

Swordsman 331

Chapter 331: A Magisterial Entrance

"Fourth Sister."

Jian Wushuang took a solemn look at Su Rou before speaking in a low and deep voice, "All along, you have seen this Ye Chen fella as your benefactor because he saved you and helped you take revenge. But do you know who ordered Blissful Island to annihilate your tribe in the first place?"

"Huh?" Su Rou turned her attention toward Jian Wushuang involuntarily.

"I'm telling you, this Ye Chen fella was the person who ordered the annihilation of your tribe and also the ringleader behind the massacre of your kin," Jian Wushuang stated piercingly.

"What?" Su Rou was stunned for a moment before she began to shake her head repeatedly.

"Impossible!"

"You think so?" Jian Wushuang laughed derisively. "Your tribe was situated within a middle-sized empire. Have you never asked yourself what kind of business brought someone like Master Ye Chen there, and how he rescued you by coincidence?"

"What's more, why do you think the only survivor among your clan happened to be you?"

Su Rou was slightly stumped.

These questions had popped up in her head before, but she never thought too much about them.

"That is impossible. Why would Master do that?" Su Rou shook her head frantically while turning her eyes toward Ye Chen.

"Hmph, baseless accusations," Ye Chen responded dismissively.

"Baseless?" Jian Wushuang sneered, but a heavy Force of Gale and Thunderbolt gradually began to build up in his body.

Swish!

His body suddenly transformed into a streak of thundering light which burst forth.

Because of the close distance and the unexpectedness of Jian Wushuang's offensive, even the experts of Ice Nether Valley could not react promptly. By the time they did, Jian Wushuang was already right in front of one of them.

This person was none other than the black-clothed elder who had been following behind Ye Chen like a slave.

In fact, he had been doing so for more than a decade, and was a half-saint.

He was startled by Jian Wushuang's sudden appearance in front of him. Subsequently, he saw the latter reach a palm out directly toward his face.

His complexion changed drastically as he forcibly shifted his body to one side, evading the fatal palm. Despite missing, Jian Wushuang sniggered nevertheless. A unique Spiritual Power emanated from the center of his palm and swept out towards the elder's face.

Having accomplished what he wanted, Jian Wushuang reappeared at his original spot in a flash of lightning.

"Fourth Sister, take a look at that person once more and see if you recognize him," he muttered while pointing at the black-clothed elder.

Su Rou looked frowningly toward the elder, but she quickly noticed that his features had changed.

"Disguise Skill?"

Many of the experts standing around were equally astounded.

None of them had ever imagined that the black-clothed elder who followed beside Ye Chen persistently had all along been hiding his true face by using the Disguise Skill. It lost its effect because Jian Wushuang had smeared something special on the center of his palm which caused a reaction when the Spiritual Power from the attack swept past the elder's face.

After seeing the elder's true appearance, Su Rou's expression turned from shock to disbelief, and then eventually to immense rage.

"It's you!" her voice became ice-cold and piercing to the extreme.

It was a face she had committed to memory since that day, more than ten years ago, when she was still a young child. It was a face she would never forget.

After all, this was the face of the Master who led Blissful Island in the massacre of her tribe and kin.

She had thought that this person was long dead. Instead, not only was he standing in front of her right now, but he had also been following beside Ye Chen all this time and even had frequent contact with her.

"Lord of Blissful Island, Fan Hong!"

"Do you believe me now?" Jian Wushuang asked in a deep voice.

The reason he was sure that there was incontrovertible evidence, was because among the information found by the Alchemy School, was the discovery that the servant who persistently followed Ye Chen was none other than Fan Hong, the Lord of Blissful Island who annihilated Su Rou's tribe all those years ago.

This proof was as solid as a mountain.

So much so that Su Rou was compelled to believe it.

She raised her head and peered toward Ye Chen once more, albeit this time with a wholly different look.

"Master, I need an explanation from you!" Su Rou's figure was visibly quivering.

Ye Chen's complexion became unsightly at once.

An uproar erupted in the Drill Ground.

Having understood the truth of the matter, nearly everyone became doubtful of the so-called Master Saint.

“Master Saint? How can someone who conducts himself like this have the right to be called such?”

“I always saw this Ye Chen fella as an honorable and forthright person. I never expected him to be such a fraud.”

“Shameless hypocrite!”

Contemptuous remarks rang out across the Drill Ground.

Consequently, the complexions of many of the experts of Ice Nether Valley became somewhat unpleasant. The Valley Master began to holler, “Little one, you not only ordered people to destroy the foundations of my sect’s formation, you also shamelessly spread nonsense here. Could it be that you think my Ice Nether Valley is easy to bully?”

“If a tiger doesn’t show its might, it will indeed be mistaken as a sick cat!”

“You and your friends can forget about leaving here today!”

“Elders, come out!”

The Valley Master’s loud and emphatic voice reverberated throughout the area.

In the blink of an eye, a massive and thick aura shot up into the sky. Many experts of Ice Nether Valley, including several Saint Realm Elders who had achieved Divine Transcendence, appeared in quick succession near Jian Wushuang and co.

“Heh, you want a fight?” Jian Wushuang said and sneered while slowly reaching behind his back to grasp his long sword.

A cool breeze whooshed past just as his palm made contact with the hilt of his long sword. Five figures appeared, near-simultaneously, behind his back.

Including Old Weirdo Yunyang, who had already revealed himself previously, there were now six people behind him.

Among the six was Wine Master, whose white robes, hair, and beard flapped around, even though there was no wind.

The hoary-looking Lady Black, dressed in black, with her indifferent countenance.

Known for being carefree, the two Wind and Rain Immortals, who were jointly called the “Immortal Couple”, stood there, nonchalantly, with a smile on the corners of their mouths.

Old Weirdo Yunyang interlocked his hands, with a hint of mischief in his eyes.

Conversely, Chi Mei stood stiffly where he was with a glum expression on his face.

Aside from the six of them, there was Jian Wushuang, who was gradually pulling his long sword out, as well as Yang Zaixuan, whose body emitted a loftier-than-thou aura.

Right here on the Drill Ground, in Ice Nether Valley, eight horrifying and earthshaking auras burst out violently.

In the blink of an eye, the sky and earth were torn apart.

The suppressive forces formed by the auras alone caused the entire Drill Ground to fall into a grave silence.

The entire surface of the Drill Ground even seemed to cave in completely.

At the forefront of these eight people was Jian Wushuang, who was clearly the leader. Clutching his green-tipped sword, his peerless Sword Essence rose into the sky, making him appear as if he was a peerless master who had arrived from ancient times. His eyes, which carried a faint trace of arrogance, looked around as hostile words poured out of his mouth.

“Whether I can be kept back will depend on your capability, Ice Nether Valley!”

Chapter 332: Go Berserk, Blood-Red Pupils!

The six experts of the Saint Realm entered the spotlight with an overbearing and unparalleled arrogance about them.

The entire Drill Ground began to sizzle at once.

“The experts of the Saint Realm? All six of you?”

“Is... that Wine Master?”

“Could it really be Wine Master AND Lady Black?”

“What are the Wind and Rain Immortals doing here? Haven’t they appeared publicly for a long time?”

“I recognize that shabby elder. He’s Old Weirdo Yunyang, who despite living for so long already, simply refuses to die no matter what. He’s ranked sixth on the Bloodmoon List of Tang Dynasty.”

Five of the six experts of the Saint Realm were recognized at once. The odd one out was Chi Mei, who became well-known considerably later and only in the Tang Dynasty.

Even so, the five recognized ones were undoubtedly top tier experts on Nanyang Continent.

Wine Master, for instance, was a supreme expert of the “Pinnacle” level, which was up there with Holy Emperor Palace and Alchemy School, and thus had to be respectfully and cautiously treated rather than be provoked.

Lady Black belonged to the Third-stage Domain, which Old Weirdo Yunyang could hold his own against even though he belonged to the Second-Stage Domain. These two people would be the most powerful sect members if they were placed in any of the eight sects.

Although the Wind and Rain Immortals, as well as Chi Mei, were slightly less powerful, they were also masters of a Domain.

The crowd was amazed by such an impressive lineup, and could only nod in agreement with Jian Wushuang's words.

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Is Ice Nether Valley really thinking of keeping back these virtuosos?

Is it good enough to?

"Wine Master, Lady Black, Old Weirdo Yunyang, the Wind and Rain Immortals, and one more who even though I can't recognize, can tell to be a top-tier expert and a master of a Domain." The Valley Master's complexion darkened immensely.

