

Swordsman 981

Chapter 981: The Golden-Robed Elder

In front of all the experts of Tang of the East and the three big countries, Ape Holy Master, West Paradise Emperor and South Emperor made a promise.

They swore that they would not attack Tang of the East within 100,000 years.

"We've made a promise, Jian Wushuang. Are you satisfied?" Ape Holy Master was barely able to control his temper.

"Yes, I am," Jian smiled and said. "Since you've made a promise, you should start honoring it now."

"Hmph!" Ape Holy Master snorted and then shifted his gaze toward the royal palace of Tang of the East.

"Emperor Xiao, you got lucky this time. Enjoy it while it lasts."

Ape Holy Master said and then looked at the other two masters beside himself.

"Let's go."

They were ready to take their departure.

Nevertheless, before they could do so...

"So you think you can walk out of here in one piece?" A sonorous voice was heard.

The three masters stopped.

A golden-robed elder who seemed to come out of nowhere was standing in front of them.

He had silver hair and looked nice. What was most noticeable about him was the cinnabar mole between his eyebrows. He popped out all of a sudden. The three masters were standing so close to him but they had not noticed anything.

"He, he..."

The three masters flinched when they saw the elder.

Emperor Xiao, Emperor Yun, and Leng Rushuang also saw the elder as soon as he came out.

Emperor Xiao and Emperor Yun were thrilled to see him.

They started to rush toward him immediately.

They did not care that they were badly wounded; they came out of the protective formation and the royal palace. They went to kneel in front of the elder.

"Master!"

"Master!"

The two said simultaneously. They could barely mask the happiness in their voice.

Everyone present was obviously shocked, including Jian Wushuang.

He turned to take a look at the elder, and thought in astonishment.

"Master?"

"The emperors' master?"

"Everybody in the Green Fire World knows who their master is."

"They're calling this elder Master."

"That means this elder is Tang Emperor!"

"He's the founder of Tang of the East and the master of Emperor Qing, Emperor Xiao, Emperor Yun, and Emperor Leng."

"He has disappeared for many years and now he's back?"

The whole royal palace was carried away by wild excitement.

Experts inside the palace could not help but burst into thunderous cheers upon learning that Tang Emperor was back.

After all, it was Tang Emperor.

The mysterious founder of Tang of the East.

He created this country and trained Emperor Qing, Emperor Xiao, Emperor Yun, and Emperor Leng.

He had disappeared for years. Many people, including Emperor Xiao and Emperor Yun, had believed that he was dead.

Beyond their expectations, he came back.

"Get up," Tang Emperor raised his hand, and the two Emperors kneeled in front of him stood up.

"We'll talk later."

After that, the elder diverted his eyes to Ape Holy Master, West Paradise Emperor and South Emperor.

"Things sure have changed since I left. Back then, Tang of the East was the only country in this world, but now there are four, and the three of you join hands to attack us. How dare you," Tang Emperor said nonchalantly.

The three masters swallowed hard.

They were very afraid of Tang Emperor. They were 100 times afraid of him than they did Jian Wushuang.

What was scary about Jian Wushuang was his potential; it hadn't happened yet.

It was another story for Tang Emperor.

The experts in the royal palace were gloating. They stared at the three masters happily, who had been pretty arrogant a moment ago.

Jian Wushuang just forced them away; he did not actually wreak vengeance on them. Now that Tang Emperor was here, it was a whole other story.

“A Holy Master and two Dao Masters, you wanted to destroy us?”

“That’s hilarious.”

Tang Emperor scoffed at the three masters, and then he pointed a finger toward them.

It might look casual, but the three masters quickly felt the power gathered on the finger.

They were scared. Even Ape Holy Master, the most powerful of them, was not confident about resisting this attack. The next moment, they spitted blood and dropped to the ground.

When they managed to stand up again, they looked paler than ever.

“He...”

“He’s so powerful!”

“It’s scary!”

The crowd was surprised.

He hurt them pretty badly with just a finger, and it was obvious that he did not use his full strength. If he did they would be dead by now.

“Jian Wushuang, this old dude is fierce. He’s much stronger than Dao Yuanzi. Even with the Blood-killing Plate Armor, that Dao Yuanzi could never beat him,” Gu King’s voice was inside Jian Wushuang’s head.

“Really?” Jian Wushuang was surprised.

Tang Emperor looked at the three masters.

“You should feel lucky that you’ve promised to not come back for 100,000 years. Otherwise, you’d be dead by now.”

Tang Emperor’s cold voice was heard throughout the world

Chapter 982: Heir to Emperor Qing

The powerful warriors around were all taken aback by the spectacle.

And the badly-hurt Ape Holy Master, the West Paradise Emperor and the South Emperor were cheering hoarsely, joyous that they were still alive.

Despite their earlier hatred and anger towards Jian Wushuang earlier, they were now grateful for him.

It was only because of Jian Wushuang that they were forced to concede a pact in public that will never again invade the Tang Empire of the East in tens of thousands of years.

Then again, the Tang Emperor would have had their heads by now, if not for the willing settlement they have agreed to.

Even though the Tang Emperor had alluded to the involvement of the Green Fire Palace in this skirmish, the three were certain that the Tang Emperor would have had them slain if he wished so.

“Hear me, you three.”

The Tang Emperor glared coldly at them with the keenness of a blade, “You have ten days. In these ten days, you will withdraw all your forces from the boundaries of the Tang Empire. You will then surrender half of the treasures and wealth of your domains as indemnity of the damages you have incurred upon the Empire.”

“Surely that will hardly be an inconvenience to you three?”

The booming voice of the Tang Emperor rumbled across the broad expanse of the battlefield, much to the chagrin of the warrior horde of the three great countries.

Retreating from the borders of the Tang Empire in ten days was hardly an impossible feat. More so, now that the Tang Emperor had returned.

Then again, surrendering half of their nation’s wealth and treasures that have been amassed for generations?

This was, most obviously, too painful a price for them to bear.

Through the long years and laborious efforts, their forefathers had so painstakingly and jealously hoarded these treasures as heirlooms for posterity. Yet now, they have to give up half of their trove willingly.

The three trembled with reluctance. Yet never would they dare defy the will of the Tang Emperor.

“It shall be as you command. In ten days,” The Ape Holy Master replied grudgingly through gritted teeth.

“Sound judgment. Leave, now.” The Tang Emperor dismissed them with a flail of his sleeves. Immediately with haste, the three swiftly mustered the remaining of their forces and withdrew.

As the invading host began to turn and leave with their heads hanging at their defeat, thunderous cries began to erupt in the imperial city.

The remaining warriors and the defenders of the city all broke into exultant cheers at their triumph.

For more than a millennium and two centuries, they have endured the siege launched by the hosts of the three great countries, tolerating their incessant jeers and mockeries for having to cower within the protective barriers of the imperial city as they had been too powerless to repel the invaders at their gates.

And now, at long last, the invading hosts of the three great countries were forced to withdraw, defeated after many long years of trying to subjugate them.

They have lost, miserably and ignominiously.

More importantly, the founding father of the Empire, the Tang Emperor himself has returned!

Painful trials and heavy tribulations the Empire has endured in this millennium-long conflict. Yet, all matters would be set right through the return of the Tang Emperor.

With the Tang Emperor returned, none in the entire Green Fire World would dare incur the wrath of the Tang Empire anymore.

This was the authority and dominance that the Tang Emperor wielded.

“Master!”

“Teacher.”

Emperor Xiao and Emperor Yun looked upon Jian Wushuang with anxious excitement.

“Enough. Let us return,” the Tang Emperor repudiated the gestures of his disciples with a wave of his hand and they all headed back into the imperial city.

