

Swordsman 991

Chapter 991: The Bystander

"This is madness!"

Jian Wushuang brow grimaced with an inexplicable pain that seemed to stem from his heart as he witnessed with own eyes the massacre taking place before him.

"Uncle Xiao had mentioned of the brutality and carnage between different tribes and races as they slaughter one another. To think that I am witnessing the very same myself."

The gap between the two different races was so apparent that the losing side could barely defend themselves from the merciless butchery of the aggressing faction.

There was hardly any ounce of mercy for even the children and women were also butchered like the dying warriors fighting to defend them.

"A race of ten thousand decimated to the brink of utter annihilation. So terrible that there might not even be more than a handful left of the remnants who manage to survive." Jian Wushuang muttered as he heaved a heavy sigh.

Just then...

"Eh?" Jian Wushuang turned with astonishment as he saw a figure speeding at him suddenly.

It was a middle-aged man whose skin was of a copper-bronze complexion. Bristles of unkempt hairs were visible upon the man's chin as he cradled a child not more than ten years of age tightly in his arms.

"Father." The child whimpered as he looked upon his father, his cheeks red with anxiety. "Mother, Uncle, and Third Uncle.. they..."

His whole body shaking with intense grief, the middle-aged man spoke through gritted teeth. "They are all dead! They have all perished! Our entire tribe is no more!"

Hearing the words that confirmed his dread, the child fell into silence, his little hand balled into a tightly-clenched fist with rage as he suppressed his urge to break into tears.

"After them! Leave none alive!" A deep roar came from behind.

The middle-aged man turned pale as he heard the loud cries behind him. Turning to his back, he saw four figures chasing after him.

The four pursuers who came radiated powerful auras of their own; all of which was on a par with the levels of the Eternal Realm.

"Curse our fortunes. We have been noticed!"

The middle-aged man swore under his breath and increased his speed. But he had barely run far when he noticed the figure of a young male in crimson robes who had a sword carried over his back.

It did not take long for the four pursuers to also notice Jian Wushuang's presence.

"Hahaha! It seems that we have overlooked one here. Finish him off, Brothers!" The man with purple hair exclaimed heartily with a laugh.

Jian Wushuang's face darkened with displeasure as he heard the cries of the men about him. Replying with a growl, Jian Wushuang spoke, "I am but an innocent bystander."

"A bystander? Hahaha! Do you expect me to take you for your words?" The purple-haired man sneered coldly, "None of the Heavenly Ape Clan will be allowed to live past this day. We will eliminate anyone around here to prevent any possibilities of any survivors!"

A strong bloodthirstiness rose in the air as the four men readied themselves to satiate their craving for blood.

Even though they were hardly the strongest tribe in the Samsara Continent, they were nonetheless the strongest in the nearby regions. Hence, they had tormented the weaker tribes nearby with their malice and cruelty.

The annihilation of the Heavenly Ape Clan on this day was but a mere instance of the mediocrity of terror and destruction these people have inflicted upon other. Sensing that Jian Wushuang was of the Eternal Realm, the purple-hair man regarded him as nothing but a lamb waiting to be slaughtered.

"You are willing to kill anyone just to prevent from sparing any survivors?" Jian Wushuang murmured as his eyes glinted with cold fury when the four men charged towards him.

Just when the four men were but tens of meters away from him...

"Get lost!"

Jian Wushuang barked a thunderous roar that was imbued with the Ancient God Power.

"Pu! Pu! Pu! Pu!"

The four men felt their bodies shuddered, followed by agonizing pain that forced them to spat out mouthfuls of blood as they recoiled from the blasts of force that hammered them.

"What was that?" The purple-haired man looked at Jian Wushuang incredulous once he regained his steadiness.

"Despite his level of the Eternal Realm, the young man possesses unusual strengths, or at least he has remarkable aptitude in using methods of sonic attacks!" The purple-haired man's brows furrowed with doubt. With only one loud cry, the young man was able to inflict upon them serious injuries. This was hardly a strength that the four of them could easily defeat.

The purple-haired man immediately relayed a message using telepathy, "We have encountered a strong enemy with powers possibly at the pinnacle of the Eternal Realm. He could be the strongest warrior that the Heavenly Ape Clan had been hiding all along."

Shortly after the message was relayed, the four stood quietly and observed Jian Wushuang, showing no signs of attacking once more.

The middle-aged man who was escaping with his child, stopped in his tracks not far away.

He shouted to Jian Wushuang, "Run for your life, young man! The rest of the powerful warriors of the Bone Devil Clan will be arriving soon!"

"The Bone Devil Clan?" Jian Wushuang heard the warning and felt surprised with the name. He looked up suddenly, murmuring softly, "It is too late, they are here."

He had barely finished his sentence when the figure of a large man with a wide girth, clothed in red, landed before Jian Wushuang.

Jian Wushuang was standing at a little less than a thousand miles away from the site of the massacre. But it had merely taken the man, an elderly person clothed in crimson red, to arrive in the blink of an eye after he had received the message of the purple-haired man.

"This is terrible. Of all evil monsters, it had to be him to have come!" The middle-aged man screamed with horror, breaking into a run as he tried to carry his child and escape.

"There are still powerful warriors of the Heavenly Ape Clan that still draw breath?" The elder in red asked as he surveyed his surroundings with a hateful glare, the strange runic mark on the left of his forehead visibly standing out to all that had seen him.

"It was him, Elder Scorpion!" The purple-haired man pointed at Jian Wushuang and spoke to the elder. "It was he who had injured us grievously when we encountered him during our chase for the remnants of the Heavenly Ape Clan. He had released a sound wave attack with a loud cry that struck us hard."

"Oh? A sound wave attack?" The eyes of the red-robed elder narrowed slightly with suspicion. "None of the warriors of the Heavenly Ape Clan were adept in the methods of sound wave attacks. Who are you?"

"As I have mentioned to your kinsmen earlier, I am but a mere innocent bystander. It was the four of your kinsmen who have mistaken me as an enemy and tried to attack me. I have no choice but to defend myself in addition to allowing them a taste of their own medicine." Jian Wushuang replied indifferently.

"A bystander, you say?" The red-robed elder's brows rose with apparent doubt. With an arrogant snort, he spoke, "Us of the Bone Devil Clan have proclaimed our intentions to annihilate the Heavenly Ape Clan ten days ago. As such, the various warriors and practitioners of the other clans and tribes nearby have all withdrawn from this vicinity. This begs the question: why are you here if you are not one of the Heavenly Ape Clan, as you so claim?"

"Clearly, you were lying!"

Jian Wushuang was astonished.

He has just arrived at the Samsara Continent from the Void Continent. It was by a stroke of woeful fortune that he emerged here.

His appearance here was purely coincidental as he had hardly any ties with the Heavenly Ape Clan.

