

## Swordsman 341

### Chapter 341: Blood Soul Mark

Wine Master walked towards Jian Wushuang and the others.

“Swordsman, my little friend, you’ve really impressed me today,” Wine Master smiled and said.

“Swordsman, I really admire what you’ve done,” Lady Black also looked at Jian Wushuang.

“Third brother,” there was a hint of happiness on both Wang Yuan and Yang Zaixuan’s faces.

Even they didn’t expect too much from Jian Wushuang when the seven experts of the Saint Realm joined the battle, but...

Jian Wushuang just smiled slightly, looked at Wine Master, and asked, “Do you know about this mark, Wine Master?”

“I know what it is,” Wine Master said and nodded, but his face looked serious as he continued, “that’s a unique trick of Holy Emperor Palace, the Blood Soul Mark.”

“The Blood Soul Mark is more like a curse.”

“A curse?” Jian Wushuang was shocked.

“It’s almost the same as a curse, but the Blood Soul Mark will not hurt you directly. It has only one purpose, which is to make sure you have nowhere to hide!” Wine Master explained to him.

“Once you’ve been cursed with the Blood Soul Mark, it will consistently release a formless power that any expert who has mastered the Blood Soul Mark will be able to sense your location easily!”

Jian Wushuang’s face changed.

“So, you mean Holy Emperor Palace can easily track down third brother?” Yang Zaixuan promptly asked.

“Yes.”

Wine Master nodded his head seriously and continued, “The Blood Soul Mark is designed for hunting or revenge. So, many people in Holy Emperor Palace have cultivated the skill.”

“Those experts use it when they meet danger outside. When they are about to be killed by someone, they will use the skill to cast the Blood Soul Mark on the enemy, and then the other experts in Holy Emperor Palace will find the enemy and kill him! It really is a special skill!”

“Mo Yun knew that he would die. Therefore, he cast the Blood Soul Mark on you when he was dying so that the experts in Holy Emperor Palace will be able to track you down and take revenge.”

“Master, can the Blood Soul Mark be erased?” Yang Zaixuan furrowed his eyebrows and asked.

“It can be erased,” Wine Master nodded, but then sighed and said, “It is easy to get rid of it. The Blood Soul Mark can be erased by simply using Spiritual Power, but this method takes a long time. Under normal circumstances, it would take at least one month to remove it completely.”

"A month?" Yang Zaixuan's eyes darkened and he said, "Holy Emperor Palace will have tracked him down within a month."

"Indeed. So, Swordsman, my little friend, you are in big trouble this time," Wine Master said solemnly.

"Big trouble?" Jian Wushuang agreed secretly.

He knew that, since he was cursed with the Blood Soul Mark, Holy Emperor Palace would be able to find him without a hitch.

Holy Emperor Palace's wish to kill him was abundantly clear. Moreover, Jian Wushuang killed seven of their Saint Realm experts, so once Holy Emperor Palace heard the news, it would not leave him any chance to survive.

In fact, it was because Holy Emperor Palace knew so little about Jian Wushuang's strength that they lost these seven Saint Realm experts.

However, the next time Holy Emperor Palace took action, it would be totally different.

"Third brother, what are you planning to do?" Wang Yuan and Yang Zaixuan looked at Jian Wushuang.

"What can I do? They will chase me down and overpower me with numbers," Jian Wushuang said and smiled indifferently, "Let's talk about that later. First, we should leave here and find a place where little sister can rest."

"All right," Wang Yuan and the others all nodded.

Then they began to walk away, exiting Ice Nether Valley.

There was an enormous amount of experts standing on the Drill Ground, including the experts from Ice Nether Valley, but none of them dared to block their path. They only stood there silently and watched them leave.

The whole Drill Ground burst into an uproar as soon as Jian Wushuang and his companions were gone.

"He left. That monster finally left!"

"So terrifying! A person at the Peak of the Yang Void Realm actually killed the seven Saint Realm experts from Holy Emperor Palace!"

"Incredible!"

"Ha-ha, Holy Emperor Palace suffered a great loss this time. Seven Saint Realm experts! And they all mastered Domain. Even Holy Emperor Palace will be distressed."

"It is not over yet! Mo Yun placed the Blood Soul Mark on Jian Wushuang, so he can not escape for at least one month. Holy Emperor Palace will definitely try to kill him again."

"But, they sent seven Saint Realm experts this time. Since they were all killed by Jian Wushuang, who will Holy Emperor Palace send to kill him next time?"

“As far as I’m concerned, Jian Wushuang’s strength has already reached the pinnacle of the Saint Realm. Normal Saint Realm experts, even those who have mastered Domain, will not be a threat to him. If Holy Emperor Palace wishes to kill him, they will have to get some Holy Masters to do it!”

“Holy Masters?”

“The Four Holy Masters of Holy Emperor Palace?”

“Wow, those four old monsters. I’m really looking forward to it.”

The whole Drill Ground was in chaos as all the experts were busy talking and analyzing the situation. Their conversations were all about Jian Wushuang and Holy Emperor Palace, while few of them cared about Ice Nether Valley anymore.

Compared to Jian Wushuang killing the seven Saint Realm experts of Holy Emperor Palace by himself, the death of Ye Chen in Ice Nether Valley was not an issue.

Those experts were all stunned and filled with expectations for what would happen in the future. Except for one man in the crowd, who was extremely terrified.

That man was Nie Wuxin.

“That boy’s strength... So horrific!”

Nie Wuxin was still in shock as he kept mentally replaying the scene where Jian Wushuang killed the seven Saint Realm experts.

He had just had some conflicts with Jian Wushuang last night!

He even tried to force Jian Wushuang into giving him the leaf from the World Tree. He had paid no attention to Jian Wushuang and Chi Mei, but what he saw today at the Drill Ground scared him to death.

His nerves were on edge, worrying that Jian Wushuang would kill him directly. Only when Jian Wushuang was finally gone did he manage to catch his breath.

*“Fortunately he didn’t notice me! He didn’t!”* Nie Wuxin was filled with fear after what happened, so he hastened the strong man with purple hair who was also still in a great shock and said, “Go. Let’s go back right now!”

Nie Wuxin didn’t want to stay in Ice Nether Valley any longer.

However, as he was leaving Ice Nether Valley, just as he had exited the gate, SHUA! A gloomy old figure blocked his path.

The old man was Chi Mei. He looked at Nie Wuxin with a hint of a cold smile on his face, “Master Wuxin? What a coincidence! Why are you in such a hurry? Where are you going?”

“I... I...”

Seeing Chi Mei in front of him, Nie Wuxin began to falter and he almost wet his pants in terror.

Even the strong man with purple hair next to him was frightened into a cold sweat.

“Hum, little bastard, I refrained from killing you because I was restrained by Swordsman, but now there is nothing standing in my way.”

Chi Mei’s voice was cold. Then, in and the next second, he abruptly took action.

