

## Swordsman 361

### Chapter 361: Challenging the Holy Steps

“Jian Wushuang!”

“He had disappeared for a year. Now he suddenly showed up again? He even came to our Holy Emperor Palace!”

“He’s actually attacking our palace on his own. How dare he!”

The Palace Master of Holy Emperor Palace coldly stared at Jian Wushuang, who was standing on the Holy Steps with a soaring Sword Essence.

Though he said those words, the Palace Master did not dare to underestimate Jian Wushuang’s power.

“Go inform the four Holy Masters. Be quick,” the Palace Master ordered.

They immediately followed his order.

Jian Wushuang looked indifferent, as did his two Sword Soul Phantoms.

Ignoring the great shock in their eyes, Jian Wushuang raised his head and stared at the great palace gate. Then, he stepped on the second step.

Crack!

The second step instantly cracked while the first step ruptured.

Jian Wushuang’s aura was already quite strong. Yet, as he took the second step, his aura soared once again.

Then he continued, stepping onto the third step...

All the spectators fixed their eyes on Jian Wushuang.

Outside of Holy Emperor Island, a void suddenly appeared and a huge wormhole formed.

It was created by the Space-travel Spell.

The Space-travel Spell was rare and precious in the Nanyang Continent. Normally, even top sects were unwilling to use it, but they made an exception today.

A dozen figures walked out of the wormhole.

They all had great auras. A middle-aged man in a purple robe led these Saint Realm experts. He was the Alchemy School Sect Master, Wang Yan.

Wang Yuan was also here.

“Let’s go!”

The experts of the Alchemy School left for Holy Emperor Island.

Besides the Alchemy School, the three valleys and four temples, and the eight sects also received the news. They all came here using Space-travel Spells.

There were even some solitary experts.

The Wine Master arrived with his disciple, Yang Zaixuan.

After a while, countless experts had gathered near Holy Emperor Island. They all watched Jian Wushuang walking on the Holy Steps.

Many young Warriors, who took part in the selection for Holy Emperor Palace, looked at those experts in shock.

“So many experts!”

“I don’t feel any aura from many of them. They must be experts of the Saint Realm!”

“So many Saint Realm experts!”

The young Warriors were stunned.

Saint Realm experts were top experts in the Nanyang Continent. Even a large sect only had a few of them. It was rare to meet such an expert, but now...

There were more than 50 Saint Realm experts suspended in the sky.

What did that mean?

Had that happened before on the Nanyang Continent?

All of this was because of one person.

That person was Jian Wushuang!

“Third Brother!”

Wang Yuan had a serious expression as he looked at Jian Wushuang.

“A man with a sword dared to attack Holy Emperor Palace. No matter what happens, his courage will leave a mark in the history of the Nanyang Continent.” Wang Yan wore a faint smile with a flicker of craftiness in his eyes.

Two figures stood side by side at a corner of the group.

“You are not going to help your brother?” Wine Master asked casually.

“I am not able to help him with my current strength,” Yang Zaixuan replied.

“Oh, you do know yourself.” Wine Master had a faint smile on his face as he replied.

On the Holy Steps, Jian Wushuang had not stopped climbing. Every time he took a step, his aura would increase a bit. When he stepped onto the 50th step, his aura was strong enough to shock everyone that was present.

Four figures appeared at the palace gate. They were the backbone of Holy Emperor Palace, the Four Holy Masters.

"He is Jian Wushuang?" A silver-haired elder narrowed his eyes and looked toward Jian Wushuang. He was First Holy Master.

"That's him." Second Holy Master stood beside First Holy Master and stared at his enemy with a hint of ferociousness in his eyes.

As an overlord of Nanyang, Holy Emperor Palace had abundant resources, so they had Purple Fire Body Shaping Elixirs. After the last fight at Skyward Mountain, Second Holy Master ate a Purple Fire Body Shaping Elixir, allowing him to regrow his severed legs completely.

"His aura seems much stronger than a year ago," Second Holy Master said coldly, but he was shocked.

A year ago, Jian Wushuang split his magic weapon and cut off his legs. The battle strength he released at that time was already frightening. However, now the boy's aura had terrified him.

"It's only been a year, but his strength improved yet again?" First Holy Master's face fell. He immediately gave an order. "Activate the Protective Array!"

"The Protective Array?" Many of the experts in Holy Emperor Palace were stunned.

The Protective Array of Holy Emperor Palace would only be activated when Holy Emperor Palace faced a big crisis and was not able to fight. But now, they activated the Protective Array just because of Jian Wushuang.

"Go, right now," First Holy Master shouted.

"Yes." The expert did not dare to disobey his order and immediately went to activate the Protective Array.

After a while, a surge of great power rose from the palace and a transparent energy barrier appeared in front of the palace gate.

"Protective Array?"

"Holy Emperor Palace activated their Protective Array?"

"How could that be possible?"

A large number of spectators froze in shock.

Activating the Protective Array represented that Holy Emperor Palace was facing a powerful enemy.

But, at the moment, Jian Wushuang was here by himself and had not made a move.

"Only he himself was strong enough to force Holy Emperor Palace to activate their Protective Array! That's Jian Wushuang!" The younger warriors' eyes sparkled as they felt the blood racing through their veins.

Jian Wushuang still continued slowly climbing the Holy Steps.

Eventually, he reached the 108th step and appeared in front of the palace gate.

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### **Chapter 362: Breaking the Array!**

The black-robed Jian Wushuang stood there with his longsword on his back. Now, he could see some buildings inside Holy Emperor Palace and a huge stone tablet in front of the palace gate.

The stone tablet was engraved with three words, Holy Emperor Palace.

The experts of Holy Emperor Palace stood in front of the gate while coldly staring at him.

50 feet away from those experts, Jian Wushuang was being blocked by a transparent energy barrier.

“A Protective Array?”

Jian Wushuang looked at the barrier with his lip curled. Then, the Triple-kill Sword appeared in his hand.

The two towering Sword Soul Phantoms behind him also held longswords.

As his Sword Essence and aura reached their peak... A surge of battle intent flashed in his eyes. Then he launched an attack.

He focused all his Sword Essence and aura into one spot as he attacked.

The two Sword Essence phantoms behind him also attacked with their longswords.

A faint hum of the air being pierced could be heard, but no sword light or sword shadow emerged.

The stroke seemed ordinary.

Suddenly... Boom!

A loud boom roared and a large dent appeared in the transparent energy barrier. Obviously, it was a sword scar.

The Protective Array started trembling and roaring. A surge of power erupted in the dent, causing the sound of it piercing the air. Then, suddenly... Boom!

The transparent energy barrier ruptured.

It was broken!

The Protective Array had been smashed to pieces.

“How could this be possible?”

All the spectators, including the four Holy Masters, widened their eyes.

The Protective Array of Holy Emperor Palace was considered the toughest and the most powerful array in the whole Nanyang Continent.

But just now, it was smashed by a single stroke.

What did that mean?

Jian Wushuang held the Triple-kill Sword while releasing a soaring killing intent. Faced with the broken Protective Array, he just sneered.