Although Ice Nether Valley was the most powerful among the three valleys, it did not have many experts of the Saint Realm – there were ten of them in all. Of these ten, only five were true masters of a Domain, while the other five were merely normal experts of the Saint Realm.

The Valley Master would have remained confident of keeping back Jian Wushuang and co. had the Protective Array been well-preserved and ready to be used.

"Lady Black and Wine Master, Ice Nether Valley and I have always respected both of you, and have never dared to provoke you two in the slightest. What's the intent of your actions today?" The Valley Master asked in a frosty voice.

"Valley Master Ye." Wine Master laughed indifferently. "I have no choice. This disciple of mine raised a request for the first time after having acknowledged me as his master for so long. Surely I have to help him in some way, right?"

"Disciple?" With barely squinting eyes, the Valley Master shot a glance at Yang Zaixuan.

"Enough nonsense." Jian Wushuang's voice sounded once more. "My friends and I specifically came here to bring misery upon Ice Nether Valley. Nothing that you say matters. In the end, strength will decide everything."

"Fourth Sister, do you want Ye Chen dead or alive?"

As Jiang Wushuang looked over at Su Rou, who was standing by the side, his complexion changed abruptly.

At present, Su Rou's head was lowered and her eyes had shut unnoticed. Her thin and frail body was trembling, and she showed completely no reaction to Jian Wushuang's words.

However, a considerably terrifying aura gradually began to rise up from her body.

As if it came from the boundless Underworld, the aura was ice cold and dark.

The attention of everyone on the Drill Ground immediately turned toward Su Rou the moment the aura rose into the air.

“What’s this?” Even Wine Master’s and Lady Black’s, who were standing beside Su Rou, aged complexions changed slightly.

The dark aura which seemed to be from the boundless Underworld was very weak at first, but it strengthened at an unimaginable pace.

In only a short time, the aura became powerful enough to discolor the skies while continuing to strengthen. A moment later, it enshrouded everyone present.

Many of the experts on the Drill Ground got goosebumps as the aura swept across.

“This aura...”

“What a terrifying aura. It’s even stronger than that of Wine Master and the experts of the Saint Realm!”

“What’s going on? That woman is clearly from the Yin-Yang Void Realm only. How could she have such a terrifying aura?”

Everyone was equally astounded.

The exception was Jian Wushuang, who stared solemnly at Su Rou.

This was not the first time he had seen this aura burst out of Su Rou’s body. On the few occasions?which he had seen it before, although the aura was also very intense and could exert a lot of power, it was nevertheless way weaker than the aura this time.

Its nature was also extremely different this time.

As Su Rou was being stared at by the crowd, the dark aura from her body rose to its most powerful state. The next moment, her eyes opened viciously, shooting forth a dazzling beam of bloody light which swept across everyone.

“Gosh!”

Many of the experts standing around were dumbstruck after seeing Su Rou’s pair of eyes.

“This...” Jian Wushuang was also taken aback greatly.

Her pupils, which were originally pitch black, had turned blood red!

It was not simply because of a few broken blood vessels. Rather, her pupils had changed color completely.

A pair of blood-red pupils!

It was icy and completely emotionless. The scalp of anyone who was seen by it turned numb and felt on the verge of bursting.

It would finally fixate upon Ye Chen’s body.

Su Rou thereupon stepped forth unexpectedly.

Although she took only a solitary and casual-looking step forward, it spanned a distance of over a hundred feet, allowing her to appear in front of the crowd of experts from Ice Nether Valley.

"I have always seen you as my benefactor..."

"I always thought that meeting you was the biggest blessing in my life..."

"When you said you wanted to marry me, I agreed without hesitation even though I was somewhat surprised. I thought that it was you who gave me everything I had. I thought that I would be nothing without you!"

"I never would have guessed that you, who occupied an irreplaceable position in my heart, were the person who killed my entire tribe!"

"On top of that, I never thought you would be this shameless despite being called Master Saint!"

The words which came out of Su Rou's mouth were hair-raising and bordered on hysteria.

"Fake, everything is fake!"

"Today, I shall completely destroy all of this pretense!"

"And I shall destroy you as well."

With her blood-red pupils remaining glued upon Ye Chen's body, Su Rou slowly reached her palm out toward Ye Chen and smacked it on him as if it was a Hand of Death.

Chapter 333: Start of a Huge Battle!

Everyone fixed their sights on the palm which Su Rou smacked with.

Although the palm was ostensibly very slow, it gave a bizarre feeling that it was totally inescapable.

Ye Chen's complexion changed involuntarily the moment he saw the palm smacking directly towards where he was standing.

He had a false impression that the oncoming palm could turn him into dust.

"Hmph!"

The Valley Master lowered his vision and waved his hand forcibly before going on Su Rou.

Thump!

A loud noise was heard as the Valley Master's complexion changed dramatically. Under the horrified eyes of the surrounding experts, a huge gulp of blood spurted out of his mouth, while his body fell backward wretchedly at the same time.

The Valley Master was a formidable expert of the Saint Realm who had also mastered the top ranks of the Second-stage Domain. Yet at present, almost as soon as he began fighting against Su Rou, he was already severely wounded and sent retreating!

"How is this possible?"

Everyone on the Drill Ground was speechless.

Even Jian Wushuang and Yang Zaixuan, who had some understanding of Su Rou, were somewhat bewildered.

They knew that Su Rou had a very special constitution and several unique abilities. However, by their impressions, her abilities were mainly for defense whereas she was not particularly skilled offensively.

But, what were they seeing right now?

A palm that immediately inflicted great damage on the Valley Master?

What strength was this?

Ye Chen was also scared stiff.

“How is this possible?”

“How can it be like this?”

“Although an Extreme Yin Body is formidable, it shouldn’t be sufficient for her strength to increase by that much!”

“And, why have her eyes changed like this?”

“It’s different. It’s obviously different from the Extreme Yin Body recorded in the ancient texts. An Extreme Yin Body isn’t this horrifying and brutal!”

“Could it be that... what she has isn’t an Extreme Yin Body?” Ye Chen’s eyes abruptly widened.

Because many of the unique characteristics of Su Rou’s constitution were similar to that of an Extreme Yin Body, he had all along thought that she possessed one. However, the skills which Su Rou was currently displaying indicated otherwise.

“Wrong, I got it wrong from the start!”

“This bitch simply doesn’t have an Extreme Yin Body!”

Ye Chen’s facial expression distorted maniacally as he growled in his heart.

All this time, Su Rou’s blood-red pupils remained fixated upon him without shifting even a fraction of an inch. Shortly after, her palm smacked towards Ye Chen once more. This time, his father, the Valley Master, was clearly too late to save him.

“Save me, Great Elder. Be fast.” Ye Chen barked in a shrilling voice as he desperately fled backward. A figure promptly came rushing toward him from the direction he was moving in. It reached the Drill Ground in the blink of an eye and shielded in front of Ye Chen.

When Su Rou’s palm came smacking toward him once more, the figure shook its sleeves and exerted a terrifying and vigorous power which easily nullified the palm’s force.

“Great Elder.” Ye Chen revealed an expression of pleasant surprise the moment he saw the figure shielding in front of him.

“Great Elder.” The crowd of experts from Ice Nether Valley also hurriedly looked toward the figure.

The newcomer was indeed none other than the Great Elder of Ice Nether Valley, Feng Daoyang. He was also the most powerful among the ten experts of the Saint Realm in Ice Nether Valley.

In Ice Nether Valley, Feng Daoyang was a being essentially equivalent to a Sky-Supporting Pillar. He had entered the Pinnacle realm many years back and was an expert of the same level as Wine Master.

"How did a proper and grand marriage end up like this?" With an icy countenance, he shot a glance at Ye Chen behind him.

The latter lowered his head involuntarily.

Feng Daoyang humphed grimly and did not rebuke any further. He cast his gaze directly straight ahead at Su Rou, and when he saw the pair of blood-red pupils, his complexion also changed slightly.

Blood-red pupils... even he had never heard of such a thing.

"This man has to die!"

"I shall kill anyone who obstructs me!"

Su Rou spoke in a chilly voice as she stared at Ye Chen.

"Hmph, you talk really big." Feng Daoyang smiled indifferently. "Little girl, how old are you to spout nonsense in front of an old fella like me? When I was roaming Nanyang Continent, your grandmother was probably not born yet."