Within the halls of the handsomely-adorned palace, the Tang Emperor, clothed fully in lustrous gold, sat upon his throne. Below the dais, stood Emperor Xiao, Emperor Yun, Jian Wushuang, Leng Rushuang, and some of the greatest and most illustrious of the Empire.

“I am to be blamed, Master. It was my incompetence that the Empire was ravaged thus by the woman’s evil devilry and we were nearly destroyed,” Emperor Xiao confessed to the Tang Emperor of what had happened over the years, asking also for his mentor’s forgiveness.

Listening with a frown, the Tang Emperor muttered, “Never would I have expected that so much had transpired in my absence, that even my disciple would fall into such decadence and conspired with the Blood Killing Sect against the Empire!”

“We must thank our blessings that the people from the Blood Killing Sect were slain and the Empire is saved from utter destruction.”

The Tang Emperor murmured. As he spoke, his gaze fell upon Jian Wushuang.

“Young man. Your name is Jian Wushuang, is it not?” The Tang Emperor regarded him with a pleasant smile, his tone gentle and affable.

“That is so, Your Imperial Majesty,” Jian Wushuang replied politely.

Even Jian Wushuang could hardly behaving respectfully as he stood before the legendary Tang Emperor.

“Addressing me as ‘Your Imperial Majesty’ is too distant a greeting for me. You are the student of Little Qing, are you not? You will address me as your Grandmaster,” Tang Emperor smiled jovially.

“Grandmaster? Little Qing’s student?” Jian Wushuang was startled and confused.

“Jian Wushuang,” Emperor Xiao looked at him, “That powerful method that you learned, the one which I earlier mentioned, belonged to one of my closest friends, who is also my Senior Sister, Emperor Qing, the most powerful of the Four Emperors!”

“What?” Jian Wushuang exclaimed with disbelief.

The Heavenly Creation Skill was a creation of Emperor Qing?

The mythical Emperor Qing who was rumored to be as powerful as the Tang Emperor himself?

“What you have learned was a technique left behind by my Senior Sister. That makes you her student and the heir to her legacy. Thus, the Tang Emperor, who was her Master, is your Grandmaster,” Emperor Xiao smiled.

“I see...” Jian Wuhuang understood now, accepting his newfound lineage.

Then again, Jian Wushuang recognized only one Master, that was Xuan Yi.

Xuan Yi was the only Master to whom he had truly knelt before and acknowledged, for it was he who had shown him kindness and love.

Xuan Yi, who was like a father to him.

But then again, Jian Wushuang was the heir to more than a handful of legacies.

Through the Essence Blood of King Luo Zhen, Jian Wushuang had inherited the bloodline of the Ancient Gods. Despite having exhausted more than nine-tenths of the Essence Blood, his body had consumed the rest of it, making him also the heir to the legacy of King Luo Zhen.

Moreover, Jian Wushuang’s survival to this day owed in no small part to the Heavenly Creation Skill.

Without it, he was nothing.

Therefore, it was only right that he viewed himself as the heir to the legacy of Emperor Qing.

For that reason, it was also none too right that he address the Tang Emperor as his Grandmaster.

“My deepest respects to you, Grandmaster,” Jian Wushuang bowed reverently to the Tang Emperor.

“Hahaha...” The Tang Emperor broke into a comforting smile. “It seems that Little Qing had found herself a worthy heir to carry on her methods of Inverse Cultivation. But have a care, my child. Do not follow the very same path that Little Qing had once trodden upon.”

Chapter 983: The Secret of Inverse Cultivators

“Do not follow in Empress Qing’s footsteps?”

After Jian Wushuang heard these words, his expression turned quite strange and he immediately asked, “Grandmaster, Uncle Xiao, how on earth did senior Empress Qing die?”

Jian Wushuang always wanted to ask this question, which at the same time, was also a mystery of the Green Fire World.

Why did Empress Qing die?

Empress Qing’s strength was on par with that of the Tang Emperor and she was invincible in the Green Fire World. No one was able to kill her excluding the experts from outside the Green Fire World.

However, the fact was that she died.

Among the four emperors in the Tang of the East, Empress Qing died first.

Just because of that, the Tang of the East would then collapse at its heyday and a series of changes would take place.

“Senior Sister was not killed by someone else. There are other reasons for her death,” Emperor Xiao said solemnly.

“Was it due to her Cultivation Method?” Jian Wushuang asked with a furrowed brow.

“Sort of.” Emperor Xiao nodded.

The Tang Emperor then chimed in. “I acquired that Cultivation Method by chance. In the beginning, I figured out that it was unique and fabulous, and I wanted to cultivate it myself. But soon after, I discovered that its power could only be displayed step by step.

“Therefore, this Cultivation Method can only be cultivated by younger people who have just come in contact with Spiritual Power and don’t belong to the Eternal World.

“After all, the Eternal World has a very favorable cultivation environment with abundant Spiritual Power. As long as a man is willing to cultivate with concentrated attention, he can reach the Skyscraping Realm easily, and even reach the Divine Realm within a few decades. In this way, it is impossible for this Cultivation Method to achieve the effect of the first few steps in forging a flawless foundation.”

Jian Wushuang agreed secretly.

The Heavenly Creation Skill consisted of six steps, namely; reaching the Ninth Heaven of the Divine Path, expanding the Ultimate Spiritual Sea, building the Supreme Gold Core Realm, Yin-Yang Breaking, becoming a Venerable Master, and flying to the Ninth Heaven.

There were six steps in total.

Every step was essential and was the key to forging a flawless foundation.

If one who had great talent cultivated the Heavenly Creation Skill in the Eternal World, it would only take him a few years to get to the next level. And thus, there was no way for the Cultivation Method to achieve the effect of those six steps and to forge a flawless foundation.

“So, I went to so many Ancient Worlds to pick geniuses who were suitable for cultivating this Cultivation Method. I selected some younger ones and made them my personal disciples.

“After they became my disciples, I imparted onto them that Cultivation Method. But unfortunately, if one wants to cultivate that Cultivation Method, not just talent alone, but many other factors are required. Thus, only Little Qing was qualified to cultivate it. As for the other three, they could not make any progress after reaching the Level of Spiritual Sea or the Gold Core Level. Helplessly, I let them cultivate other Cultivation Methods so that they could become powerful over time,” the Tang Emperor said slowly.

An idea crossed Jian Wushuang’s mind as he heard these words.

He had not felt any other restraints and encountered any obstacles while cultivating the Heavenly Creation Skill. His cultivation process was quite smooth. Therefore, he did not know that there were many other conditions required for cultivating this Cultivation Method.

"Jian Wushuang, I have also heard about the Cultivation Method cultivated especially by Inverse Cultivators."?Gu King's voice resounded in Jian Wushuang's heart. "If one wants to be an Inverse Cultivator, a heaven-defying cultivation method is a must. Moreover, the requirements for the person who cultivates the Cultivation Method are very demanding. As far as I know, in the Eternal World, rarely are people qualified to become Inverse Cultivators. And you, obviously, are one of the few people in the Green Fire World who is entitled to do so."

"Really?"?Jian Wushuang was shocked speechless.

Only a few people were entitled to become Inverse Cultivators in the Green Fire World?

The odds were so slim.

"Before my Senior Sister died, she divided the technique of that Cultivation Method into two parts. They are the two gray stone beads that you know." Emperor Xiao said, "She entrusted one gray stone bead to me; and the other, with the little consciousness she had left, entered the Ancient World through the Portal to find the one who was qualified to become an Inverse Cultivator. After looking for tens of thousands of years, she finally found you!

"I believe you must be very curious about why the gray stone bead would appear in your body instead of that of others. That is because you are one of the few people in that world who is qualified to be an Inverse Cultivator. Moreover, you happened to have not touched any Spiritual Power yet."

"I see, I finally see." Jian Wushuang nodded.