In a mere flash, Nie Wuxin and the strong man with purple hair became two corpses.

## **Chapter 342: The Four Holy Masters**

The battle in Ice Nether Valley, especially the news of Jian Wushuang killing seven Saint Realm experts by himself, spread rapidly like a hurricane.

The entire Nanyang Continent was shocked by it.

Jian Wushuang was also remembered by all the experts in Nanyang Continent as an incredible monster-like warrior.

In a town near Ice Nether Valley lied a contact point for Alchemy School. Jian Wushuang and others were staying there for now.

In the hall of the contact point, Jian Wushuang and Yang Zaixuan sat by a table, waiting in silence.

Before long, Wang Yuan and Wine Master walked in.

“How is little sister?” Jian Wushuang instantly asked.

“She will be fine,” Wine Master smiled and said, “That little girl has a very special constitution. Even I can’t decipher its secrets. Her heart and soul, though they were damaged a lot, will recover over time. So It’s not a big deal.”

“That’s great,” Jian Wushuang said and nodded while finally feeling relieved.

“Third brother, the person you should be worrying about right now is not little sister, but yourself,” Wang Yuan looked at Juan Wushuang with a serious look and said, “What you’re facing right now is far more serious than little sister. You have to figure out what to do.”

“That’s true. Holy Emperor Palace is not a force to be trifled with,” Wine Master said directly to Jian Wushuang.

“Holy Emperor Palace is like an overlord of Nanyang. Although?they are always ranked the same as Alchemy School, they are in fact slightly superior to Alchemy School, no matter in history, culture, or overall strength. Although this time you killed seven of there Saint Realm experts, which is a great loss to them, you still didn’t weaken their core strength at all!”

“What’s more, now that Holy Emperor Palace knows your actual strength, they won’t leave you any chances. Once they move, they will make sure to take your life. If I am not wrong, Holy Emperor Palace will send one of their four Holy Masters to kill you!”

“Four Holy Masters?” Jian Wushuang asked and raised his eyebrows.

Previously, he had heard Mo Yun speak about the Second Holy Master, who must be one of the four Holy Masters.

“The four Holy Masters... How should I put it... They are strong and dreadful!” Wine Master said solemnly.

Jian Wushuang squinted.

He knew that Wine Master was a super expert who had reached the pinnacle. His strength would definitely be ranked at the top in the Nanyang Continent. The Great Elder, a warrior with the greatest strength out of all those experts, was just like Feng Daoyang of Ice Nether Valley. He was only equal to Wine Master in the aspect of battle strength.

With his battle strength, Wine Master should be unrivaled in the Nanyang Continent, but he called the four Holy Masters “dreadful,” so the four Holy Masters should be exceptionally strong.

“The four Holy Masters of Holy Emperor Palace are indeed very powerful,” Wang Yuan also commented in a solemn tone.

Since he was the young master of the Alchemy School, and Alchemy School had many conflicts with Holy Emperor Palace over the years, he knew a lot about Holy Emperor Palace.

“I’ve heard from my father that each of the four Holy Masters have truly reached the pinnacle, and have lived for hundreds of years. Their cultivations are immeasurable, and each one of them can easily eliminate a top sect.”

“Moreover, the four Holy Masters are ranked by their battle strength from the first to the forth.”

“The Fourth Holy Master is a little weaker, while the Third Holy Master is slightly superior to him. The Second Holy Master is even stronger. As for First Holy Master, he is truly an old monster, and is regarded by many people as the strongest expert in Nanyang Continent!”

Jian Wushuang was shocked after hearing this.

The four Holy Masters were all experts who had reached the pinnacle.

Even in Ice Nether Valley, the strongest among the Three Valleys, there was only one supreme expert that had reached the pinnacle.

“I’ve met Second Holy Master and Fourth Holy Master before, and had fought with Fourth Holy Master... But, I lost the battle,” Wine Master said.

“What?” Jian Wushuang, Wang Yuan, and Yang Zaixuan were all shocked.

Even Wine Master couldn’t beat Fourth Holy Master, the weakest of the Holy Masters?

“Don’t doubt it, all four Holy Masters have lived longer than me. In addition, the amount of manuals and treasures in Holy Emperor Palace is enormous. So it’s normal for them to be stronger than me, even though we are at the same level of cultivation. Especially First Holy Master, who is indeed a legend. But it would be an exaggeration to call him the strongest expert of Nanyang Continent,” Wine Master smiled and said.

"Is there anyone who is stronger than First Holy Master?" Wang Yuan looked at Wine Master.

"Of course," Wine Master chuckled and said, "Nanyang Continent is not as simple as you think."

"On the surface, Alchemy School and Holy Emperor Palace are indisputable overlords with connections to all the strongest experts. However, in fact, those top experts all know that there is one person in Nanyang Continent who is far beyond their reach," Wine Master said.

"Who?" Jian Wushuang, Wang Yuan, and Yang Zaixuan immediately looked at Wine Master.

They were all eager to hear about the expert who was truly the strongest in the Nanyang Continent.

"This person is the mysterious monarch of Tang Dynasty!" Wine Master said.

"Him?" Jian Wushuang was surprised.

"The monarch of the Tang Dynasty is stronger than First Holy Master?" Wang Yuan was also shocked.

"Believe me," Wine Master smiled and said, "You are all young, so there are many things you don't know about. Even you, Wan Yuan. Although you are the young master of the Alchemy School, you are not your father, so what you know is limited. But an old fellow like me knows some things."

"Many old freaks like me know that the most horrifying power in Nanyang Continent is neither Holy Emperor Palace nor Alchemy School, but the monarch of Tang Dynasty. He is the reason why none of the sects or powerful forces dare to meddle with the Tang Dynasty. He, as one person, is much scarier than the whole Holy Emperor Palace."

"There is a saying among us old freaks, the monarch of Tang can fight against all of Nanyang!"

Upon hearing this, Jian Wushuang and the others were astonished.

A man who was strong enough to fight the whole Nanyang Continent by himself?

Though it sounds a little exaggerated, it still showed the monstrous strength of the monarch of Tang Dynasty.

"It seems like I looked down on Nanyang Continent," Jian Wushuang smiled and sighed to himself.

He always thought that the monarch of Tang Dynasty was mysterious, but he had no idea that the monarch had such horrifying power.

"Alright. That's enough talk about him. What you need to worry about is the four Holy Masters. We don't know which one Holy Emperor Palace will send to kill you." Wine Master looked at Jian Wushuang and said, "Your strength is nearly equal to mine, so you will stand a chance to surviving if Holy Emperor Palace sends Fourth Holy Master."

"But you will be in trouble if Holy Emperor Palace sends Third Holy Master to go after you!"

**Chapter 343: Which Holy Master?**

Jian Wushuang listened carefully to Wine Master with a solemn face. He knew what Wine Master said was true.

