

Swordsman 941

Chapter 941: Master of the Ancient Sect!

A gigantic foot, dark gold in color, fell on Xia Mang and crushed him to death.

“Young Master Mang!”

“Son!”

Xia Tao, who was fighting furiously against the Lord of Cercis Island, with numerous elites from the Xia Clan, witnessed the whole tragedy. Fury took them immediately.

In the happened next, however, left the entire crowd stunned.

A massive and startlingly wide black hole emerged in the sky near the edges of the battlefield like a huge portal wide open.

It was from this black hole that the gigantic golden foot had emerged; yet that was merely the precursor of what was to come. From the darkness of the vortex, the gigantic foot lowered and revealed the complete figure of an towering giant, blushing dark golden, at a height of over a thousand feet that lorded over the entire expanse of the battlefield.

With a girth extremely wide and huge, the behemoth’s mere presence sent fear and awe into everyone witnessing its advent. His eyes shone with a dark golden glimmer, where none could miss the unmistakable air of conceit and contempt.

His gigantic form stood firmly, proud and erect like a pillar that held up the strata of the skies, which even the continuum of Time and Space were faintly warped by his sheer presence alone.

Despite his majestic indifference, the most unmistakable, were the several dark golden four-pointed star patterns etched on his forehead, between his eyebrows.

The Gu King, upon recognizing the presence of the hulking figure, felt a quiver to his heart and howled sternly: “It’s an Ancient God, an Ancient God of Imperial Lineage!”

That was true!

The giant’s dark golden physique and the four-pointed star patterns between his eyebrows were clear signs of an Ancient God of Imperial Lineage.

Most Copper-armored, Silver-armored and even Gold-armored Ancient Gods of the Ancient God Clan have their iconic four-pointed star patterns, which symbolized their strength and powers, etched upon their chests. Only a pure-blooded Ancient God of Imperial Lineage would have these symbolic patterns etched between their eyebrows.

Moreover, this colossal Ancient God has a whole of seven four pointed star patterns between his eyebrows.

A total of seven four-pointed stars which would mean that he was a Seven-Star Ancient God of Imperial Lineage!

He was just one class below King Luo Zhen, the former master of the Gu King, who has eight stars!

"I am Gu Tong, the Master of the Ancient Sect!"

A deep, thick voice came out of the mouth of the Ancient God, reverberating loudly, sending a tremor through the entire Imperial Palace.

Everyone at the front lines, including the numerous Dao Masters at the battlefield, were stunned at the appearance of Gu Tong.

Yet their amazement was hardly surprising for Gu Tong's huge body was unimaginably massive!

With a height of over a thousand feet, Gu Tong dominated even the large hilly mountains and his mere presence humbled all that witnessed him appear.

"The Ancient God Clan? And yet a Seven-star Ancient God of Imperial Lineage?"

The old soothsayer frowned quietly with dreading apprehension. His position as the National Master of the Tang Kingdom of the Eastern Lands would hardly amount to anything before an entity of such indomitable strength and greatness.

The tale of the renowned Ancient God Clan was hardly unheard of to him. An ordinary Three-star Ancient God alone would have the strength equivalent to that of a normal Dao Master. Four-star Ancient Gods would be equal to extremely powerful, if not one of the best, Dao Masters. Those beyond the class of Four-Stars would wield even greater and unfathomable powers.

Gu Tong, however, was an Ancient God of Seven Stars; one who also bore the bloodline of Imperial Lineage.

"My lord."

A gentle call had sounded abruptly. It was, naturally, Xue Lingtian who had spoken.

"You are a disciple of Xuan Yi. My avatar had met you before, years ago." Gu Tong recognized him as he spoke slowly, "Xuan Yi has bade me to come to his disciples' aid."

"Who shall I strike down?" Gu Tong's dark golden eyes surveyed his surroundings.

"It is him, Master." Xue Lingtian's finger pointed straight at the soothsayer.

This made the old soothsayer felt a shudder as his face darkened immediately.

"You?" Malice flickered instantly in his eyes as Gu Tong's gaze transfixed upon the soothsayer.

"Die!"

With a huge battle cry, Gu Tong struck forth mercilessly.

Surrounded by the many Dao Masters and other warriors outside the Imperial Palace, Gu Tong threw a strong blow at his quarry.

What seemed to be an any ordinary punch tore apart the fabric of Space, creating a huge black hole that was hemmed with crackling thunderclaps snapping angrily. The rolling mass of energy thundered furiously, reaching before the soothsayer in the blink of an eye.

“Rumble!”?The force of the blow ripped at the winds, the billowing currents howling savagely.

No one watching this spectacle was without fear and panic.

Their sights could hardly be removed from the impending blow heading straight for its target. To rest of the warriors at the front lines, this is was hardly a mere blow from a punch; but a destructive supernova threatening to explode heading swooping down on its prey.

The huge mass of energies sped straight with blinding speed. It was amazing that with Gu Tong’s huge girth, he could move with such quickness and agility.

Watching as the huge ‘supernova’ threatening to smash facefirst into him, the soothsayer could hardly suppress his fearfulness no more. He raised his old and gnarly palm, channeling energies at accumulated upon his opened palms in the form of black, eerie swirling tendrils of fumes. His palm grew larger and larger in an instance.

Never had he employed his full strength even when he was fighting against Emperor Xiao, Emperor Yun or Leng Rushuang.

But now, with his own life at stake against one so powerful as a Seven-star Ancient God, the old soothsayer would hardly dare keep anymore reservations.

“The Magic Cloud Palm!”

With a low growl, the soothsayer thrust his palm forth, sending tendrils of jet-black fumes churning around him with a stench of foul-smelling odor.

With steeled resolve, he unleashed the greatest destructive force he could muster.

“Boom!”

The two bodies of energies smashed directly into each other, emitting a fierce, blood-curdling roar, followed by terrifying waves of surging air.

Buffeted by the angry, rolling winds, the resultant force of the meeting blows ruptured whatever strength left of the fabric of Space, sending huge sickening groans of something being ripped to shreds and pieces.

The shockwaves rippled from the center of their clash swept across the entire breadth of the huge battlefield, the front lines of the skirmish taking place at the imperial city. The Dao Masters watching from the outskirts shuddered when the waves of tremor hit them, their blood swirled and simmered uncontrollably. Some collapsed, screaming in agony and pain; whereas some felt the taste of blood in their mouth from the internal damage incurred by the blast.

The unforgiving blasts of air tore into what remained of the the imperial city, pummeling the still-standing structures, trees and flora into rubbles and ruins that nothing was left thereafter.

With one single blow, the remains of the imperial city – the shadows of its former glory – had been reduced into nothing but a mere memory.

Craters and filth littered across the entire expanse of the imperial city, with no traces of flora and vegetation nor any remnants of buildings and structures visible.

Just where the two destructive might clash...

The old soothsayer suddenly spat a mouthful of blood, warm and fresh. His face turned pale and frail from the ordeal. He had suffered a huge blow that had threw him off his feet.

Standing earlier at the center of the battlefield of the imperial city, he had been thrown so far that he smashed into a mountain outside of the imperial city, reducing the mountain into no more than a pile of debris and boulders.

Silence rose over the entire surroundings like an apparition.

At its very center, stood the dark golden form of Gu Tong who then cast his gaze afar into the outskirts of the imperial city, his dark golden eyes looking intently at the fallen piles of rubbles.

From the pile of rubbles a figure leaped into the air...? *"Whoosh!"*

The soothsayer had risen and has returned!