“Hmph! Moreover, only one of the Bone Devil Clan may enact judgment upon one of our own. Who are you, a mere warrior of the Eternal Realm, to dispense punishment to us?” The red-robed elder growled furiously.

“And for that reason, no matter who you are, you shall pay the price of insolence” The red-robed elder hurled himself at Jian Wushuang as he spoke, his aura rapidly rising with an overwhelming and terrible intensity.

Chapter 992: An Eye for An Eye!

“To pay?”

Jian Wushuang felt his face flushed with anger as rage was brewing in his heart.

With no ties with the Heavenly Ape Clan, he had not any intentions of intervening in the massacre. But everything is different, now that the Bone Devil Clan had dared incur his wrath.

“To your death, young man!”

With his face glowering and his eyes flaring with malice, the red-robed elder lunged at Jian Wushuang, appearing before him in the blink of an eye as his palms, adorned with similar runic markings on his skin, threatened to smash into his face.

The force of his stroke tore the fabric of Space asunder.

With this very stroke, the red-robed elder had fully unleashed his powers as a Rank One Dao Master in its fullness.

“Do you still intend to kill me?”

Harnessing his rage and aggression, Jian Wushuang channeled the Ancient God Powers he wielded and concentrated them upon his palms.

Grasped tightly into a fist, Jian Wushuang swung his arm forward, releasing the destructive forces that he had mustered.

It was a stroke that could even invoke a terrifying storm.

“Bam!”

Jian Wushuang’s fists crashed into the elder’s palms. A huge deafening boom ensued... followed by the sickening crunch of shattering bones.

“What?”

The elder’s eyes widened with panic. Stricken with fear and panic, he could hardly believe the sight of his entire arm erupting into an explosion of blood and flesh as shreds of his sinews and viscera scattered around.

The blow from Jian Wushuang’s fists was hardly weakened, transmitting straight into the torso of the elder.

“Hmph!”

With a painful grunt, the red-robed elder’s face paled instantly and he was suddenly thrown back as he staggered to maintain his balance. But he had barely steadied himself when a ghost-like apparition appeared beside him. With a giant fist glowing in a deep shade of gold, the figure reached for the neck of the temporarily incapacitated elder.

The elder in red, a powerful Dao Master of his tribe, was held in a vice-like grip by a giant hand like a filthy piece of rag.

“You were demanding that I pay the price of laying my hands on your kin, old man, were you not?” A deathly stare shone with extreme coldness from Jian Wushuang’s eyes as his bloodthirsty craving for the elder’s blood emanated strongly, blocking out completely what was left of the older man’s aura.

Frozen with fear, the elder could hardly move a finger as his eyes were filled with shock and terror.

Never did he expect that a young warrior of the Eternal Realm could pummel him into such a humiliating defeat.

“Help! Help!”

In the midst of his terror-struck hysteria, the red-robed elder immediately relayed a distress message, calling for help from the rest of his Clan.

“Stop!”

A sudden roar reverberated from the air and three figures sped from the site of the massacre far away with blinding speeds and stopped near Jian Wushuang.

The newcomers were two men and a woman, three of whom radiated whose auras as strong as the crippled elder who was now held in Jian Wushuang’s grip. These were clearly powerful Dao Masters of their Clan.

“Please release the Elder Scorpion of our Clan, Young Sir.” The only woman of the three, who was dressed in a blue robe, first spoke. She had the strongest aura of the three, a Dao Master who was very close to reaching the level of Rank Two.

“Amusing indeed! And why should I listen to you?” Jian Wushuang snorted as his grip on the elder’s neck tightened. Helplessly incapacitated, the face of the older man was slowly turning purple.

“You dare defy us of the Bone Devil Clan?” The woman in blue shouted anxiously.

“The Bone Devil Clan?” The edges of Jian Wushuang’s curled into a vicious smirk. “Never have I meddled in your affairs. But it was your kinsmen who had offended me and tried to attack by viewing me as one of the Heavenly Ape Clan. Therefore I have decided to intercede on their behalf. We shall see what will you do with that.”

Jian Wushuang was, after all, a firebrand with a short fuse.

Even when he was but a young fledgling, he had the courage to challenge the strongest of the overlords of the Nanyang Continent.

With his current prowess as one of the strongest warriors of the Green Fire World, he would now have hardly any reservations in using his fists to subjugate anyone who dared offend him.

As a firm believer of the adage “An eye for an eye”, he was not one to forgive and forget since it was the Bone Devil Clan who had dared rouse his anger.

There would be no room for any leniency.

“Please! Elder Apricot! Save me!” The immobilized Elder Scorpion, who was held by Jian Wushuang, managing only the few words as best he could.

“Quiet!” The woman in blue snapped at him, swiftly turning into a more amicable and gentle demeanor as she tried to reason with Jian Wushuang. “I confess that it was our folly to have angered you, Young Sir. Please accept our humblest apologies. I beseech upon your kindness for the release of our Elder Scorpion.”

“Oh?” Jian Wushuang cocked an eyebrow and snorted indignantly as he loosened his grip. The frail figure of Elder Scorpion immediately slipped out of Jian Wushuang’s hand. With what was left of his strength, he scurried miserably to the side of the woman in blue, with fear and terror still lingering upon his face.

“My deepest thanks.” The woman said as she let out a sigh of relief.

Never before had the Bone Devil Clan been forced to surrender their dignity in such an ignominious manner. Then again, the blue-robed woman had learned that Jian Wushuang had defeated and crippled Elder Scorpion with merely one stroke.

The strength of Jian Wushuang was evident with his effortless defeat of Elder Scorpion, who was a Rank One Dao Master himself.

“He’s at least a Rank Two Dao Master, or even a Rank Two warrior who has reached the pinnacle with great brute strength.”?The woman in blue thought quietly to herself.

The strength and power that a Rank Two Dao Master wielded was sufficient to strike fear into the Bone Devil Clan. More so with the powerful display of Jian Wushuang’s strength which had disheartened the woman from uttering any objections, effectively smothering whatever ounce of defiance left in her.

“Word of the purge of the Heavenly Ape Clan was delivered to all other tribes and clans in the vicinity ten days ago, Young Sir. Therefore we had not expected any strangers or bystanders to be nearby. With our humblest regrets for offending you, we hope that you will leave us be with our business and withdraw from this area.” The woman said all the cordiality she could muster.

“Very well. But I will take that two with me.” Jian Wushuang spoke as his finger traced into the distance ahead of them.

It was the middle-aged man who had been running away from the site of the battle with his child in his arms. He had tried his best to put as much distance as possible, yet it was still hardly impossible for a Dao Master to catch up to him and slaughter them both.

