

## Swordsman 451

### Chapter 451: Battling a Lord

Jian Wushuang did not answer the lord's question, but just stared at him coldly.

"I've been in this mansion for quite a while and haven't gotten my opportunity for treasure yet, but here you are with the greatest luck around!" Blackhill Lord smiled cruelly. "Boy, your life has a lot of value in our camp.

"So, it will be a rewarding exploration as long as I kill you."

The lord held a long black spear in his hand as he spoke, and its surging power revealed its nature as a first-grade magic weapon.

Filled with killing desire, Blackhill Lord moved.

"Swish!"

The spear pierced through the void and approached Jian Wushuang like a black ghost. Swirling, it targeted Jian Wushuang's throat like a snake targeting its prey.

It was a fast strike, much faster than an expert in the Saint Realm could make.

*"Is this a strike from a lord?"*

Watching the spear coming at him, Jian Wushuang stayed calm and even admired the lord in his heart.

*"Lords are indeed more powerful than those in the Saint Realm. Even an ordinary lord can surpass an expert at the Heaven-defying Level, whether in speed, power, or bodily strength.*

*"I reckon that no experts at the Heaven-defying Level can withstand this strike." Jian Wushuang became lost in thought.*

*"Is he too terrified to move?" The overbearing Blackhill Lord sneered when seeing Jian Wushuang frozen in place. He thought that it was due to fear.*

When the spear was nearly touching his throat, Jian Wushuang finally reached out his hand to make a fist and threw it at the spear with all his power behind it.

"Boom!"

The two terrifying force collided together, shaking the mansion. Jian Wushuang was thrown back by the force like a flying shell and smashed into the walls.

As the walls cracked, broken pieces continually fell.

*"Is he dead?"*

Blackhill Lord's breath surged, puffing up his hair and beard. He looked toward Jian Wushuang with ruthless eyes.

To his surprise, with light footsteps, Jian Wushuang walked out from the ruins and came up to him again.

*"How could this be?" the lord thought in amazement.*

*"An ordinary expert at the Heaven-defying Level can hardly even withstand that strike, as 90 percent of my power was behind it. He, however, was not only able to withstand it, but was not even hurt."*

When Blackhill Lord saw that Jian Wushuang was as powerful as before without even a scratch on him, he became even more shocked.

Obviously, his attack had not worked on Jian Wushuang.

As Jian Wushuang stood firmly in front of the lord, he brushed the dirt off his cloth before shooting a cold eye at him.

"As a lord, is this all you've got?" he sneered.

"Say it again, I dare you." Blackhill Lord's face turned livid.

"Hmph." Jian Wushuang snorted and continued, "Don't talk as if you can kill me. Nevertheless, I'd love to see how you will try it."

"You are courting death!"

The lord was enraged. A tremendous aura swept out from his body, and at the same time, he approached Jian Wushuang like a ghost and launched a series of attacks with his spear.

"Chu! Chu! Chu!" Three strikes in succession.

The spear was so fast that Jian Wushuang could only see three blinding flashes of light coming to hunt him.

"Funny."

He laughed and took out the Triple-kill Sword. He twisted his wrist and simply brandished the sword with all his Spiritual Power, physical strength, and the power of his four Origin Marks.

It might have been a simple strike, but the lord felt the formidable force behind it. The force roared at him, smashed his attacks, and overwhelmed his body with its remaining power.

Blackhill Lord let out a suppressed sound, with his face pale and blood streaming from the corner of his mouth, and he kept falling back.

*"How could this happen?"*

He raised his head and glared at Jian Wushuang in horror.

*"How could he overpower me as just a boy in the Saint Realm?"*

Under that gaze, Jian Wushuang burst out an immense Sword Essence, and behind him emerged two Sword Soul Phantoms over 100 feet high, which increased his power.

*“Sword Soul Phantoms?”*?The lord’s mouth twitched.? *“So, he overpowered me without using his Sword Soul?”*

“You are just a novice lord in the Three-cloud Realm. How dare you claim that you can kill me!” Jian Wushuang’s voice resounded in the mansion and rocked the lord’s heart. “Now, let’s see who will be the one that is killed!”

“Damn!” Blackhill Lord’s appearance looked grave.

He knew that he could not beat Jian Wushuang, now or before, with or without the Double First-grade Sword Soul’s presence.

*“But how can he be so powerful in only the Saint Realm?”*?The lord was muddled, but he had no time to solve his confusion. He had to find a way to survive.

Right then, a roar was heard from far away.

“What’s that?”

Jian Wushuang turned back only to find a golden figure diving toward them at amazing speed. The figure did not give any sign of being a living thing and it turned out to be a Puppet Fighter.

Jian Wushuang’s eyes became sharp.

*“A Gold-armored Puppet?”*?Blackhill Lord was even more frightened.

“Run! Run!”

Without thinking, the lord headed back and started running desperately.

It was clear to him that he could defeat neither Jian Wushuang nor the Gold-armored Puppet.

“You’re running nowhere!” Jian Wushuang chased after the lord immediately, his eyes filled with killing desire.

But before he could catch up to Blackhill Lord, the Puppet Fighter caught up to him and hit him with a huge fist.

*“So fast!”*?Jian Wushuang was surprised by the puppet’s speed.

After all, a moment before, the Gold-armored Puppet was still far away when Jian Wushuang started chasing Blackhill Lord at his fastest speed.

## **Chapter 452: The Gold-armored Puppet**

“Boom!”

A booming sound reached Jian Wushuang from behind. He gave up chasing Blackhill Lord and turned around to face the Gold-armored Puppet. He thrust at the puppet with his Triple-kill Sword.

“Boom!”

Another booming sound and Jian Wushuang was thrown back and smashed against the wall.

*"How terrifying his power is!"*?Terror escaped Jian Wushuang eyes.

He had used all his power and even his Double Sword Souls, but still, he was defeated.

After knocking Jian Wushuang away, the Puppet Fighter dived at him again and struck him with his fist, which had the strength of billions of pounds behind it.

Jian Wushuang dodged to the side quickly and the fist finally fell on the wall, leaving a large hole in it.

Shocked, Jian Wushuang stared at the hole.

From what he had seen, he could tell that the puppet was indeed powerful because an ordinary lord was able to do no more than crack the wall, which had been specially reinforced and was quite solid, but the puppet had smashed through it.

*"The Gold-armored Puppet lives up to its reputation as the strongest one among the puppets,"*?Jian Wushuang said in his heart.

There were so many Puppet Fighters in the outer layer and inner layer of this mansion, and they were the biggest threats to those explorers.

In the inner layer, the puppets were divided into three types—the Copper-armored Puppet, Silver-armored Puppet, and Gold-armored Puppet.

Among them, the Copper-armored Puppet was the weakest one while the Gold-armored Puppet was the strongest.

*"In addition to its power and excellent speed, the Gold-armored Puppet can match the battle strength of the experts in the Five-cloud Realm,"*?Jian Wushuang recalled in his mind.

The biggest difference between the Cloud Realm and the Saint Realm was the difference between the Cloud and the Origin Mark.

One in the Saint Realm was about to comprehend the Origin and generate Origin Marks, and when he broke into the Cloud Realm, his Origin Marks would be transformed into Clouds.