He now knew the origin of the gray stone bead that had changed his life and why Empress Qing had chosen him to be her successor.

It was because he met the conditions for becoming an Inverse Cultivator!

"Kid," the Tang Emperor looked at Jian Wushuang and said, "the Cultivation Method you have been cultivating is extraordinary. Even in the entire Eternal Chaotic World, Inverse Cultivators are very unique beings. Furthermore, Inverse Cultivators do everything in defiance of the natural order and will not be tolerated by the world. So, your road ahead will not be smooth. As for what will happen, you will gradually understand after you break through to become a Dao Master."

"I see, thanks for your advice, grandmaster." Jian Wushuang nodded solemnly and began to pay attention to this matter.

Even Empress Qing died on the road of Inverse Cultivation, and he did not consider himself stronger than Empress Qing.

Hence, he needed to be more cautious!

"By the way, I just heard from my disciple that you have an extraordinary teacher," said the Tang Emperor suddenly.

Jian Wushuang froze.

Just now, Emperor Xiao talked to the Tang Emperor about what had happened over the past few years. Of course, he also mentioned the Selection Ceremony and the earth-shattering wedding gifts that Jian Wushuang had taken out from the ceremony.

13,800 Emperor Weapons. With so many treasures, the Tang Emperor surely could figure out how unusual Jian Wushuang's teacher was.

"Yeah, I have a teacher," Jian Wushuang replied with a nod.

"I'm quite curious about your teacher, who is not only able to teach you and the Master Blood Saber, but also can offer so many fabulous wedding gifts. Since you are going to marry my martial granddaughter, could you ask him to be your wedding officiant?" the Tang Emperor asked with a smile.

"Wedding?" Jian Wushuang was dazed by this and subconsciously shifted his gaze to Leng Rushuang, who was sitting beside him.

Leng Rushuang also looked at him, and a faint blush could be seen on her cold and arrogant face.

Chapter 984: Wedding Ceremony

"Jian Wushuang, you have proposed to my daughter with wedding gifts in front of all the experts at the Selection Ceremony. Do you want to deny what you have done?" Emperor Xiao smiled and asked jokingly.

"Of course not." Jian Wushuang shook his head and returned his smile. "I will send a message to my teacher right now."

Jian Wushuang immediately messaged Xuan Yi.

Since it was a marriage, his elders should be present.

However, his parents were not by his side, so his teacher should be his wedding officiant.

"I prepared the wedding gifts for you 1,000 years ago, but you haven't gotten married until now." Xuan Yi was on cloud nine after receiving Jian Wushuang's message. "I cannot be your wedding officiant because I have something urgent to do right now. I'll message your Senior Brother and ask him to be your wedding officiant."

"My Senior Brother?" Jian Wushuang nodded. "Thank you very much, teacher."

Jian Wushuang soon stopped his communication with Xuan Yi.

In the hall, he looked up and said, "My teacher has something urgent on hand and cannot leave for the time being. He'll ask my Senior Brother to be my wedding officiant."

"Your Senior Brother? Master Blood Saber?" Emperor Xiao raised his eyebrows.

It was reasonable for his Senior Brother to be his wedding officiant instead of his teacher.

“What a pity.” The Tang Emperor shook his head. He was very curious about Xuan Yi and originally hoped to meet him at the wedding ceremony; however, it seemed that would be impossible now.

“In that case, we don’t have to bother especially choosing a lucky day. You might as well get married tomorrow,” the Tang Emperor said directly.

“Tomorrow? Why should we be in such a hurry?” Jian Wushuang was astonished.

“What? You are unwilling to do that?” Tang Emperor asked meaningfully.

“No, no.” Jian Wushuang shook his head again and again.

“Girl,” the Tang Emperor looked at Leng Rushuang with deep eyes, in which some profound meaning was revealed, and asked, “are you ready to get married tomorrow?”

“Okay,” Leng Rushuang replied gently.

“That’s settled then. Order our men to prepare for it.” The Tang Emperor waved his hand.

Emperor Xiao immediately stood up to make preparations for the next day’s wedding.

Jian Wushuang was a little confused. He knew that he would marry Leng Rushuang, but he did not expect this day to come so soon.

...

Jian Wushuang, who had almost been deified by others, returned alive and was going to marry Leng Rushuang, the Princess of the Tang of the East. The news spread throughout this country and even the entire Green Fire World like a storm in less than half a day.

In an instant, people throughout all of the Green Fire World were shocked, and those in the Tang of the East seethed with excitement.

As soon as they received the news, many clans, forces, and experts in the Tang of the East prepared gifts immediately and sent their men to the imperial palace that very day. Many experts even hurried there to congratulate them personally.

In the meantime, experts in the Green Fire World dispatched people to send gifts as well. Those who had no time to send gifts there expressed their congratulations as soon as they were able to.

Jian Wushuang had great potential. Moreover, the Tang Emperor already returned to the Tang of the East. With him protecting this country, it would be as stable as Mount Tai.

Everyone offered their congratulations to them, be it for the sake of Jian Wushuang or the Tang Emperor.

Even three big countries that were just forced by the Tang Emperor prepared gifts after receiving the news and sent them to the imperial palace as quickly as possible.

Jian Wushuang’s Senior Brother, Xue Lingtian, also arrived at the imperial palace through the Void Temple’s wormhole on the same day.

In less than half a day, the Tang of the East had made thorough preparations for the next day’s wedding.

The night was bright with moonlight.

Dressed in a white robe, Leng Rushuang nestled in Jian Wushuang's arms at the top of a nine-layered pavilion and looked at the moonlight shining below.

"Did you feel better after taking the Crape Myrtle Elixir?" Jian Wushuang asked.

1,200 years ago, when he realized that he could not anticipate his end after forcibly swallowing King Luo Zhen's Essence Blood, he handed the Crape Myrtle Elixir to Leng Rushuang. Now, 1,200 years had passed and Leng Rushuang should have taken it and the Icy Heart Poison inside her should have been suppressed.

"I feel a whole lot better. Today, grandmaster personally examined my body and he said I was fine." Leng Rushuang forced out a smile.

"Really?" Jian Wushuang knitted his brows.

According to what Gu King had said, Leng Rushuang was not just poisoned by the Icy Heart Poison. Most important of all, she was a Primordial Great Sinner.

A Primordial Great Sinner was born to suffer. How could a Crape Myrtle Elixir really solve all this?

Though he had doubts in his mind, he still felt that it was not so good to ask any more questions now that the Tang Emperor had said Leng Rushuang was fine.

"I'd better look for an opportunity to ask the Tang Emperor about that clearly," Jian Wushuang thought to himself.

The hazy moonlight shone on the vast imperial palace. It seemed as if the entire imperial palace was covered with a layer of silver and it looked very beautiful.

"I feel so good," Leng Rushuang murmured. Her voice resounded around Jian Wushuang's ears.

"You can snuggle in my arms until the end of time," Jian Wushuang said with a smile.

"I did not expect to hear such words come from your mouth." Leng Rushuang looked up at Jian Wushuang.

"Hmm..." Jian Wushuang was speechless. He was indeed rather ignorant about love affairs.

"We're going to get married tomorrow, but unfortunately, my father won't be able to come here." Jian Wushuang clenched his hands and some bitterness was revealed in his eyes.

It had been almost 2,000 years since his father, Jian Nantian, separated from him in the Ancient World. He had not received any message from him during this period.

"Uncle Xiao should know my father's whereabouts. When the wedding is over and everything in the Tang of the East has settled down, I have to set off to find my father," Jian Wushuang muttered to himself.

Right at that moment...

"Eh!"

Leng Rushuang let out a muffled groan and her face turned a little pale.

“What’s wrong?” Jian Wushuang frowned.

“Nothing. The wind blows strongly here. Let’s go back,” Leng Rushuang explained.