In the midst of his panicked flight from the site of the battle, the middle-aged man had noticed what was happening behind him. But knowing that he could ill-afford any glance to his back, he chose to run as fast as he could.

“Very well.” The woman in blue nodded, her teeth gritted with unwillingness.

Releasing a pair of survivors of the Heavenly Ape Clan was hardly too expensive a price for the Bone Devil Clan.

“That’ll do.” Jian Wushuang began to turn around and shot a fleeting glare at the woman in blue. “You’d would best discipline your kinsmen and practice some humility and respect. Thank the stars for your fortune this time.”

With that, Jian Wushuang turned and left.

Chapter 993: Tribal Heterogeneity

Jian Wushuang turned and left confidently, leaving the irate warriors of the Bone Devil Clan behind him whose lips twitched with annoyance and anger.

Trying his best to silence his rage, Elder Scorpion’s face turned pale at the hearing of Jian Wushuang’s words. Within himself, he roared “Who would have known that a Rank Two Dao Master like you would conceal his aura? I would never have dared to infuriate you if only you had shown your aura in the beginning!”

Nevertheless, Elder Scorpion’s was true: none of them, including the purple-haired man, would dare brazenly attack him if Jian Wushuang had earlier revealed his powers as a Dao Master. They would first inquire his purpose of being there before deciding if aggression was called for.

Appearing suddenly in the vicinity with only the strength of a warrior of the Eternal Realm, the warriors of the Bone Devil Clan had foolishly mistaken him as one of the Heavenly Ape Clan.

Never would they expect that a mere warrior of the Eternal Realm was, in truth, a powerful master of the skill of combat in disguise.

Leaving the site of the decimation of the Heavenly Ape Clan, Jian Wushuang sped on for some time until he reached the top of a mountain ridge.

The middle-aged man stopped before Jian Wushuang, with his child in his arms.

He put the boy down and bowed to Jian Wushuang respectfully. “I am Yuan Gang of the Heavenly Ape Clan. Thank you so much for saving our lives.”

“Hao’er, quickly, bow to the young master and thank him for his kindness.” The man urged his son.

“Thank you so much, Sir.” The kid fell to his knees and bowed deeply to Jian Wushuang.

“Up you come.” Jian Wushuang waved his hand. Yuan Gang and his son felt a strange force, pouring like a strong wind that lifted them to their feet.

“Without your help, Hao’er and I could never hope to have escaped. We will remember your kindness and repay you someday.” Yuan Gang continued.

Jian Wushuang only shrugged indifferently; showing no heed at all.

“Alas... Even though we’ve escaped, the Heavenly Ape Clan is finished...” Yuan Gang’s eyes turned wet red and his son clenched his fists with anger.

Jian Wushuang’s placid face showed no emotion. It was only by a stroke of coincidence that he had just arrived in the Samsara Continent and had saved Yuan Gang and his son.

It was a truth that both Yuan Gang and his son were aware of.

“The Heavenly Ape Clan?” Jian Wushuang murmured absent-mindedly.

“Unless I am mistaken, the Heavenly Ape Clan would likely be the descendants of a human and the Heavenly Ape, an Exotic Beast of the Eternal Chaotic World. The two before you bear the blood of the Heavenly Ape. But the strength of their bloodline is all but spent; so weak that they can hardly use their Bloodline Power against foes in battle.” The Gu King’s voice rang in Jian Wushuang’s head.

“Is that so?” Jian Wushuang thought to himself, not saying a word.

Despite bearing the bloodline of the Ancient Gods, Jian Wushuang himself could hardly use the Bloodline Powers of the bodily fluids that flowed through his veins for he lacked the ritualistic baptism conducted upon him by the Ancient God Clan. The rituals are the prerequisite condition for him tap into the powers bestowed by his blood to become a true Ancient God and enjoy great enhancements in his strength.

The Heavenly Ape Clan bore a similarly unique bloodline of their own, yet they have not been able to call upon the powers of their own bloodline.

“I have a few questions that require honest answers, Yuan Gang,” said Jian Wushuang.

“You have shown us kindness and grace in dire times of need, Sir. I’ll answer to the best of my knowledge.” Yuan Gang quickly replied.

“Very well. It is just a few simple questions.” Jian Wushuang said as he began.

Jian Wushuang inquired about some common knowledge about life in the Samsara Continent; knowledge that any native to the land could easily provide. Before long, Jian Wushuang had all the answers he required.

“There are so many tribes and clans in the Samsara Continent?” Jian Wushuang thought quietly even though he was shocked.

Based on Yuan Gang’s accounts, there were too many tribes and clans in the Samsara Continent.

So many, that conflict and strife constantly plagued the tribal heterogeneity in pursuit of wealth and resources. As time passes, there began a form of hierarchical caste system amongst the multitudes of tribes and clans.

There were different tiers of castes that divided the tribes and clans of the Samsara Continent – the lesser tribes, the medium-leveled tribes, the stronger tribes and the principal tribes which occupied the top class of the caste hierarchy.

The lesser tribes – which constituted the bulk of the population spread across the entire continent – possessed the weakest strength; making them the easiest tribes to be annihilated and destroyed. The Heavenly Ape Clan was one of them. But from this day onwards, the Clan would be lost forever from the face of the Samsara Continent.

Much stronger than the lesser tribes, the medium populations numbered many times lesser than the weaker tribes. Survival was hardly a difficulty as long as they remain prudent and keep themselves from crossing the paths of the greater tribes and principal tribes of the land.

The Bone Devil Clan was one of these medium populations.

Now, in the dale before Jian Wushuang, there were more than ten tribes and clans in the vicinity. Only three of the ten were tribes of the medium population.

The stronger tribes would number even lesser still.

As existences that lorded over the steppes and swards of the Samsara Continent, the principal tribes of the land reigned with absolute supremacy.

Most of the natives of the Samsara Continent bore the bloodlines of ancient Exotic Beasts. Hence even from birth, most of them were inherently stronger than common humans. This allowed them greater chances to sire offsprings who could be great warriors in the future.

Yuan Gang had also revealed that most lesser tribes are led by chieftains most likely Dao Masters themselves.

The medium populations would commonly have more than ten Dao Masters on retainer and a Dao Master of at least Rank Two as chieftains.

The stronger and principal tribes would most naturally boast of greater strengths than the rest.

“Even the multitudes of lesser tribes of the Samsara Continent have Dao Masters as leaders. With the countless heterogeneity in the number of tribes here, there must surely be numerous Dao Masters here.”?Jian Wushuang thought.

This would reinforce the belief that the Samsara Continent was indeed very much stronger than that of the Void Continent.

The Void Continent has, at most, a handful of Dao Masters clustered together in a habituated area. Yet it was most certainly that the Samsara Continent has more than double the number of Dao Masters within an area, lending credence that the forces of the Samsara Continent would most surely outstrip the Void Continent by number and strength.