Now that he had reached Venerable Master, he possessed a marvelous body. His first-grade magic weapon, the Triple-kill Sword, was also powerful. However, the most important factor that allowed him to break it with one stroke was the sword move he used.

It was the first move of the Heart-killing Sword Technique.

Jian Wushuang spent a lot of time and energy on it and eventually mastered it.

The first move was called Traceless!

The Heart-killing Sword Technique was the most powerful Sword Skill Sword Ancestor had created!

The power of the first move was stronger than that of any other first-grade sword technique.

He had a powerful body. With the help of Heavenly Creation Skill, he would be a dozen times stronger than an ordinary expert of the Saint Realm when his strength erupted.

Furthermore, he used a first-grade magic weapon and performed his strongest Sword Skill.

With all of this combined, the Protective Array of Holy Emperor Palace could not block the terrifying stroke.

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Now, Holy Emperor Palace had lost its protection.

The moment Jian Wushuang held the sword in both hands, a soaring killing intent suddenly swept out and he struck another blow.

This casual stroke moved toward the huge stone tablet, slashing through it.

Shua!

The stone tablet, representing the root of the sect, was split in half.

Meanwhile, Jian Wushuang's cold voice resounded through the whole area.

"After today, Holy Emperor Palace will no longer exist on the Nanyang Continent!"

One sentence was articulated forcefully.

They all trembled with shock.

At this moment, the experts of Holy Emperor Palace, including those four Holy Masters, wore a cold look on their faces.

First Holy Master, who stood at the center of the crowd, glared at Jian Wushuang while saying two words.

“Kill him!”

The moment he finished his words, an overwhelming killing intent swept out.

Upon hearing this, killing intent gushed out from the Elders of the Saint Realm. Then they dashed out and attacked Jian Wushuang from all directions.

These 18 people were truly experts of the Saint Realm.

They worked together to perform a formation.

“That is... Aeon Devil-killing Formation!”

A loud shout suddenly arose from the spectators.

The Aeon Devil-killing Formation was a famous formation in the Nanyang Continent. It could be performed by a group of nine or 18 warriors.

Normally, if the Aeon Devil-killing Formation was displayed by nine experts at the Peak of the Yang Void Realm, they could fight against an expert of the Saint Realm. If it was performed by 18 experts at the Peak of the Yang Void Realm, they could defeat and even kill an expert of the Saint Realm.

But now, 18 Saint Realm experts were performing the formation.

Many experts present immediately understood how powerful it would be.

“Damn it!”

A blue-robed woman appeared in front of Jian Wushuang.

She was holding a cyan longsword, which was filled with a great power. When she slashed toward Jian Wushuang, a surge of tremendous power gathered onto this cyan longsword, soaring to an incredible level.

Aeon Devil-killing Formation could combine the power of 18 experts, which meant each move they displayed would have the strength of 18 experts.

The blue-robed woman’s attack was filled with the power of 18 experts.

The sword light lashed out with a power that shook the whole area.

The blue-robed woman was a Saint Realm expert who had mastered Third-stage Domain, but the stroke she launched was even more powerful than Second Holy Master’s.

However, Jian Wushuang looked indifferent and calm. As the sword light pierced through the air and appeared before him, he immediately reached out with his left hand at a lightning speed to catch the blade.

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**Chapter 363: Slaughter Experts of the Saint Realm**

Clang!

A metallic sound rang out.

The blue-robed woman was suddenly stunned.

Many spectators, including the four Holy Masters, also froze in shock.

Jian Wushuang directly grabbed the blade of the cyan longsword, which contained the full power of 18 experts.

Despite the overwhelming power of the longsword, Jian Wushuang held the blade tightly. The longsword was a second-grade magic weapon, but it could not even seem to hurt Jian Wushuang.

“How, how is that possible?”

Everyone was dumbstruck.

The whole area became silent.

“How it could be?”

The blue-robed woman widened her eyes and stared at Jian Wushuang. Then a hint of coldness flashed in her eyes.

“Go to hell!”

A sudden surge of energy was emitted from the cyan longsword, which then changed into sharp spines and shot towards Jian Wushuang.

Jian Wushuang was a bit surprised, but he just closed his eyes and let the spines crash against his body.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

The continuous crashes resounded through the air. Each spine could easily kill an ordinary Saint Realm expert, but they did not work against Jian Wushuang. His body was like an indestructible gem, so the collision just caused sparks to fly in all directions.

“This...” The blue-robed woman was completely petrified.

The sword strike she had performed with her full strength had been caught by Jian Wushuang using only a single hand.

Now, the countless spines did not even puncture his skin.

“That boy!” Second Holy Master was shocked.

He still remembered when he tried to kill Jian Wushuang. After the boy’s strength suddenly erupted, he could barely prick the boy’s skin with his strongest move, Scarlet Thunderbolt.

Such a powerful body!

It was indestructible!

While the blue-robed woman was in a daze, Jian Wushuang opened his eyes and glanced at the woman. Then he quickly stretched out his left arm, grabbed the woman's neck, and raised her up.

"I, I..." The blue-robed woman was terrified. Her neck was currently being grasped by Jian Wushuang so tightly that she felt as if her strength was of no use and she was completely unable to resist.

As Jian Wushuang exerted more strength...

Crack!

The blue-robed woman's neck broke and her breath instantly disappeared. Then her body was tossed onto the ground below.

When the woman died, the Aeon Devil-killing Formation began to collapse.

Force of Gale and Thunderbolt began to surge inside Jian Wushuang's body. Shua! He moved so fast that no one could see his body.

They all watched a lightning pass by two experts of the Saint Realm.

Then, Jian Wushuang reappeared with the Triple-kill Sword in his hand, scarlet blood dripping from his sword.

The two experts of the Saint Realm widened their eyes as blood began dripping from the sword scar left on both of their necks.

Shua!

Then Jian Wushuang easily flashed by three other Saint Realm experts, killing them before they even had an opportunity to struggle.

Shua! Shua!

Lightning emerged and flashed through the air.

Chi! Chi! Chi! Chi! Chi!

The sound of bodies being cut was heard in quick succession, striking terror in their hearts.

"Run!"

A forlorn cry came out. Then, the surviving Saint Realm experts started running back, towards Holy Emperor Palace, in panic.

"Asshole!"

Shocked and angry, First Holy Master let out a snarl and moved forward.

Boom!

He launched an attack, his huge palm print covering the whole sky.

"Hum?"



Jian Wushuang, who was hunting these experts of Holy Emperor Palace, raised his head and immediately flashed through the huge palm, splitting it in two.

This attack gave several experts enough time to run toward the four Holy Masters and escape death.

In the blink of an eye, among the 18 Saint Realm experts who made up Aeon Devil-killing Formation, 13 experts were killed and only 5 survived.

Silence!

The whole area became silent at this moment.

Countless experts and a large number of young Warriors watched in shock as a dozen Saint Realm experts fell from the sky.

They all widened their eyes and felt terrified.

“Too, too strong!” A young warrior could not help but speak.