One's level in the Cloud Realm was dependant on how many Clouds he had.

Normally, if someone had three Origin Marks, his marks would be transformed into three Clouds after a breakthrough and bring him up to the Three-cloud Realm.

For an ordinary expert in the Saint Realm, three Origin Marks was his maximum, and few could generate four marks in such a realm. Therefore, most people were only in the Three-cloud Realm after their breakthrough.

If they wanted to step a level higher, they had to enhance their comprehension of the Origin.

It was said that the highest level in the Cloud Realm was the legendary Nine-cloud Realm.

However, like a legend, the people at such a level appeared once in a blue moon.

Their number of Clouds could also differentiate the lords from each other.

The lords in the Three-cloud Realm were the weakest ones and were called novice lords. Blackhill Lord, who had fought with Jian Wushuang, was among them.

Novice lords were just a bit stronger than the experts at the Heaven-defying Level, who could stand a chance to beat the former with their full power.

Although Jian Wushuang was just at the Heaven-defying Level, as a genius among those at the same level, he far surpassed them. Long Xiang, who had been killed by him, was the best evidence of his real battle strength.

Jian Wushuang was not sure about his level, but he reckoned that he was stronger than novice lords.

That was the reason why, from the very beginning, he had not taken Blackhill Lord and his arrogant words seriously.

If it had not been for the Gold-armored Puppet's interference, he was sure that Blackhill Lord would be dead already rather than having slipped away when he was busy fighting with the puppet.

In addition to novice lords, there were also intermediate lords, advanced lords, and superior lords.

Intermediate lords referred to the lords in the Four-cloud Realm.

Advanced lords referred to the lords in the Five-cloud Realm.

Superior lords referred to the lords in the Six-cloud Realm.

And above them were marquises.

The acknowledged 72 Marquises were all in the Seven-cloud Realm or higher.

*"With my Heavenly Creation Skill cultivation, Spiritual Power, strong body, and Double First-grade Sword Soul, I'm not weaker than any intermediate lord, and then adding my skills to that, I might be on a par with them. However, I'm still no match for the advanced lords,"* Jian Wushuang thought.

To sum it up briefly, he concluded that his strength was outstanding among intermediate lords but weaker than advanced lords.

Based on that conclusion, he changed his mind about facing the Gold-armored Puppet, who was as strong as an advanced lord.

*"I'd better go now. Nothing good will come from fighting him."*

Having made up his mind, he released the blood river, which swept out and covered the entire tunnel.

Then, he displayed the Hundredfold Realm of the Sword Realm.

Meanwhile, as he activated the formation contained in the Blood Fire Ring on his wrist, the Blood Fire Domain spread out.

The three techniques—Road to the Underworld, Hundredfold Realm, and Blood Fire Domain—worked together and oppressed the puppet.

Under that oppression, the puppet became slower.

*"Sure enough, with my current power and the three realm techniques, I can exert pressure even on advanced lords."*?Jian Wushuang's eyes flickered when he saw the puppet slow down due to his realms.

He then continued on forward and left the puppet far behind.

*"Did I get rid of him?"*

Jian Wushuang continued to move and felt relieved as the puppet was no longer in sight.

*"Who built this mansion? Why are there so many powerful Puppet Fighters guarding it? Was the owner a puppet-making master?"*?Such questions crossed his mind.

After seeing so many high-quality puppets, with some in the inner layer being even as powerful as advanced lords, Jian Wushuang could do nothing but be lost in confusion.

*"It must be hard to make those puppets."*

As he was thinking, a secret chamber in front of him attracted his attention.

### **Chapter 453: Encountering an Acquaintance**

*"A secret chamber?"*

Jian Wushuang's eyes lit up.

Different from the secret chambers in the outer layer, nearly all the chambers in the inner layer contained treasures and opportunities.

Nearly every untouched chamber meant there would be something to gain. And because Jian Wushuang was now in an unexplored area, the chamber before his eyes might be the same.

Without thinking, Jian Wushuang opened the door and walked in.

The first thing he saw was a purple saber floating in the air. The saber gave off a ruthless aura, surrounded by Purple Thunderbolts.

*"It's aura... It's a first-grade magic weapon!"* Jian Wushuang beamed with joy.

A first-grade magic weapon might have been rare in the Divine Land, but it was common in this mansion, as there were so many magic weapons, manuals, and elixirs of the first-grade.

Jian Wushuang went over to the saber and tried to gather it in his Interspatial Ring, but he was stopped by a Purple Thunderbolt.

*"Get away from me!"*

*"How dare you, a Sword Principle cultivator and in the Saint Realm, try to take hold of me! Get lost!"*

A fierce voice echoed in Jian Wushuang's mind.

Jian Wushuang raised his eyebrows and observed the saber.

Magic weapons always had their spirits, and a first-grade magic weapon's spirit could be very intelligent. And this spirit of the saber was as wild as the saber itself.

*"Interesting."*?Jian Wushuang smiled and reached his hand toward the saber again.

"Get your hands off me!"

As the saber let out a shrill scream, Purple Thunderbolts continued emerging from the blade one after another. An ordinary expert at Stage Two or Three might have shrunk back, but Jian Wushuang was different.

Although he was hit by the Purple Thunderbolts, Jian Wushuang was not hurt at all. Eventually, he was able to grab the saber firmly and put it into his Interspatial Ring by force.

*"You're just a spirit, so stop struggling."*

Jian Wushuang sneered and was about to leave the chamber. Right then, he heard someone talking.

*"There's a secret chamber here, but it seems that someone has broken in before us."*

*"Is someone coming here?"*?Jian Wushuang walked out of the chamber with a frown.

The moment he was out of the room, he saw two figures approaching him.

One of them was a slovenly black-haired man, and the other one was a stone-faced man in a long silver robe.

At that moment, they spotted Jian Wushuang as well. They seemed to be surprised upon discovering that Jian Wushuang was in the Saint Realm. And after they could see his face clearly, their facial expressions became strange.

Jian Wushuang had the same expression on his face as the two men did while he bowed and said, "Your Excellency."

That black-haired man was no other than Iron Saber Lord himself.

Jian Wushuang had come from the Iron Saber Territory and was a commander in Iron Saber Lord's camp. Moreover, he had been on the Flaming Battlefield under his orders.

From the very beginning, he had been an underling of this lord.

"Swordsman." Iron Saber Lord looked at Jian Wushuang with a frown. "Never thought I would meet you here."

"Iron Saber, it's bold for your man to make his way here as only an expert in the Saint Realm." The stone-faced man showed a meaningful smile. He was Jian Wushuang's acquaintance.

"Your Excellency." Jian Wushuang greeted the other man, Silver Wing Lord.

He had met the lord once when he was still in the Iron Saber Territory.

At that time, the lord had been a man of great supremacy to him and had intimidated him, but now Jian Wushuang felt quite calm seeing him again.

"Swordsman," Iron Saber Lord pulled a long face and continued, "the inner layer is a dangerous place. Even I have to be extremely careful while exploring here. You're just in the Saint Realm and should try your luck in the outer layer. So, what are you doing here?"

Jian Wushuang looked up at his lord. He could see that the words of the lord were attempting to reprimand him, and that somehow warmed his heart.