“Fine.” Jian Wushuang nodded. He turned back and left with Leng Rushuang.

At this point, there were traces of struggling and shivering in the depths of Leng Rushuang’s eyes; even Jian Wushuang failed to notice it.

Leng Rushuang roared in her heart.

“Please! Please give me one more day!”

“One day is enough!”

“The last day...”

The energy that had been raging inside her gradually subsided as if it had heard her growl. Her expression gradually turned normal and she walked toward her room with Jian Wushuang.

Chapter 985: See You in the Next Life!

It was a new day, the sky had just lit up.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The deep ringing of an ancient bell resonated across the imperial palace.

There was a huge floating platform with a large flight of stairs in the center. Experts of varying powers in Tang of the East had gathered next to the stairs, their attention on the two figures which were making their way forward hand-in-hand.

Clothed in a luxurious silk robe with an intricate golden dragon embroidery design, Jian Wushuang looked especially captivating.

Leng Rushuang was dressed in a striking long red dress which was embellished with the image of a fire phoenix. Completing the look was a golden phoenix crown, which showed off her unmatched beauty.

One was the most exceptional genius recognized by Green Fire World, the legendary figure of Tang of the East.

The other was the most stunning woman of Green Fire World, Emperor Xiao’s daughter and Princess of Tang of the East.

They were a perfect match.

As they ascended the stairs and arrived at the center of the platform, bright smiles broke across the faces of Tang Emperor and Xue Lingtian, who were in the seats of honor.

“Bow to heaven and earth!”

In the presence of the experts, the simple wedding ceremony was completed.

The ceremony was followed by a lively and large-scaled banquet that extended throughout the imperial palace. Jian Wushuang celebrated the joyous occasion with the experts with tosses of drinks. The banquet only came to an end late at night.

In the wedding chamber.

Jian Wushuang headed back to his wedding room after entertaining the guests all day long at the banquet. Stepping into the room, he shook his body to get rid of the tipsy feeling.

His eyes immediately laid onto Leng Rushuang, who was quietly sitting on the edge of the bed and waiting for him.

Walking up, he sat down in front of her.

“Shuang’er.”

Jian Wushuang looked at Leng Rushuang affectionately. With his fingers, he caressed her hair on both sides of her forehead.

“You look really breathtaking.” Jian Wushuang said with a smile.

Leng Rushuang leaned towards Jian Wushuang without a word.

With a gentle smile, Jian Wushuang kissed her and did not pull back for a long while.

“Shuang’er, I want you!” Jian Wushuang’s eyes were burning with desire. He laid Leng Rushuang down onto the bed and slowly leaned towards her.

A passionate and delightful wedding night followed.

No words were exchanged between the newlyweds. They merely expressed their love towards each other through their actions.

When Jian Wushuang woke up the next morning, Leng Rushuang was sitting at the table.

“You forgot about the cross-cupped wine last night. It’s time to make up for it now.” Leng Rushuang said while looking at him with a tender expression.

Momentarily stunned, Jian Wushuang could only look at her. Noticing the wine glasses on the table, he stood up immediately and walked towards her with a grin.

The wine glasses were filled with wine.

“As a representation of our eternal love, let’s drink up.” Jian Wushuang took a wine glass in his hands and brought it before his wife.

Picking up her wine glass, Leng Rushuang gave a slight quiver that escaped Jian Wushuang’s notice.

They crossed the wine glasses and consumed all the wine.

“The wine has a great taste.” Jian Wushuang commented. The wine left a strong aftertaste in his mouth.

"It's been some time since you have listened to me playing the Chinese zither. What do you say about me playing a tune for you today?" Leng Rushuang said smilingly.

"That would be amazing." Jian Wushuang beamed.

With a wave of her hand, a Chinese zither appeared in front of Leng Rushuang. Her slender fingers plucked the strings gently.

The soul-stirring music slowly travelled across the room.

Jian Wushuang closed his eyes and listened carefully.

The tune was sweet and melodious, yet it portrayed mixed feelings of kinds.

These mixed feelings were complicated beyond words.

The tune conveyed feelings of pain, sorrow, and particularly helplessness.

As he listened on, Jian Wushuang's brows came together in a knit.

Leng Rushuang had stopped playing, but the echo of the music remained in Jian Wushuang's mind.

Jian Wushuang lifted his lids slowly. A flash of doubt appeared in his eyes.

"Shuang'er, we just got married. You should be elated, but your music..." Jian Wushuang started.

"Heartbreaking, isn't it?" Leng Rushuang looked at him.

Seeing the look in Leng Rushuang's eyes, Jian Wushuang's heart sank with a tremble.

Leng Rushuang had tried to keep her pain and helplessness to herself, but her eyes reflected depths of despair. Jian Wushuang narrowed his eyes, a feeling of dread descending upon him.

"The tune I just played is called... 'See You in the Next Life'." Leng Rushuang said slowly.

"'See You in the Next Life?' What do you mean? You..." Jian Wushuang's expression changed dramatically. Trying to stand up, he found that he was suddenly too weak to do so. Not knowing why, he realised that he had lost even the strength to move his fingers.

"What is happening? What in the world is going on here?"

Jian Wushuang was in a fit of shock and rage, but unable to utter any word, he could only roar madly internally.

"Wine, it's the wine I just drank!" Jian Wushuang stared at the wine glasses in front of him with wide eyes.

"Jian Wushuang, I'm sorry!" Leng Rushuang said in a grief-stricken voice.

"I'm a Great Sinner. You're too good for me... I'm already contented to be your wife for one day!"

"Sorry? No, no, I don't want your apologies, no!" Jian Wushuang growled crazily inside. He fixed his eyes stubbornly on Leng Rushuang, but was unable to say a single word.

"Jian Wushuang, goodbye!"

"If there exists the next life, I would love to be your wife again!"

"You and I... Let's see each other in the next life!"

Leng Rushuang's voice was filled with sorrow. Tears rolled down her face uncontrollably.

"No, no!" Jian Wushuang broke down.

"Gu King, quick. Stop her! Help me to stop her!" Jian Wushuang shouted internally with all his might.

Gu King, who was resting inside of Jian Wushuang's body, remained silent and failed to respond despite hearing the pleas.

Jian Wushuang stared at Leng Rushuang with wild eyes. Leng Rushuang gave him a last smile, turned around slowly and flew away.

"No!"

Jian Wushuang let out a thunderous roar inside. The wine took its effect and he was wiped out.

The wine was called Bloody Flame.

Originating from Eternal Chaotic World, the wine required long years of cultivation by a hard-drinking expert.

The wine was so potent that a cup is enough to sink Dao Masters, Celestial Masters, and even supreme experts like Tang Emperor into a drunken condition for seven days and nights. Jian Wushuang, an Eternal Realm expert, was no match for the strength of the wine.

When Jian Wushuang was in the Ancient World, to stop his friends from taking risks with him, he had used the Three-day Drunk to intoxicate them.

The same scenario repeated itself. But this time, Jian Wushuang played the role of the victim.

Chapter 986: Out

Outside the imperial palace, there laid a mountain which no one ever spoke of.

In the mountain, Tang Emperor, Emperor Xiao, Emperor Yun, Xue Lingtian, along with Wang Yuan and Yang Zaixuan, the two sworn brothers of Jian Wushuang, were all waiting.

Not long after, a figure in white flew over from the distant sky and landed.

It was Leng Rushuang. Her expressionless face, as pale as a piece of white paper, matched her usual icy cool demeanour.

"Shuang'er." Emperor Xiao called out to his daughter. He was shaking and looking at her with complicated feelings.

"It's all the wrench's fault!" Emperor Xiao growled repeatedly.

“Father.” Leng Rushuang looked at Emperor Xiao and said, “It’s all in the past. There is no use in blaming Mother. Just let her stay in Thunder Hell and live the rest of her life in peace.”