This caused the whole Holy Emperor Island to become heated.

“Of the 18 experts, 13 were killed!”

“Were they really experts of the Saint Realm?”

“Legendary experts of the Saint Realm were killed so easily? Just like...a rooster being killed!”

A year ago, when Jian Wushuang reached Venerable Master, he cut off the legs of Second Holy Master with a single stroke. His battle strength had been far superior to an ordinary Saint Realm expert.

Over the past year, he had obtained great opportunities in the Ancestor’s Land and reached Pinnacle of the Saint Realm. His battle strength had improved greatly. With the help of his perfect body and Heavenly Creation Skill, he could kill a Saint Realm expert who mastered Domain as easily as butchering a rooster.

The Aeon Devil-killing Formation was really powerful, but once it collapsed, it was easy for Jian Wushuang to kill them.

“This is the number one genius on the Nanyang Continent, Jian Wushuang!”

“His battle strength is too terrifying!”

“He is much stronger than an expert of the Saint Realm, and even the four Holy Masters. I’m afraid that, on the Nanyang Continent, only the mysterious Monarch of the Tang Dynasty could defeat him. Holy Emperor Palace is in danger this time!”

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## **Chapter 364: A Close Fight**

“Holy Emperor Palace is in danger this time!”

The words resounded in all the hearts of the spectators, as well as the experts of Holy Emperor Palace.

The Protective Array had already been broken. The Aeon Devil-killing Formation, consisting of 18 Saint Realm experts, collapsed, and 13 of them were killed. It seemed that only the four Holy Masters were qualified to block Jian Wushuang.

At this moment, they all fixed their eyes on the four Holy Masters.

The four Holy Masters all wore a grim look.

As First Holy Master took a step forward, the other three Holy Masters followed.

They stood side by side, in front of Jian Wushuang, as four powerful streams of aura began to emanate from them. First Holy Master's aura was the most powerful, far superior to the other three.

"Four Holy Masters!"

The whole Holy Emperor Island became quiet.

All the spectators stared at the four Holy Masters in awe.

The four Holy Masters had a great reputation.

Holy Emperor Palace had been the top sect for thousands of years, with many top experts in their long history.

But it was the four Holy Masters that helped Holy Emperor Palace reach its real peak.

The four Holy Masters all reached the Pinnacle of the Saint Realm. Especially First Holy Master, he was a complete monster.

The Alchemy School had been placed at a disadvantage, simply because they did not have an expert who could fight against First Holy Master.

Now, these four experts, who represented the supreme battle strength of Holy Emperor Palace, came out to fight.

They teamed up with each other to fight this enemy.

"Please try your best to help me kill the boy," First Holy Master said in a low voice.

Upon hearing this, the other three Holy Masters nodded heavily. Then... Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

They directly rushed forward.

"Four Holy Masters!"

Jian Wushuang narrowed his eyes and gazed at his opponents, who were all supreme existences in the Nanyang Continent.

Now he needed to fight all four of them.

"Come on," Jian Wushuang said with a cold look.

A surge of overwhelming battle intent rose from within him.

Whoosh!

Second Holy Master was the first to strike a blow against Jian Wushuang.

“Boy, go to hell!”

Second Holy Master looked ferocious. He held a blood-red Giant Hammer, which was a second-grade magic weapon that weighed over 5,000 kilograms.

But he easily swung the Giant Hammer as if he was holding a goose feather. Scarlet waves lashed toward Jian Wushuang.

When Jian Wushuang raised his hand, preparing to parry it, Fourth Holy Master, who stood opposite him, suddenly let out a snarl, causing a hail of terrifying sound waves to sweep forward.

The sound waves tried to pierce through Jian Wushuang’s body, but his body was too strong and seemed indestructible. It only made Jian Wushuang pause for a short time before he continued to lift his longsword.

The Giant Hammer smashed against the Triple-kill Sword.

Boom!

A terrifying boom was heard as the overwhelming power erupted. Second Holy Master attacked from above, which placed Jian Wushuang at a disadvantage. Under the influence of the sound wave, Jian Wushuang had to lean back.

Jian Wushuang suddenly felt a flow of cold aura behind his back.

His expression changed. Force of Gale and Thunderbolt gushed out as he stepped back, then a streak of black light happened to pass by his waist.

After he regained his balance, Jian Wushuang realized it was a black dagger, covered with black venom. A cold woman held the dagger while staring at Jian Wushuang with hostility. She was Third Holy Master.

“Nice try,” Jian Wushuang said with a faint smile.

He suddenly raised his head and saw the spectral image of a huge beast. It was an enormous Demonic Ape, which was hundreds of feet tall. Its body almost seemed to cover the whole sky, and First Holy Master stood at the center of the Demonic Ape Phantom.

Along with his soaring aura, the silver-haired elder had sparks of killing intent in his eyes. In an instant, the Demonic Ape moved, appearing before Jian Wushuang. First Holy Master, wearing a pair of pitch-black gloves, clenched his right fist and began gathering a stream of terrifying power in his right hand.

“Origin of All Beasts!”

Jian Wushuang was a bit surprised. He had once fought with an expert who mastered Origin of All Beasts.

Such experts were adept at close fights!

“I’m not afraid of a close fight!” Jian Wushuang roared.

He withdrew his Triple-kill Sword as a surge of power gathered in his hands. His body changed into lightning and rushed forward.

He released several punches, using only his bare hands. With his outburst of strength and Spiritual Power, every stroke he launched was extremely powerful and terrifying.

First Holy Master's fists, wrists, knees, and even fingers became magic weapons. Like a real giant ape, he was fighting with Jian Wushuang in close combat.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Violent booms reverberated throughout the whole area. Each confrontation caused invisible waves to spread out; a big storm of energy formed in the surrounding area.

After Jian Wushuang and First Holy Master had more than 100 confrontations, suddenly...

Whoosh!

Jian Wushuang shot back hundreds of meters. After stabilizing his body, he looked at himself. His clothes were ragged, exposing his strong muscles, copper-colored skin, and countless marks that were left on his body.

The marks were all caused by fists or elbows.

Only a single palm print was left on First Holy Master's body, but First Holy Master looked pale.

### **Chapter 365: Defeat of the Four Holy Masters**

*"I've comprehended Origin of All Beasts, and I excel at close combat. Yet, the dozen strokes I landed on him did not hurt him at all. On the other hand, I was injured by a single attack from him."*

*"His body is too strong!"*

First Holy Master stared at Jian Wushuang with a cold look.

He had to admit that Jian Wushuang had a powerful body.

Jian Wushuang's body could protect him from a dozen face-to-face attacks.

"First Holy Master, you live up to your name, ranking number one. You're much stronger than the other three Holy Masters," Jian Wushuang said with a faint smile, while he watched First Holy Master, who was standing opposite him, being surrounded by the other three masters.

"However, if your strength is just this, you cannot protect Holy Emperor Palace."

The moment he finished his words, a surge of killing intent rose from him. Then, a vast Blood River flowed out at an amazing speed.

Asura Secret Skill, Road to the Underworld!