Chapter 942: Blood-killing Plate Armor

The soothsayer stopped midair after bursting out of the mountain waste.

He was a complete mess—his face was pale and there was still blood on the corners of his mouth. However, he was not all flustered and his eyes appeared radiant.

"Haha!"

Suddenly, he burst out laughing like a madman.

"Gu Tong, no, I should call you King Gu Tong since you're an Ancient God of Imperial Kinsmen!" the soothsayer said. "To be honest, I was scared when I saw a Seven-star Imperial God like you!"

"Even at the peak of my strength, I'm no match for you. But obviously you're not fully recovered or you wouldn't have appeared in this world. I think you currently only have 10 percent of your usual strength and your battle capability is only at the Five-star level. Otherwise, I wouldn't have survived your attack earlier."

The soothsayer was well aware of the terrible power of the Seven-star Imperial God.

It would take a Seven-star Imperial God at its peak a measly finger to kill him. However, Gu Tong was evidently far from it.

"I can easily kill you with only 10 percent of my strength," Gu Tong retorted in a cold but majestic voice.

"Really?" the soothsayer replied coolly with a smile. He then waved his hand in the air.

“Buzz!” A stream of black air current burst out of the depths of the palace that had been razed to the ground. It was accompanied by a stench that rose from the ground and gradually grew stronger. Then, out of the blue, a bloody Flowing Light rose from the bottom of the palace and flew toward the soothsayer.

Soon, this bloody Flowing Light was in the soothsayer’s hands. It appeared to be a scarlet armor.

The size of the armor was similar to the Blood-eagle Armor that Jian Wushuang once obtained but its aura was much more powerful and contained an intense Killing Intent that would scare even a Dao Master.

“Blood-killing Armor?”

Gu Tong stared at the scarlet armor in surprise.

He could recognize the scarlet armor. It was a special treasure that was valuable and powerful beyond measure.

“Hehe! You’re a Seven-star Imperial God indeed. You really know a lot. But this isn’t the Blood-killing Armor. It’s actually called the Blood-killing Plate Armor.” Still wearing a cold smile, the soothsayer put on the scarlet armor.

His aura immediately skyrocketed with a potent Killing Intent.

“I’ve been pouring a copious amount of Luck into it day and night all these years and it’s now fully repaired.”

The soothsayer gave Gu Tong a chilly look. “King Gu Tong, our previous collision doesn’t count. Let’s find out who’s the winner now.”

Gu Tong said nothing but his expression changed and there was a Thunderbolt flashing inside his dark golden pupils. With a sudden expansion of his body, he then slammed into the soothsayer.

“Hehe!”

The soothsayer cackled. With magic clouds bursting out of his slender body, he began growing at an alarming rate until he was hundreds of feet tall. While he was not as large as Gu Tong, they were quite a match.

“Come on! Come on!” The soothsayer was excited.

The two of them collided in the next moment.

“Boom! Boom! Boom!”

Terrifying explosions echoed in the sky.

The soothsayer had been a lot weaker than Gu Tong in their earlier collision and had been completely crushed. Now equipped with the Blood-killing Plate Armor, he was almost evenly matched with Gu Tong. In fact, he was even in the position to put up an aggressive fight.

Their fierce battle caused powerful aftermath that caused the nearby Dao Masters and experts to retreat further.

Even Emperor Leng, Emperor Xiao, and Emperor Yun, who had just got out of the pit, had to back away.

Not even the three of them had the room to intervene in a battle of such a magnitude.

Moreover, they had their own opponents to worry about.

"Bitch, hurry up and surrender!" Despite his pale face, Emperor Xiao managed to produce an earth-shattering bellow.

"*Damn it.*"?Emperor Leng wore a somber expression as she looked around her.

The fact that her camp had been on the losing side forced her to get the National Master's help. However, they ended up having to fend for themselves anyway after the terrifying Ancient God of the Imperial Kinsmen made a sudden appearance and kept the National Master busy.

Both Emperor Xiao and Emperor Yun were now ready to fight again. On the other side of the battlefield, Xue Lingtian had already defeated and wounded Xia Yu.

This was incredibly bad news for her.

"Xia Tao."

Emperor Leng's cold voice drifted to where Xia Tao, the Master of Xia Clan, was fighting hard with Lord of Cercis Island.

Xia Tao immediately turned to look at her in alarm.

"The National Master and I've done our best in the battle today, but if you're holding back and waiting to take advantage of us, then our previous agreement will be null. We'll leave and hand Tang of the East over to Xiao." There was a hint of decisiveness in her voice.

She paused before continuing, "Humph! The Xia Clan has survived in Tang of the East since ancient times. You must have many more unfathomable resources than these Dao Masters you dispatched. You have the Immortal Army, don't you? Don't you think it's the time to use it?"

Her words stunned Xia Tao.

The Xia Clan had held immense power in Tang of the East for many years. Even in the kingdom's most prosperous time, the four emperors had to show some respect to the clan. Naturally, the clan would possess more resources than what they demonstrated in the battle today.

They indeed possessed many trump card and skills, and the best one among them was the Immortal Army!

However, this was a secret known only to a few Xia clansmen. How did Emperor Leng find out about it?

Though still confused, Xia Tao was also desperate to overturn the current situation and thus, immediately agreed.

"Since Emperor Leng has personally made the request, then the Xia Clan will stop hiding it!"

“March, the Immortal Army!”

Chapter 943: Immortal Army

“Boom!”

A wormhole appeared in the middle of the battlefield and out walked many black-robed people.

One hundred of such men gathered behind Xia Tao. Each of them emanated a powerful aura and a fierce Killing Intent.

They were all Dao Masters!

Every single one of them was a Dao Master!

“T-This...”

Everyone on the battlefield was shocked.

There was one hundred Dao Masters in the Xia Clan!

“No. These people resemble Dao Masters but their aura is a bit strange,” Lord of Cercis Island muttered.

The others noticed it as well.

These people emanated a strange aura that typically came from a dying warrior. However, the life of an expert in the Eternal Realm of the Eternal World was eternal.

Unless killed, a Dao Master could live forever. However, the aura of these people was strong and deadly. Something wasn't right.

“This is the Xia Clan's Immortal Army? There are as many as one hundred people?” Emperor Leng looked at the group of men in shock.

She knew there was an Immortal Army in the clan and she was also familiar with their origins.

In the past, the clan obtained an incomparably cruel Secret Skill by chance. The Secret Skill allowed an expert at the top of Eternal Realm to open up a Dao in a short time and become a Dao Master. However, the cost was steep.

They would be stagnant at Rank One after becoming Dao Masters through the skill. It was the most common and even the weakest type of Dao Masters. Their life expectancy would also be greatly limited.

Those who cultivated this Secret Skill could live for only 100,000 years. There was no cure for their limited lifespan.

The Xia Clan had been cultivating the Immortal Army ever since they discovered the skill. When a member of the army died, there would be a replacement immediately. After so many years, they had paid an unimaginable price to maintain the existence of their army. There had been countless people in the top level of the Eternal Realm alone who had sacrificed their lives for this.

"The Immortal Army is finally coming to play after we spend so many years building the army at a great cost." Xia Tao sneered. Then, a majestic and sturdy elderly man walked out the group of one hundred black-robed figures and stood next to him.

"Is that Xia Ming?"

"Xia Ming, the previous Master of the Xia Clan?"

"Didn't the old dog die a million years ago? How can he be alive now?"

Exclamations rose in the crowd when the elderly man appeared.