Emperor Xiao could not let it go simply.

“Girl, come here.” Tang Emperor beckoned Leng Rushuang over.

“Grandmaster.” Leng Rushuang greeted him politely, walking over to his side.

With a raise of his hand, Tang Emperor left a mark on Leng Rushuang’s body.

“Grandmaster, what’s this?” Leng Rushuang asked, confused.

“All of us went behind Jian Wushuang’s back to make this one-day marriage possible. After you leave, he will definitely lose his sanity and may even end up mentally deranged, this would impede his growth from then on. This mark here represents his last hope.”

“The young man has a good heart. As long as he has a little hope, he will not give up, and will instead be motivated. This will be good for both you and him in the future.” Tang Emperor said.

“I understand.” Leng Rushuang nodded slightly. All of a sudden, her body shook violently, letting out a horrible and cold aura.

“Time is running out.” Leng Rushuang said with an agonized expression. She let out a low cry, “Father, grandmaster, farewell!”

“Everybody, farewell!”

“Jian Wushuang... I’ll see you in the next life.”

With her last words, Leng Rushuang fell into silence and calmness.

Everything surrounding her was in a state of complete stillness as well.

Wearing faces of discomfort, Emperor Xiao, Tang Emperor and Emperor Yun fixed their stares on Leng Rushuang.

Leng Rushuang stood motionlessly, still wrapped by the icy aura.

All of a sudden, Leng Rushuang raised her head harshly. At the same time, the horrible icy aura spread and covered the whole surroundings.

Everywhere sank into coldness, and time seemed to be frozen.

An evil and crazy expression began to creep its way onto Leng Rushuang’s beautiful face.

“Ha ha!” Leng Rushuang laughed in an insane manner, sending echoes everywhere.

“I’m out!”

“After being sealed for so many years, I am finally out!”

“Now this body is finally under my control.” The laughter continued.

The horrible laughter placed Tang Emperor, Emperor Xiao and the other people on the mountain on edge. Emperor Xiao clenched his fists.

He knew that this “thing” in front of him was what his daughter had been tortured by for years.

“Well?”

The laughter stopped abruptly, and wicked eyes landed on Tang Emperor and the others. With a eerie smile, ‘Leng Rushuang’ said, “Hey, Tang Emperor, did you just leave a mark on this body? Why, do you really want Jian Wushuang to find me?”

“Why not?” Tang Emperor replied coldly.

“Xue’er, how dare you be so disrespectful to your grandmaster?” Emperor Xiao reprimanded.

“Shut up!”

‘Leng Rushuang’ glowered at Emperor Xiao, and sent a blast of the cold aura at him. Emperor Xiao’s body gave a tremble and a muffled groan, and a trail of blood came out from the corner of his mouth.

“Xue’er is not for you to call.”

“Do you really think I would take you as my father? It was because I was sealed, I had no other choice!” ‘Leng Rushuang’ said coldly.

Emperor Xiao’s face turned gloomy.

“Though I should thank Jian Wushuang. Without his help, this stupid woman would never have broken the seal, and I would not have been released so easily. She was stupid enough to sacrifice her life for a man.”

“Shut up!” Emperor Xiao shouted furiously.

“You have complete control over the body now, you can go now. If you have any other concerns, feel free to voice them out, I will settle them all!” Tang Emperor scorned.

“Resolve them all?” Leng Rushuang glanced at Tang Emperor with a cold smile, “Old man, I have just gotten control over this body and I need more time to gain my strength. I am not a match for you, so I’ll have to reject your offer.”

“Be assured, I had made promises to this foolish woman. She had made some ridiculous demands, but I accepted them since she had been quite nice to me over the years. Alright, this world is too small, I am not intending to stay here any longer, I will leave now!”

“Ha ha...”

With a crazed smile, Leng Rushuang’s figure rose into the air and within the next moment, disappeared from the world.

As Leng Rushuang left, Tang Emperor and the others were helpless.

“Damn it!” Emperor Xiao punched the ground, leaving a wide and deep pit behind. His body was shaking wildly, his face was veiny with anger and his eyes were blood-shot. He was unwilling to accept all of this.

“Master, can’t you do anything at all?” Emperor Xiao looked at Tang Emperor with grieving eyes.

Tang Emperor shook his head and sighed.

“Primordial Great Sin!”

“Every Primordial Great Sinner is both a tragedy and a disaster. I would keep her here if I can, even if Shuang’er has to die.”

“But alas, with her advancement to this current stage, I don’t have confidence to make her stay.”

“Fortunately, instead of choosing to stay, she decided to leave this world. There are countless powerful experts in the Eternal Chaotic World. I hope someone there can kill her before she brings disaster.”

Tang Emperor could do nothing but sigh. Tang Huan turned to look at the others behind him.

“Now we need to think of an explanation for Jian Wushuang.”

Chapter 987: Wait for Me!

“Farewell, Jian Wushuang!”

“Ever will I choose to be your wife again, if so a choice comes before me again.”

“I await you... in our future life!”

The last words of Leng Rushuang etched deep into Jian Wushuang’s mind.

“No!”

With a shrilling howl of pain, Jian Wushuang suddenly woke up. It had been seven days.

“You are up, Jian Wushuang.” It was the Gu King who had spoken through his mind.

Jian Wushuang rose sorely with a sullen face. “What of Leng Rushuang?”

“She is gone.” The Gu King said simply.

“Gone?” Jian Wushuang stammered as he nearly collapsed. But immediately he asked sharply. “You long knew it, do you, Gu King?”

“I am afraid I did.” The Gu King made no attempt to conceal.

Jian Wushuang took a deep and heavy breath, clenching his fists tightly as he murmured in a low voice, “Tell me. What happened?”

“It all began with the story of the Great Primordial Sinner.” The Gu King began his tale. “It was said that the Great Sinners in the entire Eternal Chaotic World are extremely evil and vicious such as the folk of the Blood Killing Sect. They would stop at nothing in order to achieve their motives, committing countless atrocities so vile and brutal that their sins began to accumulate. At length, they will gradually turn into Great Sinners.”

"These Great Sinners are estranged from the common folk by their depravities, and some champions of just and right will rise up against the Great Sinners to thwart them and slay them."

"They become so by their own hands; the acts they committed and the blood they shed. Yet, there is another caste of Great Sinners: the Great Primordial Sinner, namely those such as your lover."

"These are Sinners who bear the weight of the Great Primordial Sin which was inherited through generations."

"Most Great Sinners reap the fruits that they sow by their own hands. But there is a very slim likelihood that a Great Sin is passed down to the next generation where one's descendants will inherit the burden of retribution."

"The influence of the Great Sin shouldered by one's descendant will slowly erode all that is good of that descendant's character and spirit. Eventually, the Great Primordial Sinner will turn into an evil that will even dwarf most other Great Sinners."

"What?" Jian Wushuang was shocked.

"The Great Primordial Sinners will turn extremely evil?"

"But despite her frosty demeanor, Leng Rushuang is hardly vicious nor evil..."

"As a Great Primordial Sinner, your lover should have long been devoured by the influence of the Great Sin and become an evil person. Perhaps it was her mother's love for her... she might have cast an enchantment; a magical seal which had sustained her personality as long as it could."

"The magic of the seal is most unusual. I wager that it should be the doing of Dao Yuanzi. It was by this very seal that your lover was hardly consumed by the influence of the Great Sin. Then again, the strength of a Great Sin's influence is never to be overlooked. Dao Yuanzi's magical seal would never be able to hold it for long. Moreover, the influence of the Sin has formed an alter ego within her." The Gu King continued.

"An alter ego?" All of this was news to Jian Wushuang. "Do you mean there are two forms of consciousness within Leng Rushuang?"