The main reason he was able to kill the seven Saint Realm experts of Holy Emperor Palace alone was that he had used Road to the Underworld and Bridge of Helplessness to limit their abilities.

Without those skills, his battle strength was only about the same as Wine Master, if not weaker.

However, among the four Holy Masters of Holy Emperor Palace, even the weakest one, the Fourth Holy Master, was stronger than Wine Master.

“Third Bro, I have sent a message to my father asking him to protect you.” Wang Yuan said, “I have mentioned you many times. But you were not strong enough to draw his attention. Now things should be different.”

“You have shown your great talent by killing those seven Saint Realm experts on your own at such a young age, so Alchemy School will attach more importance to you. Besides, you and Holy Emperor Palace are deadly enemies. Keeping you alive benefits Alchemy School. So he should agree.”

Jian Wushuang took a look at Wang Yuan and nodded slightly.

“There will be a reply within a day or two. I only hope Holy Emperor Palace doesn’t come to kill you before then,” Wang Yuan said. He believed Alchemy School would step in to protect Jian Wushuang.

From what he knew of his father, he believed he was right.

They waited quietly at the contact place.

In the Alchemy School!

Among the lofty palaces, the Alchemy School’s Sect Master and several high-powered Elders gathered in the central palace, talking about whether they should step in to protect Jian Wushuang.

“Jian Wushuang, such a young man, killed the seven Saint Realm experts of Holy Emperor Palace alone. Amazing.”

“Young master is lucky to have made such a friend in a weak Dynasty.”

“But such a genius doesn’t belong to the Alchemy School.”

The elders were expressing some amazement and wonder.

On the chair above, a middle-aged man with a mustache, wearing a purple robe, sat coldly. Looking carefully, he physically resembled Wang Yuan.

The fat middle-aged man was Wang Yuan’s father, the Alchemy School’s Sect Master, Wang Yan.

“He really is a genius.” Wang Yan marveled at it, but he secretly shook his head and then said, “Unfortunately, we can’t protect him.”

Hearing that, Elders in front of Wang Yan became silent.

It was true, they couldn’t.

If it were anyone else, Alchemy School would extend its hand.

But Jian Wushuang was a special case.

They had agreed that the Alchemy School would never stand between Holy Emperor Palace and Jian Wushuang. Never!

“Tell Wang Yuan, Alchemy School will not step in. Bring him some elixirs, that’s the only thing we can do...” Wang Yan sighed helplessly.

...

Holy Emperor Palace, an overlord of Nanyang, located on a large island.

There were mountains and rivers on the island, with many pavilions rising from the center of those mountains.

On the top floor of a pavilion, the Holy Emperor Palace Master and more than ten Elders had gathered. The current mood was very subdued because they had just received the news about the seven Saint Realm experts who had been killed by Jian Wushuang.

By Jian Wushuang alone.

“Seven. We only have so many in total, but we lost seven of them this time,” an Elder of the Holy Emperor Palace shouted sadly and angrily.

The other Elders also looked pale.

Saint Realm experts were the most important forces of a sect. That was true even for Holy Emperor Palace.

It was a big loss for Holy Emperor Palace.

“The dead are dead,” Holy Emperor Palace Master, Yi Tianming said in a deep voice, “What we should worry about is Jian Wushuang!”

Jian Wushuang!

The mere mention of his name made the Elders of Holy Emperor Palace narrow their eyes.

Only a year ago, Jian Wushuang had just been a boy that they paid little attention to. However, he had made incredible progress in one year.

He improved at such an amazing speed.

Most importantly, he was so young!

According to the information, Jian Wushuang was only 22 years old now!

A young man who was only 22 years old had killed seven of Holy Emperor Palace’s Saint Realm experts on his own. What did that mean?

“Elder Mo Yun left these words before he died.” Yi Tianming’s eyes were cold as he said, “If we don’t kill him now, he will bring a great disaster to us one day.”



"He is right!"

"Jian Wushuang is still young!"

"But he has improved at such a fast pace, way too fast!"

"He already has these achievements at such a young age, only 22 years old. In a few years, won't he be able to easily destroy Holy Emperor Palace?"

"Kill him!"

"Send him to hell!"

The elders in the pavilion were all furious.

"I'm afraid we won't be able to kill him ourselves, we will need to ask for help from the four Holy Masters," an elder said.

"I will ask them immediately," Yi Tianming said.

Yi Tianming and the elders quickly went to the foot of a giant mountain, where a cyan-clothed boy was waiting quietly.

Yi Tianming took out a piece of paper and a writing brush, then he wrote a letter and gave it to the cyan-clothed boy.

"Please wait a moment, Palace Master." The cyan-clothed boy took the letter and walked along the road to the giant mountain.

Yi Tianming and the Elders waited while the Elders secretly discussed it.

"Who do you think they will send?"

"It should be Fourth Holy Master. He is strong enough to deal with Jian Wushuang."

"Anyone of them can easily kill Jian Wushuang, but which one does it will depend on who isn't busy at the moment."

"Anyway, First Holy Master will not do it."

"That's for sure."

"Shut up," Yi Tianming shouted deeply. The Elders immediately closed their mouths.

At the same time, the cyan-clothed boy could be seen walking back. He came to Yi Tianming, bowed, and said, "Palace Master, Second Holy Master said he will be here in three days."

"Second Holy Master?"

"It's going to be Second Holy Master."

Yi Tianming and the Elders were all shocked. Then they waited quietly for three days.

Three days later, a slender elder in a black robe arrived. He was the Second Holy Master!

## Chapter 344: Three-day Drunk

At the contact place for Alchemy School.

In the courtyard, Jian Wushuang was practicing his sword arts while Yang Zaixuan and Su Rou sat quietly at a table on the side.

Though Su Rou had regained consciousness, she still looked pale and sad. Apparently, she hadn't recovered from the heavy blow yet.

She had been so shocked by Ye Chen's betrayal that it had even affected her physically, and she had yet to recover.

"Third Bro." A voice was heard and Wang Yuan ran in.

Jian Wushuang stopped and looked over at Wang Yuan, "Any news?"

"Em." Wang Yuan nodded, but he was hesitant and nervous as he said, "My father said the Alchemy School won't step in."

"What?" Yang Zaixuan and Su Rou were surprised.

This time, Holy Emperor Palace would definitely send one of their Holy Masters. If Alchemy School didn't help them, how could they defend against them?

Jian Wushuang just raised his brows while listening to the news. There was no sorrow or happiness on his face.

"I don't understand his decision either. I asked him repeatedly, but he only told me that it's not because the Alchemy School fears Holy Emperor Palace. It's because of some special circumstances. So..." Wang Yuan paused and reached out.

"Here are two elixirs, a Spirit-recovering Elixir and a Yin-Yang Dark Dragon Elixir."