The previous Master of the Xia Clan had been even more powerful than Xia Tao, perhaps even stronger than Emperor Xiao and Emperor Leng. How could he still be alive?

"The Xia Clan indeed had its resources." Emperor Leng smirked.

The Xia Clan's trump card would have horrified her were she not in the same camp as them. Instead, it simply overjoyed her to have such formidable reinforcements.

"Let's get started." Xia Tao looked at the strong old man next to him.

Xia Ming gave a small nod before waving his hand. "March on, the Immortal Army!"

"Boom!"

The one hundred Dao Masters from the Immortal Army charged into the battlefield.

"Oh no!"

"We're in trouble!"

Emperor Xiao, Emperor Yun, and the experts on the other camp were all shocked.

Their side had the upper hand before the Immortal Army came into the battle. Now, their opponents were much stronger and victory looked likely for them.

"Hurry up and think of a way to block them!"

"These Dao Masters are just the most common and weakest of their ranks. Be careful and you'll still get a chance to kill them!"

Emperor Xiao continued to bellow in encouragement.

No matter how he called out, it was a fact that their camp was greatly outnumbered now that the one hundred Dao Masters of the Immortal Army had come into play. Emperor Xiao's camp was almost instantaneously crushed, with his Dao Masters falling one after another.

One of the 10 War Gods was already dead before the Immortal Army showed up, and now three more were killed. Even Di Jing had sustained severe injuries.

"Emperor Xiao, we can't hold on anymore!" Beiming Hao, Master of the Beiming Clan, shouted.

Emperor Xiao's face darkened.

"Do we have to run away like the last time?" He clasped his hands, his heart twisting with agony.

"I don't want it!"

He didn't want to run away!

On the other side...

"Jian Wushuang..." Leng Rushuang paid no mind to the changes in the battlefield. She immediately ran to the sinkhole below after Gu Tong, the Seven-star Imperial God, appeared and stopped the soothsayer.

She looked anxious. After all, she had seen with her own eyes how the soothsayer pierced through Jian Wushuang's chest with his sword.

She finally found Jian Wushuang at the bottom of the sinkhole.

He lied quietly on the ground, the bowl-sized cavity on his chest healing at an alarming rate. By the time she reached her, his wound had mostly healed. Jian Wushuang smiled at her and said, "Don't worry. I'm fine."

She heaved a sigh of relief when she saw that he was still alive.

She didn't know that Jian Wushuang had made a breakthrough and reached the third step in defiance of the natural order. Even if he wanted to die, the new realm would keep him alive forever. The soothsayer had pierced through his chest and shattered his heart but the injuries would not kill him. Moreover, he had Gu King, the Plenilune Centipede, in his body. Gu King had a powerful healing ability that rapidly mended his injuries.

He was now almost fully recovered.

"The situation is very bad. Go and help Emperor Xiao. You don't have to worry about me, I'll recover in no time," Jian Wushuang said solemnly.

Leng Rushuang looked at his nearly healed chest and made up her mind. She immediately left for the battlefield.

He lied in the sinkhole, while his consciousness communicated with Gu King.

"Gu King, I remember you once said that in time of crisis, I can forcefully absorb King Luo Zhen's Blood Essence for a chance to live," Jian Wushuang said.

"What do you want to do?" Gu King became obviously tense.

"You tell me." Jian Wushuang smiled.

Chapter 944: Ancient God's Wrath and Plenilune's Roar

"Don't be stupid, Jian Wushuang!"

Gu King said urgently, "The Essence Blood in your body is something that King Luo Zhen left behind at great cost. It's very rare. If you take your time and slowly absorb it, you'll surely become a top expert. If you force it now, it can only temporarily improve your strength. It'll just be a waste and once it erodes you, you'll suffer greatly."

"Besides, there's a chance that we can still turn the situation around. Those experts on your side may have some cards up their sleeves. In the worst case scenario, you can just run and make a comeback again in the future."

"Make a comeback again in the future?" Jian Wushuang shook his head with a smile. "This battle started because of me. How can I hide during a crisis? Do you think I am a coward?"

He was determined to make use of the Essence Blood wrapped within his Bloodline Power. Suddenly, his Bloodline Power erupted and swallowed 10 percent of the Essence Blood.

"Jian Wushuang!" Gu King, who resided inside him, shouted anxiously.

He was relieved when he saw that Jian Wushuang had only swallowed 10 percent of the Essence Blood. "Fortunately, it's only 10 percent of it!"

It was a pity that Jian Wushuang had wasted 10 percent of the Essence Blood but fortunately, there was still 90 percent of it left.

Jian Wushuang's Bloodline Power surged wildly after swallowing the Essence Blood.

He stood up in the sinkhole and then slowly rose above while bathed in dark golden light. In the beginning, the light covered only his chest but it soon enveloped his entire body.

The shape of Quadrangular Stars began flashing between his eyebrows.

The first star appeared, followed by the second and third. The last one was particularly dazzling.

Three-star Ancient God!

He had become a perfect Ancient God of Imperial Kinsmen!

Jian Wushuang lifted his head to reveal a pair of eyes that had completely turned dark golden. Lightning seemed to sparkle in his pupils in an arc. He looked at the battlefield where Emperor Xiao's men had retreated far into the distance while the opposing Dao Masters frantically pursued them.

This was especially true for the Immortal Army of the Xia Clan.

The army consisted of many people with the strength of a Dao Master. The worst factor was that they were afraid of dying on the battlefield because they would not live long anyway. The situation was incredibly bad for Emperor Xiao's camp.

"Fortunately, the National Master couldn't get away from King Gu Tong. Otherwise..." Jian Wushuang looked at the battle far from him, where King Gu Tong was fiercely grappling with the soothsayer. Many people were watching but none dared to step in.

The two men were rather evenly matched. It seemed that their fight would last a long time before a victor would emerge.

“Jian Wushuang, let me out.”

The voice of Gu King rang in Jian Wushuang’s head. “I haven’t been in a battle for a long time. When you’re weak, I’m weak too. Now that you’re at the top Level of Three-star thanks to the Blood Essence, I’m also much stronger and can use my Secret Skills.”

Jian Wushuang gave a small nod and focused his mind to let Gu King out. Soon, a scarlet light glimmered from the mysterious scarlet crack in his arm and a large body appeared in the Void.

Gu King was covered in terrifying reddish-brown scales and equipped with numerous tentacles. He was so large that he seemed to fill up the space around him.

However, due to Jian Wushuang’s influence, Gu King’s body was smaller compared to when he was in the Stellar Fog Sea.

Back in the Stellar Fog Sea, the body of Gu King was so large that he could form a huge island. However, he was now only a hundred feet long. Even so, he was still a terrifying sight due to his ferocious appearance and the horrible Killing Intent.

His Killing Intent was incredibly potent.

“Jian Wushuang, work with me.” Gu King’s voice rang again.

Jian Wushuang had skyrocketed to ten feet high and his skin had turned dark golden. Standing on Gu King’s massive head, he asked, “How?”

“You know how to use the three Secret Skills of Ancient Gods. Just exert the Mind-controlling Secret Skill with all your strength,” said Gu King.

“Got it.” Jian Wushuang nodded solemnly.

“Ready...” Gu King instructed. “Go!”

Jian Wushuang’s eyes glinted as he used the Mind-controlling Secret Skill that he had already prepared.

He used the skill at full strength, amplified by the Ancient God Power at the top level of Three-star as well as the Divergent Blood Stone. It felt as if thousands of sharp spikes pierced into his consciousness.