The turbulent river soon covered an area over a radius of 1,000 meters, with the four Holy Masters stuck inside.

“Hum?”

The four Holy Masters frowned as they felt the overwhelming power of the Blood River.

“Be careful. This Blood River is like Domain, so it can greatly suppress us,” Second Holy Master said seriously.

He had experienced the power of Road to the Underworld, so he knew.

While Road to the Underworld was pervading the whole area, Slaughter Domain started sweeping out as well.

Even a faint flow of Sword Essence began to emanate from Jian Wushuang.

The layer of Sword Essence was like invisible waves, full of terrifying power. It was the first-grade sword technique, “*Multifold Realm*?”, which Jian Wushuang had practiced inside Sword Tower.

As a first-grade sword technique, it was enigmatic. Jian Wushuang had just mastered the first move, the First Realm.

The power of the First Realm was far superior to Sword Sea.

The combination of three techniques, Road to the Underworld, First Realm, and Slaughter Domain.

“Suppress!” Jian Wushuang shouted in a low voice.

Shua... The Blood River tumbled, with waves violently lashing the surroundings. Its great power suppressed the four Holy Masters, causing them to stop for a while. Their expressions changed.

“How powerful!” First Holy Master looked solemn. “We can not move freely in the Blood River. Even I can only display 70 percent of my strength.”

First Holy Master, who was the most powerful among them, had 30 percent of his battle strength suppressed, while the other three Holy Masters had half of their strength suppressed.

“How is this possible?” Second Holy Master widened their eyes in shock and said, “Last time I met him, his Blood River Realm barely suppressed 10 percent of my strength, but now... it’s half of my strength!”

“Even though he has reached the Saint Realm, the power of his Blood River should not have improved to such an extent.”

He did not know that Blood River’s power improved greatly because of First Realm.

Regarding the power of the three domains in the previous combination, Road to the Underworld ranked first, Slaughter Domain ranked second, and Sword Sea ranked third.

As for the current power of three domains he was using, Road to the Underworld was still first, but First Realm was stronger than Slaughter Domain.

While the four Holy Masters felt awful under the influence of Blood River, Jian Wushuang, and his two Sword Soul Phantoms, exuded a powerful battle intent.

Soon after, Jian Wushuang began to move.

Bang! His first step caused the air to tremble, and a flow of pressure swept out. The Triple-kill Sword, which was filled with a great amount of Sword Essence, appeared in his hand again.

An overwhelming Spiritual Power gathered in his hand and his body's strength reached its peak.

Then Jian Wushuang violently slashed at First Holy Master.

The move he performed came from a first-grade sword technique,? *"Dragon-killing Sword Technique"*?

The stroke was obviously powerful.

The sword light lashed out, humming as it moved through the air. First Holy Master was shocked by it. He immediately clenched his fists as his huge Demonic Ape Phantom grew immensely, then it let out a snarl and launched two punches.

At the same time, the other three Holy Masters also attacked.

Second Holy Master waved his heavy blood-red hammer, scarlet energy gushing out, smashing downward as if a towering huge mountain was falling.

Third Holy Master wore a cold look as black light gathered in her hands. She also launched an attack using her black dagger that was covered in venom.

Fourth Holy Master's eyes widened like copper bells. He waved his huge saber and hacked forward with enough power that he could easily split a mountain.

The four Holy Masters attacked with their most powerful moves. Even though there were being suppressed by Blood River, they still managed to release overwhelming power. In an instant, their four strikes collided with the boy's.

It was a head-on confrontation!

He was fighting with four experts of the Saint Realm!

As a result... The sword light changed into a raging giant dragon before the collision.

The giant dragon roared with an overwhelming momentum and smashed against the four attacks. Then it transformed into a gust of wind and blew the four Holy Masters back.

Jian Wushuang was able to defeat the four Holy Masters by himself.

When the four Holy Masters retreated, Jian Wushuang rushed forward at lightning speed,? appearing in front of his opponents.

"Not good!" Fourth Holy Master looked at the boy in terror.

Jian Wushuang grinned and began to swing the Triple-kill Sword.

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## **Chapter 366: The Last Line of Defense**

“Hua!”

Within the brilliant sword light, there was vast killing intent.

Fourth Holy Master was still violently retreating. Facing against the brilliant sword slashed from Jian Wushuang, he had no ability to resist at all.

The sword light inexorably swept over Fourth Holy Master, whose eyes were filled with a thick unwillingness. Yet, his breath still began to dissipate.

“Fourth Brother!” First Holy Master turned pale with fear.

However, Jian Wushuang’s figure flickered once again, like a ghost, then stopped in front of the cold woman.

Having personally witnessed the scene of Fourth Holy Master being beheaded by Jian Wushuang with a single sword move, her face suddenly turned pale when Jian Wushuang appeared in front of her, following which her eyes became crazy.

“Die!”

The cold woman clenched her teeth tightly. The black dagger in her hand, which was coated with a virulent toxin, turned into a dark gleam, piercing violently through the air. With this attack, the cold woman was using all of her strength.

This was the most powerful attack she could display.

However, Jian Wushuang casually swung his sword.

The sword light and the black dagger collided head-on, causing the two mighty forces to burst out at the same time.

Clang!

A low and heavy crashing noise was heard. The cold woman’s face suddenly changed. she just felt a terrifying force sweep past her, and she knew she was definitely unable to block it. The black dagger in her hand was immediately knocked away. However, the sword light still swept towards her arm without any sign of its power diminishing.

Hua!?A horrific slaughtering force erupted.

The cold woman’s arm was directly shredded by the bursting slaughtering force, but the sword light continued to sweep along her arm, moving towards her upper body, where it immediately penetrated her chest. A large amount of flesh and blood spilled out as the cold woman’s breath also instantly disappeared.

“Third Sister!” First Holy Master’s eyes widened with anger at this scene.

But Jian Wushuang grinned at him, his figure once again flickering like a ghost.

“Second Brother, retreat! Retreat! ” First Holy Master roared with a shrill cry.

He was not afraid of Jian Wushuang's attack. Although he could not compete against Jian Wushuang, he still had the ability to defend himself. But the other three Holy Masters could not. Two of them had already been killed in an instant, with only Second Holy Master remaining. He did not want Second Holy Master to die at Jian Wushuang's hands.

Second Holy Master was indeed cunning.

As soon as Jian Wushuang killed Fourth Holy Master, he was already aware of the trouble he was facing, so he immediately fled. When Jian Wushuang decided to kill him, after slaughtering Fourth Holy Master and Third Holy Master, he had fled beyond the perimeter of the Blood River.

Without Blood River's oppression, his speed was no longer being affected, so he could run even faster. Even Jian Wushuang could not kill him in the first place.

Second Holy Master fled to First Holy Master's side. the two looked extremely pale as they stared at Jian Wushuang.

With the Triple-kill Sword in his hand, Jian Wushuang stood at the center of the Blood River, like a Sword God from ancient times.

As for the experts who were watching, as well as the young warriors who came to participate in the selection, all of them were currently holding their breath.