"Spirit-recovering Elixir, the highest level of healing elixir on the Nanyang Continent. Even inside the Alchemy School, no one can refine it. The elixir helps restore Spiritual Power and can quickly recover from a wound, which can be very useful in?your life is on the line."

"Yin-Yang Dark Dragon Elixir. It can increase your strength for a short period of time, but it has a small side-effect."

"My father asked me to give them to you, and he said it's the only thing Alchemy School can do to help you."

Looking at the elixirs in Wang Yuan's hands, Jian Wushuang nodded slightly.

Whether it was the Spirit-recovering Elixir or the Yin-Yang Dark Dragon Elixir, he knew they were both top level elixirs.

Like magic weapons and manuals, elixirs were also classified into three levels. Spirit-recovering Elixirs were superior second grade.

Yin-Yang Dark Dragon Elixirs were at a slightly lower grade, medium second-grade.

On the Nanyang Continent, few alchemists could refine these elixirs.

Therefore, these two elixirs were valuable.

"Third Bro, I'm sorry." Wang Yuan looked at Jian Wushuang with guilt.

"I'm not a disciple of Alchemy School and Alchemy School has its own concerns. So it's normal. You have nothing to apologize for. What's more, you have given me two elixirs, which helps me a lot." Jian Wushuang smiled slightly and accepted the elixirs.

He was Wang Yuan's brother, but he had little connection with the Alchemy School. He was grateful that the Alchemy School gave him a Spirit-recovering Elixir and a Yin-Yang Dark Dragon Elixir.

If he had a chance, he would return the favor.

"Don't worry, I will be staying with you. If you die, I will die too. I don't believe my father will still sit by idly," Wang Yuan said in a deep voice.

"Don't be silly," Jian Wushuang said, then glanced at Wang Yuan.

"I'm staying as well." Yang Zaixuan looked at Jian Wushuang.

"Third Bro." Su Rou gave him a stern look.

They were like a family. So, of course, they would live or die together. None of them would abandon the others.

Jian Wushuang was greatly touched. He smiled and said, "Let's not talk about it anymore. We haven't been gathered together in a long time. Today, let's have a good drink."

"Okay." Wang Yuan nodded heavily, "Today we must have a good drink."

They moved to a stone table and Jian Wushuang took out a pot of wine, pouring each one of them a drink.

"What's this? It smells good." Wang Yuan took a deep breath, smelling the aroma of wine and marveling at it.

"It does," Yang Zaixuan said and nodded.

"It really was a hard-won wine. Cheers," Jian Wushuang said, then raised his wine and smiled.

Wang Yuan, Yang Zaixuan, and Su Rou also raised their glasses, then they guzzled them down. However, Jian Wushuang only put it under his nose without drinking it.

"Third Bro, why didn't you drink yours?" After emptying his glass, Wang Yuan noticed Jian Wushuang's glass was still full, so he frowned. But his face turned red and he quickly began to feel dizzy.

"The wine..." Wang Yuan's voice became soft, then he fell on the stone table.

"Third Bro, you..." Yang Zaixuan felt dizzy and foggy. He shook his head fiercely, trying to stay awake, but he fell asleep as well.

Su Rou's face was also red. She took a deep look at Jian Wushuang, then she fainted?too.

After that drink, everyone was drunk except for Jian Wushuang.

"I knew it." An old figure walked slowly towards him.

"Senior Wine Master," said Jian Wushuang, then he stood up and smiled.

"How was my 'Three-day Drunk'?" Wine Master asked.

"It deserves its reputation. They all became drunk after only one drink," Jian Wushuang said.

"Of course. It was made a thousand years ago by the best winemaker on the Nanyang Continent. One drink can even make me sleep for three days, let alone them." Wine Master smiled slightly, then he looked seriously at Jian Wushuang, "Young man, you really want to confront Holy Emperor Palace by yourself?"

Yesterday, Jian Wushuang asked Wine Master for a pot of Three-day Drunk. Wine Master had realized what Jian Wushuang planned to do.

"What else can I do?" Jian Wushuang asked and smiled in an odd manner.

"I have no other choice but to face them because of the Blood Soul Mark. But these three... I understand how they are. If I didn't do this, they would insist on going with me."

"The resentment is between me and Holy Emperor Palace, so I'll take care of it on my own. There's no need to get them in trouble."

Looking at them all, bent over the desk, Jian Wushuang was determined.

Even if it was a crisis for Wang Yuan, Yang Zaixuan, or Su Rou, he would protect them, let alone his own problems.

"Be my brothers, we should share our joys, but bear the sorrows... only by me!"

## **Chapter 345: Preparations**

"Since you have decided, I won't say anything."

Wine Master looked at Jian Wushuang with a serious face. Then he took out two Golden Purple Light Beads, which seemed ordinary but contained an enormous attack power.

"What are they?" Jian Wushuang looked at him in surprise and asked.

"They are Demonic Grenades. I got them by chance." Wine Master said, "This small bead holds an enormous power with a sophisticated operation method. As long as it recognizes you as its owner, you can detonate it with your mind."

"I tested one once, and the power it released shocked me. If used properly, a Demonic Grenade can threaten even a pinnacle Saint Realm expert. The remaining two are yours. Consider it a gift, in honor of our relationship."

“Thank you so much,” Jian Wushuang said gratefully.

He took the Golden Purple Light Beads and held them in his hands tightly. After sensing the power of the Demonic Grenades, cruelty rose in his eyes.

“When will you set off?” Wine Master looked at him and asked.

“Now,” Jian Wushuang said in a low voice.

Wine Master nodded and said, “Make sure you are prepared.”

“Please take care of them,” Jian Wushuang said.

“Don’t worry. Experts from Alchemy School will look after them,” Wine Master said with a smile.

Jian Wushuang nodded. He looked at Wang Yuan, Yang Zaixuan, and Su Rou once more, then he took a deep breath and departed.

After getting the three of them situated, Wine Master also left, heading in the direction that Jian Wushuang had gone.

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In an ancient, vast, and majestic mountain range.

At the very center of the mountain range, a giant mountain rose, at least a thousand feet high. It was known as the Skyward Mountain.

A black-clothed young man, Jian Wushuang, was standing at the top of Skyward Mountain with a long sword on his back. Then he sat down and took out several Interspatial Rings.

He got them from the seven Saint Realm experts of Holy Emperor Palace.

After he killed them and took their Interspatial Rings, he had not had a chance to carefully inspect them until now.

Seven Interspatial Rings in total. He began checking them one by one.

He had to admit that the seven Saint Realm experts from Holy Emperor Palace, who had all comprehended Domain, each had a large number of valuable assets that even included some rare treasures.

Elixirs, manuals, and magic weapons as well.

Among the treasures, there was one that even surprised him.

He found a big black bow. Though there were no arrows with it, its power was still terrifying.

“God-killing Bow!”

Seeing it, Jian Wushuang felt surprised and happy.