Simultaneously, Gu King lifted his head. While Jian Wushuang was using his skill, there was also a violent aura surging from Gu King’s body.

“Plenilune Secret Skill...Roar!”

Frighteningly vicious currents swirled in the air. Gu King then opened his bloody mouth and took a deep breath before letting out an earth-shattering roar. The roar was so violent that everything between heaven and earth trembled.

“Hoot!”

The sharp and intense roar rocked everything in the world, even time and space.

The sound waves caused ripples to form in the Void in front of Gu King. These ripples rapidly expanded before finally shrouding the entire battlefield.

On the battlefield, the experts from both camps were still engaged in a fierce battle.

In fact, one side was obviously prevailing over the other.

Under the leadership of the Immortal Army, the camp of Emperor Leng and the Xia Clan was madly chasing after the Dao Masters of Emperor Xiao's camp, the casualties of which were heavy.

Then, the roar resounded.

"What?"

The Dao Masters all turned toward the direction of which the roar came from.

"What's that?"

They all saw Gu King's massive body but could not recognize what it was.

The roar resounded again and the waves of ripples also subsequently spread.

The ripples contained the horrible Sound Wave Attack formed by the Secret Skills that "Plenilune Centipede" Gu King used. They also carried the consciousness attack formed by the Mind-controlling Secret Skills that Jian Wushuang used.

The perfect match between the two had created this fearsome attack.

This was the Plenilune's roar, as well as the Ancient God's wrath!

Chapter 945: Overturning the Situation!

The ripples that carried the sound wave attack and consciousness attack covered the entire battlefield, passing through it at an alarming rate.

Obviously, the ripples didn't affect the Dao Masters in Emperor Xiao's camp.

Meanwhile, the ripples stopped the hundreds of Dao Masters of the Immortal Army who had rushed to the forefront of the battlefield. Their bodies shook violently and many bled from their mouths, noses, eyes, and ears.

The ripples then swept over Emperor Leng's Holy Guards and other experts of the Xia Clan. Most of them groaned in pain and several even had blood flowing out of their seven orifices.

The ripples continued to sweep through the entire battlefield but soon vanished into thin air.

The battlefield, even the entire world, was shrouded in sheer silence.

The next moment, in the most central part of the battlefield, over at Emperor Leng and the Xia Clan's side... "Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

Many bodies fell to the ground like raindrops.

Soon, nearly one hundred bodies lined the ground!

Most bodies belonged to the members of the Immortal Army. Only three Dao Masters of the camp, which originally boasted of exactly one hundred Dao Masters, were left after the attack. Aside from those who died in the hands of the experts aligned to Emperor Xiao earlier, the rest were killed by the ripples and fell to the ground.

The ripples had slaughtered nearly one hundred Dao Masters!

“Impossible!”

The roar shook the entire world. The experts of the Xia Clan, especially Xia Tao and Xia Ming, were both horrified and furious.

Their emotions were also running wild.

Their clan had spent so much time, energy, and money building their Immortal Army!

Now, nearly one hundred of their Dao Masters had been killed just like that!

The remaining three of the army were also physically and mentally hurt and had almost lost their fighting power.

The entire Immortal Army had been wiped out in such a short time!

“This is...”

The Dao Masters in Emperor Xiao’s camp were also stunned and turned to look at the source of the ripples.

“Jian Wushuang!”

Emperor Xiao recognized the person standing atop Gu King’s head at a glance, even though Jian Wushuang’s body had expanded and his skin had turned dark golden.

“It’s Jian Wushuang! That little bastard had united with the Exotic Beast!” The Xia clansmen glared at Jian Wushuang in anger.

“That little bastard is still alive?” Xia Tao roared.

He had lost his son, Xia Mang, in this war. It was Gu Tong who trampled and killed Xia Mang.

Now the Immortal Army, which their clan had built at great costs, was also destroyed.

Such a huge loss... His loss was too great for him to bear.

“That bastard is responsible for everything that happened today. If not for him, Mang’er would’ve lived to marry Leng Rushuang. The marriage alliance between our clan and Emperor Leng would’ve also been successful. Everything was supposed to go as planned but that little bastard ruined everything!” Xia Tao glowered at Jian Wushuang with enmity and anger.

“Little bastard, I’ll kill you!”

With his fierce scream, a horrible Killing Intent burst out of Xia Tao’s body. He was like a raging lion as he threw himself in Jian Wushuang’s direction. His surging Killing Intent soon enveloped Jian Wushuang.

Jian Wushuang, who stood atop Gu King's head, was shocked when he saw the situation of the battlefield.

"Gu... Gu King, did you cause all this with your roar?" he asked in shock.

"Of course," Gu King answered. "However, your consciousness attack also played a part. But it's also because the Dao Masters of the Immortal Army aren't real Dao Masters."

"Not real Dao Masters?" Jian Wushuang was stunned.

"Those Dao Masters must have become Dao Master by using a vicious Secret Skill at a great price. But their type is even weaker than those who rely on Bodhidan pills. They're actually at the level of Eternal Realm in nature." Gu King sneered. "The Secret Skill I used is an ordinary skill but it's a Sound Wave Attack and covers a wide range. More importantly, it's combined with your consciousness attack!"

"Your consciousness attack targeted them first, which few of them could resist. Then, my sound waves shattered their life cores after they lose their ability to react. It's that simple."

"I see," Jian Wushuang said.

It was no wonder only the Immortal Army had been destroyed but Emperor Leng's Holy Guards and several of the real Dao Masters of the Xia Clan survived.

Emperor Xiao's camp had been nearly defeated but with the annihilation of the Immortal Army, the situation was instantly reversed—and it was all thanks to Jian Wushuang!

The experts in Emperor Xiao's camp rejoiced.

"With the Immortal Army destroyed, the next step is to deal with the remaining Dao Masters of the Xia Clan," Jian Wushuang said coldly.

Just then, he happened to see Xia Tao coming toward him with heinous Killing Intent.

"Xia Tao, Master of the Xia Clan, is a Dao Master at Rank Three and close to the top of Rank Three!"

Jian Wushuang carried the Blood Mountain Sword in hand, which carried a power much stronger than before. Next to him, the Ninth-heaven Sword Formation formed by 12 One-meter Swords had already materialized.

Jian Wushuang's battle intent soared.

"Get ready," King Gu said.

"Okay," Jian Wushuang said.

"Chuu!"

Gu King's body, which was hundreds of meters long, sprang toward the enemy at lightning speed all while emanating a horrible aura. Then, Jian Wushuang jumped out.

"Bang!"

Gu King stopped in front of Xia Tao and then turned his giant body, shooting his tentacles at Xia Tao like they were thousands of vicious snakes.

“Get off me!” Xia Tao shouted.

He swiped Gu King with his Giant Axe.

Gu King’s tentacles were cut in half.

However, Gu King opened his mouth and scarlet gas spurt out.

Chapter 946: The Decrepit Old Man

Not only did the scarlet mist smell disgusting, but it also corroded the world at a maddening pace. Soon, it completely enveloped Xia Tao’s body.

“Poison?”

Xia Tao’s expression shifted as he sensed that the scarlet mist was corroding his body. The rate of corrosion was extremely slow because of his physical strength but the mist also blocked his sight and consciousness.

“Clang!”

A lavender Flowing Light spun madly like a rapidly rotating “awl” and struck his head with a sharp and harsh sound.

Xia Tao snorted and raised the Giant Axe in his hands. The heaven-shattering momentum rose along with his movement.