He understood that Iron Saber Lord had said that because he thought of him as a brother and cared for his safety.

*"When I was serving as a commander in the Iron Saber Territory, I heard that His Excellency cares for his men very much. Now, I know it's true,"* thought Jian Wushuang. Then he said to his lord, "Your Excellency, I'm not interested in the opportunities or treasures in the outer layer."

"So, then you entered the inner layer?" Before Iron Saber Lord could finish speaking, Silver Wing Lord chipped in with a smile, "Boy, don't you know that the inner layer is a battlefield only for lords? What's your business here?"

"I..." Jian Wushuang could not find the words to answer that question.

*"I can't say that it's because I think I'm no weaker than a lord. And even if I did say so, I guess they wouldn't believe me."*

"Well, since he is already here, there is no need to figure out the reason." Iron Saber Lord waved his hand and ended the topic. He said to Jian Wushuang with concern in his eyes, "The inner layer is full of danger. You're lucky to have made your way this far, but you won't always be such a lucky one. Encountering a more powerful Puppet Fighter will only lead you to a dead end.

"So, from this moment on, you're going to stay with me. Silver Wing and I will try our best to keep you safe."

However, upon hearing this, Silver Wing Lord frowned and argued with him. "Iron Saber, we're in a dangerous place and might meet with trouble at any time. He will only slow us down. It's..."

"Swordsman is my subordinate." Iron Saber Lord shot a glance at Silver Wing Lord.

Silver Wing Lord forced a smile and shrugged, saying, "Fine. Since you're the stronger one, it's up to you."

Upon hearing that, Jian Wushuang could not help rolling his eyes and saying, "Your Excellencies, don't worry. I'll take care of myself. Maybe I can lend a hand if we run into danger."

"Lend us a hand? No."

Silver Wing Lord looked at Jian Wushuang meaningfully and continued, "Boy, I know that you have killed a rival at the Heaven-defying Level, but it will be a different story to kill a lord. You'll learn that when you've fought with a real lord."

## **Chapter 454: A Dao Weapon**



"We don't expect you to help us. It'll be fine as long as you don't drag us down," said Silver Wing Lord to Jian Wushuang.

Iron Saber Lord gave Jian Wushuang a casual glance, his expression clearly said that he did not take Jian Wushuang's words seriously.

Seeing this, Jian Wushuang forced a smile.

It was all because he was only in the Saint Realm, which caused the lords' to despise him.

*"Silver Wing Lord doesn't know my real battle strength and that I'm not weaker than him,"* Jian Wushuang thought to himself.

*"Iron Saber Lord is an advanced lord, so I'm no match for him, but I'm sure that I would at least stand a chance against Silver Wing Lord since he's an intermediate lord."*

Right then...

"Eh?" Iron Saber Lord suddenly turned over his hand, revealing a Messaging Slip.

The slip instantly started burning by itself.

"This is a Messaging Slip from Spirit Lord. Normally, he wouldn't use it unless there was an emergency." Iron Saber Lord looked serious.

Jian Wushuang and Silver Wing Lord looked toward his hand.

After the slip finished burning, a hazy figure appeared. Though they could not see his appearance very clearly, they still recognized that it was Spirit Lord.

"Iron Saber," said the figure in Spirit Lord's voice, "Is there anyone with you?"

"Yes, Silver Wing Lord and..." Iron Saber Lord glanced at Jian Wushuang and continued, "Just Silver Wing Lord and I." He had wanted to add Jian Wushuang's name, but decided against it due to Jian Wushuang only being in the Saint Realm.

"You and Silver Wing?" After a moment of pondering, the figure waved his hand, causing a map to appear in front of them. It was a map of this mansion.

The figure pointed at an area on the map and said, "At this position, a fierce battle is taking place over a treasure. Loftiness Lord, from our camp, discovered it, but Marquis Cangyue's camp doesn't want to let it go. More and more people are gathering there, so you two should go there as soon as possible."

"Remember, whatever it takes, you can't let Marquis Cangyue's camp take the treasure from us."

Upon hearing this, Iron Saber Lord and Silver Wing Lord looked solemn.

"Whatever it takes?" Iron Saber Lord asked with a frown, "Spirit, what in the world is the treasure?"

The figure fell silent for a moment before saying, "A Dao Weapon."

"What!"

Iron Saber Lord and Silver Wing Lord were both astonished when they heard the answer.

*"A Dao Weapon?"* Jian Wushuang's eyes became sharp.

After such a long time in the Divine Land, he was no longer the naive boy from the Nanyang Continent.

He knew that once one becomes as powerful as a lord, he would process a first-grade magic weapon, even though they were very precious and rare in the Divine Land. So they were not that precious to a lord.

Even Jian Wushuang himself had a first-grade magic weapon, not to mention that more than ten of them had been found in this mansion during the past several days.

Simply put, first-grade magic weapons were not that important to lords. However, a Dao Weapon, that was a different story!

Dao Weapons were superior to the first-grade magic weapons, but they only existed in legend.

Moreover, the reason they were called Dao weapons was because each one was connected to a supreme "Dao", which was a power that was far more advanced and formidable than the Origin.

In general, even a marquis might not process a Dao Weapon, let alone a lord. This was exactly why the news that a Dao Weapon was found in this mansion had rocked everyone.

"As far as I know, our marquis and Marquis Cangyue are both in the Seven-cloud Realm, but neither of them has a Dao Weapon. I guess they have other businesses and have not heard the news yet. Otherwise, they would already be here," Iron Saber Lord said.

"A Dao Weapon!" Silver Wing Lord chimed in with admiration.

A Dao Weapon could capture the hearts of many marquises.

"Iron Saber, Silver Wing, you two head there right now and support Loftiness Lord. Tell him that he must definitely take the weapon back intact." After saying this, Spirit Lord's figure immediately disappeared.

"Let's go before it's too late," Iron Saber Lord said to Silver Wing Lord and Jian Wushuang.

"Ok." The two nodded.

In no time, the three were headed towards their destination.

Since they were close to the area, it only took them an hour to get there.

But they were completely stupefied by what they saw when they arrived.

Right in front of them was a huge open space, about the size of a Martial Arts Practice Field, with dozens of people fighting each other.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Deafening noise resounded throughout the whole area as terrifying waves of power continuously surged through the area, landing the surrounding walls and leaving craters in them.

This was the effect of more than 40 lords displaying their magnificent auras and fighting amongst themselves.

*"Is this what a battle between 40 lords is like?"* Jian Wushuang was stunned.

Iron Saber Lord and Silver Wing Lord looked grave.

Among the fighters, two figures attracted the most attention.

One of them was a short old lady, who glowed with a green light, and the other one was a tall man, who was over two meters high and looked like a brown bear.

"She is Demon Soul Lord, from Marquis Cangyue's camp."

"How long has this old witch lived? Why is she still alive?"

Iron Saber Lord and Silver Wing Lord looked toward the old lady with fear.

The lady had been super experts for many many years, and they had reached the Six-cloud Realm long ago. As a superior lord, she was only a step away from becoming a marquis.

At this moment, she was still in the Six-cloud Realm, but she had become much stronger than before.

#### **Chapter 455: The Fighting Between the Lords**

Demon Soul Lord was fighting with Loftiness Lord, a lord from Marquis Piaoxue's camp.