This God-killing Bow was a magic weapon, a second-grade magic weapon!

Different from other magic weapons, the God-killing Bow could gather a large amount of killing power in a matter of seconds.

“Nice.” Jian Wushuang smiled and said, “Mo Yun’s Interspatial Ring really had something good.”

But it still took time to gather power. That’s why he didn’t use it when he fought with Jian Wushuang. Jian Wushuang was too fast, so he didn’t have enough time.

Now, it belonged to Jian Wushuang.

“The Demonic Grenades, God-killing Bow, and my other means should give me a slim chance of survival.” Jian Wushuang believed he had a chance.

The fight was unavoidable as long as the Blood Soul Mark stayed on him!

His cloned body was destroyed and the new one hadn’t formed yet. Therefore, he couldn’t secretly replace himself with a clone.

There was also no one helping him. He could only rely on himself.

On top of the giant mountain, Jian Wushuang was sitting cross-legged. Then he closed his eyes slowly. His breath became steady and his mind calmed down. Half a day quickly passed.

Jian Wushuang opened his eyes, which were full of determination.

“Everything is ready!”

“Both my strength and mind are in a perfect state.”

“I have exhausted all my means and prepared five Killing Moves!”

“Holy Emperor Palace... no matter who you send, with the help of these five killing moves, I will be capable of fighting with them head-on!”

Rumble~

A devastating aura rose and surged, causing the whole area to tremble.

In the long mountain range, Jian Wushuang wasn’t the only one present. There were many experts hiding in the surrounding areas, waiting quietly.

News had spread since the battle in Ice Nether Valley a few days ago.

And, Jian Wushuang was at the eye of the storm because of the Blood Soul Mark.

Everyone knew that Holy Emperor Palace wouldn’t let him off.

They would definitely send one of their Holy Masters to kill him.

So there would definitely be a fierce fight.

Therefore, many of them were waiting, filled with expectations.

They wanted to see whether Jian Wushuang, a rare genius, would once again be able to create a miracle during this life and death crisis.

They had been following and watching him since he left Ice Nether Valley. Now, with Jian Wushuang at the top of Skyward Mountain, it was obvious that others would be here too.

The surrounding area was abuzz with discussion.

“It seems he is going to make his stand here!”

“Because of the Blood Soul Mark, there is no choice but to fight them to the death!”

“If they want to make sure he has no chance to survive, Holy Emperor Palace will have to send out a Holy Master to deal with him.”

“Which one will come?”

Many experts were standing in the surrounding area, waiting quietly. Then, one day later.

A slender elder in a black robe slowly appeared from off in the distance.

He walked slowly, but with each step, he seemed to move a thousand feet.

In the blink of an eye, he had arrived at the center of the mountain range. Floating in front of the Skyward Mountain, he looked down at Jian Wushuang.

As soon as the slender elder appeared, the experts in the surrounded turned to face him.

They were all dumbfounded.

“He is... Second Holy Master.”

#### **Chapter 346: Five Killing Moves (Part One)**

“Second Holy Master!”

“He came here?”

“I thought Holy Emperor Palace would send Fourth Holy Master or Third Holy Master to handle this. I didn’t expect that Second Holy Master would turn up.”

Many experts were stunned.

“Second Holy Master, Bo Xi.” The Wine Master’s expression changed when he saw the slender black-robed elder.

“It’s over.” Wine Master sighed while shaking his head.

He had fought with Fourth Holy Master and Second Holy Master, so he knew Second Holy Master was very powerful.

He thought if Fourth Holy Master came, Jian Wushuang would have an opportunity to fight back against him.

If Third Holy Master showed up, Jian Wushuang might have a chance to survive.

But now it was Second Holy Master...

*"He will die."*?Wine Master thought.

*"Second Holy Master is personally fighting him. Jian Wushuang is doomed."*?The other experts also shared this thought.

While still at the peak of Skyward Mountain, Jian Wushuang opened his eyes, raised his head, and stared at the slender black-robed elder.

The elder peacefully stood above the mountain, without emanating an aura. However, Jian Wushuang felt a great pressure.

"There are four Holy Masters in Holy Emperor Palace. I wonder who you are," Jian Wushuang said indifferently.

"I'm Second Holy Master, Bo Xi," the slender black-robed elder replied.

"Second Holy Master?" Jian Wushuang's face changed slightly.

"Since you know who I am, you should be clear about your ending. Now I will give you an opportunity. You can kill yourself." Second Holy Master stood there with a cold, arrogant look.

He was definitely qualified to look down on Jian Wushuang.

"Kill myself?" Jian Wushuang smiled and said, "In this world, no one can make me kill myself. You? Are you qualified?"

"Since you're so stubborn, I won't show any mercy," Second Holy Master said coldly. Then he took a step forwards. In that instant, his stride spanned hundreds of feet while radiating invisible waves.

Jian Wushuang felt a great power begin to suppress him from all directions. He was a bit surprised.

"Fight!" Jian Wushuang suddenly snarled.

As his thunderous voice reverberated, a roaring battle intent suddenly spread out. A terrifying power, which could devour everything, burst forth.

Soul-Devouring Secret Skill...

Normally, Jian Wushuang would wait, only displaying this skill when he had no choice. But this time, Jian Wushuang performed it without any hesitation.

The terrifying power devoured everything in the surroundings. A large amount of natural power flowed into his body, which made his aura soar.

"Very interesting tactic." Second Holy Master quietly stood there and did not try to block it.

The battle intent in Jian Wushuang's eyes was powerful.

"Asura Secret Skill, Road to the Underworld!"

Hua... A vast Blood River directly flowed out. Instantly, it spread over a radius of more than 1,000 meters and covered the whole area. Second Holy Master was stuck in it.



Then, Jian Wushuang activated Slaughter Domain and Sword Sea.

The three skills combined and released their strength.

Immediately, the Blood River tumbled and turbulent water rushed toward Second Holy Master.

Second Holy Master was in the center of the Blood River, like a boat, swaying in the endless sea.

The Triple-kill Sword appeared in Jian Wushuang's hands. The power of the magic weapon erupted. A Phantom Giant suddenly appeared behind Jian Wushuang.

The Phantom Giant was larger than before. As Jian Wushuang wielded the Triple-kill Sword, the towering Phantom Giant slowly swung the longsword.

"Blood Emptying Technique, the First Move."

Shua!

The moment the huge blood-red sword light directly lashed out, the heaven and earth seemed to be split in two.

Jian Wushuang had finished his first Killing Move: Road to the Underworld, Slaughter Domain, Sword Sea, the first move of Blood Emptying Technique, and the outburst of the Triple-kill Sword.

"The power of Blood River is great. You must have depended on this Blood River to kill our seven Saint Realm experts?" Second Holy Master said indifferently. He watched the huge stroke slash toward him, then casually waved his hand.