“A mere Samsara Continent is able to impress you that much, Jian Wushuang? I stand to wonder how will you react when you one day venture into the deeps of the vast Eternal Chaotic World?” The Gu King’s pestering voice rang suddenly. “These are but merely a few Dao Masters. Warriors of such level of

strength come in tremendous supply in the Eternal Chaotic World that they are viewed as nothing but mere mediocrity.”

This made Jian Wushuang become speechless.

Indeed, at present, he was just a person of a limited insight into the greatness of the universe.

“A few more questions, Yuan Gang. How long have you lived here? Do you know of the Samsara Temple?” asked Jian Wushuang again.

“The Samsara Temple?” Yuan Gang’s eyes widened. “Of course I do. They are the most supreme sovereign to govern this lands; not even the principal tribes dare compare themselves with them.”

Chapter 994: The Dragon Heart Elixir

“Then you must’ve heard of the Golden-clothed Deacon.” Jian Wushuang pressed on his inquiry.

“The Golden-clothed Deacon?” Yuan Gang shook his head. “No, Sir. I have never heard of him. But I do know a thing or two about the Silver-clothed Deacon. It’s said that the Silver-clothed Deacon of the Samsara Temple used to live among the Bone Devil Clan. It was a tale so shocking that it sent ripples through the land.”

“The Silver-clothed Deacon?” Jian Wushuang muttered, his brows rose with doubt.

The Silver-clothed Deacon was simply a Rank Six Reincarnator who commanded limited authority in the Samsara Temple.

In order to locate his father, it is imperative that Jian Wushuang sought the help of the Golden-clothed Deacon.

“I am a mere practitioner of the Eternal Realm in a lesser tribe, Sir. There is only so much that I know about the Samsara Temple. But I know one might be able to supply you with more knowledge about the Temple,” said Yuan Gang.

“Who?” Jian Wushuang stared at him at once.

“The Dragon Wing Governor.” Yuan Gang replied.

“Who is he?” Jian Wushuang asked with uncertainty.

“He is the person who holds the greatest authority in this region. It was said that he wields the greatest strength around this areas, being a Rank Three Dao Master.”

“More importantly, he’s known to be a pleasant person who enjoys strong ties and connections with many allies. He is influential even amongst the warriors of the medium populations and the stronger tribes.”

“There was word that he was searching for a treasure called the Jiuqu Dragon Fruit several years ago. When word of his pursuit got out, many warriors came forward to lend him their aid. There were even

promises of rich rewards to anyone who is able to come forward with the treasure. Still, the Jiuqu Dragon Fruit had remained ever so elusive that none has been able to find one.”

“By any means, he is the most influential person in this region. You can ask him for information about the Samsara Temple or the Golden-clothed Deacon. He might be able to help you if he’s willing to lend you a hand.” Yuan Gang said.

Hearing this, Jian Wushuang’s eyes flashed with hope and confidence.

Jian Wushuang had not expected that Yuan Gang would be able to supply him with information about the Gold-clothed Deacon’s whereabouts. But Yuan Gang was able to lead him to the one person who might hold the key to the information he required, this Dragon Wing Governor.

“Where is this Dragon Wing Governor now?” Jian Wushuang asked again.

“He resides at the Dragon Wing City which is at the center of this region. Go along this way, Sir. The journey to the city is just a few days’ walk.” Yuan Gang pointed to a direction as he instructed.

“Thank you.” Jian Wushuang thanked him and asked another question. “What are your plans, now that your tribe is no more?”

“That will hardly be a problem. We can easily join other tribes by posing as lone recluses. We might not have the respect we once had, but we will survive.” Yuan Gang replied.

“Very well.” Jian Wushuang nodded gently. With a wave of his hand, he produced something for Yuan Gang. “There are some Divine Gems in this Interspatial Ring. These might be useful to you.”

Immediately, Jian Wushuang turned and left.

“Thank you, Sir.”

Yuan Gang thanked him profusely, stealing a brief glance into the contents of the Ring when it was handed to him. His face lit up at the revelation of its contents as he held it tightly in his grasp. He turned to his son.

“We will live in disguise from now on, Lei’er. Under no circumstances, you are to allow anyone to know that we are from the Heavenly Ape Clan. The truth must be kept until you wield enough strength like the great man earlier. You will then seek to exact revenge for the deaths of our family and our kin. You understand?” said Yuan Gang gravely.

“Yes, I do, Father.” Lei Hao nodded heavily.

“You will also remember for the rest of our lives the kindness and grace shown to us by the great man just now. You will seek to repay his kindness one day when you grow stronger.” Yuan Gang continued after pausing briefly.

“Yes, Father.” Lei Hao nodded again.

It was finally many years later when a warrior called Lei Hao would emerge. With the bloodline of the Heavenly Ape awakened in him, he would then become one of the greatest warriors of the Samsara

Continent where he then annihilated the Bone Devil Clan as retribution for the atrocity they inflicted towards him and his clan many a great year ago.

The boy would remember for the rest of his life the kindness that Jian Wushuang had shown him. Still, Jian Wushuang was nowhere to be found when he was ready to repay him.

Going in the direction that Yuan Gang pointed to him, Jian Wushuang finally saw from afar a huge city after two days of traveling.

It was a city so large that it dwarfed even the imperial city of the Tang Empire, even though the furnishings of the city structures are a little less magnificent and handsome.

Despite the neverending conflicts and battles that ravaged the lands of the Samsara Continent, many great cities such as this one still endured strongly as ever.

The city was called the Dragon Wing City; a city which was built by the Dragon Wing Governor himself.

Conforming to how Yuan Gang had described him, it appeared that the Dragon Wing Governor indeed wielded great strength and influence.

Jian Wushuang stepped through the gates of the city and asked around for directions to the mansion where the Dragon Wing Governor resided.

“The Dragon Wing Governor lives in that mansion.”

Standing in front of the well-guarded mansion, Jian Wushuang could feel the powerful auras of the sentinels watching the mansion, counting more than five Dao Masters at least.

“Surely you have enough wits to know better than to rashly intrude upon the Dragon Wing Governor, Jian Wushuang?” The Gu King’s voice resounded suddenly.

Jian Wushuang forced a wry smile.

As the most prestigious figure in the region, it was hardly a surprise that many would travel from far and wide only to meet with the Dragon Wing Governor to solicit his aid or to make an acquaintance.

As a stranger who had just come to the Samsara Continent, Jian Wushuang had neither the standing nor the respect to command attention from the governor, especially when he wielded only the strength of the Eternal Realm. It would be nothing short of preposterous to expect that he would be immediately granted an audience with the governor, much less to request for an introduction with the Golden-clothed Deacon of the Samsara Temple.

“Then what should I do?” asked Jian Wushuang.