"It's amazing that Loftiness Lord is managing to hold his own against that old witch." Silver Wing Lord was surprised.

"Pay attention to the weapon he is using." Iron Saber Lord looked solemn as his eyes fixed on the blood-red spear Loftiness Lord was using.

The spear was conspicuous because it possessed a daunting aura that couldn't be found in other weapons.

"It's a Dao Weapon!" Jian Wushuang's eyes were sparkling.

Just now, he had learned something about these two lords who were busy fighting.

Demon Soul Lord was extremely powerful among superior lords, only a step away from becoming a marquis.

However, Loftiness Lord was just an advanced lord.

He should be no match for Demon Soul Lord, yet he was currently holding on in a close fight, only because he had a Dao Weapon.

"Is this the power of a Dao Weapon? Can it enable an advanced lord to challenge a superior lord?" Jian Wushuang exclaimed.

"It can be much more powerful than this when it's in the hands of a marquis. Loftiness Lord can't display its full power," said Iron Saber Lord.

Jian Wushuang was in awe. The Dao Weapon aroused his interest despite the fact that he was only good with swords, not spears.

"Swordsman, Silver Wing and I won't be able to look at for you the whole time, so keep away from those lords and don't expose yourself to them." Iron Saber Lord shot Jian Wushuang a glance and then quickly turned to Silver Wing, "Let's join the fight."

"Ok." Silver Wing Lord responded with a nod.

Immediately, two flowing light shot forward as the two lords dived directly into the fight.

"Two more fighters!"

"It's Iron Saber Lord and Silver Wing Lord!"

"Merely an advanced lord and an intermediate lord! Hold them off!"

As soon as the order was issued, some experts from Marquis Cangyue's camp immediately came forward to battle Iron Saber Lord and Silver Wing Lord.

Except for their opponents, the two lords had not attracted the attention of anyone else because there were already dozens of lords fighting.

After all, experts from both sides were continuously joining the battle.

*"There are more and more lords coming."*?Jian Wushuang stood still at the edge of the battlefield, remaining uninvolved.

To him, it was a rare scene. The battlefield was constantly expanding as the number of lords increased.

In a short while, the number of lords that were fighting had exceeded 50, but the number of lords from each side was close, causing both sides to be locked in an intense fight.

*"Only a Dao Weapon can cause so many lords to fight like this,"*?Jian Wushuang thought.

The fighting had already lasted for a long time without the loss of too many lords. Most of the experts from the two sides were equal in strength, so the number of lords that died was not large.

Right then...

Swish!

From one of the outer tunnels, a figure charged out and entered the battlefield.

The presence of this figure caused a stir on the battlefield.

"Myriad Islands Lord!"

"Haha, Myriad Islands Lord has arrived."

"Damn, it's Myriad Islands Lord."

The lords from both sides showed different expressions due to this new arrival. Those from Marquis Cangyue's side were delighted, while those from the other side looked worried.

Myriad Islands Lord was well-known in his camp, Marquis Cangyue's camp.

However, it was not for his power as a lord, but his fame as an excellent master in Formations. After all, he was just an advanced lord, so he did not surpass very many of the people here.

"Hump!"

Myriad Islands Lord snorted as he entered the battlefield, then he waved his hands twice and released two light beams that swept through the area. The lights quickly turned into two wide Formations.

"He set up two Formations so easily?"

"He must have been prepared for this."

"We're in big trouble!"

The lords from Marquis Piaoxue's camp frowned. They knew, even though the Formations had been set up casually, the power behind them had to be extraordinary. It didn't take long for their worries to turn out to be true.

"I'm regaining my Spiritual Power!"

"So am I! I can feel it, I'm regaining my Spiritual Power at a threefold rate."

"So am I, and it's even more than that, I can sense that my power has been strengthened."

"Yes, I felt that too!"

The experts on Marquis Cangyue's side realized how the Formations worked.

One of the Formations could help the experts regain their Spiritual Power, and the other one could enhance their attacks to a certain extent. The Formations elevated the strength of Marquis Cangyue's camp a lot.

"Haha, Myriad Islands Lord is so helpful."

"With these two Formations, we no longer need to be afraid of anyone."

"Kill them all!"

The lords on Marquis Cangyue's side gained courage and began launching attacks, one after another.

The balance between the two camps had been broken by Myriad Islands Lord and his Formations. Now, Marquis Cangyue's side had gained the upper hand.

"Shit!"

"Damn it!"

"That horrible Myriad Islands Lord!"

The experts of Marquis Piaoxue's side looked grave, but they still tried their best to hold their opponents back.

At the center of the battlefield, as the Formations were set up, Loftiness Lord began to experience even more pressure than before. After all, the only reason he could stand up against his opponent, the more powerful Demon Soul Lord, was because of the Dao Weapon.

“Loftiness, you know that my marquis is a spear-user, so this Dao Weapon is very important to him. I advise you to give it up now, before you get yourself killed,” Demon Soul Lord said in a warning tone.

“Hmph! You will only get it over my dead body,” Loftiness Lord said and snorted.

“You’re courting death!” Demon Soul Lord charged at Loftiness Lord in a rage.

#### **Chapter 456: Jian Wushuang Displays His Moves Again**

Jian Wushuang had remained at one side of the battlefield and not gotten involved all this time while the countless lords and experts from the two large camps were maniacally tearing at each other’s throats.

The battling lords had noticed his presence as well, but nobody bothered about him after seeing that he was only a Saint Realm expert.

“It’s certainly rare to see so many lords battling against each other and displaying all sorts of skills.” Jian Wushuang laughed mildly.

Some of the skills being used by these lords were extremely odd and unorthodox, causing Jian Wushuang to be astounded.

This was especially so for the recently-arrived Myriad Islands Lord. As soon as he came, he casually waved his hand to set up two Formations which immediately turned the situation on the battlefield around. This skill was truly impressive.

It was apparent at present that Drifting-blood Marquis’ camp had fallen into an absolute disadvantage on the battlefield. In the centermost of the battlefield, particularly, Loftiness Lord had gradually become unable to cope with the frenzied offensive of Demon Soul Lord. If he was killed, the Dao Weapon would fall into the hands of Pale Moon Marquis’ camp at once.

“For good or bad, I’m a member of Drifting-blood Marquis’ camp. It’s not my style to watch on from the sidelines.” Jian Wushuang thought to himself, laughing. When he saw a figure on the battlefield, a faint and strange smile emerged at the corner of his mouth, following which his figure drifted forth toward the battlefield as well.

On the battlefield.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

A pitch-black spear shadow pierced forth like a flood dragon bursting out of the sea.

The gray-robed weathered elder, Blackhill Lord’s, expression was frosty as his eyes fixed upon his opponent, a novice lord from Drifting-blood Marquis’ camp.

“There are too many lords and too many people who are stronger than me on the battlefield. I have to be careful and make sure that nobody else is targeting me.”

While in the midst of battle, Blackhill Lord kept a vigilant eye on his surroundings.

There were many intermediate and advanced lords among the more than 50 battling lords. Novice lords like him were the weakest participants on the battlefield, and naturally, their chances of defeat were very high. That was why he did not dare to loosen up one bit.