Then a forlorn, shrill howl rang out. The huge blood-red sword light seemed to be hampered as it suddenly stopped and then shattered completely.

Second Holy Master casually broke the first Killing Move.

Jian Wushuang remained composed. The moment the sword light was smashed, a stream of great blood-red power began to gather in his palm. Soon, it reached its limit and exuded a soaring blood-red light.

"The second move of Asura Secret Skill, Bridge of Helplessness!"

As Jian Wushuang let out a cry, the surrounding air seemed to suddenly tremble.

On the edge of the Blood River, a towering long blood-red bridge suddenly appeared and extended to the end of the river at an amazing speed. Jian Wushuang stood on the bridge and walked forward. A large amount of blood-red energy gathered around his body, as if he wore a blood-red armor.

His momentum improved to a new level.

When it reached its peak, the Phantom Giant waved its muscular arms and struck a blow. This stroke was much more powerful than the previous one.

After Bridge of Helplessness made his momentum reach the peak, Jian Wushuang displayed the second move of the Blood Emptying Technique, which was his second Killing Move.

“Ridiculous,” Second Holy Master sneered.

A terrifying power instantly gathered in his palm. Then he clenched his fist and threw a punch.

The punch was like a huge meteor as it violently collided with the sword shadow.

Then the powerful sword shadow was smashed again.

At this moment, Jian Wushuang was surrounded by a Force of Gale and Thunderbolt. His body changed into lightning, easily flashing through the air to appear at Second Holy Master’s side. Then he threw two Golden Purple Light Beads at the elder.

The two Golden Purple Light Beads landed, less than two meters away from Second Holy Master.

“Demonic Grenade?”

Second Holy Master’s expression eventually changed.

“Explosion!” Jian Wushuang shouted.

The two Demonic Grenades directly exploded.

### **Chapter 347: Five Killing Moves (Part Two)**

Boom! Boom!

Following the two loud booms, two violent windstorms formed in the sky.

The Demonic Grenade was given to him by Wine Master. He said that if used properly, a Demonic Grenade could even endanger a top expert who has reached the Pinnacle. Jian Wushuang found an opportunity to throw two Demonic Grenades at Second Holy Master, which was his third Killing Move.

Second Holy Master was overwhelmed by the terrifying power of the two Demonic Grenades. He was stuck in the two windstorms for a long time before he finally smashed the windstorms with his great power and reappeared before everyone’s eyes.

At this moment, Second Holy Master looked embarrassed. His black robe had become ragged because of the explosion. However, he was not injured and his aura had not weakened.

“Boy, that was a nice skill. Anything else?”

Second Holy Master stood in the air and coldly looked toward Jian Wushuang. However, in the next moment, he was shocked.

He saw Jian Wushuang drawing a huge bow. A stream of terrifying strength gathered on the bow, merging to form a golden arrow.

He was the target.

“God-killing Bow!”

Second Holy Master was startled. When the power of the golden arrow reached the limit, Jian Wushuang relaxed his finger.

Swish!

The golden arrow shot forward, changing into a flash of golden light. Instantly, it pierced the space between them with its golden tail, like a comet.

He obtained the God-killing Bow from Mo Yun's Interspatial Ring. As a second-grade magic weapon, it was really different from an ordinary weapon. Once it was used, the terrifying power of the golden arrow would rush forward.

With the help of Road to the Underworld and Bridge of Helplessness, Jian Wushuang unleashed the God-killing Bow and shot the golden arrow. The power was enough to threaten an expert at the Pinnacle.

The speed of the arrow was so fast that Second Holy Master was not able to dodge it. He could only try his best to block it.

This was Jian Wushuang's fourth Killing Move.

It was set up in conjunction with the third Killing Move because the time needed to prepare the God-killing Bow was provided by the explosion of the two Demonic Grenades.

Right as Second Holy Master disentangled him from the explosion, the God-killing Bow had just finished the preparations to attack, without leaving Second Holy Master a chance to breathe.

The Killing Moves arrived in quick succession.

The golden arrow instantly appeared in front of Second Holy Master, moving directly toward his neck. Second Holy Master snorted while immediately slapping it with his hand.

Chi!

The golden arrow was powerful. Its terrifying power allowed it to pierce through Second Holy Master's palm and continue flying toward his throat.

Second Holy Master widened his eyes. Then streams of great Spiritual Power gushed out and formed a shield around his body. The golden arrow collided with the shield of Spiritual Power. The very moment it managed to pierce the shield, the power of the arrow disappeared.

"How dangerous!"

Second Holy Master was frightened. The golden arrow was only 5 millimeters away from striking his neck after breaking through the shield.

"Boy, it seems that I underestimated you." Second Holy Master coldly looked toward Jian Wushuang, with a surge of killing intent flashing in his eyes.

It had been a long time since he had such a fright.

Now it was caused by a young expert in the Yang Void Realm.

*"Not only is he still alive, he was not even injured by my four Killing Moves. Now, everything depends on this last move."*?Jian Wushuang's eyes became slightly red as killing intent began gushing out. Then he took out a faint yellow elixir and ate it.

Yin-Yang Dark Dragon Elixir!

It could greatly increase his strength for a short period of time.

In an instant, he felt the blood racing through his veins and his potential was completely activated.

His strength became at least double.

Then, Jian Wushuang suddenly patted his chest and spat out a mouthful of blood, then quickly waved his hand to catch it. This action was repeated several times, leaving a dozen palm prints on his chest.

"Asura Secret Skill, the third move, Eighteen Levels of Hell!" Jian Wushuang let out a snarl.

His face was distorted and his veins stood out on his forehead as if his veins would burst.

Previously, Jian Wushuang was not able to perform Eighteen Levels of Hell, because he did not have enough Spiritual Power and strength.

However, now, after performing the Soul-Devouring Secret Skill, eating the Yin-Yang Dark Dragon Elixir, and even drawing his own blood, he could barely display this move.

Boom... The Blood River madly tumbled and roared.

It originally covered 1,000 meters, but now it extended thousands of meters at an amazing speed until it resembled the road to the underworld.

The Bridge of Helplessness, that spanned the Blood River, constantly stretched while becoming more enormous and towering.

In the middle of the Blood River, a piece of blood cloud swirled, forming a huge vortex. Then, a huge blood-red pavilion slowly descended. It had 18 floors, with ghost shadows visible on each floor, and their screams and roars could be heard.

Buzz!

The moment the pavilion landed on the Blood River, invisible waves spread out.

Time seemed to stop for a moment. Second Holy Master stood in the Blood River, with a hint of shock in his eyes, watching the ghosts crazily rushing toward him as he fell into a panic.

He desperately bit his lips and barely managed to keep a clear mind.

At this moment, another elixir appeared in Jian Wushuang's hand.

It was the Spirit-recovering Elixir.