“Did Yuan Gang not mentioned earlier about the Jiuqu Dragon Fruit which many had sought for only to return with failure?” The Gu King suggested intentionally.

“He did. Do you expect me to look for the Fruit and use it to secure an audience with the Dragon Wing Governor? But I have not the treasure myself.” Jian Wushuang could not help frowning.

“That is true. You don’t have Jiuqu Dragon Fruit. But you have the Dragon Heart Elixir; a concoction which was largely produced from the extraction of the Jiuqu Dragon Fruit,” said the Gu King.

“The Dragon Heart Elixir?” Jian Wushuang repeated, perplexed and bewildered.

During the siege of the imperial city of the Tang Empire more than one millennium ago, Jian Wushuang was able to chance upon the Dragon Heart Elixir. He had found it from one of the many enemies he had slain. It was also then when he had come across the Interspatial Ring and many other valuables and resources.

“Unless I am mistaken, Jian Wushuang, the Dragon Wing Governor wants the Jiuqu Dragon Fruit because he intends to brew a Dragon Heart Elixir himself.” The Gu King explained gravely.

Chapter 995: The Sale

“The Jiuqu Dragon Fruit has only limited uses especially for a Rank Three Dao Master such as him. It is most likely that he wants the Fruit to brew a Dragon Heart Elixir.” The Gu King continued.

“The Dragon Heart Elixir does not have much use for common warriors. But it is extremely useful to draconic Exotic Beasts.”

“This would imply that the Dragon Wing Governor possesses the bloodline of a tribe descended from dragons. He needs a Dragon Heart Elixir made of the extract of the Juqu Dragon Fruit to awaken the potential of the bloodline he bears..”

“Is that so?” Jian Wushuang understood finally as he smiled. “Things will be much easier if that’s the case.”

Jian Wushuang turned immediately towards the largest store in the Dragon Wing City.

It was called Wan Xuan Tower. Soon after he walked in, a steward came to greet him.

“How may I help you, Sir?” The steward, draped in robes of silver color asked with a smile.

“I have an elixir that I hope you will be able to help me sell.” Jian Wushuang spoke indifferently.

“An elixir?” The silver-robed steward’s eyebrows cocked, his interest fading rapidly. “Of course we can. But the items that we brokered to sell are normally extraordinary and valuable. Would you divulge the nature of your treasure, Sir?”

“It is a Dragon Heart Elixir. I wonder if it’s valuable enough for you.” Jian Wushuang produced a golden elixir as he remarked with feigned nonchalance.

“I-Is that... an Emperor-leveled elixir?” The steward got hardly believe his eyes as the sight of the extraordinarily rare elixir.

As was the classification of magical weapons, elixirs and concoctions were also divided into different levels.

Magical weapons are divided into Eternal- and Emperor-leveled magical weapons, whilst some elixirs of extreme rarity were classified as Emperor-leveled elixirs.

However, Emperor-leveled elixirs were very much rare than Emperor-leveled magical weapons, making these elixirs the highest grade in addition to being treasures of extreme rarity across the entire Green Fire World.

Yet even amongst all other Emperor-level elixirs, the Dragon Heart Elixir was still one of the most outstanding of medicinal brews ever.

“Do you have any requirements as to the manner of the sale, Sir?” asked the steward.

“You will only need to spread the word of my offer. Any interested prospects may come to me directly.” Jian Wushuang replied.

“Very good, Sir. And once the deal is done, you’d only need to pay us a thousand Divine Gems for our services.” said the steward in silver robes.

“Good.” Jian Wushuang nodded. “I heard that there’s a large arena in the city. I shall be staying there during my wait. Anyone who is interested in procuring the elixir can find me there.”

“Very good, Sir.” The Servant replied.

Completing his arrangements, Jian Wushuang headed to the arena.

The steward then immediately began spreading the word of the Wan Xuan Tower’s offer of the Dragon Heart Elixir for sale.

Still, the Dragon Heart Elixir was hardly an elixir for common remedies and use. Despite its powerful potency, it was an elixir sought only by those few who really required it.

Thus, the spread of the news did little to cause alarm in the Dragon Wing City.

However, the news of the Elixir resonated strongly with one person: the Dragon Wing Governor.

Sitting quietly within the fastness of a secret chamber in the Governor’s mansion, was a man with brown hair, handsome and stern, in his armor of black. He was seated upon the floor, cross-legged, and his eyes shut.

Strands of energies swirled around the man with brown hair; churning energies channeled by the man that laced with slivers of his Bloodline Power.

His skin burned as his powers stirred, channeling as he mustered his spiritual powers.

Sadly, it was a sensation that faded as swiftly as it came. The energies disintegrated into nothingness as everything simmered down.

The man opened his eyes, disappointed as his face paled from his exertions.

“I can’t. I can’t utilize my Bloodline Power. Even with the help of the Secret Skill, I still have troubles channeling the Power.” The brown-haired man shook his head, dejected. “I need a way to draw upon more of my Bloodline Power, that’s the only way.”

“A Dragon Heart Elixir, only a Dragon Heart Elixir can increase my Bloodline Power!”

"Alas... Long I have labored to accumulate the many ingredients for the brewing of a Dragon Heart Elixir. But still, I lack the Jiuqu Dragon Fruit? How long do I have to wait until it shows itself to me?"

The brown-haired man exhaled, his heart full of regrets.

The Secret Skill he had acquired was imperative to his success. When his training was done, he would be able to leap up into a whole new level. Still, he needed strong Bloodline Power to fully use the Skill, a requirement that he lacked severely.

"Governor, I've got great news for you." A message came suddenly.

"Great news?" The man's face changed at once. Immediately he asked his servant, "What news? Have you found news about the Jiuqu Dragon Fruit?"

"No, Sir. It is news about a Dragon Heart Elixir! Right in this Dragon Wing City!" It was a warrior; one of his men who had come with the message. Even he was evidently excited about this news. "I had just received the news moments before. Someone had requested Wan Xuan Tower to broker the sale of a Dragon Heart Elixir!"

"What?" The brown-haired man was first stunned before rushes of joy and ecstasy surged within him. "Is it really a Dragon Heart Elixir?"

"It is true!" His subordinate confirmed.

"Hahaha! This is a good blessing indeed!" The Dragon Wing Governor's eyes flashed with excitement.

Much he had spent: efforts, influence, and all other resources he could ever field in his painstaking forage for a Jiuqu Dragon Fruit, all for the want of brewing a Dragon Heart Elixir.

Still, the rare Fruit remained elusive.

Through thick and fen he had delved in vain, yet now, someone had come with the offer of selling a Dragon Heart Elixir right before him?

"Where is this person now?" The brown-haired man eagerly asked.