When they saw Jian Wushuang suddenly rush out, defeating the four Holy Masters in one single sword move, followed by killing two of them, one after the other, the atmosphere surrounding Holy Emperor Island became utterly chaotic.

"Holy Master!"

The four Holy Masters of Holy Emperor Palace had always been unattainable and almost invincible in the eyes of everyone on the Nanyang Continent.

But now they watched as Jian Wushuang, a single person, fought against the four Holy Masters, and killed two of them, one after the other, in a short period of time. This overwhelming and incredible scene shocked everyone.

The young fighters were even more excited. Their feelings of worship towards Jian Wushuang reached an unprecedented level.

On the other hand, the warriors from Holy Emperor Palace all looked pale and bloodless.

"Ha ha. Holy Emperor Palace is finished!"

Wang Yuan, who was among the experts from the Alchemy School, was extremely excited at that moment. He shouted with a smile.

Wang Yan, who was beside Wang Yuan, slightly shook his head upon hearing this and said, "Not necessarily. "

"Not necessarily?" Wang Yuan frowned, then quickly turned to face him. "Father, even the four Holy Masters, who are the strongest in Holy Emperor Palace, had been defeated by Third Brother. He even



slaughtered two of them. Who could possibly stop him? Third Brother will definitely uproot Holy Emperor Palace!”

“You are underestimating Holy Emperor Palace,” Wang Yan glanced at Wang Yuan and said in a low voice, “If their strength was so simple, our Alchemy School would not be so scared of them.”

“What do you mean?” Wang Yuan’s face turned gloomy.

“Just watch.” Wang Yan did not explain too much. “However, your brother is really strong and determined. He seems to have already suspected that the Holy Emperor Palace is not as simple as it seems. So, from the beginning, he has been holding back his strength.”

“Third Brother isn’t using his full strength?” Wang Yuan was stunned, but he continued watching.

Many experts of Holy Emperor Palace had gathered at the front gate. But, at the moment, all of them had extremely ghastly expressions as they stared at Jian Wushuang, who had a cold look on his face. Behind him were two giant, sword-wielding, spectral images, that were radiating a monstrous Sword Essence.

Suddenly, Jian Wushuang moved his feet, slowly walking forward.

Step by step, he slowly advanced towards Holy Emperor Palace.

Dung! Dung! Dung! Dung!

His heavy footsteps were like drum beats in the hearts of all the experts from the Holy Emperor Palace, gradually making their hearts sink to the bottom of the abyss.

“What should we do?”

“Holy Master, what should we do?”

Some of the Elders shouted at the two Holy Masters.

First Holy Master and Second Holy Master both looked sullen and desperate.

Even though his heart was full of unwillingness, First Holy Master knew that he could not stop Jian Wushuang on his own.

But, at this moment... Jian Wushuang, who was slowly walking towards the Holy Emperor Palace, suddenly stopped and looked up, staring at the area above the entrance to Holy Emperor Palace. He had noticed something.

There was a figure slowly stepping towards him.

His pace was slow and light, but every step covered a long distance. In the beginning, he had been far off in the distance, but he quickly stepped past the experts of Holy Emperor Palace, appearing in front of Jian Wushuang. He was currently standing 30 meters in front of Jian Wushuang.

This man was very young, with a handsome face. He wore a gold robe and looked quite gentle.

But, the most remarkable thing about him was the horrid and bloody sword scar between his eyebrows.

The gold-robed young man stood calmly in front of Jian Wushuang, not radiating even the slightest aura. He just looked at Jian Wushuang, with a playful smile on his face.

Jian Wushuang's eyes suddenly widened the moment he saw this young man.

*"This man is the last line of defense for Holy Emperor Palace?"*

...

## **Chapter 367: Fighting Jiu Xiu**

Even just calmly standing there, the golden-robed young man attracted everyone's attention.

"Who is he?"

All the experts, including the warriors from Holy Emperor Palace, were puzzled.

Obviously, the golden-robed young man came from Holy Emperor Palace, but his existence was unknown, even to the Palace Master and those Elders. Only the First and Second Holy Masters were pleasantly surprised by his arrival.

"Master Jiu Xiu!"

First Holy Master and Second Holy Master hurriedly saluted the young man.

The way they addressed him left everyone stunned.

Master Jiu Xiu?

They addressed this golden-robed young man as Master?

"How could that be?" A horrified expert exclaimed immediately, "The Holy Masters and Holy Emperor Palace have such a high status! Especially First Holy Master. He has always been the second highest figure on the Nanyang Continent. Throughout the entire Nanyang Continent, who is qualified to be called Master by him?"

Master was the address for a stronger expert. Being called that by First Holy Master carried a lot of meaning.

"Master Jiu Xiu?"

"Is there such a person in Holy Emperor Palace?"

"First Holy Master called him Master. How strong is this Jiu Xiu?"

Everyone who heard it was amazed.

The experts from the Holy Emperor Palace, who had become as pale as the dead, had rekindled their hope at this moment.

They did not know who this Master Jiu Xiu was, and they had never seen him before, but Master Jiu Xiu was obviously on their side.

While everyone was staring at the golden-robed young man, Jian Wushuang's eyes were also fixed on this Jiu Xiu.

*"A young man with a sword scar between his eyebrows."*?Jian Wushuang narrowed his eyes.

Previously, when his father told him how Blood Feather Tower annihilated the Ji Clan, he mentioned that it was not just the experts from Blood Feather Tower, but also a young man with a sword scar between his eyebrows that had killed their people. It was this young man who took away his mother as well as his father's Sword Soul.

Obviously, the man who had taken away his mother and father was the golden-robed young man standing in front of him at this moment.

With a slight smile on his lips, the golden-robed young man looked up at the two giant Sword Soul Phantoms behind Jian Wushuang and smiled coldly.

"Even though the Bloodline of the Sword Ancestor has declined to such a level, you still managed to awaken double Sword Souls. Your talent is really good. I guess you are even better than your father. If I can take away all your Sword Souls, then my harvest should be impressive."

"You want to take away my Sword Soul? That will depend on whether you have the ability." Jian Wushuang's voice was also extremely cold. Meanwhile, his strength suddenly soared. Behind him, the Sword Essence gathered by the two Sword Soul Phantoms was also increasing.

The dialogue between the two did not conceal anything. It resounded throughout the area, but the experts who heard it were all puzzled.

"Bloodline of the Sword Ancestor?"

"Sword Soul?"

"What's that?"

Even though there were many experts present, the number of Saint Realm experts didn't amount to more than 50 people. Some of them were even well informed, but no one had ever heard of the Sword Ancestor's Bloodline or Sword Soul.

"Master Jiu Xiu, this Jian Wushuang possesses a monstrous strength, which is beyond what our Holy Emperor Palace could cope with. Master Jiu Xiu, please kill him for us!" First Holy Master said respectfully.

"Even if you didn't say that, I would deal with him." The golden-robed young man said indifferently. A purple longsword, with a weak aura, appeared in his hand. It was an ordinary third-grade magic weapon.