"Then try me." Su Rou retorted unconcerned.

At present, her killing intent was sky-high.

There was only one thought remaining in her mind, and that was to kill Ye Chen with her own hands!

Furthermore, her constitution was completely awakened by now.

This was a very special and frightening constitution.

The killing potential of those blood-red pupils was boundless.

It was plain that she had only cultivated the Spiritual Power of Yin Void Realm, but the battle strength she was exerting at present was way superior to that of the experts of the Saint Realm.

Boom!

Her figure abruptly moved.

At the same time, the dark aura which seemed to be from the boundless Underworld started up and began to take on Feng Daoyang.

Jian Wushuang stood grim-faced in the middle of the Drill Ground.

Although the battle strength exerted by Su Rou was indeed terrifying during this short period of time, he knew full well that this type of abrupt strength was absolutely not easy to control.

“Let’s not waste any more time. We shall act now.” Jian Wushuang muttered as his eyes turned hawkish.

The group of people around him nodded in agreement.

In an instant...

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

Eight thick and brutal auras burst forth vigorously and charged directly toward the experts of Ice Nether Valley.

“Bring them down!”

The Valley Master shrieked. There was a trace of blood at the corner of his mouth, while there was a hint of insanity on his face.

The experts of Ice Nether Valley, including those who were of the Saint Realm, lost no time in lunging toward Jian Wushuang and co.

A fierce battle broke out in the blink of an eye.

The various sects, as well as many solitary experts, stood on the fringes of the vast Drill Ground as they witnessed the battle in full view. Everyone was in an expectant and colorful mood.

They had all come to Ice Nether Valley to witness a grand marriage, and never imagined that such a drastic twist would occur.

Having had his true colors publicly exposed by Jian Wushuang, Master Saint Ye Chen was revealed to be a sanctimonious little man.

Everyone then witnessed the magisterial entrance of the six experts of the Saint Realm.

Shortly after, Su Rou went berserk and exerted a monstrous battle strength.

And right now, a huge battle was fully underway.

These successive scenes were too much for the crowd to take in.

Many of the experts were in profound shock and wonderment.

Whatever state they were in, nobody personally intervened.

After all, regardless of the eventual result, this was Ice Nether Valley’s affair and had nothing to do with any other expert or party.

In the area where the experts of the old sects were gathered, the three people of Holy Emperor Palace sat on chairs as they watched the battle. However, from start to finish, the muscular and stocky elder, who was the leader among the trio, kept his eyes on one person only.

This person was none other than Jian Wushuang!

“That guy...” The muscular and stocky elder squinted his eyes slightly.

“According to the intelligence gathered by Holy Emperor Palace, Su Rou has three brothers. The eldest is the young master of the Alchemy School, Wang Yuan. The second eldest is called Yang Zaixuan. The third is Jian Wushuang!”

“Then why is Su Rou calling this person Third Brother?”

“Isn’t Jian Wushuang obviously dead already?”

Chapter 334: I Leave This Person to You, Fourth Sister!

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

After the battle broke out, deafening and frightful booms resounded in succession throughout heaven and earth. At the same time, the dispersed aftereffects of the exchanges between the two teams of experts also swept devastatingly toward the crowd of experts, of which many had already ascended into the Void where they continued to watch the battle from a distance.

While Jian Wushuang’s lineup could be said to be magnificent, Ice Nether Valley’s team was not weak either. By coordinating with each other, these experts of the Saint Realm managed to hold back the sextet comprising of Wine Master, Lady Black, the Wind and Rain Immortals, Old Weirido Yunyang, and Chi Mei.

But the two men Jian Wushuang and Yang Zaixuan... the Ice Nether Valley had to deploy several half-saints, as well as experts of the Peak of the Yang Void Realm, to hold them back as their experts of the Saint Realm were already fully occupied.

As a result, Jian Wushuang and Yang Zaixuan were practically unrestrained.

Their battle strengths were, after all, far beyond that of an average expert of the Saint Realm. How could these half-saints and experts hope to hold them back?

“Second Brother, I shall leave these people to you while I take on Ye Chen,” Jian Wushuang spoke icily.

“Okay,” Yang Zaixuan acknowledged in a similar voice. He casually thrust the blood-red saber in his hand, and instantly, a blood-red Flowing Light swept past an elder and scythed him fatally.

“Ye Chen.”

There was a heavy Force of Gale and Thunderbolt built up on Jian Wushuang’s body, which then transformed into a ray of lightning that beamed into the Void and appeared in front of Ye Chen in a split second. An astonishing blast of Sword Essence surged toward Ye Chen while making a diffusive noise.

“Young Valley Master and respectful Master Saint, do you have the guts to fight with me?”

Ye Chen looked over at Jian Wushuang. The fury in his heart could no longer be contained and thus erupted at once.

“Bastard!”

“Everything is because of this bastard!”

Ye Chen's eyes became hostile while his complexion twisted.

The day was proceeding according to plan at first, but Jian Wushuang's appearance ruined the marriage, and he even uncovered Master Saint's true colors, completely destroying the image which the latter had long been building up.

From this day forth, it was likely that Master Saint's name would only be mentioned as a joke by experts throughout Nanyang Continent.

And all this was because of Jian Wushuang.

An ice-cold killing intent gushed out of Ye Chen's body while a pale golden long spear unanticipatedly appeared in his hand. The spear possessed impressive power and was clearly an exceptional magic weapon.

"Damn you!"

As Ye Chen glared at Jian Wushuang, his body suddenly charged forth.

Boom!

When he struck out with the spear, a brutal power burst forth like the eruption of a volcano and instantly produced a jarring boom in the Void.

The sight of this drew admiration from many of the spectating experts.

Master Saint's renown was profoundly related to his strength, and was not just because of the disposition he had all along been faking.

Although he had only cultivated the Spiritual Power of the Peak of the Yang Void Realm, he had once fought with a true expert of the Saint Realm and clearly held the upper hand.

The height of his talents certainly belonged to the top tier of the entire Nanyang Continent.

The power of the spear which Ye Chen was showing off at the moment had already reached the threshold of the experts of the Saint Realm.

However, Jian Wushuang simply curled the corners of his lips as he met the explosive spear with a very casual thrust of the purple-tipped sword in his hand.

As casual as it was, when it collided with the spear head-on...

Bam!

An intensely violent noise sounded. Ye Chen's pupils constricted abruptly, and subsequently, he spewed out a mouthful of blood in front of the horrified crowd, while his body was flung backward like a cannonball.

This was what happened in only one exchange.

Jian Wushuang's casual exertion was all it took to outclass and defeat Ye Chen.

Yet, Jian Wushuang had also only cultivated the Spiritual Power of the Peak of the Yang Void Realm.

“How is this possible?”

Ye Chen painfully stood up firm and once more cast his eyes, which had become aghast like never before, upon Jian Wushuang.

As Master Saint, he had always been considered an elite talent throughout Nanyang Continent. Facing a person who was of a similar cultivation as him, however, he was thoroughly defeated and heavily injured by a very casual stroke.

Why was this so?

Hoo!

A ray of lightning whizzed toward him and arrived less than a meter in front of him in the blink of an eye.

With a long sword in his hand, Jian Wushuang gazed at Ye Chen from a close distance and revealed a jocose smile at the corner of his lips. “A Master Saint as dignified as you only have this level of ability?”

“You, you...” Ye Chen looked in disbelief at Jian Wushuang.

The latter’s eyes flashed a glimmer of disdain, following which he struck out furiously with his sword once more.

In his vain attempt to resist, Ye Chen hastily raised his long spear.

Bam!

A frightening force smashed onto Ye Chen’s spear. Ye Chen immediately felt an unprecedentedly powerful transmission which caused the energy and blood in his body to swirl. He spewed out another mouthful of blood as his body collapsed violently on to the ground below.

Many of the onlooking experts were dumbstruck by what they had just seen.

They had never imagined that Master Saint Ye Chen would be this resistless against an expert of the same level as him.

That’s right, the disparity in strength between them was so big that he showed completely no resistance.

In the camp of the Holy Emperor Palace, the muscular and stocky elder continued to fix his attention on Jian Wushuang. His pupils constricted when he saw the heavy Force of Gale and Thunderbolt gushing forth from Jian Wushuang’s body.

“Is that... the Wrath of Gale and Thunderbolt?”