Right at this moment, hum... a soft wind-breaking sound was suddenly heard from behind Blackhill Lord's back, and it was accompanied by an icy gush of killing intent.

The killing intent caused Blackhill Lord to instinctively turn his body over forcefully, only to see Jian Wushuang brandishing a longsword and thrusting it at his chest. The thrust was extremely fast and its angle of approach was tricky like none other. Had he reacted just a little slower, it would have easily perforated his chest.

“It's you!”

Blackhill Lord glared at Jian Wushuang and recognized him.

He had previously encountered Jian Wushuang right in this inner layer channel, and they even exchanged blows. The battle strength which the latter exerted back then had shocked him. Had a Gold-armored Puppet not appeared in time, it would have been uncertain whether he could escape alive.

He twisted his body as soon as he saw Jian Wushuang's strike coming at him, causing the sword light to brush past his shoulders.

“Your response is pretty fast, eh?” Jian Wushuang grinned.

“What a close shave!”

Blackhill Lord heaved in silence, but suddenly, an inexplicable sense of danger rose from the bottom of his heart once again. Although Jian Wushuang's strike had missed, a beam of dazzling light was now gradually emerging from between his eyebrows.

Jian Wushuang's glabella seemed to split apart at this moment. An absolutely terrifying Sword Essence surged forth like a streak of thunderbolt.

It was the first-grade sword technique, Mind's Eye!

It was performed by consolidating Sword Essence in one's heart before releasing at the crucial moment. The longer the time that the Sword Essence was consolidated, the more powerful it would be.

The last time Jian Wushuang displayed the Mind's Eye Sword Technique was while he was in Nanyang Continent, and that was nearly four years ago. Since then, his glabella had been continuously storing different types of Sword Essence, of which the one he was currently displaying was merely the weakest variation.

Despite it being the weakest, Blackhill Lord was completely not in time to react when it shot forth. His throat was thus perforated by the sword shadow, and his body collapsed sapless to the ground.

Blackhill Lord, dead!

Although the fighting on the battlefield was exceptionally intense, there were not many lords who had fallen, and therefore every slain lord would garner a lot of attention. Blackhill Lord's death, too, attracted many eyeballs.

"Another one is dead!"

"Is that Blackhill Lord?"

"Hmph, he's just a novice lord, little wonder he's dead. The person who killed him... huh?"

When it was discovered that the person who killed Blackhill Lord was Jian Wushuang, everyone on the entire battlefield was astonished, and they began to look perplexedly at the swordsman.

"It was him?"

"This fella?"

"He was the one who killed Blackhill Lord?"

The facial expressions of the lords present turned odd involuntarily.

Though they had noticed Jian Wushuang's presence earlier on, who would care about a Saint Realm expert when most of everyone else were lords? That was, until he killed a lord from Pale Moon Marquis' camp.

"Swordsman?" Iron Saber Lord and Silver Wing Lord were shocked too.

They never imagined that Jian Wushuang would be capable of killing a lord. Though he had accomplished it via sneak attacks, it was nevertheless very impressive already.

"Hmph!"

When Myriad Islands Lord of Pale Moon Marquis' camp saw what happened, he immediately grunted, "Kill that little one!"

A shrill wind-breaking sound was heard. Jian Wushuang saw a burly man appear beside him holding a saber and striking it at his brain. He judged from the man's aura that the latter was an intermediate lord.

"Swordsman, fall back!" Iron Saber Lord shouted urgently.

With a move of his body, Jian Wushuang left a residual shadow where he was standing while his real body shifted backward. He seemed very calm as he did so.

"Everyone from Drifting-blood Marquis' camp, get ready..." Jian Wushuang lingered in the middle of a Void while his powerful voice diffused throughout the battlefield.

"Get ready?"

"For what?"

The experts from Drifting-blood Marquis' camp were puzzled.



But right at this moment, it was time for Jian Wushuang to display his true skill.

An immense gush of killing intent soared like a tide from his body and immediately transformed into a winding blood river which extended outward.

At the same time, immaterial Sword Realms burst forth rapidly from his body.

After activating the Blood Fire Ring, the Blood Fire Domain began to spread out as well.

Road to the Underworld, Hundredfold Realm, and Blood Fire Domain.

The combination of these three realms caused the entire battlefield to be shrouded within a blood river in the blink of an eye.

Jian Wushuang stood in the absolute middle of the blood river. His gaze, which was ice-cold and carried not a shred of emotion, swept across the crowd of experts.

“Realms, suppress!”

A chilly cry was forcefully uttered from Jian Wushuang’s mouth.

#### **Chapter 457: An Exceptional Saint Realm Expert**

Like a giant pair of pliers clamping down hard on something, the Blood River tumbled toward the lords of Pale Moon Marquis’ camp in no time.

When the lords first saw the Blood River appear, they felt somewhat astounded before the suppression took effect. Woosh! At this moment, their bodies forcibly sank down, and the weaker ones among them nearly fell off their feet.

“Gosh!”

“How is this possible?”

“This is...”

The lords of Pale Moon Marquis’s camp were stupefied. All they could feel at present was that an unfathomable strength was suppressing them, as if miring them deep. Their bodies were heavily locked down.

“What a frightening Realm.”

The lords of Drifting-blood Marquis’ camp were also shocked. Though the Blood River did not suppress them, they could perceive that its suppressive force was extremely strong. They thus cast bewildered looks toward Jian Wushuang.

It was very difficult for them to imagine that such a frightening Realm, which even advanced lords were being shackled by, could have been summoned by a Saint Realm expert whom they did not take seriously hitherto.

“Swordsman?” Iron Saber Lord and Silver Wing Lord were astonished like never before.

“My goodness. Even I, an advanced lord, have suffered a strength reduction of nearly 30 percent due to this Realm’s suppressive force.” Despite sinking into and being suppressed by the Realm like the other lords, Myriad Islands Lord revealed a face of outrage instead. He followed up by howling wildly, “Kill him, quick!”

Swish! Swish!

Two beams of Flowing Light shot explosively toward Jian Wushuang.

Pale Moon Marquis’ lords were mindful of how strong the Realms summoned by Jian Wushuang were, and how strong the Realms’ impact upon the battle situation was. If Jian Wushuang was not killed, the advantage which they had built up thanks to their two Formations would most certainly crumble, and they might even fall into an absolute disadvantage.

Therefore, as soon as they could, the two lords closest in distance to the swordsman went on him.

They were both intermediate lords!

“Seven Luminaries Lord, protect the swordsman quickly!” Iron Saber Lord shouted when he saw what was happening.

Seven Luminaries Lord was the person from Drifting-blood Marquis’ contingent who was closest in distance to Jian Wushuang. He was also an intermediate lord. As soon as he heard Iron Saber Lord’s shouting, he sped toward the swordsman, but because he was unaccompanied and acted later than the two enemies, he did not have absolute confidence that he could intercept them.

However, what he never imagined was that instead of retreating, Jian Wushuang would meet the two opposing lords head-on.

“Is he crazy?” Seven Luminaries Lord was completely stunned.

“Swordsman!” Iron Saber Lord was similarly taken aback.

In fact, every lord on the battlefield was in disbelief, regardless of which camp they were from.

A Saint Realm expert, being murderously charged at by two intermediate lords, would choose to meet them head-on instead of retreating?