"Yes." The Gu King nodded. "One is the true consciousness of your lover, and the other is the alter ego formed by the influence of the Great Sin."

Jian Wushuang found himself trembling. Suddenly, a stroke of realization hit him facefirst.

"Leng Ruxue?"

"Could it be Leng Ruxue?"

The odd notion hit him suddenly.

"Two forms of consciousness coexist within the same body, not unlike two tigers jousting for domination of a mountain. With the magical seal in her, your lover had been maintaining a distinct edge as she maintained the control her body. But nothing will be the same when the powers of the seal falter!"

"I have been observing your lover in secret since your return to the imperial city. The influence of the Great Sin has gnawed much of her. She can struggle for no longer and she is beyond salvation. Before long, the influence will devour her whole and her true personality will be extinguished. The old Leng Rushuang will fade into perpetual darkness and despair w-with... without being able to see the light of day!" The Gu King managed finally.

"What?" Jian Wushuang gasped with disbelief.

"Her true consciousness will fade into perpetual darkness and despair?"

"She will never be able to once again see the light of day?"

"That was the price of Leng Rushuang releasing the seal within her?"

"You had before implored me to stop her, Jian Wushuang..." The Gu King sighed. "It is useless. The terror within her will erupt once her consciousness has been fully subdued by the influence of the Great Sin."

"Her strength will soar rapidly beyond imagination, so will her gift to unleash carnage and destruction!"

"It will be nothing short of disastrous and apocalyptic if she managed to survive!"

"Knowing fully well of this, she chose to leave you and also this world."

Jian Wushuang could hardly hold his body that trembled with grief and agony.

"The Great Primordial Sinners are but a pitiful and miserable existence. But there is nothing you can do save to strengthen yourself and achieve true greatness and omnipotence like the Founder of the Star Bloodline and King Luo Zhen. Only then you are able to restrain her and save her." The Gu King said to him seriously.

"I understand." Jian Wushuang exhaled deeply, calming himself.

What the Gu King had said was true.

As a mere warrior of the Eternal Realm, there were many others who wielded greater strength than him in the Green Fire World, let alone the rest of the countless others from vast Eternal Chaotic World.

Whereas the Great Primordial Sinners were existences that struck fear and horror across the planes of the Eternal Chaotic World for the terror and destruction they unleashed.

As he was now, Jian Wushuang was hardly capable of changing the fate of Leng Rushuang or helping her.

The only course of action laid before him, was to improve himself and slowly climb his way into greatness.

Only then could he be able to make a difference.

"Hardships and pain await those who tread the path to triumph. Never will it be easy for one to scale the cliffs of success, yet the challenge will hardly deter me."

"Success will be mine, no matter how long it takes!"

"Be it tens of thousand years, hundreds of thousand years, or even longer!"

"The day will come, where I, Jian Wushuang, will make it to the top. Then I will be able to change everything!"

"Wait for me, Shuang'er!"

Jian Wushuang's eyes glinted with hope as he clenched his fists so tightly that his nails bit deep into his flesh, a pain that would forever remind him of the vow he made this day.

Jian Wushuang was steeled with resolve and conviction.

He will embark on his quest to achieve the peak of Omnipotence, a quest where none would thwart him from!

Chapter 988: The Samsara Continent

Under the eaves of the great hall in the palace, the Tang Emperor was deep in discussion with Emperor Xiao and Emperor Yun on grave matters of state.

Jian Wushuang walked straight into the hall.

Noticing his arrival, the Tang Emperor and the rest of the other people present looked at him strangely.

"Seniors Tang Emperor, Emperor Xiao, and Emperor Yun." Jian Wushuang greeted them.

"Jian Wushuang..." Tang Emperor began to speak with a pained expression, but his voice trailed off as he knew not of what to say.

"I have been told everything. I don't blame you, and I know what should I be doing next." Jian Wushuang said gravely.

He did not blame the Tang Emperor and others for keeping the truth about Leng Rushuang from him, knowing full well that they had been trying to spare him the agony of grief.

Hearing his words, the brows of the Tang Emperor rose with a jot of admiration towards Jian Wushuang, liking him even more.

"And here I was, thinking that the young fledgling will be thrown into a fit of madness or despair. It seems that my concern is misplaced... He is more mature and wise beyond my expectations..."?The Tang Emperor thought quietly. He waved his hands and a token appeared in his hand.

"I have left a mark in Shuang'er when she passed. This token allows one to perceive the existence of the mark if it is close by. But the token has lost its hold of the mark for now, since she had left this world and had gone far from us."

Jian Wushuang received the token and clasped tightly it in his hand. "My deepest thanks, Senior."

"I am afraid that is all that I can do." The Tang Emperor muttered with exasperation.

Jian Wushuang nodded gently and turned to Emperor Xiao.

"I have something that requires your counsel, Senior Xiao." Jian Wushuang said solemnly, "It's about my father."

"Your father?" Emperor Xiao first looked surprised as he then nodded slightly. "Very well. I do know about your father's whereabouts, but it's a long story. Sit down. I'll tell you everything."

Jian Wushuang nodded and found a place, sitting down immediately.

"Surely you know that this Eternal World we reside in, is but only one of the many domains of the entire Eternal Chaotic World?" Emperor Xiao asked.

"I know that." Jian Wushuang answered.

"But you may not know that they are actually two continents in this world." Emperor Xiao revealed suddenly.

"What?" Jian Wushuang was taken aback by the sudden revelation. "Two continents?"

"Yes, this is the Green Fire World; a domain which is made up of two continents: the Void Continent and the Samsara Continent." Emperor Xiao explained.

"Although the two continents are of the same domain, the continents are not directly connected. One can only travel between the two continents through an anomalous spatial wormhole."

"The continent we now reside in is the Void Continent!"

Gripped by shock and surprise, Jian Wushuang had not heard of such tales before.

It was only on this day that he finally knew that the Green Fire World was made up of two continents.

"The Void Continent is actually named after the Void Temple which reigned supreme across this lands. I assume you are familiar with the geography of the continent. But the Samsara Continent is hardly the same." Emperor Xiao continued.

"Twice as large as the Void Continent, the Samsara Continent has more warriors learned in the skills of combat and martial techniques, their number overshadows us many times over. Moreover, the civilizations of the Samsara Continent are not divided by various factions or sovereign boundaries, having only one exclusive kind!"

"One exclusive kind?" Jian Wushuang asked in surprise.

"These people bear the lineage of an ancient bloodline; a bloodline which is very strange and unusual, just like yours," said Emperor Xiao.

"Young one." The Tang Emperor craned down at him. "I believe the bloodline of the fabled Ancient God Clan runs in your veins; one which is especially high atop their hierarchy. And yet I know, there is one such tribe amongst the many different clans and lineages of the Samsara Continent which could be closely related to the Ancient God Clan."

"Oh?" This piqued Jian Wushuang's interest as he asked, "Do you have the name of the tribe?"

“Nay... I have only once heard the mention of this matter in the Green Fire Palace. I had not asked about it and hence I know naught of their name.” The Gu King shook his head and smiled.

Jian Wushuang could only frown with disappointment.

He had surmised that it was through his mother that he had received the bloodline of the Ancient God Clan. Hence, the tribe could also be related to his mother, since they might be sharing a common origin with the Ancient God Clan.

“Pray continue, Senior.” Jian Wushuang said.

Emperor Xiao paused briefly before he spoke again. “Despite the existence of many tribes and races in the Samsara Continent, the lands have been ravaged by their constant strife and conflict fueled by the difference in strength and power. Then again, only one faction reigned supreme across the planes of the Samsara Continent: the Samsara Temple!”

“The Samsara Temple of the Samsara Continent enjoyed a similar dominance to that of the Void Temple here, remaining feared and respected by all while they kept themselves from the struggles and clashes of the land. None in the Samsara Continent dare challenge the authority and power of the Samsara Temple.”