**Chapter 348: Five Killing Moves (Part Three)**

Performing the four Killing Moves, especially the Eighteen Levels of Hell, almost consumed all his Spiritual Power. The Spirit-recovering Elixir would help him recover some.

It began working as soon as he ate it. The size of the Giant behind him increased greatly, becoming hundreds of feet tall, and the power of its sword also soared.

The moment Jian Wushuang raised the Triple-kill Sword above his head, the towering Phantom Giant held up the Long Sword as well.

“Blood Emptying Technique, the third move!” Jian Wushuang shouted, with a hint of madness flashing in his eyes.

Instantly, a huge blood-red sword light swept out.

It was powerful. The moment the stroke lashed out, the whole area became dead still.

The Yin-Yang Dark Dragon Elixir, Eighteen Levels of Hell, and the third move of the Blood Emptying Technique made up his strongest move.

This was his fifth Killing Move.

The Blood River was tumbling and roaring. Second Holy Master, who was stuck inside it, felt as if his consciousness was being devoured by the influence of Eighteen Levels of Hell.

Eighteen Levels of Hell was completely different from Road to the Underworld and Bridge of Helplessness.

It was a special skill that suppressed consciousness.

Even Second Holy Master could barely keep conscious at this moment.

When the blood-red sword light dashed toward him, Second Holy Master could not perform some of his best moves to parry it. He could only wave his hand to throw out a punch.

In the blink of an eye, bang...

A loud boom was heard, causing invisible waves to spread out. Then, lots of plants in the mountains were crushed into dust.

Surprised, Second Holy Master spat out a mouthful of blood. Like a shooting star, he fell down at an amazing speed.

Boom!

Second Holy Master crashed into a giant mountain, thousands of feet away from their battlefield, causing the mountain to break. The elder passed through the mountain and continued to retreat.

Boom! Boom!

Second Holy Master went through two giant mountains in succession, leaving a hole in each mountain. Upon colliding with the third one, he barely managed to come to a stop, but found himself embedded in the mountain.

The whole area became quiet.

In the sky, the roaring Blood River gradually dissipated, as did Bridge of Helplessness and the blood-red pavilion. Jian Wushuang stood above the area with a pale complexion, clutching his chest and staring in the Second Holy Master's direction.

A large number of onlookers, including many experts of the Saint Realm, could not help sucking in a breath of cold air.

Then they all looked at Jian Wushuang in unprecedented terror.

They originally thought that since Second Holy Master dealt with him personally, he would be able to kill him without a doubt.

But, what they saw was contrary to their expectations.

Jian Wushuang had taken the initiative in this fight.

Five Killing Moves!

He launched five Killing Moves in succession. Each move stronger than the previous one. He did not even give his opponent an opportunity to breathe.

Especially, the last Killing Move. It was so powerful that many top experts were terrified from the bottom of their heart.

Even the Wine Master was shocked when he watched Jian Wushuang perform that last move.

He knew that if he had been targeted by that last attack, he would...

All the onlookers were petrified!

Now they were worried about Second Holy Master instead.

"Is Second Holy Master dead?"

All the onlookers looked toward where Second Holy Master had landed with shock and curiosity.

Broken stones fell as a cloud of smoke and dust covered the hole, so they could not see the scene inside, making it unclear whether Second Holy Master was dead or not.

Suddenly... Swoosh... Lots of broken stones fell from the hole. Then, a black-robed person walked out and reappeared above the area.

The Wine Master's face fell. He shook his head, sighed, and said, "Second Holy Master is Second Holy Master."

The Wine Master thought that if Fourth Holy Master or Third Holy Master had been attacked with the five Killing Moves, they would have died. Second Holy Master was more powerful indeed.

"Alive!"

"Second Holy Master is still alive!"

"I knew he would not die with just this."

Lots of experts sighed as they saw Second Holy Master's appearance.

Second Holy Master's aura had weakened.

He looked pale, with blood around the corner of his mouth.

His clothes were torn and one of his sleeves missing.

He looked bad and seriously injured.

But he was alive indeed!

"You didn't die?" Jian Wushuang said while suspending in the air above.

His face fell and he stared at his opponent with hostility.

He had used his full strength to perform those five Killing Moves.

But Second Holy Master was still alive.

Jian Wushuang had reached his limit and used up all his Spiritual Power. He could no longer fight.

Now he knew that he was standing before the Gate of Hell.

Second Holy Master darkened his face. He wiped off the blood from around his mouth and coldly looked toward Jian Wushuang. "Boy, you do possess some strength. Even I was almost killed by you. If given more time, you would be stronger than me. But it's pity, you won't have such an opportunity."

Then a greenish black Giant Hammer appeared in his hand.

### **Chapter 349: An Unexpected Surprise!**

"You should be proud to be killed by my magic weapon."

Along with his soaring killing intent, Second Holy Master held a Giant Hammer, which was filled with a violent aura. His cold voice resounded through the whole area.

Many onlookers just now realized that Second Holy Master had been fighting without a weapon.

"Boy, let me help you on your way."

Second Holy Master took a stride and appeared in front of Jian Wushuang and launched an attack with his Giant Hammer. Invisible waves spread out as if to suppress the whole area.

Jian Wushuang looked pale and felt he was facing a deadly crisis. His eyes became crazy. Then, he suddenly raised his head and let out a hysterical cry.

"Fight!"

Though he knew that his Spiritual Power was used up and death was waiting for him, he still lifted his hand. The Triple-kill Sword madly trembled and roared.

The towering Phantom Giant behind him greatly increased in size, brandishing a longsword.

Jian Wushuang swung the Triple-kill Sword forward.

He used up his last bit of strength and struck a blow.

“Go to hell!”

The greenish black Giant Hammer directly collided with the Triple-kill Sword.

Clang! A metallic sound came out and invisible waves spread toward Jian Wushuang.

Bang! Jian Wushuang’s right hand suddenly tore, causing a mess of blood and flesh. His bones barely could be seen while his Triple-kill Sword was cast away.

The invisible waves continued to sweep over him.

Jian Wushuang only felt a stream of unimaginable power lash against him. Blood was spat out and his eyes and nose began bleeding. He felt as if all of his bones had been smashed.

Bang!

Jian Wushuang fell down to the mountain below. A huge pit appeared on the ground, with Jian Wushuang at the bottom of it.

Many spectators looked toward the pit.

After quite a while, it was still quiet in the pit.

Some onlookers sighed and proclaimed, “It’s over!”

“An expert of the Yang Void Realm actually managed to fight Second Holy Master to such an extent. He was amazing.”

“It was amazing indeed. Our Nanyang Continent has had many geniuses in the past, but Jian Wushuang was peerless. What a pity! If given more time, he would have become a legend. Now it’s all over!”

“That’s the end.”

“It’s over.”

Many of the experts felt pity for this marvelous genius.

Geniuses always needed time to grow. If they died before they matured, they could not become a legend.