As one of the superior second-grade manuals in Holy Emperor Palace, it was certainly familiar to this elder.

“He’s much stronger than Master Saint Ye Chen even though he’s also in the Peak of the Yang Void Realm. What’s more, the Origin Energy which his exertions carry contain World Origin and also Slaughter Origin previously...”

“Jian Wushuang!”

“Make no mistake, he’s indeed Jian Wushuang!”

The elder’s eyes projected a wicked sparkle when he thought of this.

Ye Chen had dropped into a deep pit in the Drill Ground. When he managed to stand up scrabbling, the ray of lightning flashed once more and Jian Wushuang reappeared in front of him. This time, however, Jian Wushuang clenched his left hand and punched it with an immense power directly into Ye Chen’s abdomen.

Because its speed was too fast, Ye Chen had absolutely no time to resist.

Bam!

A low and deep voice sounded. Ye Chen spewed blood for the third time and his complexion became ghostly pale at once.

“My dantian?” Ye Chen felt his entire being as if struck by millions of thunderbolts and became completely desensitized.

After destroying Ye Chen’s dantian, Jian Wushuang casually slapped a palm on Ye Chen. Like a dead dog, Ye Chen was flung dozens of meters away and finally landed on the Drill Ground.

After doing all this, Jian Wushuang raised his head and looked over at Su Rou, who was fighting with Feng Daoyang in a nearby Void.

His callous voice began to reverberate between heaven and earth.

“I leave this person to you, Fourth Sister! You may make him die in whatever way you want!”

Chapter 335: Departing Unhurt

When they saw Ye Chen’s dantian being destroyed and him lying on the ground like a dead dog, everyone on the Drill Ground became speechless. The experts who were fighting intensely in the Void above also paused their actions.

Many pairs of eyes began to look downward.

“Chen dear!” Like a raging lion, the Valley Master was especially furious.

There was nothing he could do even though he had taken notice of the fight scene between Jian Wushuang and Ye Chen.

As for himself, he had been fighting with Old Weirdo Yunyang, who was good enough to master the Third-stage Domain of the Saint Realm. Although he was able to hold his own against the latter, he was always at a disadvantage, and thus did not have a spare hand to assist Ye Chen.

The situation of the other Ice Nether Valley experts was similar to his.

They did not have a spare hand and could only watch on helplessly.

“Fourth Sister.” Jian Wushuang fastened his eyes on Su Rou.

At present, Su Rou's blood-red pupils remained emotionless. She slowly took a few steps forward and appeared beside Ye Chen.

Ye Chen, whose dantian had been destroyed and body had been severely injured by Jian Wushuang, flailed maniacally on the ground and was completely unable to stand up. When Su Rou appeared beside him, he painfully raised his head and took a glimpse at her. His eyes no longer had the same tender affection and fondness as before, and instead contained nothing but madness.

"Bitch!"

Grunted the man who had already gone completely insane.

Su Rou remained expressionless as she looked down at him. In her hands was a huge stream of Spiritual Power which was forming into a long sword.

Without saying a word, she pierced the sword into Ye Chen's chest after it had taken shape.

"How dare you!"

The Valley Master roared more furiously than ever from the Void in the distance. However, his roar and fury seemed utterly powerless, for there was not even a slight pause in Su Rou's actions.

Chi!

The Spiritual Power long sword perforated Ye Chen's chest and ran through his entire body.

Ye Chen's eyes widened and seemed to express an intention to break free from this ordeal. Subsequently, the grunting noise he was making began to dissipate.

Master Saint Ye Chen... died right at this moment!

"Is he dead?"

Having personally killed Ye Chen, Su Rou could only mutter an inaudible response, following which she revealed a trace of smile which contained immense grief and forlornness at the corner of her mouth.

Soon, the dark aura on her body faded away at an astonishing speed.

Her eyes began to shut before her body collapsed abruptly.

Jian Wushuang acted quickly and held her up. His face sunk when he saw her ghostly pale complexion and completely defunct aura. He hurriedly took out a few elixirs and forced them down her throat.

"How is she?" Yang Zaixuan arrived beside Jian Wushuang.

"Not too bad. I should be able to preserve her life." Jian Wushuang replied in a deep voice.

"That's good." Yang Zaixuan faintly nodded his head.

They had known early on that Su Rou's sudden exertion of strength would cause massive harm to her own body. It was fortunate enough that her life could be preserved.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Wine Master, Lady Black, and co. appeared in succession behind Jian Wushuang's back.

The Ice Nether Valley experts also gathered together as they embraced Ye Chen's body in devastating grief.

The Great Elder of Ice Nether Valley, Feng Daoyang, looked over at Jian Wushuang's team with an extremely cold expression on his face. "Can you people leave, now that Ye Chen is dead and your aim has been achieved? If you feel that it's still not enough, we can continue to fight. Ice Nether Valley will definitely play along to the end!"

Feng Daoyang's heart was bleeding as he said these words.

It must be understood that this time, it was Jian Wushuang and co. who came with killing intent to Ice Nether Valley, destroyed the Array Core of Ice Nether Valley's Protective Array, and murdered Young Valley Master Ye Chen. After everything they had done, Feng Daoyang had absolutely no way to detain them, and could only allow them to leave on their own?

How embarrassing and humiliating was this?

Yet, what could they do about it?

Jian Wushuang's lineup was too powerful and brutal. Though they were short of Su Rou currently, they were not afraid of Ice Nether Valley in the least bit. If a life-and-death battle really transpired, Ice Nether Valley might possibly be able to keep them back for a while longer, but it would certainly be the end of the former.

Helpless.

Completely helpless.

A group of people had dropped in and killed their young master in front of so many people, yet there was nothing Ice Nether Valley could do.

Having witnessed this scene from the Void above the Drill Ground, many experts sighed emotionally.

"Ice Nether Valley has truly suffered a huge loss this time."

"Hmph, they brought this on themselves, or rather, Ye Chen brought this on them!"

"A bunch of people came to murder the Young Valley Master and are able to depart unhurt. Has the great Ice Nether Valley ever suffered such a huge loss?"

Amid their sympathy, the experts knew for sure that if they had taken the place of Ice Nether Valley's leadership, they would be equally helpless as Jian Wushuang's team departed.

Standing on the Void among the crowd were the three people of Alchemy School who remained silent throughout. Their leader, Wang Yuan, had unemotionally watched everything that took place.

This was because everything was just as he had anticipated.

"Since nothing unforeseen has happened, the plan shall proceed normally." Wang Yuan laughed frostily. However, his expression suddenly twitched and his eyes turned to look toward the adjacent Void.

Only for him to see that there was not a single person in the adjacent Void.

The three experts of Holy Emperor Palace had remained in there all along, yet they were now completely missing.

“Where are the people of Holy Emperor Palace?” Wang Yuan frowned.

...

On the Drill Ground, the Ice Nether Valley experts held back their anger as they stared at Jian Wushuang and co.

Even the Valley Master, whose canthi nearly cracked from all the angry staring, restrained himself from acting out.

While holding Su Rou in his arms, Jian Wushuang glanced at the Ice Nether Valley experts and laughed grimly. “Today’s matter shall come to an end for now. If, at any time, you feel disgruntled and wish to take revenge, feel free to act. Us four siblings shall comply.”

“Let’s go!”

After speaking, Jian Wushuang followed his team as they slowly headed toward the exit of Ice Nether Valley under the watch of countless pairs of astounded eyes.

Regardless of which party they were from, the experts focused their admiring sights on Jian Wushuang’s team.

The team had come to kill the Young Valley Master and were now departing unhurt... the experts began to question themselves whether they had this level of ability.

However, before Jian Wushuang’s team reached the edge of the Drill Ground, something unforeseen happened!

Boom!

An intense windbreaking noise was heard. The crowd subconsciously looked over to where it came from, only to see that seven figures had appeared in the Void at the edge of the Drill Ground.

The seven people calmly stood upright in the Void, when all of a sudden, the auras on their bodies surged forth.

“The Saint Realm! Seven experts of the Saint Realm!”

The experts from various sects and parties were greatly surprised.

The people of Ice Nether Valley raised their heads and also revealed bewildered expressions when they saw the seven experts of the Saint Realm who had suddenly appeared.

The only person whose expression became piercingly cold when these seven people appeared in front of him was Jian Wushuang.

“Holy Emperor Palace!”

Chapter 336: Attack of Holy Emperor Palace

“Holy Emperor Palace!”

