatly. For whatever reason, he felt like something bad was about to happen.

“You want to meet Slaughterer, don't you? I'll send you to the underworld right now.” Ye Qing grinned. “Don't worry. I promise it won't take long.”

“You killed Slaughterer?! You deserve death!”

The bad premonition entrenched in Earth Walker's heart immediately grew stronger when he heard this. Unwilling to wait any longer, he abruptly tightened his grip and attempted to flatten Ye Qing like a pancake.

However, the blood quickly drained away from his face. It was because he felt like an ordinary human trying to crush a boulder with his bare hands. No matter how hard he squeezed, he was unable to harm Ye Qing even a little.

“No need to take it easy on me. I can take it,” Ye Qing suggested after noticing Earth Walker's ugly expression.

“You are courting death!”

The provocation sent Earth Walker into a flying rage. The green flames on his head were brighter and a couple inches taller than before. First, he opened his mouth and sucked in a deep breath, swallowing both air and flame into his stomach. Then, he fired a pair of green fire snakes from his eyes straight at Ye Qing.

The fire snakes had a pair of horns on its head and three legs near its abdomen. Their entire body was wreathed in green flames that screeched and wailed like the voices of hell itself.

“Yaksa Magia: Phosphorescent Snake”

In ancient times, there existed a Stranger called the Phosphorescent Snake. It had horns on its head and legs on its stomach. He was covered in calamitous flames, and it spread plague and disaster wherever it went. Countless humans and animals died as a result. As if that wasn't enough, its flames utterly destroyed the souls of any creature it killed and denied their reincarnation.

Legend had it that the Phosphorescent Snake was the Yaksas' guardian beast. Specifically, they were bred and passed down within the Earth Yaksas.

“Yaksa Magia: Phosphorescent Snake” mimicked the power of a true Phosphorescent Snake. It could be used to attack one's mind and body. The physical wounds left behind by the magia was difficult to heal, and the flesh was greatly weakened compared to before. It was nothing compared to the mental damage, however. Worst case scenario, the victim's mind would be destroyed, and they would never be able to enter the cycle of reincarnation.

“Yaksa Magia: Phosphorescent Snake” was without a doubt a deadly, evil Magia. It was also one of the Yaksas' strongest Magias.

Earth Walker didn't just want to wither Ye Qing's body. He also wanted to annihilate his mind and grant him true death!

However, Earth Walker's expectations were defied yet again. While the Phosphorescent Snakes were flying toward Ye Qing's face, the young man let out a huge yawn. A mad gale blew, and the Phosphorescent Snakes were sucked into his mouth faster than they could react.

“Burp...”

Earth Walker could only stare with a stupefied expression as Ye Qing burped and smacked his lips a little. He then asked expectantly, “It's surprisingly tasty. Do you have more?”

Do you think that my snakes are dinner or something? Would you like me to sprinkle some cumin on them?!

Despite the inane thought flashing through his mind, Earth Walker's incredulity was quickly replaced by overwhelming fear. Unfortunately, it was too late.

“It would be impolite not to reciprocate such a wonderful meal. You gave me heat, so I'll return you some warmth. This is how the world becomes a better place, don't you agree?”

Earth Walker was in the middle of executing Earth Escape when suddenly, Ye Qing's ridiculing voice entered his ears. When he looked, he saw a wisp of purple flame flying out of the young man's mouth.

The wisp was so tiny it was barely larger than a sapling. But despite its weak and frail appearance, its light was the brightest and hottest he had ever seen. It reminded him of the sun hanging high up in the nine heavens, vast and unstoppable.

The next moment, he felt himself burning up like a kindling. The heat was such that his body charred and crumbled into ash in just the span of seconds. Not even his Yin God was able to escape before it disintegrated into nothing.

During the final moments of his life, Earth Walker suddenly recalled Ye Qing's words, "If you already know that I'm a fake, then why did you still approach me? Are you stupid or suicidal?"

The young man wasn't boasting after all. If anything, he was the one who failed to see Mount Tai!

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Earth Walker was dead. He was so dead even the pile of cremated ash was quickly scattered by the wind, leaving nothing behind.

"What a pity..." Ye Qing mused while shaking his head. Earth Walker was strong and smart. However, he had made two fatal mistakes. One, he got close to him. Two, he underestimated his strength and trump card.

More accurately, he wasn't expecting the Purple Sun Trueflame at all.

Earth Walker's body wasn't particularly strong. The source of his strength came from his unique powers as an Earth Yaksa such as his snake Magia and his green flakes. However, the green flame was, in essence, a yin-type flame, and it was completely countered by his Purple Sun Trueflame, a supreme flame of yang. Before the Purple Sun Trueflame, his Magia and flames were like mice before a cat; snakes before a hawk. Forget resisting, they could not unleash even a sliver of their full strength. That was why Earth Walker had died with a whimper.