“He has definitely gone mad.” Drifting-blood Marquis’ lords could not help shaking their heads as if they had already foreseen what the result would be.

Though everyone else believed that Jian Wushuang had gone completely mad, he remained extraordinarily calm.

“My battle strength is definitely no weaker than an intermediate lord’s, and in fact, would be among their best. And with the Realms’ support, just two intermediate lords aren’t enough to drive me back!” A sparkle flashed in his eyes, and the two giant Sword Soul Phantoms behind him rose. The Triple-kill Sword in his hand knowingly emitted a heavy amount of Sword Essence.

Streams of immense Spiritual Power gathered on his body, which was also packed with frightening muscular strength.

Fixing his attention on the two intermediate lords, Jian Wushuang squinted his eyes and violently drew his sword.

“Second move of the Heart-killing Sword Technique!”

With a simple thrust of the Triple-kill Sword, he transformed it into a beam of lightning which pierced forth.

It carried a resolute and tireless essence!

The moment it appeared, Heaven and Earth seemed to move for it.

Through Jian Wushuang’s all-out exertion, the power of the technique all the more reached an unbelievable level.

The two lords in front of Jian Wushuang also began to display their Killing Moves.

One of them brandished a sledgehammer which struck ferociously like a giant mountain toward Jian Wushuang.

The other person held a scarlet longsword. He raised both arms and slashed forth with an earth-splitting vigor.

Both of them had also summoned their utmost strength.

In a twinkling, the three different offensives, which were incomparably powerful, collided with each other in the Void of the battlefield.

Boom!

A harsh roar was heard. Waves of residual energy swept in all directions from the spot where the offensives collided. After this exchange, Jian Wushuang retreated forcefully, and only came to a standstill a few dozen feet back.

As for the two lords, they remained within the Void and showed no signs of retreating.

But suddenly... Blargh! Blargh! The two lords spat blood from their mouths and their complexions turned ghastly pale at once.

The sight of this caused the lords from both camps to be dumbfounded.

It was already considered a miracle when Jian Wushuang killed a lord by using a skill of his Saint Realm level earlier on. However, that was achieved through a sneak attack and contained a measure of luck, and thus it was grudgingly acceptable to them.

This time, Jian Wushuang had once again summoned those terrifying Realms. It was normal for people of average strength to possess a few of such unique and powerful skills.

For instance, Myriad Islands Lord was highly proficient and terrifyingly accomplished in the use of Formations.

Jian Wushuang’s possession of such frightening Realm Techniques hence remained within the range of what they could accept.

But how about now?

This had been a head-on exchange.

Jian Wushuang had alone confronted two intermediate lords.

The result was that the two lords were beaten until they spat blood, whereas Jian Wushuang simply retreated unharmed.

What did this say?

“Psst...”

The lords from both camps gasped.

It was only at this moment that they understood that this Saint Realm expert was an exceptional one.

“That little fella...” Silver Wing Lord revealed a look of utter disbelief.

It should be known that, in the beginning, he had believed that Jian Wushuang was essentially seeking death by coming to the Inner Area.

He also remembered that Jian Wushuang once told him that if he ever ran into trouble, Jian Wushuang himself might be able to help. Neither Silver Wing Lord nor Iron Saber Lord took these words seriously back then, but now...

#### **Chapter 458: Black Yuan Lord**

“This fella has inflicted heavy damage on two intermediate lords working together. His battle strength is stronger than mine.” Silver Wing Lord heaved a sigh.

“Swordsman.” Iron Saber Lord appeared beside Jian Wushuang and looked at him. “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine.” Jian Wushuang laughed indifferently before he then said in an announcing voice, “Everyone, feel free to go fight against the enemies. I’ll do my best to help you with my Realms.”

Upon hearing this, the lords of Drifting-blood Marquis’ camp revealed expressions of pleasant surprise.

“Haha, let’s go kill!”

“Under such strong suppression by the Realms, it’s rather impressive that Pale Moon Marquis’ lords can still exert seven-tenths of their battle strength, and aren’t too afraid.”

“Hmph. The Realms of this swordsman, who is from our camp, is a notch stronger than Myriad Islands Lord’s two Formations!”

“Fight!”

The fighting began anew immediately. Because of the presence of Jian Wushuang’s Realms, the advantage which Drifting-blood Marquis’s camp had was completely turned around this time.

After all, when the full suppressive force of those Realms was in effect, even advanced lords would have their strength reduced by more than three-tenths, while the restrictions imposed on intermediate and novice lords was even greater than that. It could thus be said that the strength of the entire Pale Moon Marquis' camp was greatly diminished.

As for Myriad Islands Lord, the two Formations which he set up were, due to a lack of time, simpler and less powerful than usual. The boost which they provided to Pale Moon Marquis' camp was far less than the suppression which Jian Wushuang's Realms was causing to the lords.

As a result, Pale Moon Marquis' camp not only lost the advantage they previously had but now found themselves in a disadvantageous position.

Take Demon Soul Lord, who was standing in the centermost of the battlefield, for instance. Previously, she was so close to defeating and killing Loftiness Lord, but because of Jian Wushuang's Realms, her strength was restrained considerably, giving Loftiness Lord the chance to catch his breath. Moreover, an advanced lord from Drifting-blood Marquis' camp came to partner Loftiness Lord, and she was thus no longer feared by the latter.

"Dammit, it's all because of that Saint Realm expert!"

Every one of the lords from Pale Moon Marquis' camp was incensed like never before.

They had never imagined that their originally comfortable advantage would be nullified by a small Saint Realm Expert from the enemy side.

They had never taken him seriously before.

But now, Jian Wushuang had become key to the entire situation. Pale Moon Marquis' camp had thought several times about killing him, but because he was being protected by Iron Saber Lord and another advanced lord from Drifting-blood Marquis' camp, as well as because of his own exceptional battle strength, their attempts ended in failure each time.

Right then, a black-robed figure emerged from a side channel and appeared on the battlefield. It sped immediately toward the centermost of the battlefield.

There, Demon Soul Lord and Loftiness Lord were intensely engaged in a fight. They suddenly felt a shrill and powerful wind blowing at them.

"Who's this?"

Demon Soul Lord immediately turned and looked, only to find a fist filled with Purple Thunderbolts punching its way through the air directly toward her head.

Although the terrifying fist had not struck her yet, its momentum alone caused palpitations in her, a superior lord's, heart. Without hesitation, she transformed into a ghost and quickly shifted backward.

Boom!

The giant fist struck powerfully on to the Void, causing the latter to shake violently and forming a Blast Wave which swept out forcibly.

The Blast Wave forced back two intermediate lords who were busy fighting by the side.

Hummm... when the gaseous wave dissipated, a black-robed figure gradually appeared on the battlefield.

The entire battlefield quietened down upon the appearance of the black-robed figure. Many lords looked toward the new arriver.

He dressed fully in black, had a head of messy purple hair, and kept an uneven mustache. His jet black eyes were incomparably profound, and in the deepest region of his pupils circulated a streak of purple thunderbolt.

“Black Yuan Lord!”

Demon Soul Lord’s countenance changed upon recognizing the arriver.

Similarly, the expressions of the lords from Pale Moon Marquis’ camp turned unsightly.