“It’s the people from Holy Emperor Palace!”

“Is Holy Emperor Palace really thinking of intervening in this matter?”

A stir was started on the Drill Ground, clearly meaning that the seven people had been identified.

The seven experts of the Saint Realm were all from the Holy Emperor Palace. The leader among them was undoubtedly the muscular and stocky elder whose name was Mo Yun.

“Why does the magnificent Holy Emperor Palace care about this idle business?” Lady Black remained placid as she raised her head and asked the septet.

“We aren’t interested in the matter between you and Ice Nether Valley. We are here for only one purpose, and that would be him.” Mo Yun turned and looked sternly at Jian Wushuang.

“Jian Wushuang!” Mo Yun’s voice became extremely icy.

A commotion started on the Drill Ground the very moment these words were uttered.

“Jian Wushang?”

“Could it really be that Jian Wushuang whom Holy Emperor Palace once offered an astronomical bounty for?”

“Is he Jian Wushuang?”

Countless looks came Jian Wushuang’s way.

Jian Wushuang smiled faintly in response to the great attention he was receiving. He took off the bamboo that he had worn all along and raised his head to reveal an extremely youthful-looking face which had appeared on Holy Emperor’s bounty list before. Anyone who had seen that bounty list was familiar with this face.

“It’s indeed him!”

Jian Wushuang’s identity was immediately ascertained.

“Jian Wushuang, how are you not dead?” Mo Yun’s face sank as he bellowed.

Holy Emperor Palace had all along believed that Jian Wushuang was dead.

Mo Yun did not suspect that the person was Jian Wushuang at first, and became only mildly suspicious even when the latter appeared and Su Rou shouted “Third Brother Jian Wushuang”.

It was only when Jian Wushuang displayed his swordsmanship and used World Origin and Slaughter Origin that Mo Yun confirmed his doubts. However, an uncontrollable fear grew in his heart because Holy Emperor Palace had absolutely seen Jian Wushuang’s corpse.

What he did not know was that the corpse they saw was only Jian Wushuang's Slaughter Doppelganger.

"Sorry, I have nothing else but fortunate survivability." Jian Wushuang laughed grimly.

He knew his identity had been exposed when he saw Mo Yun and the other six people appearing in front of him, but he was too lazy to cover it up any longer.

He was Jian Wushuang.

So what?

"Hmph, fortunate survivability? Perhaps not." Mo Yun then deepened his voice. "You might not have died the previous time, but it will be all the same after I kill you this time."

As soon as Mo Yun's words ended, killing intent surged out of the bodies of the seven experts of the Saint Realm from Holy Emperor Palace.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Three figures appeared beside Jian Wushuang simultaneously. They were the three people from Alchemy School, including Wang Yuan.

"Third Brother." Wang Yuan looked over at Jian Wushuang.

Behind Wang Yuan were two experts of the Saint Realm. One of them said, "Young Master, before we started off, Sect Master repeatedly warned you not to get involved in this matter. Don't be rash."

Wang Yuan's face sank but he did not reply to this. Instead, he raised his head and looked toward the people from Holy Emperor Palace.

"Are you from Alchemy School?" Mo Yun glanced at Wang Yuan and the other two. "Have you forgotten about the agreement with Holy Emperor Palace? Are you intending to get involved in this matter?"

"Alchemy School won't butt in on this matter," An expert of the Saint Realm standing behind Wang Yuan replied.

"That's good." Mo Yun smiled faintly and directed his attention toward Wine Master, Lady Black, and their four companions.

"Wine Master, Lady Black, the Wind and Rain Immortals, Old Weirdo Yunyang of the Tang Dynasty, and the last one should be Chi Mei, number 13 on Tang Dynasty's Bloodmoon List, right? The six of you are solitary experts who have always remained free-spirited and probably don't have that deep a relationship with Jian Wushuang. Your reason for being here is likely because Jian Wushuang has promised you some benefits."

"However, think clearly whether these benefits will more than make up for offending Holy Emperor Palace and me!

Mo Yun's voice was nonchalant and conveyed absolute self-confidence.

Holy Emperor Palace was the indisputable overlord of Nanyang Continent. A sect like this was not what ordinary experts could afford to provoke.

Among the six people standing in Holy Emperor Palace's way, only Wine Master had some weight to pull.

Indeed, after hearing Mo Yun's words, the faces of the experts standing beside Jian Wushuang turned color. The Wind Immortal spoke first in a solemn voice. "Swordsman, although my wife and I agreed to come with you to Ice Nether Valley, it was only to deal with Ice Nether Valley, and didn't include Holy Emperor Palace!"

"So, we're sorry!"

After speaking, the Wind and Rain Immortals glanced at each other and, with a jolt of their body, sped toward the Void by the side.

Jian Wushuang cupped his hands at the Immortals as they left, for he could understand their rationale.

Though Ice Nether Valley was one of the three valleys, it was vastly inferior to Holy Emperor Palace.

The Immortals were not afraid of offending Ice Nether Valley, but offending Holy Emperor Palace was different.

"Swordsman..." Old Weirido Yunyang and Chi Mei both had strange looks on their faces.

Having understood what the two of them meant, Jian Wushuang instantly waved his hand and passed them two Interspatial Rings.

"I'm deeply grateful for the big help the two of you have already offered me. These Interspatial Rings are what you need," Jian Wushuang said.

After receiving the Interspatial Rings, the two of them took a solemn glance at Jian Wushuang before moving toward the side as well.

They had already done what they promised to help Jian Wushuang with. It was never within their purview to deal with experts from Holy Emperor Palace.

After the successive departures, the only two people who remained beside Jian Wushuang were Wine Master and Lady Black.

"Wine Master." Lady Black looked toward her good friend whom she would definitely work with if he wanted to partake in this matter.

Wine Master stood completely still with an indifferent expression on his face.

"Wine Master, do you remember Second Holy Master of Holy Emperor Palace?" Mo Yun looked at Wine Master and smiled faintly.

Jian Wushuang's face turned color at once.

"When I was exchanging information with the Palace just now, Second Holy Master told me that you owe him an obligation, is that so?" Mo Yun laughed.

"That's true." Wine Master's expression was somewhat unsightly.

Though he had an odd personality, he was a person who valued kindness and honor.

He had only ever owned two favors in his lifetime. The first was to Alchemy School, but it was not considered a genuine favor because of his deep friendship with the Sect Master.

The other favor was to the Second Holy Master of Holy Emperor Palace.

It came about more than two hundred years ago when his wife was still alive albeit had entered her final years. In order for his wife to live for some time longer, he begged for and obtained a treasure from the Second Holy Master.

And thus he owed the latter a favor.

However, the Second Holy Master had never asked him to repay the favor.

"Second Holy Master has told me that he doesn't need you to do anything for him as repayment for the favor. His only request is for you to not take part in the matter between Holy Emperor Palace and Jian Wushuang. That's all."

Mo Yun laughed callously.

Chapter 337: A Monstrous Battle Intent

Mo Yun's message caused Wine Master to frown and remain in thought for a long time before he heaved a sigh.

"My swordsman young friend." Wine Master looked toward Jian Wushuang. "I'm sorry. I cannot help you with today's matter."

"Master." Yang Zaixuan's complexion changed at once.

"Junior is very thankful for the help that Senior has already offered." Jian Wushuang cupped his hands to express the gratitude he felt in the bottom of his heart.

When the experts from Holy Emperor Palace appeared, the Wind and Rain Immortals, Old Weirdo Yunyang, and Chi Mei did not dare to get involved and left immediately. It was not bad at all of Wine Master that he remained behind Jian Wushuang and only left helplessly when Holy Emperor Palace raised the favor he owed to Second Holy Master.

After all, the cooperation between Wine Master and Jian Wushuang was only because of Yang Zaixuan's presence. It was extremely rare of Wine Master to have done what he had.

"First Brother Wang Yuan and Second Brother, please take care of Fourth Sister." Jian Wushuang handed Su Rou to Wang Yuan.

"What about you, Third Brother?" Wang Yuan and Yang Zaixuan looked over at Jian Wushuang.

"Don't worry. Go and prepare some good wine and wait for me." Jian Wushuang laughed placidly. However, he then turned his body and calmly stared at the seven experts of the Saint Realm ahead. With a flip of his hand, a Triple-Kill Sword appeared in his grasp.

“My comrade, may both of us have fun killing today.” He stroked the Triple-Kill Sword while his only remaining companion capered joyously.