If it wasn't for the Purple Sun Trueflame, it would have taken Ye Qing a lot more effort to kill him. The guy was a Half-Step Grandmaster. Moreover, there was a chance Earth Walker might have escaped if he set his mind to it.

After all, he did not know how to use Earth Escape.

In short, Earth Walker was unlucky.

"I should find Giggle."

Earlier, he had given Giggle both Nanke and the Annon Sutra[1] so it could draw Dream Master and Dancer away. Without Nanke, it would be impossible to split up the group, and without the Annon Sutra, it would be impossible to hide Nanke's presence, hence. It would then reunite with him after the deed was done.

Giggle might be lacking in the offensive department, but its ability to run and hide was indubitably first class. If it did not wish to be seen or caught, then not even Ye Qing would be able to find it.

That was why he did not hesitate to entrust Nanke and the Annon Sutra to it. He was confident that Dream Master would not be able to lay a hand on it.

That said, the battle with Earth Walker had ended even faster than he had anticipated. It was practically effortless considering how the Purple Sun Trueflame had snuffed out the warrior like nothing. So, he decided to go to Giggle instead. Once they met up, he would find a new way to kill Dream Master and Dancer and wrap up this hunt.

Ye Qing had left his energy on Giggle, so all he needed to do was to follow the trail. He dashed across the city like a ghost.

The thick fog and the Endless Wall might be a nightmare to others, but it could not impede Ye Qing in the slightest. He quickly arrived at a group of buildings.

The buildings were dilapidated and half-buried in sand, but they were still incredibly tall and stretched seemingly endlessly toward the horizon. Clearly, he was at the center of the ancient city. He could almost imagine its former glory even as he walked through them.

Unfortunately, there was nothing that could stand against the endless march of time. Eventually, all things would crumble into dust.

“Hahaha...”

It was at this moment Ye Qing heard a peal of giggles behind him. When he looked, he saw the little guy standing on a rooftop, carrying a porcelain bottle on its head, and carrying Nanke and the Annon Sutra in its arms, giggling.

Clearly, Giggle had sensed his arrival and decided to show itself.

Giggle leaped off the building and landed in front of Ye Qing. Then, it handed the Annon Sutra and Nanke back to Ye Qing.

“Thanks.”

Ye Qing accepted the two items and thanked Giggle sincerely. The little guy immediately burst into another peal of happy giggles.

“Now, only Dream Master and Dancer are left.”

Ye Qing gave Giggle a headpat while wondering how he should tackle his two remaining pursuers. Dancer was not an issue, but Dream Master was a different story. Not only did they share the same cultivation level, Dream Master’s arts were bizarre and unpredictable. Killing the man would definitely not be as easy as killing Slaughterer or Earth Walker.

Assuming he failed to kill Dream Master after springing his trap, it would be him who was in trouble. Therefore, he needed to come up with a foolproof plan.

Chapter 650: I Treat You Like My Husband, But You Treat Me Like A Daughter

“A foolproof plan...” Ye Qing sat on the roof with his head bowed and his fingers tapping the ceramic tiles rhythmically, thinking.

Giggle sat quietly beside him so as not to disturb his train of thought.

Nanke's presence was currently concealed, so Dream Master would not be able to track it down for the moment, which gave him time to think. He knew that his time was limited though. The longer he dragged this out, the higher the chances that things might spiral out of his control.

Ye Qing thought long and hard, but in the end, he still believed that the best way to deal with Dream Master was to repeat what he did to Slaughterer and Earth Walker: pretend to be one of his allies and cut him down when he least expected it.

However, the chances that Dream Master would see through him was quite real. If the plan failed, then he would be in serious trouble.

Not only that, he didn't have anything that specifically countered Dream Master's arts. One misstep, and he might be serving his enemies his head on a silver platter.

It was the best and only plan he could come up with though. Everything else was either too risky or unrealistic.

"I have to give it a try."

In the end, Ye Qing chose to give it a go. Not everything in the world could be done perfectly, just like no plan could account for every variable. Should the worst happen, he just had to bite the bullet and innovate on the fly.

His mind made up, Ye Qing jumped off the roof and got ready to create some commotion and lure Dream Master to him as he and Earth Walker had agreed earlier. However, something caught his attention before he could do anything. His eyebrows rose as he exclaimed in surprise, "There are others entering this city?"

Part of the fog shrouding the city was his own. Naturally, anyone who entered its range would alert his senses.

"There are two people. One of them is running away, and the other is giving chase."

Ye Qing's thoughts raced inside his head as he perceived the presence. Then, he began moving in the duo's direction.

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"Just surrender the item, junior sister! I promise I won't hurt you!"

Two people were dashing through the fog at high speed. Both the pursuer and the one being pursued was a woman.

The woman at the front was wearing a red outfit and an exquisite-looking mask. Her feet were flawless and unhurt even though she was barefooted, and she looked calm and in control even though she was running away.

The woman at the back was wearing a snow white outfit that looked like the purest, cleanest object in the entire world, but her face was blacker than coal, darker than ink, and deeper than the night itself. It was as if she was the representative of the darkest side of humanity.