Finding out that the person with the Elixir would be waiting at the arena in the city, the Governor set off immediately.

The arena of the Dragon Wing City was so huge that it occupied nearly a quarter of the city.

A large, empty space reigned in the center of the arena; the ring of sand where the slaves fought to their death to the amusement of the audience mob, who would watch the bloody carnage from their seats at the side of the ring.

Thrilled by the fights, the audiences would also place their bets on the bloodbath taking place within the ring.

The yearn for thrill and the hunger for bloodthirstiness prevailed over the entire arena.

Contrary to the fervor and delirium dominating the arena, Jian Wushuang lounged in a solitary chamber at the edges of the arena grounds, still clothed in crimson red as he sipped at his wine

A steward came to his door and spoke to him. "We have a patron from Guest Room 3 who requests your company, Sir."

"So it begins..." Jian Wushuang mused, the edges of his lips curling into a smile.

Chapter 996: The Dragon Wing Governor

Jian Wushuang stepped into Guest Room 3 and found a brown-haired man waiting for him.

"A pleasure to make the acquaintance of the Dragon Wing Governor, Sir." Jian Wushuang announced respectfully.

"I was right." The Dragon Wing Governor was hardly surprised. "I knew you were coming at me."

It was no secret that the Governor had spent much to hunt for the Jiuqu Dragon Fruit. It was obvious of Jian Wushuang's purpose to announce his offer in the in the Dragon Wing City.

"What's your name? Which population are you from?" asked the Dragon Wing Governor.

"My name is Jian Wushuang. I'm on my own, belonging to no population." Jian Wushuang replied.

"Really? A recluse?" The Dragon Wing Governor smiled wryly. "So, it is true that you do have a Dragon Heart Elixir?"

Jian Wushuang did not reply. Instead, he waved his hand and produced the Dragon Heart Elixir.

Recognizing the Dragon Heart Elixir, the Dragon Wing Governor's eyes burned with excitement and yearning.

"I see. It is true." The Dragon Wing Governor fought to silence his ecstatic anxiousness and stared at Jian Wushuang. "Anything you require, my friend. Please be forthright. I will see if I can be of service."

The Governor was a shrewd person, knowing that Jian Wushuang had surely come to him with the Elixir requiring something in return.

"In that case, I'll get to the point."

Jian Wushuang smiled. "I have a matter which requires the help of the Golden-clothed Deacons of the Samsara Temple. Knowing that the number of Deacons of the Temple would rarely number highly, I knew neither any of them or their whereabouts. But I was informed that you, Governor, has always enjoyed great influence and authority in these lands. Hence I come to you, hoping that you may have the solution to my conundrum."

"You want me to introduce you to the Golden-clothed Deacons of the Samsara Temple?" The Dragon Wing Governor stared at his guest curiously, his brows furrowed with thoughts.

"That's right." Jian Wushuang confirmed.

The Dragon Wing Governor fell silent.

The Governor pondered for some time before he spoke again. "Despite their unchallenged rule of the Samsara Continent, the Samsara Temple does not involve interfere in the conflicts and strifes between the numberless populations inhabiting the Continent. Even their divisional chapters are few and scarce."

"The Golden-clothed Deacons are one of the most supreme keepers of the Temple, bearing unmatched powers and authority. Even the stronger populations would hardly dare displease them, for they bear the pride and vanity as being the principal custodians of the Temple's might and influence. It is hard for common Dao Masters to steal even a glimpse of them."

"That is the very reason I came to you." Jian Wushuang pressed.

Jian Wushuang him knew that it was, in essence, impossible for him to secure an audience with the Golden-clothed Deacons of the Samsara Temple by himself.

But were but only a handful of Golden-clothed Deacons in existence. Without many divisional chapters of the Temple, it was impossible for him to secure knowledge of their whereabouts.

Moreover, Jian Wushuang had expected that he would hardly be able to secure an audience with a Golden-clothed Deacon on his own therefore he sought the help of the Dragon Wing Governor.

Some measure of reference would surely be useful in smoothing out his endeavors.

After listening to Jian Wushuang's request, the governor forced a sardonic smile. "Indeed, I do command ample influence around here. But unfortunately, I do not know any of the Golden-clothed Deacons."

Hearing this, Jian Wushuang frowned with dismay.

"Then again, it is by a stroke of luck that I happen to know the residence of one of the Deacons. I can bring you to him. But you will have to speak to him on your own about your errand," said the governor.

"So be it." Jian Wushuang replied in short, his eyes flashing with anticipation.

Despite not having any relations to the Golden-clothed Deacon that he mentioned, it was already a great help that he was able to lead him to the Deacon.

He would then do his utmost to negotiate for himself the Deacon's help once they meet.

"Jian Wushuang." The Dragon Wing Governor asked suddenly. "What business do you have with a Golden-clothed Deacon?"

"Well..." Jian Wushuang paused momentarily, before he smiled. "I have a kinsman who had become a Reincarnator of the Samsara Temple two thousand years ago. Since then, I have lost all news of him. I need the Deacon's help to find him."

"Is that so?" The governor nodded quietly. "But information on the Reincarnators are highly-guarded secrets even in the Temple. They are not easily disclosed. I am afraid the price for such tidings can be really costly indeed; assuming the Deacon is willing to help you. Yes, many times costlier than a Dragon Heart Elixir."

By his words, the Dragon Wing Governor had just implied that Jian Wushuang would best need preparations before meeting with the Deacon.

"I know." Jian Wushuang said, nodding faintly.

With the Interspatial Ring that he had received from Dao Yuanzi, Jian Wushuang has a huge hoard of riches and treasures; so great that it was unfathomable to common Dao Masters.

With such immense wealth in his disposal, Jian Wushuang was confident.

He was confident that he would be able to satisfy the price of the Deacon, no matter how costly it might be, to secure his help.

"When do we set off, Governor?" Jian Wushuang asked. He could not wait to leave.

"Patience." The governor shooked his head with a smile. "I was informed that he had left his abode on some business for the Temple two years ago. He has yet to return."

"Do you know when will he return then?" Jian Wushuang frowned.

"I will need to ask." The governor said as he immediately sent a message. It was hardly long before he received a reply.

"One of the Deacon's men had just informed me that the Deacon will return after three years. We will have to wait until then," said the governor.

"That will hardly be a problem. Three years it is then." Jian Wushuang nodded gravely.

To him, three years was but a mere blink. For two thousand years, his father had disappeared to become a Reincarnator. Three years would amount to nothing in the face of such time.

"You're welcome to take up lodgings at my mansion, if you are yet undecided on accommodations. We shall see the Deacon after three years," said the governor.

"I appreciate your gracious offer, Sir." Jian Wushuang smiled. He presented the Dragon Heart Elixir and gave it to the Dragon Wing Governor. "You seem rather anxious for this. You can have this now."