In contrast, the lords from Drifting-blood Marquis’ camp revealed joyful expressions upon seeing the man.

Among the many lords from Drifting-blood Marquis’ camp, Black Yuan Lord was, in terms of strength, rated as one of the top three superior lords!

It should be known that there were hundreds of lords under the command of Drifting-blood Marquis. Only a portion of them had come to seize back the cave mansion, and many were still on their way. There were thus only one or two superior lords of the Six-cloud Realm in attendance from either camp.

And among the superior lords who were present, Demon Soul Lord, who was from Pale Moon Marquis’ camp, was considered extremely powerful already. However, she was clearly a notch inferior to Black Yuan Lord.

The latter possessed a matchlessly terrifying body which was recognized as the most powerful one in both camps combined.

Even the bodies of Drifting-blood Marquis and Pale Moon Marquis themselves could probably not compare to his.

And it was because of his powerful body that his battle strength was exceptionally terrifying.

“That’s none other than Black Yuan Lord.” Jian Wushuang was currently staring fixedly at him too.

The former had heard of the latter while in Bei Mo Marquis’ cave mansion. The latter had, before that, collected 15 streaks of Purple Heaven Thunderbolt from the Universal Thunderbolt Pool in said cave mansion, and thereby developed his terrifying body.

“Rumor has it that Black Yuan Lord, who is considered to have the strongest body among the two large camps, had taken in 15 streaks of Purple Heaven Thunderbolt from the Universal Thunderbolt Pool, after which his body became comparable in power to a second-grade magic weapon. Subsequently, he was said to have obtained several opportunities which enhanced his body’s strength to an entirely new level. I wonder whose body is stronger between him and me.” Jian Wushuang muttered to himself.

He had absolute confidence in his own body.

His body was already comparable to a superior second-grade magic weapon. This was why, even as a Saint Realm expert, his power was on par with that of an intermediate lord.

A powerful aura swept forth from Black Yuan Lord's body after he appeared.

"Loftiness Lord." He opened his mouth and spoke in a chilly voice.

"Black Yuan Lord." Loftiness Lord walked up to him donning a slightly respectful expression.

"Hand the Dao Weapon to me," Black Yuan Lord said.

Loftiness Lord nodded and, without hesitation, handed the blood-red spear he was holding to Black Yuan Lord.

After he had received the weapon and while using it to fight against experts from Pale Moon Marquis' camp, he was sent a message from Spirit Lord informing him to hand the Dao Weapon to Black Yuan Lord upon the latter's arrival.

"Dao Weapon."

Clutching the blood-red spear in his hand, Black Yuan Lord weighed it and nodded to himself. Then, with a wave of his hand, he kept the blood-red spear into an Interspatial Ring.

#### **Chapter 459: Something Unforeseen**

Black Yuan Lord only began to look around after doing all these.

"Demon Soul Lord."

The latter was the first person he looked toward. His voice, which was broad and seemed to contain a special magical power, rang out on the battlefield.

"This Dao Weapon is now in my hands. If you're not happy about that, come at me as you will. I'll be glad to entertain."

After he finished speaking, the lords from Marquis Cangyue's camp could not but become silent, and their facial complexions became rather unsightly.

They were well aware that if the Dao Weapon was in Loftiness Lord's hands, they would have some hope of obtaining it by fighting. However, now that it had fallen into Black Yuan Lord's hands...

They would have to kill him in order to obtain the weapon. However, not only was he extremely strong, but his body was acknowledged to be number one among both camps. Even if the two Marquises personally worked together, they would not have absolute confidence about killing him.

And without the Marquises, they were utterly incapable of killing him, and naturally would not be able to take the weapon.

“Black Yuan Lord.” Demon Soul Lord spoke, clenching her teeth. “You ought to know that my Marquis considers the long spear to be a magic weapon. The Dao Weapon you just received suits him perfectly.”

“I know.” Black Yuan Lord nodded slowly. “I’ll eventually pass this Dao Weapon to Marquis Piauxue. Your Marquis shall have to discuss it with him.”

Demon Soul Lord’s face sank, and she said little else.

The lords from Marquis Cangyue’s camp were now gathered together. Although most of their attention was focused on Black Yuan Lord, some of them would look at Jian Wushuang from time to time.

“It’s all because of that little fella!”

“If not for his Realms, we would certainly have killed Loftiness Lord and seized the Dao Weapon before Black Yuan Lord arrived!”

“It’s the Realms’ fault!”

Lords from Marquis Cangyue’s camp glared at Jian Wushuang with resentment.

Marquis Piauxue’s camp had a different reaction.

“Haha, our young swordsman friend.”

“Swordsman brother, your strength is truly outstanding.”

Many lords clustered beside Jian Wushuang. Every one of them treated him warmly and no longer put on the airs of a lord.

After all, Jian Wushuang’s use of strength during the battle had already proven that he was no weaker than a lord though he was only a Saint Realm expert, and thus he naturally won the respect of every lord.

Jian Wushuang laughed and acknowledged the warmth being shown by the lords.

Suddenly...

Booom... the cave mansion, which had already quietened, abruptly began to tremor violently.

The earth trembled and the mountains swayed. The entire cave mansion seemed as though it was going to cave in completely.

“What’s going on?”

The lords from both camps frowned, revealing blank and puzzled looks.

Even Black Yuan Lord was currently looking around in bewilderment.

The entire cave mansion was shaking badly. Amidst the reactions of the lords, a large aura began to spread gradually.

Though it was clearly still a considerable distance away from the lords, they were nonetheless horrified by its impending arrival.



Furthermore, it spread upward at an astonishing speed such that it reached an entirely new height in only a short time.

It pervaded the entire cave mansion including the outer layer, causing experts in every corner of the cave mansion to feel its presence. The tremors gradually began to dissipate.

Silence!

The battlefield, where more than 50 lords and experts from the two large camps were gathered, fell into a dead silence.

It took a while before some people began to talk.

“What... what exactly was that?”

“What a widespread aura. Could it mean the creation of some treasure?”

“Well, if this cave mansion even has a Dao Weapon, then it’s not surprising there are other treasures.”

“The source of the aura is... that way.”

Everyone looked toward the direction from which the aura originated.

“Let’s go!”

“Hurry up and get over there!”

Without any hesitation, the lords from both camps rushed in the direction of the aura’s source.

Black Yuan Lord and Demon Soul Lord also got moving.

“Swordsman and Silver Wing Lord, let’s go too.” Iron Saber Lord instructed.

Jian Wushuang and Silver Wing Lord nodded earnestly and followed the crowd.

Although the lords from the two camps had been fighting against each other just a while ago, they now had a tacit understanding to put a hold on the conflict.

On the way toward the aura’s source, Myriad Islands Lord walked up beside Demon Soul Lord.

“Demon Soul Lord.” Myriad Islands Lord kept his voice low so that only the former could hear his words.

“What’s the matter?” She asked.

He put on a rather serious expression. “Demon Soul Lord, you should be able to tell that the current situation is extremely unfavorable to our camp.”

“Yes, I can tell.” She nodded.

Prior to the arrival of Black Yuan Lord, Marquis Cangyue’s camp was already at an absolute disadvantage in the tussle for the Dao Weapon. After his arrival, the gap between the two camps only grew.