Ye Qing thought two newcomers had entered the city, when in reality there were three. The woman in white was carrying a man on her back.

The man's legs seemed to be disabled. He was sitting on a wheelchair, and both him and the wheelchair were lifted into the air by the woman in white.

The man's appearance was the opposite of the woman in white. He was wearing a black outfit that looked as dark as the night, but his face was smooth and milky like jade, and his eyes looked like a pair of clear pools, translucent and pure.

Despite carrying a person on her back and running somewhat boorishly, the woman in white wasn't slow in the slightest. Every time she took a step, the earth beneath her foot would deflate and inflate like it was breathing. By the time it completed the motion, the woman in white was already ten meters away. Despite its clumsiness appearance, her footsteps were rhythmic and empowered by some sort of ancient wisdom.

This was why the woman in red was unable to break free despite moving very quickly herself.

On the wheelchair, the man called out again with a warm, gentle voice that resembled a cool breeze, "Junior sister, we are childhood friends who share a deep bond with each other, aren't we? Is it really worth damaging that bond over some trivial object?"

"I know. Everyone knows that you cherish me the most, first senior brother. Since we were children, you would always give me any good stuff you find, but never sought anything from me."

Further ahead, the woman in red replied in a sweet, melodious voice, "You won't make an exception this time, will you?"

"But of course," the man replied gently. "However, that old bastard is as old as he is cunning, and I doubt the item he left behind would be any better. I certainly wouldn't be surprised if it turned out to be dangerous enough to threaten your life. For your own safety, you should give it to me for safekeeping."

"You treat me so well, first senior brother."

The woman in red giggled. "But that is precisely why I can't risk your wellbeing. If the old bastard's inheritance really is that dangerous, then it's better that I keep it. I wouldn't want to hurt you."

"It's fine. I am your first senior brother. You know what they say, the elder sibling is parentally responsible for their younger siblings. It is far more reasonable for a father to protect his daughter than it is the other way around, don't you agree?" The man replied in an indifferent tone.

"My, my, you're such a great man, first senior brother."

For the first time, the woman in red turned around to shoot her pursuers a weird look. "I don't think that third senior sister would be happy with your perspective though. She loves you like no other and thinks of you as her husband, but you're telling me that you really think of her as your daughter? How sad."

The woman carrying the man abruptly stopped in her tracks. At the same time, the earth beneath her feet began shaking unsteadily.

“Don’t listen to your junior sister’s nonsense, Ah Su. You know how she loves to spout nonsense every once in a while. Of course I know your love for me, and I too love you and only you.”

The man patted the woman’s head and stared into her eyes lovingly. “I, Su Xiu, love Ah Su forever and ever.”

“Ah Su... also... loves Ah Xiu.”

The woman named Ah Su replied somewhat disjointedly. Her voice sounded stiff and wooden, but there was no denying its seriousness.

“Are you tired?” Su Xiu asked gently while removing a silken handkerchief from his shirt and wiping the beads of sweat on Ah Su’s forehead.

“Ah Su... isn’t... tired...” Ah Su shook her head.

“Very well. Then let us continue the chase.”

Su Xiu looked in the direction the woman had disappeared to while saying, “Your junior sister is such a naughty girl. I think it’s time we teach her a lesson.”

“Naughty girls... should be... punished...”

Ah Su replied and bent her knees slightly. There was a deafening boom, and Ah Su shot into the air like an arrow after the woman in red.

In the air, Su Xiu lightly made a plucking motion. A brilliant star immediately appeared between his fingertips. Once upon a time, there were gods who could pluck stars out of the sky.

The next moment, Su Xiu flicked the star straight at the woman in red.

The star fell like a rock, a house, a mountain.

Long before it hit the ground, the earth was already rippling like a leg, and everything within a hundred meters radius were choking with energy. The woman in red was caught dead center.

Knowing that she couldn’t avoid the attack, the woman in red stopped running and produced a red umbrella. She slowly opened it.

When the red umbrella was fully open, the descending pressure and energy abruptly bounced off to the side like a water bead.

The falling star also froze in mid-air, unmoving.

To hold up an umbrella was akin to holding up a sky. What was a star compared to that?

However, Ah Su appeared on top of the star and brought her foot down. The woman in red’s arms immediately fell an inch, and her complexion turned a little white.

Seeing this, Ah su raised her foot and stomped the star again.

There was a deafening roar as the star cracked, and the red umbrella fell another inch lower. By now, the woman in red's face had turned completely white.

"I was wrong, first senior brother, third senior sister! I'm sorry!" the woman in red pleaded in a hurry when Ah Su raised her foot a third time. Ah Su was unmoved, however. Like a demon god, she brought her foot down a third time and shattered the star completely. A terrific shockwave immediately washed through the area and tore the sky and earth asunder.

Despite standing at the center of impact, Ah Su couldn't seem to feel the shockwave. She descended toward the woman in red and stepped on the red umbrella.