This Giant Axe was like a weapon of the gods that dominated heaven and earth. He wielded it with wrath.

“Clang!”

Following the ringing of metal colliding, the Void shattered into smithereens.

Xia Tao’s face darkened and he could not help retreating to the rear because of the strong brisance. The rapidly rotating ‘awl’ paused for a mere moment in front of him before landing on his head with an alarming speed.

“How is that possible?”

Xia Tao looked in front of him in surprise. It was Jian Wushuang, the owner of the lavender “awl”.

However, Jian Wushuang was obviously just an Eternal Realm expert!

Xia Tao was a real Rank Three Dao Master, almost the peak of Rank Three.

“How could I end up being the inferior one in this confrontation?”

“Is the power of the lavender ‘awl’ really that strong?”

He did not know that Jian Wushuang had already absorbed the strength of King Luo Zhen's Essence Blood. Just 10 percent of it gave him the battle strength of a peak Three-star Imperial Kinsmen Ancient God.

Those in the Ancient God Clan had a huge advantage in bloodline compared to ordinary warriors.

The Three-star Ancient God was equivalent to the level of ordinary Dao Master.

The peak of Three-star corresponded to Dao Masters in the peak of Rank Three.

The Imperial Kinsmen Ancient God at the peak of Three-star was equivalent to Dao Masters in the peak of Rank Three!

Xia Tao might be close to possessing the strength of Dao Masters in the peak of Rank Three, he nevertheless did not truly possess it. Naturally, Jian Wushuang was able to suppress him.

"Die!"

Jian Wushuang's eyes glinted as the Bloodline Power surged in his body and continuous power flowed into the Ninth-heaven Sword Formation. The lavender lightsaber from the Ninth-heaven Sword Formation glowed brighter and brighter, bursting out even stronger power at an even higher speed.

The lavender lightsaber struck Xia Tao again and again.

In addition, Gu King's thousands of tentacles were charging madly at Xia Tao at an incredible speed. Even if Xia Tao could chop off some of them, Gu King's frightening resilience meant he could make an instant recovery.

"How could this happen?"

"This is impossible!"

Xia Tao's tone was full of shock and anger.

He came here with the intention of killing Jian Wushuang to avenge his two sons and the Immortal Army.

Yet, Jian Wushuang ended up completely suppressing him in their battle and throwing him into a state of panic.

When the Immortal Army was completely annihilated on the battlefield, many of the Dao Masters on Emperor Xiao's side struck back immediately.

Though the emergence of the Immortal Army had cost many Dao Masters on Emperor Xiao's side, their top-tier battle strength was still there.

Emperor Xiao, Emperor Yun, Lord of Cercis Island, Xue Lingtian, and Leng Rushuang were all available.

Comparatively, the top-tier battle strength of the camp of Emperor Leng and the Xia Clan was much worse. Xia Tao's elimination meant only Emperor Leng, Xia Ming, and the severely wounded Xia Yu were left.

Moreover, Jian Wushuang and Gu King's bellow that killed nearly a hundred Dao Masters truly frightened them. Thus, Emperor Xiao's camp enjoyed an overwhelming superiority when they began their counterattack.

More than half of the 24 Heavenly Guards were now dead, as were many Dao Masters of the Xia Clan. During the counterattack, Xue Lingtian targeted Xia Yu, the severely wounded Great Elder of Xia Clan, and joined forces with Di Jing to kill him.

The situation was completely reversed thanks to Jian Wushuang and Gu King's terrifying trick.

"If this goes on, my Heavenly Guards will all die here."?Emperor Leng's eyes turned icy cold. She then shouted, "Xia Tao, what about the decrepit old man of the Xia Clan? Why isn't he lending a hand yet?"

"The decrepit old man of the Xia Clan?" Many of the Dao Masters in Emperor Xiao's camp was startled.

On the battlefield shrouded with scarlet mist, Jian Wushuang's Ninth-heaven Sword Formation continued to suppress Xia Tao until the latter could barely fight back. His face darkened after hearing that.

"The Ancestor has been practicing in isolation for a while. It's a critical time for him. His strength will be greatly improved if he can go through it. He will be able to get more benefits when carving up the thing with National Master and Emperor Leng."

"So, he told us not to disturb him unless it's an emergency."

Xia Tao hesitated momentarily before making his decision.

"The purpose of the Ancestor's retreat is to get more benefits from National Master and Emperor Leng. If Emperor Xiao's camp defeats National Master and Emperor Leng today, the Ancestor and the Xia Clan will get nothing."

"Given the circumstances..."

Xia Tao gritted his teeth and a token immediately showed up in his hand. He then crushed the token.

The moment the token was crushed, a statue inside a secret chamber underneath Xia Clan's camp billion of miles away reacted. The stones that covered the statue shattered, revealing a silver-haired elder.

The man was slim and had a pair of sword-shaped eyebrows that framed his face. With a twitch of his eyebrows, he opened his eyes and a red light glinted in his pupils. Suddenly, a dark flame appeared in front of him. The flame kept burning in the Void without ever going out.

The silver-haired elder waved his hand and the Void cracked open. That crack was connected to the token that Xia Tao had crushed on the battlefield.

The next moment, he threw himself into the crack.

"Buzz..."

The silver-haired elder showed up out of thin air on the battlefield and stood next to Xia Tao.

The moment he showed up, the Ninth-heaven Sword Formation manipulated by Jian Wushuang struck him like a thunderbolt.

The silver-haired elder narrowed his eyes.

“Humph!”

His snort seemed to contain the will of heaven and earth. Following this, the Ninth-heaven Sword Formation flew backward and the endless scarlet mist dissipated in an instant.

Chapter 947: Celestial Master

“What?”

Jian Wushuang steadied himself and looked at the silver-haired elder who had made a sudden appearance in front of him.

Jian Wushuang possessed the strength of an Imperial Kinsmen Ancient God at the peak of the Three-star level, strong enough to suppress even Xia Tao with his Ninth-heaven Sword Formation. Yet, this old man’s snort alone had sent his formation flying. What kind of strength was that?

“Jian Wushuang, be careful! This person ought to be a Rank Four Dao Master.” Gu King’s voice resounded inside him.

“Rank Four Dao Master?” Jian Wushuang was stunned. “There are only three ranks for Dao Master, aren’t there?”

“There are four of them, but those in Rank Four are so much stronger than those in Rank Three that no one actually refers to them as such. People call them... the Celestial Masters!” Gu King said.

“Celestial Master?” Jian Wushuang was surprised.

“Holy Master is the supreme level among Dao Masters, and this level isn’t something that you can achieve by opening up the fourth way. It needs other conditions, so only very few talents actually reach this level. Emperor Xiao, Emperor Yun, and Emperor Leng are only one step away from Holy Master, and can even be called halfway Holy Masters. However, they’re still not real Holy Masters at the end of the day!

“However, the one in front of you is a real Celestial Master.” Gu King said seriously. “Of course, Celestial Masters are strong but they’re nowhere near as powerful as the National Master and King Gu Tong. Those two have already surpassed the level of Dao Masters.”

“Really?” Jian Wushuang was left breathless after hearing that.

The level of Holy Masters was indeed the supreme level out of all the levels for Dao Masters.

While Emperor Xiao, Emperor Yun, and Emperor Leng were top-tier Dao Masters, they were merely in the peak of Rank Three. They could barely be called halfway Holy Masters and were much inferior compared to the real thing.

Thus, the silver-haired elder in front of him was much stronger than Emperor Xiao, Emperor Yun, and Emperor Leng.