“The Samsara Temple?” Jian Wushuang repeated, his brows rising curiously.

It was hardly a secret that the great Void Temple commanded absolute dominance across the Void Continent, shying away from the squabbles and skirmishes of the various factions of the land.

But the Samsara Temple was their equivalent upon the Samsara Continent?

Two powerful factions that were almost mirror images of each other?

“The Samsara Temple shares a lot of common ground with the Void Temple. But the Void Temple is less stringent in its restrictions and selections of prospective members. The Void Temple Master ordinarily selects the greatest warriors of the Void Continent directly, just like how the former Temple Master had once invited you to join them.” Emperor Xiao said.

Jian Wushuang nodded lightly in agreement.

He knew that his Senior Brother had first achieved the title of Dao Master before being offered a place as a master of the Void Temple.

“But the Samsara Temple functions differently, for most of their own warriors are trained and nurtured by the Samsara Temple themselves.” Emperor Xiao continued, “and they are most commonly known as the Reincarnators!”

“The Reincarnators are divided into nine different castes, each commanding varying authority and strength.”

“Everyone of them hailed from different origins.”

“Some are prodigies in the skills of combat native to the Samsara Continent, while there are also others recruited from the Void Continent. Yet, most of them are from the innumerable strata of the domain of the Ancient World.”

“The Ancient World?” Jian Wushuang felt another jolt of surprise.

“In short, the Samsara Temple will offer you a place amongst them if you display a certain level of talent and potential, promising you great benefits and resources. Then again, the risks are proportionate. Reincarnators have to endure deadly perils in order to enjoy the limitless resources and rewards!”

Chapter 989: Reincarnator

“By choosing to be a Reincarnator, one embarks on a perilous path where only the victors triumph and the defeated rot into oblivion; a terribly treacherous path from which there is no returning from.”.

“Once selected by the Samsara Temple, the candidates will have to take part in a series of tests. After which, the ones qualified will become Rank One Reincarnators. They will then be entered into contests of life and death where only the fittest and strongest survive. And once in a certain period of time, the Samsara Temple will continually vet the competence of the Reincarnators with another series of grueling trials which participation is mandatory.”

“A Rank One Reincarnator, for instance, would be expected to have his or her competence re-examined once every decade. He or she will be promoted into Rank Two if he or she passes the test. In the case of failure during the test, but he or she manages to survive, the Reincarnator will be expected to undergo another test after another decade. Nevertheless, a Reincarnator will be mercilessly executed if he or she fails to qualify in three consecutive tries. There will be no quarter spared.” Emperor Xiao said.

“An execution if one fails to qualify in three consecutive tries?” Jian Wushuang grimaced at the terrible tale of the Samsara Temple.

“It would have been very much pleasant if the Reincarnators were allowed to choose on whether they agree to a test. Yet, these tests are imperative to the Reincarnators every decade without being accorded the privilege of choice. By crook or by hook, a Rank One Reincarnator will have to qualify to become Rank Two in three attempts lest he or she will be ruthlessly executed.”

“Such is the cruel and torturous path of becoming a Reincarnator.”

“The tests may be easy and manageable for most Reincarnators to rise up to Rank Two, or even Three. Yet, the challenges of qualification increase many times over as one climbs up to higher Ranks. The very same conundrum remains: all Reincarnators have to pass within the stipulated time frame lest they have to pay with their own lives!”

“It is only after reaching Rank Six, that a Reincarnator is finally free of the being required to sit for examinations.” Emperor Xiao said.

“So everyone has to reach Rank Six within the specified time frame beside traversing the excruciating challenges of the tests... What a brutal way of life indeed....” Jian Wushuang thought quietly.

"It is more than that. In most cases, no even one candidate, from among ten thousand Reincarnators, would be able to achieve Rank Six in time." Emperor Xiao said gravely.

"Almost none of the natives of the continent dare attempt the undertaking of becoming a Reincarnator henceforth, due to its bloody and violent history, save for a few who hailed from the Ancient World; a few ignorant and uninformed souls who knew nothing of the dangerous fates that await them."

"The few souls indeed... like your father himself, who had also begun treading on this very same path as a Reincarnator!"

Jian Wushuang was shocked at this sudden revelation of his father.

He had begun to pick up the gist when Emperor Xiao began his tale of the grim fate of becoming a Reincarnator.

Years before, Di Jing was aghast by Jian Nantian's decision to attempt such a risky endeavor. He had then revealed to Jian Wushuang about his father's decision to set off on a journey so deadly and treacherous. With Emperor Xiao's detailed elaboration, Jian Wushuang was now fully certain.

Indeed.

His father had chosen a most horrible path that only a handful in the entire Green Fire World would dare walk.

The life of a Reincarnator of the Samsara Temple was indeed a phylogenetic struggle where only the strongest survived.

"Most of the great warriors of the Green Fire World have heard of the tales of the Reincarnators of the Samsara Temple. I am sure that your father knew the risks that he undertook, Jian Wushuang. The Samsara Temple must have been forthcoming about these conditions when they offered a place to your father and he had willingly obliged." Emperor Xiao muttered under a light breath.

Jian Wushuang could not help but grow tense and anxious as the words his father said to him before he left returned to him once more.

"No matter how dangerous this path may be,"

"No matter how this road may even be my last,"

"No doubt or fear may dissuade me from seeing her, even if it's only for one moment."

"Father chose this road although he knew that it was full of dangers which could even lead to his death." Jian Wushuang clasped his hands tightly as his eyes glinted, mirroring the brimming emotions trying to pour out.

There was but only one reason behind his father's decision for such an undertaking.

"It was all for Mother, is it not, Father?" Jian Wushuang murmured quietly.

Jian Wushuang took a deep breath, the strong and violent undulations of his heart simmering down. He looked at Emperor Xiao once again and said, "Do you have any way that I can locate my father, Uncle Xiao?"

“Even amongst the members of the Samsara Temple, information about the Reincarnators is closely guarded with intense fervor and zeal. There is but only one way: you will have to travel to the Samsara Continent yourself. Seek out a Golden-clothed Deacon or other members of higher position within the Samsara Temple. With the help of one such individual, you should be able to locate your father’s whereabouts.” Emperor Xiao explained.

“A Golden-clothed Deacon?” Jian Wushuang repeated, his face flushed with hope.

“Gold-clothed Deacons of the Samsara Temple are commonly Rank Seven Reincarnators; ones who are equal to one of the strongest Rank Two Dao Masters or a Rank Three Master. Even upon the vast sward of the Samsara Continent, such powers are hard to come by. With superior authority and power, they are generally informed about the information of Reincarnators below Rank Seven.” Emperor Xiao said.

“Below Rank Seven? What about the information of Reincarnators above Rank Seven?” Jian Wushuang frowned.

“It is least likely that your father is above Rank Seven. He has only been a Reincarnator for less than two millennia, being Rank Six at best if he had passed all tests with hardly any mishaps. Most Rank Six Reincarnators wield the destructive powers of a Dao Master, being a potent force in their own right...” Emperor Xiao shook his head.

By his calculations, Jian Nantian would, at most, have achieved Rank Six in the span of two millennia, which in itself was already a remarkable feat. It was simply implausible that he had reached Rank Seven.

Not everyone could hope to possess the extraordinary talents of Jian Wushuang after all.

Despite possessing ample talents of his own, Emperor Xiao felt that Jian Nantian was still far behind in potential than his own son, Jian Wushuang.

Jian Wushuang nodded as he swallowed Emperor Xiao’s word with reluctance, keeping reservations on his own.

“It seems like you do indeed intend on going to the Samsara Continent yourself, Jian Wushuang?” Emperor Xiao looked inquisitively at him.