"Really?" The Dragon Wing Governor's face lit up.

Never did he expect that Jian Wushuang would give him the Elixir despite his promise of leading him to a Golden-clothed Deacon not yet fulfilled.

Such courage... Was this confidence in the character of the governor or was Jian Wushuang truly assured of his strength that he need not fear of the Governor?

"The name of the Dragon Wing Governor rings strongly across these lands. Surely that is worthy for my confidence in you." Jian Wushuang smiled.

Chapter 997: The Slave

The Dragon Wing Governor argued no more, accepting the Dragon Heart Elixir with amazement.

Despite his laborious efforts, he has yet been able to brew his own Elixir. With only the simple price of leading Jian Wushuang to a Golden-clothed Deacon, he had finally possessed the Elixir which he had so earnestly yearned for. Needless to say, he was awashed with joy at his long-awaited wish fulfilled.

Jian Wushuang wore a thin smile. The Dragon Heart Elixir mattered not to him. It was his father's whereabouts which mattered most.

Just then...

"What?" Something Jian Wushuang saw made his expression change. He peered intently as his eyes glinted with concentration.

The Guest Room had a clear view of the arena. From the windows of the chamber, he could clearly see two men brutally meleeing at each other.

They were slaves of the arena who were of the Eternal Realm with considerable strengths of their own. Fighting against each other furiously, the audience mob were stirred into fits of electrifying euphoria and maniacal bloodlust as shouts and yells could be heard over the cacophonous hubbub.

To the slaves pummeling at each other, the battle was nothing more than a do-or-die struggle of survival.

It was a mere battle to death which Jian Wushuang had little to no interest nor concern; until he noticed one of the slaves who was clad in a suit of scarlet armor, standing tall at the hulking three meters. His figure shone faintly with a mild blush of glow as he had shown himself in possession of great physical strength.

His opponent was also a powerful fighter in his own right, having remarkable attacking strengths that was hardly eclipsed by that of the hulking slave. Still, the shorter man lacked the stout defenses of his adversary.

The brute strength of the hulking man was greater even than warriors at the pinnacle of the Eternal Realm. With the help of his massive physical strength, his crude and savage methods of fighting earned him a victory as his opponent fell.

All these did not escape the observation of Jian Wushuang's keen eyes.

"That huge man... the Secret Skill he's trained in..." Jian Wushuang's eyes narrowed his eyes, turning instead to the Dragon Wing Governor beside him.

"I have another favor to ask of you, Governor." Jian Wushuang said.

"Please, anything you want." The governor answered, looking enthusiastic.

"I want that man." Jian Wushuang said, his finger pointing to the huge man who had just emerged victorious in his fight.

"That's easy." The Dragon Wing Governor smiled. He summoned for a steward and whispered into his ears.

The steward listened closely and swiftly disappeared through the doors.

Within the subterranean catacombs beneath the arena where the slaves are kept, the huge man had just returned from his fight at the ring. He appeared amongst the slaves swarming together and plopped to a seat on the ground.

"Eight games, twelve more to go!" The man hissed with his fists clenched.

The slaves were bought at costly prices from warriors who had forced them into bondage and servitude. The slaves would then be thrown into the rings where they have to fight against each other in duels and games betted upon by the mob of audiences, generating huge profits for the management of the arena.

Then again, there was but one way the slaves could regain their freedom.

The slaves will be rewarded with their freedom if they are able to survive and win twenty games.

With his most recent triumph, the huge man has won eight games, living no opponent alive.

He will have to secure twelve more victories to secure his much-awaited freedom.

Then again, the slaves are mostly paired against opponents who were similar in power and ability. Even though he could almost see the end of his bondage, the huge man who yet doubtful if he could maintain his winning streak.

"I wonder if I, Qing Bin, will be able to return to my population one day?"

The huge man sighed quietly to himself.

Just then, a steward came over to him. It was the very same who had been bidden by the Dragon Wing Governor earlier. The steward peered intently through every through every face until he finally found the huge man.

"You there. Come with me," ordered the steward sharply..

"Me?" The huge man was stunned as he grimaced with despair. "I had just finished one game and I barely had time to recuperate. Are they forcing me to another fight again?"

"You are not going to the ring. There are two masters who requested your presence." The steward explained.

"Me? What for?" The huge man was puzzled.

"Just come with me and you'll know." The steward said simply, without explaining even more.

Before long, the huge man was lead into the Guest Room where Jian Wushuang awaited.

Stepping into the chamber, he saw two men sitting together.

"I present to you this slave, Governor, as you requested." The steward announced respectfully.

"This man shall henceforth be no longer a slave of the arena." The Dragon Wing Governor ordered.

"As you wish, Governor." The steward nodded his acknowledgment and left at once.

"This is the man you requested, my friend." The Governor turned to Jian Wushuang with a smile.

“Good.” Jian Wushuang nodded lightly.

The slave was confused, perplexed and bewildered.

“I-I, I’m no longer a slave?” His face was filled with shock and disbelief, feeling slightly disorientated by the sudden turn of events.

Never would he be able to believe any of this, if it were not for the Governor himself who had announced this through his own lips.

Knowing that the arena had bought him at a dear price, he was certain that his freedom would never come easily.

Be that as it may, the huge man could sense that the man who had just proclaim his freedom from bondage was hardly simple and ordinary.

“He was addressed as ‘Governor’, could he be the Dragon Wing Governor?” The huge man finally realized and stared at the two men before him strangely. *“Who is the stranger beside him then? It seems that the Dragon Wing Governor holds him with great respect. A man who is only of the Eternal Realm?”*

“I have a few questions for you that I hope you are able to answer truthfully. Should I find your answers satisfying, you will be granted your freedom and you will no longer have to fight in the arena,” said Jian Wushuang, studying at the slave before him.

“As you wish, Sir.” The huge man replied, growing anxious.

He knew full well that it was essentially impossible for him to survive through twenty battles to achieve his freedom. Little did he doubt that he would surely die one day, lying in a pool of his own blood in the ring. Yet, now, before him, stood an off-chance that he might be able to escape his enslavement unscathed.

“I saw you fight, you’re strong,” said Jian Wushuang, “I believe, your brute strength comes from the bloodline you inherited and your Secret Skill. It has been cultivated to the highest degree, no?”

“Yes, I did cultivate a Secret Skill that enhances physical strength, and the Skill is already at the highest level.” The huge man nodded at once.

“And unless I am very much mistaken, the Skill that you have trained yourself in is none other than the Immortality Secret Skill.” Jian Wushuang revealed sternly.

Chapter 998: The Rock Demon Clan

The huge man was shocked to hear Jian Wushuang speaking of the name of his skill. “You, too, know about the Immortality Secret Skill?”