In the pit, Jian Wushuang was still able to open his eyes. Even though blood was flowing from his mouth, his bones were almost broken, and his aura was disappearing, he still had a hint of consciousness.

“Am I going to die?” Jian Wushuang murmured.

His voice sounded quite feeble.

“Holy Emperor Palace, I refuse to die...”



"I haven't delivered on the promise with my father.

"I haven't reached the pinnacle as a warrior...

"My parents, brothers, and relatives...

"There are too many things I haven't done!

"I won't accept it!"

He slowly closed his eyes, then suddenly reopened them.

A hint of shock flashed in his eyes.

"That, that is..." Jian Wushuang regained his consciousness. He saw a bizarre gray light in his belly.

The grey light grew brighter and brighter, gradually gathering something.

It was a gray stone bead, which was emitting a faint light.

"The gray stone bead!"

Jian Wushuang was greatly taken aback.

It had been in his body for 16 years.

Heavenly Creation Skill and Soul-Devouring Secret Skill both came from it.

The gray stone bead could be considered the key point in changing his fate.

Without the gray stone bead and Heavenly Creation Skill, he might have achieved a lot, but he could not improve his strength to such an extent in a short period of time.

The gray stone bead was mysterious and inconceivable.

Jian Wushuang did not know when the gray stone bead appeared in his body.

After the gray stone bead absorbed the Spiritual Power to its limit, Jian Wushuang originally thought it had completely disappeared. He had never perceived its existence during these few years. However, now, when he was dying, the mysterious gray stone bead emerged once again.

It began to spin, producing a thick gray fog. It was ground until it was the size of an infant's thumb before the bead finally stopped. The thick gray fog madly gathered and condensed into a gray waterdrop.

The moment the gray waterdrop finished forming, it immediately merged with his body.

Jian Wushuang felt a stream of great and refreshing power flow through his body. In an instant, his injured bones, muscles, and organs started to recover at an amazing speed.

It was too fast.

In his sea of consciousness, a tough Sword Soul was quietly suspended there.

The Sword Soul was so strong. Though Jian Wushuang was just at death's door, it still remained intact. Under the influence of the gray waterdrop, the Sword Soul began to shake violently. Sword Essence rolled while his Sword Soul greatly expanded.

Then the Sword Soul split!

Once his sea of consciousness calmed down, the Sword Soul had been divided into two.

Double Sword Souls!!!

### **Chapter 350: The Gray Waterdrop Transforms!**

It was silent. All the spectators felt pity for Jian Wushuang.

Second Holy Master was suspended in the air, coldly staring at the huge pit.

It had been quite a while since Jian Wushuang had fallen, so everyone thought he must have died.

"Finally, I killed him?" Second Holy Master murmured.

He looked at himself and thought.

*"If the other three masters see my current appearance, they would think I had a tough fight with the boy and laugh at me."*

He shook his head and looked toward where the Triple-kill Sword landed.

"I heard his sword is a first-grade magic weapon!" Second Holy Master's eye lit up. Then he went to claim the sword.

But, right at this moment...

Buzz... A surge of invisible energy suddenly appeared.

"Hum?" Second Holy Master stopped and looked at the pit again.

Many spectators above the nearby space also looked toward it.

Boom!

The whole area seemed to shake for an instant, then the ground started to violently vibrate as if it was roaring.

In the huge pit, lots of stones began floating up. Then a figure slowly flew out.

"Jian Wushuang!"

Everybody stared at him in shock.

His clothes were dyed red by blood. His arms were a mess of blood and flesh, with even his bones being slightly visible.

His eyes were closed and his black hair fluttered.

A stream of aura spread out and began growing stronger and stronger.

As he moved to stand above the area... Rumble! It sounded like the whole world cracked. A great amount of Heaven and Earth Spiritual Energy madly surged toward Jian Wushuang from all directions.

The Spiritual Power whistled through the area, surrounding Jian Wushuang in an instant and creating a great Spiritual Storm that radiated out 100 meters.

“Jesus!”

“That’s Heaven and Earth Spiritual Energy!”

Lots of experts could not help but widen his eyes.

The Spiritual Storm was quite grand.

Jian Wushuang immersed himself in it.

A large amount of Heaven and Earth Spiritual Energy was devoured by him. Owing to it, his aura became stronger and stronger. Previously, his aura had withered to a point where it might completely disappear, but now it had reached a new level, much stronger than before.

The aura kept soaring.

Swish!

The Triple-kill Sword trembled and then flew toward its owner, returning to Jian Wushuang’s grasp again.

His eyes were still closed, but at this moment, the two Sword Souls were radiating a brilliant light within his sea of consciousness.

Rumble... Two spectral images suddenly appeared behind his back.

The two spectral images looked the same as Jian Wushuang, but much bigger than him. Now they kept the same posture as their owner, with the Long Sword in their hands and their eyes closed.

Sword Soul Phantoms!

Two Sword Souls created two Sword Soul Phantoms.

Their Sword Essence was powerful.

“The boy is still alive!”

Second Holy Master’s face fell. Then a hint of killing intent flashed in his eyes. Whoosh! With one stride, Second Holy Master appeared before his opponent.

A surge of power gathered in his hand and he swung his Giant Hammer, which emitted an enormous energy. The moment it smashed forward, an explosive power swept out.

“Go to hell!”

Second Holy Master's face was distorted. He did not know what his opponent was doing. However, he was frightened, so he would not give the boy any opportunities.

This attack was stronger than the previous one.

Jian Wushuang still had his eyes closed and did not seem to notice, but his two Sword Soul Phantoms opened their eyes, shooting out two streaks of light.

Like a sword strike, the lights swept out, causing two huge sword scars to appear in the sky and cracks to form in the ground.

At this moment, the Triple-kill Sword directly lashed out.

A casual stroke!

It contained no swords skills or tricks.

This simple stroke collided with the Giant Hammer.

Peng!

With a loud boom, Second Holy Master was blasted backwards, as if he had been hit by a bomb.

Boom! Boom! His body flew across the sky, humming violently.

After regaining his balance, Second Holy Master gasped while in shock.

All the spectators were petrified.

He had repelled Second Holy Master with a casual strike.

Jian Wushuang still kept the same posture, as if he had not launched an attack.

The great Spiritual Storm remained there and he was crazily devouring the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Energy as if he would never be full.

As his aura soared, his face became ruddy. He had almost recovered, and his bloody arms seemed intact.

His bones, muscles, and even the tiny parts of his body were changing under the influence of the gray waterdrop.

Improve!

Transform!

With every breath, his body was being strengthened as much as dozens of times.

His aura became increasingly stronger.

"What, what on earth happened?"

"He was dying, but now..."

"He made a breakthrough at the last moment?"

Breakthrough?

All of them thought of this possibility.

After all, Jian Wushuang was at the Peak of the Yang Void Realm. He was a peerless genius, so he might be able to make a breakthrough.