The Dao Masters fighting on the battlefield also noticed the silver-haired elder's arrival. The faces of those in Emperor Xiao's camp darkened with hostility.

"The Ancestor of the Xia Clan?"

"It's him!"

"To think that the decrepit old man would still be in the Xia Clan after disappearing for so many years!"

Voices filled with fear resounded one after another.

"Xia Yong!" Emperor Xiao's expression was exceptionally dark.

He was well aware of the strength of the Ancestor of the Xia Clan. The Kingdom Tang of the Eastern Land might be able to suppress the clan when it was at its peak with Emperor Qing assuming personal command.

After all, Emperor Qing's strength alone was almost comparable to that of the Emperor of Tang, who in turn was much stronger than the Ancestor of the Xia Clan.

Ever since Emperor Qing died and Emperor of Tang disappeared years ago, no one in the entire country could rival the Ancestor of the Xia Clan. That was the reason for the explosive growth of the clan's power. Even Emperor Leng had to form an alliance with them through a political marriage.

The reason for all of this was the Ancestor of the Xia Clan, Xia Yong!

Xia Yong stood calmly in the Void, his eyes focused on another battlefield in the distance.

"National Master? There's another person... Is it the legendary Ancient God Clan?"

Xia Yong was a little taken aback when he heard the horrifying sounds coming from the other battlefield.

Despite being a Holy Master, he dared not to get involved in a fierce battle like that.

"Ancestor."

"Great Elder Xia Yu is dead, as is a couple of our Dao Masters. That includes my son, Xia Mang. The Immortal Army is also wiped out!" Xia Tao, who stood next to Xia Yong, said.

"Hm?" Xia Yong narrowed his eyes.

"It's him. It's all because of this little bastard. He's the one who caused all this mess!" Xia Tao pointed at Jian Wushuang, looking a little crazed.

"Oh?" Xia Yong glanced at Jian Wushuang with hostility. Then, a whooshing resounded.

He pounced on Jian Wushuang as his body turned illusory.

"Oh no!"?Jian Wushuang was shocked.

"Retreat, now!" Gu King shouted.

Jian Wushuang retreated as quickly as he could.

Not far away, two people were equally shocked to see Xia Yong attacking Jian Wushuang.

One of them was Jian Wushuang's Senior Brother, Xue Lingtian. The other was Leng Rushuang.

They immediately rushed toward Jian Wushuang without hesitation.

"Damn it, he's too fast! I can't escape!"

Jian Wushuang turned to look at Xia Yong who was close on his heels. He put on an expression of grim-faced determination. *"If I can't run, I'll fight!"*

There was also a trace of madness that flitted across Jian Wushuang's face. His Ninth-heaven Sword Formation was drawing power at a maddening pace, including a Divine Yin Thunder. It was promptly spat out.

"Ridiculous." Xia Yong snorted and waved once. The Ninth-heaven Sword Formation flew backward again a blast of enormous power struck Jian Wushuang at the same time.

"Puff!"

Blood spewed from Jian Wushuang's mouth and his face immediately turned pale.

Xia Yong was about to attack again and kill Jian Wushuang. But right then, a sharp knife essence made him its target.

"Hm?"

Xia Yong looked at the Void near him in surprise.

There, a scarlet-robed Xue Lingtian emanating such potent killing intent that it was as if he had bathed in a bloody sea. Xia Yong saw him raise his saber.

The sharp knife essence had originated from this saber.

"That saber..." Xia Yong narrowed his eyes.

He could sense that the saber in Xue Lingtian's hand was so extraordinary that no ordinary Emperor Weapon was its rival. Not even a top-tier Emperor Weapon could emit such a strong killing intent.

"Interesting." Xia Yong smiled and stood there waiting for Xue Lingtian's sword light.

Xue Lingtian's face was a little warped as he accumulated power in his saber.

This was the strongest move he could make so far. He simultaneously triggered a Secret Skill contained in the saber at the risk of sustaining grievous injuries.

This saber was from his Master Xuan Yi. The Secret Skill contained in the saber was certainly extraordinary.

Finally, the power accumulating in his saber came to a peak. Xue Lingtian then swung his saber downward with a terrifying roar.

The blade light swept through the Void and cleaved it in half.

Chapter 948: Seething in Anger

The icy-cold saber shadow hissed as it crossed the Ninth Heaven!

Xue Lingtian stood amidst the storm with a bloodied face and a pair of eyes brimming with madness and determination.

This move was his best. He had placed all of his energy into it without regarding the consequences.

This was also the best he could do for his Junior Brother.

The blade light seemed capable of piercing all the sharp aura. Even Xia Yong was forced to move.

“Not bad.”

Xia Yong nodded but subsequently extended his hands to reveal the dry and somewhat yellowed skin on his palms. Two strange powers were fusing on his palms.

One was a raging and scorching power while the other was calm and stately.

The two distinctive powers were perfectly combined in Xia Yong’s palms.

“Open!”

Xia Yong struck at the Void in front of him.

This move sent tremor down the whole world and the cracked space began to rapidly spread.

Before Xue Lingtian’s strong blade light could get close to Xia Yong, a giant palm print that harbored two distinct powers appeared out of thin air. The palm print that seemed to harbor all the force of the world struck the blade light.

“Boom!”

A fierce roar sounded, accompanied by a horrifying power that spread in all directions.

Xue Lingtian, who stood in the core of this power, felt his hands shaking. Then, at the next moment, his saber was instantly flung away.

“Scram!”

Xia Yong waved his sleeves and his horrible power immediately formed a huge palm print that bombarded Xue Lingtian.

Xue Lingtian trembled violently as he coughed up blood thrice. His body was thrown backward like a cannonball being fired.

“Senior Brother!” Jian Wushuang was shocked.

"I'm sorry, Junior Brother... I tried my best..." When Xue Lingtian's sad laughter reached Jian Wushuang's ears, he saw the former's body crashing onto a heap of rubble. For a moment, there was no vitality coming from Xue Lingtian.

Rage swept Jian Wushuang.

Before he could dwell on it, however, he saw an elegant figure dressed in a white robe appearing in front of him.

"Leng Rushuang," he said, a little stunned.

White airflow wrapped Leng Rushuang's entire body and she emitted a freezing aura. This was the consequence of the complete unraveling of the seal in her body.

"I'll never allow anyone to hurt him!"

Her voice carried unprecedented firmness and determination. The white airflow bounced on her right hand like white flames but these flames were freezing cold.

When Xia Yong had seriously injured Xue Lingtian and once again pounced on Jian Wushuang, Leng Rushuang's eyes glinted as she unleashed her freezing aura.

"Die!"

Following her scream, the white airflow around her condensed into an adult-sized white flame in the shape of a sword. It flew out as soon as it took shape.

The sword left a trail of white sprays as it made a sudden appearance in front of Xia Yong.

Xia Yong could feel the terrifying freezing aura of the sword as it aimed for him. He swung his dry and yellow palms and blocked the sword with his perfectly-fused twin powers.

"Boom!"

The sword snapped into two, leaking a mass of white flames.

"What?"

When Xia Yong looked at his right palm, he could see a hint of whiteness on it. More importantly, the speck of whiteness was rapidly spreading all over his palm at an incredible speed.

"What a horrible poison."

Though he was shocked, he quickly gathered himself and shook his palms. His twin powers then charged toward the white area and took only a short moment to disperse it.

Leng Rushuang's Icy Heart Poison was indeed dreadful and could be considered the top poison through the ages. However, Xia Yong was a Celestial Master. He could still dispell the little amount of it with ease.