Jiu Xiu's figure suddenly disappeared. When he reappeared, he had already arrived next to Jian Wushuang. At the same time, the purple longsword lightly slashed toward Jian Wushuang.

"How fast!"

Jian Wushuang was shocked.

Jiu Xiu was so fast that even Jian Wushuang was horrified, and the sword that Jiu Xiu wielded was incomparably mysterious.

When the sword slashed out, Jian Wushuang felt as if he was being suppressed from every direction.

He wanted to escape, but his body couldn't seem to move. It was like this sword had completely locked him in place.

*"His Origin comprehension is much better than mine!"*?Jian Wushuang was secretly surprised.

As soon as Jiu Xiu displayed his skill, Jian Wushuang immediately understood that Jiu Xiu's Cultivation was still within the Saint Realm. On top of that, his level of power was far worse than Jian Wushuang's, but the young man's Origin comprehension was far above him.

As the sword light drew near, Jian Wushuang realized he was unable to dodge. Hence, he gave up escaping and faced it directly, brandishing his Tripple-kill Sword, which radiated a monstrous rage.

Clang!

Although the sound was very light, a low and heavy crash was heard when the two collided—Boom! Boom! Two shocking sword lights immediately appeared and shot down towards the ground.

Boom~Clang!

There was a violent rumbling on the ground as a huge crack, spreading hundreds of meters, appeared, seeming to split the ground in half.

At the same time, the other sword crack swept towards the gate of Holy Emperor Palace, even reaching some buildings inside the palace. Boom ~ ~ ~ A loud roar was heard and a large number of buildings were directly smashed, mercilessly killing many disciples of Holy Emperor Palace who were near or still inside the buildings.

Up in the air, both Jian Wushuang and Jiu Xiu retreated at the same time.

*"He is only in the Staint Realm, yet his strength is so powerful?"*??Jiu Xiu looked at Jian Wushuang in surprise, then grinned and said, "This is interesting."

At this point,?Jiu Xiu stepped forward again. Jiu Xiu immediately closed the distance, appearing in front of Jian Wushuang once again.

With the purple longsword still in his hand, he casually attacked again. But this time, he struck three times in quick succession. Hua! Hua! Hua!

The three sword lights were surprisingly fast and extremely subtle.

Jian Wushuang's face turned solemn as he immediately swung the Triple-kill Sword.

Bang! Bang!

Two consecutive clashes were heard. Among the three sword lights, two were parried by Jian Wushuang, while the other one struck his body, leaving a clear bloody mark on his chest, forcing Jian Wushuang to retreat in an explosive and disgraceful manner.

Once he regained his balance, Jian Wushuang looked at the blood mark on his chest, which was actually bleeding.

He was injured.

This was the first time that he has been injured since he became a Venerable Master and improved his body.

Previously, during the hand-to-hand fight against First Holy Master, when tens of attacks landed directly on his body, it only left behind some marks, which quickly dissipated without leaving a single injury. Now, even though the sword light displayed by Jiu Xiu barely broke his skin, it was still true that he had been injured.

### **Chapter 368: The Divine Land**

*"I landed a direct hit, but it only barely broke his skin. How can his body be so strong?"* Jiu Xiu looked at Jian Wushuang in surprise. Even he had never heard of such a strong body.

Jian Wushuang, however, just looked solemn.

*"His perception of the Origin and comprehension of Sword Principle are far above mine, and the Sword Skill he wields is monstrous. Yet, his basic strength is very common, only at the level of ordinary Saint Realm warriors."*

They had only just started fighting, but Jian Wushuang already had some understanding towards Jiu Xiu's strength.

*"If we compare skill, I am not his opponent, so I'll have to rely on absolute strength to crush him."* Jian Wushuang's eyes were flashing.

*"Asura Secret Skill, Bridge of Helplessness!"*

There was a loud rumble, then a turbulent Blood River appeared. On the edge of the Blood River, a long blood bridge extended to the end of the Blood River. While standing above the blood river, Jian Wushuang began to move forward, step by step, with his aura growing, just like an Asura.

The Triple-kill Sword in Jian Wushuang's hand also radiated a monstrous rage before slashing out a moment later.

The two Sword Essence phantoms behind him also attacked with their longswords.

There was no sound!

It was not even visible to the naked eye.

But this seemingly invisible strike made Jiu Xiu's pupils suddenly shrink.

*"This is... the Heart-killing Sword Technique?"*

Jiu Xiu was not unfamiliar with Sword Ancestor's strongest sword skill. At this moment, what Jian Wushuang displayed was obviously just the First Move of the Heart-killing Sword Technique, Traceless.

No shadow, no trace!

Under the full force of Jian Wushuang's Bridge of Helplessness, the power of this blow was even more earth-shattering.

Even Jiu Xiu didn't dare to be careless at this moment, so he immediately used his sword to defend.

BANG!

A violent roar resounded. Two terrifying powers collided explosively. The constant sword light that was being released seemed like it could easily cut anything in half.

"It's amazing, you can even use the Sword Ancestor's famous sword skill!" Jiu Xiu was staring at Jian Wushuang with sparkling eyes.

"Is it?"

However, at this moment, Jian Wushuang suddenly smiled coldly. Then, a bright light appeared between his eyebrows. The area between his eyebrows seemed to be split, and a Sword Essence, which gave even the spectators an eerie feeling, violently rushed forward like a thunderclap.

The appearance of this sword shadow was so sudden that even Jiu Xiu was not able to react immediately.

"Mind's Eye Sword Technique!"

Jiu Xiu recognized Jian Wushuang's sword skill, but he was only barely able to move his body aside at the last moment. The incomparably fast Sword Essence directly struck his shoulder, leaving behind a gaping hole.

Jiu Xiu's figure was also violently forced backwards by this Sword Essence in a completely ungraceful manner.

However, once he regained his balance, the countless experts in the area were shocked by what they saw.

They were surprised because there was a gaping hole, the size of a bowl, in Jiu Xiu's shoulder. This would not be a minor wound for anyone, and there should have been a lot of blood flowing from the wound. Yet, at this moment, they did not see any blood gushing from Jiu Xiu's shoulder.

What they saw was dark molten iron moving slowly inside the hole.

"That is..."

The countless experts in the area were stunned.

He was clearly injured, but there was no blood. Instead, there was a lot of molten iron?

"Is he human?"

After seeing this, Jian Wushuang's pupils also shrank as he mumbled, "Puppet Fighter?"

There was no blood, no flesh, and no organs. The Jiu Xiu in front of them was not a human at all!

He was a Puppet Fighter!

"If I didn't guess incorrectly, you're from that place?" Staring at this Jiu Xiu in front of him, Jian Wushang said in a low and heavy voice, "The Divine Land!"

"The Divine Land?"

As for the experts who were watching, as well as the young warriors who came to participate in the selection, all of them looked puzzled.

They had never heard of this Divine Land.

Only some of the old monsters present, as well as those who held high positions, such as the Sect Master of the Alchemy School, immediately became serious when they heard him mention "The Divine Land."

"The Divine Land. The legendary continent at the center of this world and a haven for experts." Wang Yan murmured.