“Yes.” Jian Wushuang replied heavily.

For two millennia, Jian Wushuang had been separated from his father, without any news from him as to whether he still lives.

It was a pity that his father had not been present to witness his marriage with Leng Rushuang.

But now that he has an inkling as to where he might be, Jian Wushuang was resolved to seek out his father.

“How can I go to the Samsara Continent, Uncle Xiao?” Jian Wushuang asked.

“I know not myself the way there, but you can ask your Senior Brother for help. There is a spatial wormhole inside the Void Temple that leads to the Samsara Continent.” Emperor Xiao said.

“I see.” Jian Wushuang nodded slightly.

“When will you be leaving, Jian Wushuang?” Emperor Xiao then asked.

“Right away!” Jian Wushuang answered, his hand balled into a fist as a show of his resolution.

Chapter 990: The Bloody Moon

Peace and order returned to the Tang Empire with the return of the Tang Emperor.

Having discovered the possible whereabouts of his father, Jian Wushuang was ready to leave immediately to seek him out.

He was only beginning to embark on his journey when the Dao Master Spirit came to him.

Many a great year ago, the Dao Master Spirit had once been shown kindness by the then-living Emperor Qing. In memory and gratitude of the grace she had received, she had come to help in the defense of the Empire when Emperor Xiao had requested for her aid.

“I am here to inform you that I have accomplished the deed as you bade me, Jian Wushuang.” The Dao Master Spirit handed to Jian Wushuang a scroll.

“Is the seal undone?” Jian Wushuang asked with joy and anticipation.

Jian Wushuang had chanced upon the scroll when he had slain Xia Yan, the second young master of the Xia Clan, at Cercis Island. Once belonging to Xia Yan, it was one of the most precious treasures that he had pillaged from his dead adversary.

The scroll was supposed to contain a powerful and destructive Sword Essence, making it a most valuable treasure to have in one’s possession.

But when Jian Wushuang had first laid his hands upon the scroll, he had discovered that the scroll was being guarded by a powerful magical seal. For many years, he was not able to undo the magic that guarded the scroll as he held back his fervent eagerness at his helplessness of not being able to defeat the seal.

Returning to the imperial city and meeting with the Dao Master Spirit had renewed him with hope: she might be able to break the seal.

As the greatest conjurer of magical formations across the vast terrains of the Green Fire World, the Dao Master Spirit was able to defeat the magic that guarded the scroll in only a few days.

“The magical seal that held the scroll was powerful indeed. I have exhausted a great deal to destroy the seal. But this scroll is indeed a rare treasure; one that I believe will surely be helpful in your endeavor now.” The Dao Master Spirit said.

“Thank you so much, Senior.” Jian Wushuang was very grateful.

“My pleasure. Moreover, I am curious; curious to see what heights you will one day achieve in the future.” The Dao Master Spirit beamed at him with a smile. “Well, now that the siege of the imperial city has been lifted and Empire is delivered from ruin and despair, I will now take my leave. Farewell, Jian Wushuang.”

With that, the Dao Master Spirit turned and left, swinging the sleeves of her robes as she spun.

Jian Wushuang immediately peered through the contents of the scroll.

He had reached the most important parts of what he was reading when his eyes widened with amazement.

“Oh my, there are actually 19 complete Sword Principles in this scroll?” Jian Wushuang exclaimed with delight.

It was a truly powerful swordsman who had, with great strength and effort, inscribed the complete teachings of all 19 Sword Principles into this scroll.

Moreover, that was hardly all. The scroll had also contained illustrations and sketches depicting the application of the swordsmanships in combat.

It was as if the all 19 Sword Principles were thoroughly displayed in their fullness before Jian Wushuang.

“This is great, this is great indeed!” Jian Wushuang burst with joy and disbelief.

“Being at the pinnacle of the Eternal Realm, my next course of action for advancement will be to forge a Sword Principle of my own to achieve the rank of Dao Master. Long before, I have assimilated the acumen of forging the Strongest Sword Principle that Dao Yuanzi had left behind. And now, I have the scroll containing 19 complete disciplines of Sword Principles with details illustrations of their use in combat!”

“There are ten ordinary-leveled Principles, six Universe-leveled Principles, and three Creation-leveled Principles in all. Despite not being the most powerful and strongest of Sword Principles, they are all invaluable to me nonetheless.”

“I have always been gifted with using the sword. With the assimilated acumen of forging the Strongest Sword Principle and these 19 Sword Principles, it will not be long for me to create my own Sword Principle. I might even be able to forge the Strongest Sword Principle of my own!”

Jian Wushuang’s eyes sparkled with confidence.

On the very same day, Jian Wushuang went to meet with his Senior Brother, Xue Lingtian.

Standing before the huge mouth of a spatial wormhole,

“Are you truly adamant on going to the Samsara Continent, Junior Brother?” Xue Lingtian asked with chagrin, distressed for the safety of his fellow disciple.

“Yes.” Jian Wushuang nodded.

“Very well. The wormhole is opened to you now. Then again, I do not know where will this wormhole lead you upon the Samsara Continent. The Samsara Continent is, after all, under the dominion of the Samsara Temple. The Void Temple holds no sway there. Be extremely careful there.” Xue Lingtian warned.

“Understood.” Jian Wushuang replied with a cheerful chuckle as he stepped into the wormhole before him.

With the flash of a light, Jian Wushuang's figure dissolved out of sight.

...

In a land shrouded by darkness and gloom.

It was in the deep of night where the moon shone richly in blood crimson red over fields of the antiquated Earth. The fetid air reeked strongly of blood and malice.

This was the Samsara Continent; a land where only the law of jungle reigned supreme. The way of life that was more brutal and cruel than the Void Continent could never hope to compete.

The space in the air over a barren field ruptured suddenly, revealing a crack that issued the figure of a person who shot out swiftly into open.

Wearing a crimson robe made of the Blood-killing Plate Armor and the Blood Mountain Sword carried over his back, Jian Wushuang had finally stepped upon the Samsara Continent.

"Am I now in the Samsara Continent?" Jian Wushuang cast his sights around him curiously.

He found himself standing in the middle of a wide meadow, there was nothing but emptiness all around him, save for the silhouette of mountains many leagues away in the gloom of night.

"The moon! It is blood red!"

Jian Wushuang looked up at the sky and a smile lined over his lips.

Different continents have varying environmental properties. It appeared that the heavenly bodies seen from the Samsara Continent were different to that of the Void Continent.

Yet, the primal rule of the survival of the fittest applied everywhere..

"Just reaching this Continent, I am barely familiar with anything around here. I need to first find a place to settle down before I begin to search for the Golden-clothed Deacon of the Samsara Temple."?Jian Wushuang decided.

All of a sudden, Jian Wushuang felt the air quivered: a jet of energy blast had shot through the air nearby.

It had originated from a site far away from where Jian Wushuang stood. It was due to his powerful senses that he could feel it.

"I-is, is there a battle taking place there?"

With a curious twitch of his brows, Jian Wushuang sped swiftly towards the point of origin of the energy blast.

He reached before a battlefield, finding the dangerous flickers of steel and fire shimmering relentlessly in the midst of night as men fought and cried in a fierce and brutal battle!

There were hundreds of thousands of people fighting against one another!

"Kill them all!"

“On this day, the Heavenly Ape Clan will be utterly destroyed! Kill every one of them! Spare no quarter!”

“Hahahaha! Kill them all! Kill them all!”

Screams and cries of killing resounded across the gloomy vista hemmed by the din of clashing steels and the sporadic shrieks and howls of pain and agony.

The people crying and screaming in anguish were mostly children and women.

Witnessing the carnage and bloodthirstiness of the slaughter, Jian Wushuang could not help but grimaced with an inexplicable pain.

This was not a battle. This was a massacre!