Next, Jian Wushuang once again raised his head and looked at the seven experts. He inhaled a deep breath and stepped forward slowly.

With every step he took, an invisible wave formed in the space he left behind.

“What does he want to do?”

The attention of the surprised crowd turned towards Jian Wushuang.

Holy Emperor Palace’s seven experts of the Saint Realm were each of exceptional strength and a master of a Domain. Jian Wushuang might have stood a chance against this lineup if he had the assistance of the six experts.

But now... the six experts had made clear their position.

None of them would assist him in this fight. The only person who might still act was Yang Zaixuan, but his strength was insufficient to help Jian Wushuang.

That meant Jian Wushuang was alone. Unless the sword in his hand counted, of course.

One person and one sword. Nevertheless, despite facing seven experts of the Saint Realm, he decided not to run away at the earliest time, and instead walked over to them slowly.

While he was gradually advancing forward, a monstrous battle intent suddenly burst forth from his body, as if a dragon which had been hibernating for millennia finally woke up.

The monstrous battle intent reached directly for the heavens.

It grew stronger and stronger with every forward step of Jian Wushuang.

It rushed beyond the heavens and caused the world to change color.

On the Drill Ground, thousands of experts revealed expressions of absolute horror and cast their disbelieving eyes on Jian Wushuang.

His face was stone cold while battle intent continued to surge out of his body like innumerable flood dragons which roared frenziedly between heaven and earth.

His body carried a gush of determination, a gush of heroism, and a battle intent which filled the entire sky.

Subsequently, his body transformed into a giant black hole.

A violent and utterly terrifying power swept out maniacally from this black hole.

Devourment of Heaven and Earth!

All things of the universe shook with fear.

From miles and miles away, a vast amount of natural power surged toward the black hole at a breathtaking speed.

In a short time, the bodily aura of Jian Wushuang, who was positioned at the center of the black hole, expanded to its peak!

The monstrous battle intent had amassed so much force that it reached an absolute maximum!

Boom~~~ a giant storm was created by the soaring energy.

As it swept through, the trees which bordered the Drill Ground, as well as the tables, flagons, and goblets which were placed not far away, turned into ashes and debris and were blown by the winds up into the nine heavens.

At the heart of the storm, Jian Wushuang's body floated upwards. His hair was as disheveled as a madman's, while his eyes had turned red as he emanated the monstrous battle intent.

"So what if it's Holy Emperor Palace?"

"You want to kill me?"

"Let's see who dies first!"

Jian Wushuang let out a roar which shook the sky and resounded all around Ice Nether Valley. Everyone in the vicinity who heard the roar revealed an astounded look while their hearts shuddered.

"Does he really want a life-and-death battle with the seven experts of the Saint Realm?"

Everyone who witnessed this scene widened their eyes.

An expert of the Peak of the Yang Void Realm versus seven experts of the Saint Realm who were each a master of a Domain... yet the former conceded not an inch and wanted to take on the latter head-on!

What sort of courage was this?

And what sort of drive?

Throughout the world, was there anyone else who had this sort of courage and drive?

"Fight! Fight! Fight!"

Everyone began to rave uncontrollably at this moment. A passionate excitement had been born in their hearts!

The seven experts of the Saint Realm from Holy Emperor Palace had seen the battle intent and force combine together in front of their eyes. Their hearts began to waver slightly as they thought about fighting against a war god as powerful as Jian Wushuang was seeming to be. But then, Mo Yun humped grimly and sneered, "Reckless idiot!"

"Come on, kill him!"

As soon as he spoke, the seven experts acted unhesitatingly and spread out their Domains. They then transformed into seven beams of Flowing Light and charged murderously toward Jian Wushuang.

Attacking simultaneously was no less than seven experts of the Saint Realm who had each mastered a domain!

A wicked sparkle flashed from Jian Wushuang's eyes. His battle intent soared and burst forth once more.

"Asura Secret Skill, Road to the Underworld!"

Boom~~~

A blood-red river abruptly extended forth. It was endlessly long and led toward the Underworld. It shrouded the entire Void in the blink of an eye.

Jian Wushuang, who was in the middle of the river, was behaving like a Matchless Asura. He seemed to chant something in his mouth before a Slaughter Domain began to sweep out.

Subsequently, the boundless Sword Essence formed a massive ocean.

It was a Perfect Combination of the Road to the Underworld, the Slaughter Domain, and the Sword Sea!

The seven experts of the Saint Realm found themselves in the middle of the river as well. Although they could feel that the power of the Blood River was exceptional, they seemed to not mind at all. They were not afraid of a Peak Expert who had reached the "Pinnacle" Level like Wine Master, let alone an expert of the Peak of the Yang Void Realm like Jian Wushuang.

They were not at all inhibited by the Blood River, and swiftly appeared in front of Jian Wushuang.

It was only at this moment that Jian Wushuang raised his head and flashed a bloody light from his eyes.

"F*ck off."

A roar shook heaven and earth, and the very next moment, the power of the Blood River burst forth.

The power of the three combined Domains was earthshaking. Previously, when Chi Mei fell into the Blood River and summoned her Domain, her strength was nevertheless suppressed by close to 70 percent by Jian Wushuang.

And this time, Jian Wushuang had used the Soul-Devouring Secret Skill to expand his strength before combining the three Domains.

What Level has this Power attained?

Chapter 338: A Frightening Speed like a Fish in Water!

Boom~~~

The Blood River surged in all directions.

Shortly after, the seven experts of the Saint Realm, who were originally not inhibited by the river, began to change facial expressions.

Their Domains were overwhelmingly crushed by the river's force. The seven of them immediately felt as if a mountain which weighed a million tonnes was pressing down on their bodies and suffocating them.

"How is this possible?"

“My Domain was crushed just like that?”

“This is not good. My strength has been suppressed by 70 percent!”

Every one of the seven experts was shocked and outraged by what was happening.

They were finally feeling the terror of the Blood River!

The power of the Blood River had exceeded their imaginations. Their Domains showed completely no resistance and were quickly swept away.

If they knew that Jian Wushuang had suppressed Chi Mei’s strength by 70 percent without using the Soul-Devouring Secret Skill, they would perhaps not have found this surprising at all.

“This little fella is very strange, and he seems to have an incalculable number of unique methods. Don’t tussle with him. Just kill him directly,” Mo Yun howled.

The expressions of the experts turned solemn. None of them looked down on Jian Wushuang any longer.

They began to display their Killing Moves one after another.

“Arc Light!”

A black-robed woman with gloomy eyes evoked an incomparably dazzling black light from the blood-red soft sword in her hand. It replaced all the light in the world and blitzed across the Void beautifully.

“Sky-covering Palm!”

A blue-robed middle-aged man roared as he exerted his palms, and immediately, his body grew bigger. His palms all the more enlarged infinitely until they shrouded half of the sky.

“Death Sickle!”

A scarlet-eyed bald man unleashed Spiritual Power from his body, and sent the ferocious and bloody sickle he was holding in his hand flying through the Void. In an instant, three Blood Shadows appeared in succession, and a terrifying Death Aura began to suffuse the air.

“Snake Shadow!”

“Dragon Raises His Head!”

“Bloody Stab!”

The seven experts did not hold back anything. They exerted their Killing Moves and charged toward Jian Wushuang.

The spectating crowd held its breath at the sight of this.

Despite having their strengths suppressed by more than 70 percent in the Blood River, the seven different offensive forces remained terrifyingly powerful.

Clutching the Triple-Kill Sword in his right hand, Jian Wushuang stood at the very center of the Blood River. The sword throbbed frenziedly and emitted a fascinating gas which caused the air to freeze. When

he saw the seven offensive forces coming upon him, Jian Wushuang hardened his gaze and unleashed the maximal force he had built up.

“The eighth move of the Selfless Sword Technique!”

Jian Wushuang grunted softly and unleashed World Origin. The Triple-Kill Sword began to strike out furiously.

The eighth move of the Selfless Sword Technique was called “Boundless”!

A boundless world!

A boundless Sword Essence!

A boundless power!

Jian Wushuang’s battle strength had reached its maximal peak by using the Soul-Devouring Secret Skill, and specifically in the Blood River. Thus when the sword cleaved...

Boom~~~ an explosive and piercing sound was heard in the Void, which seemed on the verge of breaking apart as a result.

A terrifying sword shadow swept across and met the seven offensive forces head-on.

Bam!