As the Sect Master of the Alchemy School, Wang Yan knew about the existence of the Divine Land.

He knew that this world he was in was huge, but 99 % of it was covered by vast seas.

Spread throughout the vast seas, there were pieces of land, of which the Nanyang Continent was only a very common piece.

In addition to the Nanyang Continent, there were many similar lands in this world that were also filled with warriors. Naturally, there was no lack of experts. However, the real core of the world was the Divine Land!

It was said that the vast territory of the Divine Land was far superior to the Nanyang Continent. Owing to its core location in the world, the Spiritual Energy there was purer and more abundant than in other places. Therefore, cultivating in the Divine Land better than anywhere else.

Therefore, the number of the experts in the Divine Land was something that the Nanyang Continent could not compete with.

Using a metaphor, the Nanyang Continent was like an ordinary stream, while the Divine Land was a vast sea. There was no comparison.

Many old monsters on the Nanyang Continent, whose strength had reached the Pinnacle of the Saint Realm and had become peak experts on the Nanyang Continent, would go to the vast Divine Land once they felt there was nothing left for them to pursue on the Nanyang Continent.

In the history of the Alchemy School, there had been several peak experts who had gone to the Divine Land.

As for Jian Wushang, after his strength reached a certain level and he developed a deeper understanding of the Ancestor's Land, he realized that the Sword Ancestor's Bloodline was so marvelous that a small place like the Nanyang Continent could not contain it. Hence, Jian Wushang had suspected that there was a vast world beyond the Nanyang Continent.

As for his actual knowledge on the existence of the Divine Land, he read about it in the letter his father left him.

The letter mentioned that his father had left the Nanyang Continent and gone to the Divine Land.

The Divine Land was a place where experts gathered.

At its peak, the Sword Ancestor's Bloodline was one of the overlords on the Divine Land. The force that had destroyed the Divine Land had also been located on the Divine Land.

As for the Jiu Xiu in front of him, no matter if it was perception of the Origin, the Sword Skills he displayed, or the technique he had used to take away Jian Nantian's Sword Soul, all of them were beyond the scope of the Nanyang Continent. Therefore, Jian Wushuang was certain he came from the Divine Land.

And it is very likely that he came from the force that had destroyed the Bloodline of the Sword Ancestor.

As for Holy Emperor Palace, it was only a chess piece used to prevent the growth of the Sword Ancestor's Bloodline.

Hearing what Jian Wushuang said, Jiu Xiu gave him a noncommittal smile. Obviously it meant he tacitly approved.

He really came from the Divine Land.

...

### **Chapter 369: I Wait For You!**

"It's too bad! I planned to kill you and take away your Double First-grade Sword Souls, but now it seems I've failed."

Looking at his body, Jiu Xiu shook his head, "You're at the peak among warriors at the Pinnacle of the Saint Realm. As for my Puppet Fighter, it is too weak to display my full battle strength, so it is unable to kill you."

It was just a common Saint Realm Puppet Fighter, constructed using special means so that he could control it his own consciousness.

Therefore, he couldn't display his full power with the Puppet Fighter. Against Jian Wushuang, whose body was so powerful it defied common sense, with strength at the Pinnacle of the Saint Realm, there was nothing he could do right now.

"It seems I have to wait for my next visit to the Nanyang Continent to take away your Sword Soul," said Jiu Xiu.

"No need." Jian Wushuang said coldly, "Soon, I will be heading to the Divine Land to kill you."

"Kill me?" Jiu Xiu sneered and said, "You?"

"Yes," Jian Wushuang looked at the puppet with a steadfast gaze and spoke in a forceful voice.



“Haha,” Jiu Xiu laughed loudly as if he had just heard a hilarious joke, “A person of narrow view!”

“Do you think you’re still considered a top expert in the Divine Land?”

“Ridiculous!”

“In the Divine Land, there are plenty of ants like you. How could an ant kill me?”

Hearing this, many of the spectators were shocked.

Among the people here, Jian Wushuang was absolutely recognized as the strongest on the Nanyang Continent. However, he was just a weak ant in Jiu Xiu’s eyes.

But Jian Wushuang didn’t get angry when he heard that. Instead, he raised his head, stared at Jiu Xiu, and said, in a deep voice, “Jiu Xiu. There is a saying, maybe you’ve heard it.”

Jiu Xiu turned towards Jian Wushuang.

“Fortune is variant, don’t look down on me just because I’m weak right now!”

Jian Wushuang’s words spread.

“It has been seven years since the first time I successfully gathered Spiritual Power and became a warrior. At that time, even Blood Feather Tower, an assassin organization in our weak dynasty, was an overwhelming force for me, let alone Holy Emperor Palace. However, after a few years passed, I destroyed Blood Feather Tower.”

“Today, Holy Emperor Palace, which is much stronger than Blood Feather Tower, will be destroyed by me as well.”

“Did you ever expect that to happen?”

“You never know what will happen. Now, I’m a nobody. But seven years from now, what will I become?”

Jian Wushuang spoke confidently in a clear, strong voice.

Numerous experts there admired and agreed with him.

He was confident, he should be.

Since he cultivated the Heavenly Creation Skill, nothing was impossible. On top of that, he had even received gifts from the Ancestor’s Land... These benefits allowed him to have limitless potential.

It had only taken him seven years to go from the lowest level warrior to someone who shocked the whole Nanyang Continent.

Who would dare to look down on his potential?

“Hehe, fortune is variant. Since you’ve said so much, I will wait for you.” A cruel light flashed in Jiu Xiu’s eyes.

These simple words were a direct challenge.

After that, Jiu Xiu’s consciousness vanished from the Puppet Fighter.

Just before vanishing, he smiled and said, "By the way, I almost forgot to tell you, your mother has really missed you all these years. Haha"

His consciousness vanished and his Puppet Fighter immediately fell down powerlessly.

Jian Wushuang was shivering with fury, but the light in his eyes was determined and strong.

"I promise, I will go to the Divine Land!"

"Jiu Xiu, wait and see!"

...

Up in the air, it took Jian Wushuang quite a while to calm himself down. At which point he turned towards the experts of Holy Emperor Palace.

At that very moment, all the experts of Holy Emperor Palace, including those two Holy Masters, looked pale.

No one expected Jiu Xiu to be forced to give up his Puppet Fighter. But, even though it was strong, it could do nothing to Jian Wushuang.

That meant Holy Emperor Palace had also been abandoned.

To Jiu Xiu, Holy Emperor Palace was just a pawn, so he didn't care about them at all.

When Jian Wushuang looked at them, eyes full of killing intent, First Holy Master was terrified and trembled. He took a deep breath, then shouted, "Elders of Holy Emperor Palace!"

They turned to face First Holy Master.

"Run!"

"Even if only a few of you can escape!"

Then he looked at Second Holy Master and they both rushed towards Jian Wushuang.

Not only were these experts shocked and stunned, they also looked pale. But only a few of them chose to run away. Most of them followed behind the two Holy Masters and rushed towards Jian Wushuang.