"You're Emperor Leng's daughter?" Xia Yong was cold and brusque. "You should've married Xia Mang. Since he's now dead, you should join him in the afterlife."

Xia Yong wasn't at all concerned about the fact that she was Emperor Leng's daughter.

He gripped his right hand, once again melding the two distinct powers. He made another move all of a sudden.

It was even more powerful this time!

"Stop, Leng Rushuang! Retreat now!"

"Now!"

Jian Wushuang wasn't far behind her and began shouting at her like a madman when he noticed Xia Yong's killing intent.

However, there was a touch of determination on Leng Rushuang's pretty face.

She heard Jian Wushuang's warning but had no intention of retreating.

After all, Jian Wushuang was... not far behind her.

"Buzz!" The endless white airflow took the shape of a light cocoon around her.

"Bang!"

Xia Yong landed a palm attack on the white light cocoon and his horrible power instantly erupted.

The white light cocoon managed to put a resistance due to its uncommon power but it was fleeting.

"Crack!"

The light cocoon cracked open to reveal Leng Rushuang. Xia Yong's powerful palm print continued to charge ahead and ended up hitting her directly.

"Jian Wushuang!" Leng Rushuang uttered a shrill scream. "Run!"

"Boom!"

Xia Yong's palm landed on Leng Rushuang.

She felt a jolt running through her body and coughed up blood, the blood staining her white robe and beautiful hair.

She fell down like a kite that was cut loose. On her way down, she turned ever so slightly to look in Jian Wushuang's direction and opened her mouth a little.

She didn't make any sound and merely mouthed the words.

Jian Wushuang could read her lips as she mouthed the words: "I don't regret it!"

He watched her body fall down in the Void with an empty gaze until he read her lips.

"Boom!" It felt as if thousands of thunderbolts struck his mind.

His expression immediately turned crazed.

“Arghhhhh!”

“Xia Yong, I’m going to kill you!” Jian Wushuang’s eyes turned bloody as his hair danced crazily around his head. He let out a bellow that could tear apart the Ninth Heaven and destroy the firmament.

This bellow contained his madness and wrath. It contained his determination to avenge his loved ones even if it meant destroying the world and sacrificing everything including his life.

This was the most furious bellow Jian Wushuang had made since he was born. His sorrow and rage were so apparent in his voice that it was enough to make the world tremble.

This time, Jian Wushuang was truly seething in anger.

Chapter 949: The Outbreak of Thirty Percent of the Blood Essence!

Jian Wushuang’s roar reached all corners of the battlefield and enveloped the entire imperial palace. Everyone who heard him felt a similar jolt down their spirits and their expressions were one of terror.

“Jian Wushuang.”

Gu King immediately turned to look at Jian Wushuang. He felt the Bloodline Power within Jian Wushuang’s body once again reaching for the drop of Blood Essence from King Luo Zhen after Jian Wushuang absorbed ten percent of it.

In a split second, Jian Wushuang had already absorbed twenty percent of the Blood Essence.

In addition to the first ten percent earlier, Jian Wushuang had taken in a whopping thirty percent of the power of the Blood Essence.

“Damn it!”

Gu King felt despair.

Jian Wushuang was wasting whatever he absorbed from the Blood Essence that King Luo Zhen left behind.

He already found it to be such a great waste when Jian Wushuang engulfed ten percent of the Blood Essence, but now the latter had engulfed thirty percent?

“Buzz!” The Bloodline Power burst wildly out of Jian Wushuang’s body. His red and icy-cold eyes made him a nightmare to look at. Under the cover of the Bloodline Power, his Ancient God Power began growing at a frantic speed.

The fourth star was swiftly forming on his midbrows, joining the other three quadrangular stars there.

Now fully formed, the fourth star began to emanate an exceptionally bright dark golden light. It even seemed like a fifth star would be forming but the light eventually stagnated.

Top Four-star Imperial Ancient God!

High up in the Void, Jian Wushuang's human body had enlarged to become a dark golden Ancient God body that was ten feet tall. Lightning bolts flashed madly in his similarly-colored pupils, reflecting his intense anger. A killing aura so strong that it was enough to strike fear in the gods of the Ninth Heavens rose from within him.

"I want all of your Xia clansmen to die alongside Leng Rushuang!"

Jian Wushuang's roar left his mouth like a fearsome storm and just as promptly, he also made his move in the massive Ancient God body.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!"

Jian Wushuang used his massive feet to tread on earth, his every step causing explosions in the ground.

He then stopped and stood still in the Void, accompanied by endless anger and murderous aura. He covered the grey-haired old man with indifferent eyes entirely in his shadow.

Everyone who detected this murderous aura, including Xia Yong the Holy Master, all experienced a change in their expressions.

"Three Fingers of the Ancient God, one pointer to destroy the world!"

Jian Wushuang bellowed, his roar appearing to have emerged from the Nine Serenities. Simultaneously, he felt the expanding Ancient God Power from his body flowing toward his right hand at a startling speed.

The majestic Ancient God Power condensed in his palm. He then made a pointing motion.

"Boom!"

A massive spiraling tunnel appeared inside the boundless Void out of the blue.

It was as if Doomsday had descended on them when the thousand-feet-wide tunnel appeared in the Void. Inside this spiraling tunnel was a massive golden finger that emanated a force that stifled all living things in the world.

This finger appeared to have been extended from ancient times. Boundless and imposing, it carried a force that was capable of destroying the world. The moment it appeared, the vast heaven and earth seemed to have come to deathly stillness.

This was the Three Fingers of the Ancient God!

Back when Jian Wushuang awakened the Ancient God blood within him, he also awakened a part of the Ancient God's memories and thus, inherited the latter's unique skill.

Even though this unique skill was capable of unleashing an earth-shattering power, Jian Wushuang's body had always been too weak to make full use of the skill.

However, Jian Wushuang was able to temporarily enhance the Ancient God Power in him to the Peak of Four-star Level thanks to the drop of Blood Essence in him. It allowed him to finally unleash the full might of the unique skill.

He pointed with his finger, producing the earth-shattering power that forced even Xia Yong to move.

In the next moment, a terrifying power exploded in the space next to him.

One of the dual powers was hot and violent as if it could scorch the world.

The other one was majestic and boundless.

Even though they were evidently two different kinds of powers, they melded perfectly on Xia Yong's hands.

"Secret skill! Heterodox True Form!"

Light flared inside Xia Yong's pupils and in the next moment, he retaliated by sending a palm flying toward the Void in front of him. The two different kinds of powers exploded, forming a particularly malevolent exotic beast that was a hundred feet tall.

The beast emanated an unimaginably frightening aura as it lifted its head and roared. Then, it ran straight into the golden finger.

This collision felt like the collision of two worlds.

It caused a massive uproar!

The terrifying aftermath swiftly spread, forcing the Dao Masters on the battlefield backward.

A hint of madness peeked from Jian Wushuang's red eyes as he stood in the center of the collision. He bellowed and his might, already so terrifyingly strong, once again heightened.

"Kaboom!" The terrifying might caused the exotic beast to collapse to the ground. Even Xia Yong was thrown backward by a hundred miles.

"Something's wrong with this youngster!"

Once Xia Yong regained firm footing, he stared at Jian Wushuang with a pair of steely eyes.

He was certain that Jian Wushuang was hiding a secret in his body. Otherwise, there was no way an Eternal Realm dweller could produce such explosive power.