“All this is because of that Saint Realm fella named Swordsman.” Demon Soul Lord’s chilly eyes involuntarily looked toward Jian Wushuang.

“Yes, it’s all because of him,” Myriad Islands Lord muttered. “His Realm Technique is very powerful, much more so than the Formations which I set up temporarily. If he remains in Marquis Piao-xue’s camp going forward, he’ll be a huge problem for us in future tussles over treasures!”

Demon Soul Lord’s expression turned solemn.

They were not overly concerned with Jian Wushuang’s strength. Even if it compared favorably to that of an advanced lord’s, it would not mean much to either camp. However, his Realm Technique was truly something else.

Such a level of Realm Technique was always going to be a problem for either camp if possessed by the opposing camp.

“Demon Soul Lord, your strength is currently the greatest among the lords of Marquis Cangyue’s camp. I came to find you to tell you to kill the swordsman when there’s an opportunity,” Myriad Islands Lord said in an indifferent tone.

“You want me to kill the swordsman?” Demon Soul Lord frowned. “We may know that the swordsman is important, but so does Marquis Piao-xue’s camp. They’ll definitely do everything possible to protect him. Even if it’s me trying, chances of success are slim.”

“Don’t worry and just do your best. It doesn’t matter if you don’t actually kill him. All you need to do is make Marquis Piao-xue’s lords focus their attention on you. Leave the swordsman to me.” Myriad Islands Lord assured confidently.

“Oh?” Demon Soul Lord glanced astonishedly at Myriad Islands Lord and subsequently nodded in agreement.

## **Chapter 460: Palace**

The lords from both camps traced the aura to its source, which was not a far distance away. It turned out to be a lofty and massive palace.

“A palace?”

“There’s actually such a huge palace within this cave mansion?”

“The aura originated from this palace?”

The lords arrived in front of the palace and raised their heads to examine the palace’s exterior.

The palace was completely covered in black and was incomparably massive. Within it was contained the unique and widespread aura.

“While this cave mansion is divided into an inner and outer layer, its real core is this palace, perhaps.” Jian Wushuang mused.

He was not the only person who thought so. The lords from both camps could tell that this palace was special and that there was a high chance it was the real core of the cave mansion.

More importantly, if a Dao Weapon could even be found in the inner layer, what could there be in the palace, as the absolute core of the cave mansion?

Everyone became expectant.

“Enter!”

Black Yuan Lord waved his hand and was the first to head toward the gate of the palace.

Without hesitation, the lords from both camps entered the gate and stepped into the palace one after another.

The palace, decorated in gold and jade, was extremely spacious within. The most noticeable object was the towering stone pillars, which each required a dozen or so people to encircle, and on which were carved numerous patterns.

There was also a large number of extravagant ornaments in the palace.

“Look there, quick!”

In compliance with the voice, everyone’s eyes turned toward the direct front of the palace.

A lofty throne was placed there, and on it sat an apparently middle-aged man who was draped in a blood-red cloak and had blood-red hair. His hands were clasped as he quietly sat upright on the throne with his eyes closed. He did not emit a trace of aura.

In front of this middle-aged man with red hair stood four people who looked like sculptures.

They were suited in purple-golden armor and their hands firmly gripped huge sabers. However, their eyes were also closed.

“Puppet Fighters!”

When the experts from both camps saw the man and the four sculptures in purple-golden armor, they immediately knew that these were Puppet Fighters.

By all probability, these were extremely powerful Puppet Fighters to boot.

At the very least, they would be more powerful than the Gold-armored Puppets the lords had encountered in the inner layer!

And it must be noted that the Gold-armored Puppets were already able to rival advanced lords.

“Look at what’s on their hands,” a lord suddenly exclaimed.

Everyone immediately looked at the palms of the Puppet Fighters. What they saw caused their pupils to constrict at once.

A ring was worn on the left index finger of each of the four armored Puppet Fighters. Emitting a special energy wave, they were clearly Interspatial Rings.

Yes, every one of the four Puppet Fighters was wearing an Interspatial Ring.

Similarly, the middle-aged man with red hair wore an Interspatial Ring on his left index finger.

“Interspatial Rings!”

The eyes of the lords from both camps began to scorch.

Although the entire palace was extravagantly decorated, there were no treasures or opportunities within it except for these Interspatial Rings being worn by the Puppet Fighters. It was thus conceivable that the real treasure within the palace lied in those rings.

As soon as this idea came to mind, the lords from both camps hurriedly moved nearer to the Puppet Fighters.

However, before the lords could reach them, the eyes of the four Puppet Fighters simultaneously opened.

Frosty and completely emotionless, they looked over at the lords.

“Intruders!”

“Kill!”

The four Puppet Fighters simultaneously began to move after one of them uttered these words in a chilly voice.

Four beams of purple-golden Flowing Light pierced through the Void, while at the same time, four powerful auras began to spread.

These four auras were each no weaker than that of a superior lord.

“As expected!”

The experts from both camps felt a sense of marvel but did not feel surprised when they saw the auras emitting from the Puppet Fighters.

After all, the Gold-armored Puppets which they encountered in the inner layer were already comparable to advanced lords. It was obvious to them that these four Golden Purple Puppets would be even stronger than that, being situated in the palace which was clearly the core of the cave mansion no less.

These four Puppet Fighters were on a par with superior lords.

However, none of the lords imagined that the four Puppet Fighters would wave their hands as they moved.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

Beams of golden flowing light shot out from their Interspatial Rings. Soon, Gold-armored Puppets filled the palace.

“Gold-armored Puppets?”

The countenances of the lords changed.

Reasonably speaking, the threat of Gold-armored Puppets was not as great as that of Golden Purple Puppets. However, an endless stream of Gold-armored Puppets emerged from the Interspatial Rings, such that in the blink of an eye, more than 50 of them appeared.

“This...”

Including the two most powerful lords, Black Yuan Lord and Demon Soul Lord, the faces of every lord from both camps sank.

To these two camps, there was nothing frightening about facing four Golden Purple Puppets, much as they had the battle strength of four superior lords.

But now, with the addition of more than 50 Gold-armored Puppets, the lords would have to face the equivalent of more than 50 advanced lords...

A lineup of four superior lords and more than 50 advanced lords was comfortably superior to the combined strength of the two camps.

“So many?” Jian Wushuang’s pupils constricted as well. He was increasingly feeling the terror of the cave mansion’s owner.

Next, he conceived a thought which caused a vast Blood River to sweep forth immediately.

A combination of his three Realms suppressed forth.

Under the suppression of the Realms, the speed of the Gold-armored Puppets was obviously reduced by a notch, while the four Golden Purple Puppets were similarly affected.

“These Realms are not bad indeed.” Black Yuan Lord glanced at Jian Wushuang and at the same time ordered, “Loftiness Lord and Iron Saber Lord, make sure you protect this fella.”

“Yes.”

Loftiness Lord and Iron Saber Lord nodded and immediately appeared beside Jian Wushuang.

The two of them understood the importance of Jian Wushuang to Marquis Piaoxue’s camp.

“Everyone else, follow me to kill. Our camp must obtain at least three of the four Interspatial Rings.”

Black Yuan Lord’s expression was frigid.

“Let’s get moving!”