A huge explosion which sounded like a crack of thunder was heard between heaven and earth.

In the middle of the river, a crackling sound began to ring out wildly, as if space was being compressed and eventually popped. The immense and surging force transformed into a frightening storm which had the power to sweep through and destroy the world.

The experts who were watching the battle from the edge of the Drill Ground were quite a far distance from the battleground, but nevertheless, they felt the effects of the storm and could not help but shut their eyes. Only the top-tier experts who had attained Divine Transcendence were forcibly able to keep their eyes open.

When the storm subsided, the crowd hurriedly look over at the battleground. They saw that the Blood River was still flowing, while the seven experts of the Saint Realm remained in it. However, Jian Wushuang was missing.

“Where’s he?”

“Could he have already turned into ashes?”

“Is he dead?”

The spectating experts began to wonder.

The seven people from Holy Emperor Palace were also scratching their heads.

“Careful!” Mo Yun, who was looking at the black-robed woman, suddenly bellowed.

“Huh?”

The woman turned her head in great surprise, only to see that a heavy bolt of lightning had unknowingly appeared. The very next moment, an icy sword shadow, which seemed as if it could pierce through anything in the world, drove toward her throat.

She frantically shifted her body to one side and narrowly evaded the sword. When it struck the Void instead, a deafening explosive noise was heard, causing the woman to swallow a mouthful of cold air.

She knew full well that had her reaction been slower by the slightest, the sword shadow would have perforated her throat and killed her.

Having been fruitless the first time around, the bolt of lightning reappeared and flashed toward the bald man.

"Such speed!" The bald man was greatly frightened.

"It's too fast!" A few other people from Holy Emperor Palace were equally frightened.

The experts who were watching from the fringes of the Drill Ground also swallowed cold air.

It was indeed too fast, way faster than they could possibly imagine.

They could not make out Jian Wushuang's figure at all. All they could see was the bolt of lightning.

It could move about freely and appear anywhere it wanted in the Blood River. While the river greatly suppressed the strengths of the Holy Emperor Palace, it instead boosted Jian Wushuang's strength. He was like a fish in water!

His original speed was already shocking, as seen when he used the Wrath of Gale and Thunderbolt and turned into a bolt of lightning. With the assistance of the Road to the Underworld, the consequent speed could only be described as...

Terrifying!

That was the only word to describe it.

"Gosh!"

The seven experts were watching the bolt of lightning continually shuttle through the Blood River. Even if they had not been affected by the river, they would probably have felt powerless against such an outrageous speed all the same.

Moreover, since their strengths were suppressed by more than 70 percent, their speeds were naturally much lower than usual, and thus they had absolutely no chance of keeping up with Jian Wushuang's speed.

By making use of his speed, Jian Wushuang could easily smash them one-by-one!

"Quick, gather together and don't spread out," Mo Yun hollered angrily.

The other six people nodded their heads in agreement. The seven experts immediately converged while keeping guard on the surroundings.

An uproar started among the spectating crowd at the sight of this.

"It's one versus seven, yet he holds the advantage?"

Many experts were spooked.

They could tell from the brief exchanges that the seven experts had already used their maximal strengths, whereas Jian Wushuang held the upper hand without being direct in his approach.

Chapter 339: Bridge of Helplessness, Surge Forth!

"His speed is too fast!"

"How can an expert of the Yang Void Realm be that fast?"

"What he used was the Wrath of Gale and Thunderbolt, which is the strongest body skill manual in the Holy Emperor Palace. I have no idea how it got into his hands. But the most important factor is the Blood River. It has boosted his strength by too much."

While in a state of wonderment, the spectating experts held their breaths and continued to watch on.

Blood-red water tumbled and surged maniacally through the Blood River. Mo Yun and co. could faintly see that a bolt of lightning was shuttling through the river at an astonishing speed. The seven of them, who were gathered together, revealed unsightly expressions on their faces.

They had never imagined that Jian Wushuang's speed would be this fast.

Jian Wushuang was completely dominating the battle because of his frightening speed, as well as the assistance of the wickedly powerful Blood River.

"Don't panic. This little fella's strength has reached such a high level mainly because of this river and those methods which he used to upgrade his cultivation. However, these two methods aren't easy to use. Although this river has limitless power, he will certainly not be able to maintain the cultivation of Spiritual Power for much longer," Mo Yun muttered to his companions.

The other six people nodded their heads.

They were also aware that the more powerful a method, the more strenuous it was to execute.

"We only need to endure for a while longer. He will naturally drop off soon, and then we can kill him," Mo Yun said.

However, his expression was somewhat unnatural as he uttered these words.

They were seven experts of the Saint Realm, who had mastered different Domains, fighting against an expert of the Yang Void Realm. Yet, they had to wait until the opponent was tired before they could kill him. This battle was certainly causing them to lose face and suffer embarrassment.

But they had no choice. Jian Wushuang's strength had truly exceeded their imagination.

And they could not be blamed. Jian Wushuang's improvement was simply too absurd.

It must be understood that when Jian Wushuang became famous throughout the Tang Dynasty more than a month ago, he barely had the battle strength of an expert of the Saint Realm. He was later hunted down by Tan Feng and narrowly escaped.

It?was currently only a little more than a month since then...

How much could they have reasonably expected Jian Wushuang's strength to increase by during this period?

By Holy Emperor Palace's estimations, Jian Wushuang could very most have become equivalent to an expert of the Saint Realm who had mastered a Domain.

Reasonably speaking, seven experts of the Saint Realm who had mastered a Domain should be comfortably able to kill Jian Wushuang. Before they set off, they even felt that deploying seven people was showing too much respect to Jian Wushuang.

But what happened in the end?

Jian Wushuang's improvement was too incredible.

Or perhaps, they had underestimated him from the very start.

An ordinary warrior would indeed be unable to improve by too much within a month. However, this was not necessarily the case for Inverse Cultivators like Jian Wushuang. Most importantly, he received a massive piece of luck during this time.

"Before I started using the Soul-Devouring Secret Skill, I was already able to kill a Domain master like Tan Feng easily, proving that my battle strength was equivalent to a master of the Third-stage Domain. Now, when I use the Soul-Devouring Secret Skill, I am more than capable of holding my own against a supreme expert who has attained the "Pinnacle" Level.?How can these seven people think about killing me?"

A heavy bolt of lightning suddenly solidified in the Blood River and revealed Jian Wushuang's figure. His lips were slightly curled upward while his eyes conveyed a sense of disdain.

To him, these were "only" seven experts of the Saint Realm, and not one of them had attained the "Pinnacle" Level. There was no chance that they could kill him.

What a joke.

When he saw that they were gathered together, his pupils constricted slightly. "These seven people aren't dumb. They know that I'm fast and have thus grouped up to prevent me from killing them one-by-one. They're waiting for me to deplete my Spiritual Power."

"I cannot allow the battle to drag on. I have to end the battle fast!"

Jian Wushuang stared icily with seemingly electric eyes at the seven experts in front of him. The potent killing intent that was already on his body began to surge once again.

“My Spiritual Power used to be insufficient for me to use “that skill”. But now, I can use the natural power of all things of the universe to support my usage of Heavenly Creation Skill, while I also have just about enough power to use “that skill”!”

Inhaling a deep breath, Jian Wushuang slowly reached out his palm, on which a terrifying Spiritual Power was building up maniacally. He would emit a loud roar from his mouth when this Spiritual Power reached its maximum.

“Asura Secret Skill, Bridge of Helplessness!”

Boom~~~

The Void tremored and the entire Blood River began to swirl frenziedly.

“What’s happening?”

The faces of the seven experts stiffened. The next moment, below their sights, a blood-red and lofty long bridge appeared at the edge of the Blood River and extended out at an astonishing speed.

The blood-red bridge contained an inconceivable power. Everyone shook internally when it first appeared.

“Retreat fast!” Mo Yun shouted.

None of his six companions dared to hesitate for a moment and hurriedly retreated.

The bridge surged across the spot where they had been standing and stretched until it reached the end of the river. It ultimately ran through the entire river.

“What is this?” Mo Yun and co. stared in shock at the bridge which had suddenly appeared on the river surface.

The river and bridge were both not only incomparably blood-red but also incomparably attractive to the human eye.

Subsequently, from the edge of the bridge, a frosty figure slowly walked along the bridge toward the seven experts.