Jian Wushuang had no mercy on them at all. He had easily defeated all four Holy Masters without using his full strength. Now that he was no longer holding back his full strength, regardless of whether it was First Holy Master, Second Holy Master, or the other Saint Realm experts, no one could stop him killing them all.

A massacre!

Ruthless slaughter!

Blood sprayed everywhere, filling the air, and a chilling atmosphere surrounded Holy Emperor Palace.

The massacre lasted for two hours. After which, Holy Emperor Palace quieted down.

Jian Wushuang, bearing the longsword on his back, walked out of the Holy Emperor Palace with no sign of his furious aura remaining.

In the surrounding area, many experts looked at him, filled with terror, fear, admiration, and even worship.

It had been two stunning hours to them.

But it was a nightmare for Holy Emperor Palace.

Holy Emperor Palace became a Demonic Hell during those two hours.

After the battle...

All four Holy Masters had been killed!

The Palace Master and many Elders had also been killed by Jian Wushuang.

Only a few of the senior experts managed to run away and survive.

As for the disciples of Holy Emperor Palace, Jian Wushuang only killed those who decided to live or die together with Holy Emperor Palace.

As of now, Holy Emperor Palace, which had been an overlord on the Nanyang Continent for thousands of years, had been destroyed!

...

### **Chapter 370: Meeting Leng Rushuang Again**

Inside an exquisite courtyard, Jian Wushuang sat at a stone table with Wang Yuan and Yang Zaixuan.

Even though he had already destroyed Holy Emperor Palace, the expression on his face was still quite cold.

Holy Emperor Palace was just a puppet sect, controlled by Jiu Xiu and the force behind him. They were Jian Wushuang's real target.

However, he had a long way to go.

"Big Brother, Second Brother, drink a little wine with me." Jian Wushuang turned his hand over, then a wine pot and several cups appeared on the table.

"This wine isn't Three-day Drunk again, is it?" asked Wang Yuan, a little crossly.

"Er..." Jian Wushuang was stunned at first, but then he smiled.

That smile broke the ice.

After a drink, Wang Yuan looked at Jian Wushuang and asked, "Third Bro, now that Holy Emperor Palace has been destroyed, what do you plan to do next?"

"I want to go to the Divine Land," Jian Wushuang said.

Both Wang Yuan and Yang Zaixuan were surprised.

“The vast Divine Land,” exclaimed Wang Yuan. He had just heard of the Divine Land from his father.

“The Divine Land has a lot of experts, and Saint Realm experts are normal in the Divine Land. Compared with the Divine Land, the Nanyang Continent is just a tiny area. But I believe Third Brother will be able to accomplish big things there.”

Jian Wushuang softly smiled at him.

“The Divine Land is a haven for experts. Even my Master wants to go there. I plan to go as soon as I reach the Saint Realm,” Yang Zaixuan said seriously.

“You two...” Wang Yuan had a sad smile while listening to them. “Both of you have high talent, so it’s easy for you to reach the Saint Realm. However, with my strength... It will be hard for me to go there.”

Wang Yuan’s talent in cultivation was not as strong as the other three, but his talent in alchemy was exceptional.

“By the way, what about Fourth Sister?” Jian Wushuang suddenly asked.

Both Wang Yuan and Yang Zaixuan came here when they heard that he was going to destroy Holy Emperor Palace, but he didn’t see Su Rou.

“She...”

Both Wang Yuan and Yang Zaixuan remained silent.

“What’s wrong?” Jian Wushuang frowned.

“The thing is,” Wang Yuan said, “Not long after your fight against Second Holy Master, an old woman came to her saying that she was her family and she would take her home.”

“Family?” Jian Wushuang was surprised.

She had a family at one time, but hadn’t her family been killed?

“I didn’t believe her at first, but the old woman was able to turn her pupils red, just like Fourth Sister,” said Wang Yuan.

“Blood-red pupils?” Jian Wushuang raised his eyebrows.

“Yes. The old woman is unfathomable, and Fourth Sister said she felt close to the elder, as if they were family. So she agreed to go with her,” said Wang Yuan.

“Is that it?”

Jian Wushuang nodded secretly, “Fourth sister’s physique is unique. If the elder said she was her family, it must be because of her physique.”

Jian Wushuang, Wang Yuan, and Yang Zaixuan were chatting, suddenly...

“Jian Wushuang!”

A gentle voice echoed throughout the area and Jian Wushuang heard it.

Right away, the three of them went outside, where a white-bearded elder was floating and waiting.

His mild face was smiling and his eyes lit up like a starry sky.

Jian Wushuang was stunned upon seeing him.

He was sure that he hadn't met this elder before, but he felt like the elder was close and unfathomable.

"May I know who you are?" Jian Wushuang looked at him and asked respectfully.

"My last name is Gu. I have come to you under our Lady's order," answered the elder.

"Lady?" Jian Wushuang was curious.

"Her last name is Leng, that might help you remember," the white-bearded elder said while smiling.

Jian Wushuang understood immediately.

Leng... that should be Leng Rushuang and Leng Ruxue.

"Our Lady needs your help, so I hope that you can take a trip with me," The white-bearded elder said.

"Sure." Jian Wushuang nodded.

He owed Leng Rushuang a favor, so he should pay her back.

"Please follow me," said the white-bearded elder.

Jian Wushuang said goodbye to Wang Yuan and Yang Zaixuan and then followed after him.

...

In the Nature Residence, Tang Dynasty.

Jian Wushuang was familiar with it. After all, he had lived here for one month.

In front of a bamboo house, a cold beauty, Leng Rushuang, sat on a bamboo chair. A nifty young girl, Leng Rushuang's sister, Leng Ruxue, stood beside her.

When she saw Jian Wushuang walking towards them, Leng Ruxue smiled and said, "Brother, you have come."

"Jian Wushuang." Leng Rushuang looked at Jian Wushuang and said, "It hasn't been long, yet you have reached Divine Transcendence and even destroyed the overlord of Nanyang, Holy Emperor Palace. Amazing."

"You flatter me. May I know why you invited me here?" Jian Wushuang said modestly.

"I need your help." After saying that, Leng Rushuang glanced at Leng Ruxue.

Leng Ruxue was a clever girl, so she stuck her tongue out and then left.

Only Jian Wushuang and Leng Rushuang remained.

“Please sit down.”

Leng Rushuang waved her hand and a bamboo chair appeared.

Jian Wushuang sat down.

“There is a poison called Icy Heart Poison in my body.”

Looking at Jian Wushuang, Leng Rushuang said openly, “The poison is closely related to my Cultivation Method and my body. I have tried many different methods, but I failed to detoxify it, so I used a special method to seal it!”

“However, I was unable to seal it completely. Even now, there is still a small amount of poison remaining in my body that I can do nothing about.”

“Icy Heart Poison?” Jian Wushuang was shocked to his core.

He had never heard of this poison. But it should be an abnormal poison if an expert like Leng Rushuang couldn’t deal with it.

“If you can’t do anything, even with your power, how can I be of help?” Jian Wushuang asked.