Suddenly, he turned his hand over and a green ancient sledgehammer appeared on his palm out of thin air. There was a layer of dark radiance that enveloped the surface of the sledgehammer, enough to frighten those who look at it.

"It's been many years since I last fought. I didn't expect that I'd be forced to use all of my strength when I fight again and that my opponent would be a nobody in the Eternal Realm!" Xia Yong muttered to himself, gripping the sledgehammer in his hand. A force so strong that it could easily crush the Void was rapidly gathering in the sledgehammer.

Jian Wushuang, who stood opposite to Xia Yong, once again stepped forward.

This time, his momentum and murderous aura reached new heights.

"The Second Finger of the Ancient God: Star-extinguishing!"

His earth-shattering roar reverberated in the Void. Inside the majestic storm formed out of stars, blood was dripping from the corner of his mouth. He appeared crazed as an endless stream of Ancient God Power frantically flowed into the finger on his right hand.

He had demonstrated the second part of the top unique skill of the Ancient God Clan!

Three Fingers of the Ancient God—the first finger had the power to break barriers.

The second finger had the power to extinguish stars!

Yet another empty space appeared in the Void above the imperial palace. The empty space began to frantically spread, mercilessly engulfing the gravel and dust that were flying in the air above the imperial palace. Then, a huge monster appeared out of nowhere in the center of the empty space.

This was a towering illusory figure of an Ancient God.

The illusory figure was ten thousand feet tall!

The impressively tall figure was a whopping ten times larger than Gu King Tong who was locked in a fierce battle with the National Master.

The illusory figure seemed to have stepped out of ancient times and what was visible now was merely a part of his body. Even so, his appearance was already shocking enough.

Power gathered in the finger of the massive and tall illusory figure of an Ancient God. It then made a pointing motion.

The Second Finger of the Ancient God was about to be unleashed!

Chapter 950: Power to Shatter the World

The massively tall illusory figure of the Ancient God pointed its earth-shattering finger. At the same time, a layer of gold light descended. Wherever the light traveled, there would be explosion after explosion ringing in the Void. Its finger had yet to fall entirely but there was already terrifying aftermath spreading in all directions at a frantic speed.

Xia Yong stood in front of the enormous finger with a grim expression on his wizened face. He then unleashed his Holy Master might.

“The secret skill of the universe... Monster-slaying!”

His twin set of forces had risen to their peak. The green sledgehammer in his hand was shaking violently, emanating a majestic might. Endless power gathered on his yellow palm, and immediately his palm turned entirely red.

Following the sharp increase in the size of the sledgehammer in his hand, Xia Yong charged at the finger in the Void.

His attack detonated the entire world.

The explosion shattered the Void into smithereens. Above it, terrifying aftermath rippled. These ripples surged toward the finger in succession, swiftly weakening its power. Huge amounts of the Ancient God Power imbued in the finger dissipated in all directions.

By the time the finger truly came into contact with the sledgehammer, the former had already had its power reduced by ninety percent. However, the rest of the power had thoroughly exploded.

Following the massive explosion, a stifled groan came out of Xia Yong's mouth. He was forced to take three steps backward in retreat, each step spanning a hundred miles.

"How is possible that I'm at a disadvantage?" Xia Yong appeared stunned.

He had unleashed all of his Holy Master might. In fact, he had even used his strongest secret skill.

Yet, he was still forced backward by Jian Wushuang's second pointer and reduced into a state of disadvantage.

Just then, Jian Wushuang whose face was so warped that it was hard to tell it was him bellowed once again. He patted his chest, forced the Blood Essence out of his body. He gripped the Blood Essence firmly in his hand. With a pair of eyes that harbored an unprecedented level of madness, he once again pointed at Xia Yong.

"The Third Finger of the Ancient God: World-shattering!"

"Boom!" He abruptly triggered the boundless Ancient God Power.

The Third Finger of the Ancient God originated from the inheritance that Jian Wushuang awakened. It was something that he knew how to use the moment he awakened those memories but unfortunately, he was not equipped with the strength to unleash its true might.

Things were different now. Since engulfing the thirty percent of the Ancient God Power in the Blood Essence and reaching the Peak of the Four-star Level, he was able to unleash its full power, even if just barely.

Before the illusory figure of the Ancient God hovering in the empty space in the Void could fully dissipate, Jian Wushuang's action caused the figure to begin solidifying again. This time, it became so solid that it appeared almost tangible.

Simultaneously, he had taken a step forward with his other feet. His feet had solidified into a tangible form.

There was only half of the illusory figure in the beginning, yet it was now complete!

The now-complete illusory figure now emanated an aura that was many times stronger than when Jian Wushuang made his second move.

"Go to hell!"

Jian Wushuang's hair was windswept as he let out a crazed roar.

His roar shocked the hearts and minds of every martial artist present. It was a kind of fear that struck deep into their souls.

Under everyone's intense gaze, a shocking radiant light burst out of the eyes of the enormously tall illusory figure. Then, it once again pointed at Xia Yong.

This action immediately broke the barrier, extinguished the stars, and shattered the world.

This action harbored a shockingly terrifying might!

This action also carried Jian Wushuang's unprecedented anger!

This action even contained his endless love for Leng Rushuang!

This was his anger toward the crown and his revenge for Leng Rushuang and his Senior Brother!

"Boom!"

The terrifying pointing motion surged madly to the sky, crushing everything that stood between heaven and earth.

A shocked expression crossed Xia Yong's wizened face as he stood underneath the finger. "There's an even stronger move from him?"

He was panicking.

This was the first time in the many years since he became a Holy Master that he felt fear.

That was merely the second finger earlier. Even though he managed to block it, he was nevertheless forced to use his full strength and eventually forced into a state of disadvantage.

The third finger was now several times stronger than the second.

Even though it was him, he could not help feeling as if he would be unable to block this attack.

Xia Yong snorted coldly, his gaze once again taking on a crazed quality.

"I don't believe that an Eternal Realm dweller like you can really cause such trouble!"

"Come at me!"

Xia Yong's expression turned exceptionally malevolent as he bellowed again and again. His terrifying Holy Master power was once again concentrated in his hand. The differing twin forces in his body climbed to a peak.

Xia Yong made his move.

He remained as domineering as ever as he swung his sledgehammer.

It was his strongest swing, containing his pride as a Holy Master expert and confidence in his strength.

This swing contained a strength that was capable of flattening the world.

The enormous golden finger that was capable of destroying the world and the sledgehammer that was capable of flattening the world hovered in the Void.

They collided!

“Buzz!” Strange aftermath ripples began spreading, continuously absorbing the power imbued in the finger. However, the golden finger effortlessly slammed through all obstacles and collided with the sledgehammer in a flash.

“Bam!”

The world seemed to crash around them.

“Kaboom!” The terrifying might formed a storm of power that emanated great pressure. Xia Yong stood under the storm of power with his eyes narrowed. His grey and long hair were billowed around him and his clothes were all tattered.

However, his gaze harbored a never-before-seen madness!

“This is impossible! Impossible!”

“I’m a Holy Master who is considered unparalleled in the Ancient World! How can I lose to an Eternal World dweller like you?”

“I refuse to believe it!”

Bellows of madness came out of Xia Yong’s mouth without ceasing. His face was now a terrifying shade of red.

The two forces madly collided and suppressed each other. For a moment, there was no clear victory.

“Swoosh!” Just then, an enormous figure of red appeared next to Xia Yong and spoke in a cold yet unusually deep voice.

“You old little thing, did you forget about me?”