With every step he took on the bridge, his aura became a notch more powerful. By the time he reached the center of the bridge, his aura had already reached its peak, while at the same time, his body emitted a strong blood light.

The blood light was akin to a heavy blood-red armor which discharged a monstrous power.

Jian Wushuang raised his head and stared at the seven experts who had become scattered because of the bridge’s charge. A roar poured out of his mouth and soared into the nine heavens.

“All seven of you... must die!”

His roar shook the skies!

The entire universe instantly tremored. Even the demons wept and the gods cried.

He simply stood there like the warden of hell.

A trace of fear arose from the bottom of the seven experts' hearts. Nevertheless, they managed to suppress it. Mo Yun bawled, "This is just a harmless trick. Today, you have to die."

"Then give it a shot!"

Jiang Wushuang's voice was somewhat hoarse. A bolt of lightning began to surge as soon as he spoke.

"Hua!"

The bolt of lightning appeared beside the bald man, who had been standing closest to Jian Wushuang.

Once it appeared, a towering sword shadow immediately struck out. At the same instant, a Phantom Giant appeared behind Jian Wushuang's back. The giant raised the long sword in its hand and chopped downward.

The bald man was profoundly startled. Without thinking, he hastily raised the sickle in his hand and struck out in his attempt to fend off the incoming sword.

However, after the two of them truly made contact...

Crack!

A fine and delicate noise began to sound. Cracks began to appear on the blood-red sickle which the bald man was holding.

The bald man's pupils severely constricted when he saw what was happening.

"How is this possible?" Mo Yun was also stupefied.

Many of the spectating experts all the more widened their eyes.

Chapter 340: Chopping Up Seven Saints in Succession

"My killing shadow..." The bald man gazed in disbelief at the blood-red sickle in his hand.

A good many cracks had emerged on his sickle. The next moment, his sickle split into pieces with a clap.

Everyone was dumbstruck, while the bald man was all the more mindblown.

His bloodred sickle was not just any magic weapon, but an authentic superior third-grade magic weapon!

Many experts of the Saint Realm would turn red-eyed and fight maniacally over this grade of weapon. Given that its rigidity was indubitable, how did it crack presently?

Did Jian Wushuang break the blood-red sickle with one cleave of his sword?

"Impossible!" Mo Yun, who was standing in the distance, let out a wicked roar. "A superior third-grade magic weapon is extremely tough. No matter how great one's strength is, it shouldn't be possible to shatter a magic weapon like that, unless..."

“His sword!”

Everyone simultaneously fixed their attention upon the Sword of Killing which was in Jian Wushuang’s hand.

“A first-grade magic weapon!”

“Only a legendary first-grade magic weapon can snap a superior third-grade magic weapon!”

“Is the sword in his hand really a first-grade magic weapon?”

The entire Drill Ground began to stir.

A first-grade magic weapon!

Nobody in the long history of Nanyang Continent had ever wielded a first-grade magic weapon, yet one had appeared at present!

Jian Wushuang paid no attention to the astoundment of the crowd. After sundering the blood-red sickle in the bald man’s hand, his power did not diminish at all, and he continued to strike toward the man.

“Number one!”

The Triple-Kill Sword easily sliced through the man’s body and brought with it a smear of scarlet.

The bald man, who had mastered a Domain and attained the Second-stage Domain, was the first to die.

But Jian Wushuang’s figure did not take even a moment’s break. After killing the bald man, he transformed into a bolt of lightning once again and instantly appeared in front of the black-robed woman.

The Triple-Kill Sword in his hand struck out mercilessly once more.

“This is bad.” The black-robed woman turned pale out of fear and hastily brandished her soft sword to resist the attack.

A similar scene happened once again. The Triple-Kill Sword cleaved the soft sword into two before slicing through the woman’s body.

“Number two!”

Jian Wushuang repeated the same phrase structure without a hint of emotion in his voice. His figure then transformed and reappeared in front of a blue-robed middle-aged man.

“Number three!”

The man was dismembered as soon as a sword light flashed.

“Run!”

“Run quickly!”

The four remaining people from Holy Emperor Palace were absolutely terrified. They had already lost all courage to compete with Jian Wushuang.

However, the boundless strength of the Blood River they were trapped within came frenziedly at them and restricted their movement speeds. As a result, they could move only as fast as snails and were unable to escape.

“Number four!”

Jian Wushuang appeared in front of the fourth expert, and subsequently...

“Number five!”

“Number six!”

Of the seven experts of the Saint Realm, six were slaughtered by Jian Wushuang in the blink of an eye. Every one of them was killed in one stroke and was completely unable to retaliate.

Finally, Jian Wushuang appeared beside Mo Yun.

“Your turn,” Jian Wushuang spoke in a chilly voice.

Standing in the middle of the Blood River, Mo Yun stared at Jian Wushuang with an unprecedented horror in his eyes.

It was not just him. The spectating experts had gone completely quiet a long while ago because they had been stupefied.

All it took was an instant!

Within an instant, six of the seven experts from Holy Emperor Palace had been slaughtered!

It was too fast and too easy. These dignified experts, who had each mastered a Domain, seemed like resistless babies in front of Jian Wushuang.

The battle strength which Jian Wushuang had exerted within this instant had caused everyone to shudder in fear.

What they did not know in fact was that Asura Secret Skill was a very powerful method in itself. The First-stage Domain, known as The Road to the Underworld, was essentially the formation of a realm which suppressed the strengths of the people within, particularly opponents.

Conversely, the Second-stage Domain, Bridge of Helplessness, was completely different.

It was used to elevate one’s offensive power.

After the bridge was stretched out, any one of Jian Wushuang’s attacks would be amplified and expanded in power by it.

It also enabled the power of the first-grade magic weapon, the Triple-kill Sword, to be completely unleashed. This was why Jian Wushuang possessed sufficient battle strength to slaughter the experts of the Saint Realm in one stroke each.

Additionally, the experts’ strengths were greatly suppressed within the Blood River, and thus they were unable to make use of their speeds and strengths. They were also forced to scatter because of the

onrushing Bridge of Helplessness. This provided Jian Wushuang with an opportunity to slaughter them as easily as chickens. Within an instant, he had slaughtered six of them.

At present, Mo Yun was the only person from Holy Emperor Palace who was still alive.

“Woosh!”

The sword light was as merciless as ever. Mo Yun began to shudder and pulsate as soon as the massive power began to burst forth. He knew that he had absolutely no chance to survive a thrust of the sword. His pupils turned blood-red instantly.

“Ah!”

After making a roar, Mo Yun forcefully smacked himself between his eyebrows, and immediately, a large mouthful of blood poured out of his mouth. He waved a hand and caught hold of a mouthful of blood. He held it firmly in his hand before smacking his palm viciously at Jian Wushuang.

At the same time, his voice began to reverberate.

“This young fella’s talent has no equal throughout history. Holy Emperor Palace would suffer a great catastrophe if he isn’t killed!”

“Kill him!”

“We must kill him!”

There was insanity in Mo Yun’s voice. Shortly after, a thump was heard and his body ruptured.

Before the Triple-Kill Sword touched Mo Yun’s body, the latter ruptured and turned into a heap of blood mist which suffused toward Jian Wushuang.

Because the blood mist was too near and was obviously coming in on him, Jian Wushuang maneuvered his body to one side, but was unable to evade it completely. Some of the blood mist thus smeared on to his arm.

Strangely, the entire Ice Nether Valley quietened down when Mo Yun’s body ruptured and turned into the blood mist.

It was dead silent like never before.

The thousands of experts who were present simultaneously revealed extremely colorful and splendid expressions, while their eyes were firmly fixed upon Jian Wushuang.

Holy Emperor had shown up today as a group to kill Jian Wushuang.

They were made up of seven experts of the Saint Realm.

But, in the end, all of them were killed in an instant.

They were not only experts of the Saint Realm but also masters of a Domain. Every one of them was top-tier on Nanyang Continent. Yet, they were utterly slaughtered by an expert of the Yang Void Realm!

“Was this an act?”

“Am I dreaming?”

Everyone was completely stunned.

With a sword in one hand, Jian Wushuang stood upright in the Void, frowning at his own arm. This arm had just been spattered by the blood mist which Mo Yun turned into, and a patch of blood-red speckles now appeared on it.

These speckles looked extremely weird and contained a peculiar power.

“These speckles...” Jian Wushuang’s complexion changed slightly

“That’s a Blood Soul Mark.” Wine Master’s voice was suddenly heard.