“I suppose that confirms my suspicion?” Jian Wushuang’s face slowly broke into a smile.

Not only he knew of it, but it was also a skill he was proficient with.

Jian Wushuang had long reached the highest level of the Immortality Secret Skill.

"This would also mean you know God Hong?" asked Jian Wushuang.

That was the name of the person who taught Jian Wushuang the Immortality Secret Skill.

A long time ago in the Ancient World, Jian Wushuang had chanced upon a finger of God Hong. Through the severed finger, he had acquired the Immortality Secret Skill and he was fortunate to have encountered a fragment of God Hong's consciousness. The friendship they had forged was hardly something that Jian Wushuang could easily forget.

"Big Brother Hong?" The man was even more shocked.

"Big brother?" Jian Wushuang's lips curled into a smirk. "I see. You're close."

"Of course we're close."

The man clenched his fists as he related his tale heavily. "We're both from the Rock Demon Clan. Big Brother Hong is the greatest warrior of the clan. He's kind and generous; always keeping our best interests close to his heart. I had once shown a glimpse of my talents a long time ago in the clan, hence he chose me and personally taught me the Immortality Secret Skill."

"Unfortunately, I grew conceited. I ignored his warnings about the perils outside and wandered out on my own. I was abducted by some stronger enemies who then sold me to this arena."

"I see..." Jian Wushuang cocked an eyebrow with feigned interest in the tale but quietly, he was thinking to himself. *"The Rock Demon Clan? Is it a junior or a medium population? It does not seem to be a stronger population."*

"Jian Wushuang," said the Gu King's voice rang suddenly, "Unless I am mistaken, the Rock Demon Clan bears the bloodline of the Rock Demon Giant, an infamous entity in the Eternal Chaotic World."

"The Rock Demon Giant?" Jian Wushuang nodded and thought. *"God Hong has shown me a kindness by imparting me his skills. I should visit him someday as he had bidden me to. Perhaps I can visit his population if opportunity allows."*

"What's your name?" Jian Wushuang stared at the huge man before him.

"My name is Qing Bin, Sir." He replied politely.

"You will remain by my side for now. Once my errand is done here, you will lead me to your population where we will meet with God Hong." Jian Wushuang said.

"You know Big Brother Hong?" Qing Bin asked curiously.

"In a manner of speaking." Jian Wushuang smiled furtively.

Jian Wushuang was relieved with joy. The Dragon Wing Governor had promised Jian Wushuang that he will lead him to the Golden-clothed Deacon after three years; and now, his meeting with Qing Bin had provided him an inkling as to where God Hong could be. With the offer of the Governor, he and Qing Bin subsequently took up lodgings at his mansion.

In a secret chamber of the Governor's mansion.

"I have three years until the visit to the abode of the Golden-clothed Deacon. This is an opportunity for me to continue with my training." Jian Wushuang thought quietly, pleased with the present upkeep.

He had immediately returned to the Tang Empire when his physical body was first restored. Hence he barely had an opportunity to properly train in the Secret Skills he had acquired.

With the restoration of this body, his powers and strength, most notably his Ancient God Power, had increased substantially that he was now a Three-star Ancient God. He could now further enhance his mastery of all of his three Ancient God Secret Skills if he so chose.

The Star-river Secret Skill, was one of the few that strongly required honing.

It was known in full, as the Thirty-four Levels of the Star River. Jian Wushuang had reached the twenty-fourth level of the Star-river Secret Skill when he had reached the Eternal Realm which was synonymous to the rank of the Two-star Ancient God. The Skill allowed him to amplify his powers by seventy-two fold.

With his present rank of a Three-star Ancient God, he could now enhance his mastery of the technique to its highest level.

Alone in the secret chamber, Jian Wushuang focused fully on his training. A month fled by swiftly and unnoticed.

"I've reached the 30th level!"?Jian Wushuang's eyes opened with excitement.

With the powers of a Three-star Ancient God, he had reached the 30th level of the Star-river Secret Skill. The newly-attained heights of the Skill would allow his strength to be amplified by ninety-fold!

This made his powers soar once more as his overall strength experienced a greater improvement.

"There is still ample room for improvements. I just became a Three-star Ancient God. I might be able to reach the 31st or even the 32nd level of the Star-river Secret Skill when I reach the pinnacle of a Three-star Ancient God." Jian Wushuang smiled to himself.

"The Star-river Secret Skill is but merely an ordinary Ancient God Skill which doesn't take much effort." The Gu King's voice rang again.

"Ordinary?" This surprised Jian Wushuang.

The Star-river Secret Skill was unquestionably the most integral technique in his climb to the heights he had attained today.

Most other techniques commonly trained by most other warriors of the Green Fire World would only offer an amplification of strength of up to ten-fold. It was a far cry away from the amplification effects accorded by the Star-river Secret Skill which offered him a boost of ninety-fold! It was hardly an advantage he would rashly dismiss!

"That is only within the Green Fire World. There are warriors with techniques that amplify their powers up to more than a hundredfold in the Eternal Chaotic World."

“Really?” Jian Wushuang was left speechless as he could only behold with awe at the unmatched greatness of the Eternal Chaotic World.

“You need to focus on developing your very own Dao. With a Dao of your own creation, your strength will soar considerably. The greater is your Dao, so will your strength increases,” said the Gu King.

“I know.” Jian Wushuang smiled thinly.

From henceforth, he began spending most of his time in the study of Sword Principles.

The assimilation of the acumen in the creation of the Strongest Sword Principle, the scroll which contained nineteen other Sword Principles with his own extraordinary potential and gifts in learning skills of combat were all helpful to him. Before long, he had progressed at an amazing pace.

In one of the gardens of the Governor’s mansion.

Jian Wushuang was alone in the garden, performing a stroke or two of the swordsmanship he learned absent-mindedly. He waved his blade casually; every stroke that he cast seemed simple and crude, yet each of them was actually complex and intricate beneath the surface.

A figure drifting past the garden witnessed his casual practice.

“Great finesse. He’s very close to developing his own Dao.” The Dragon Wing Governor smiled. With a sudden leap, he disappeared from where he stood and appeared before Jian Wushuang.

“Is it not lonely for your blade without the company of a companion, my friend? How about a friendly duel, since we are both practitioners in the skills of using the sword?”

The Dragon Wing Governor laughed loud, the echoes of his laughter spreading across the floral bed of the garden.

Chapter 999: Mr Jin Yu

“A friendly duel?” Jian Wushuang was surprised at the proposal at first, but he then felt overjoyed.

Although the Dragon Wing Governor had just become a Rank Three Dao Master, his strength was no better than that of Jian Wushuang.

With the Ancient God Power that he possessed and the Blood-killing Plate Armor he wore, Jian Wushuang could easily defeat the Governor in a duel. However, the Governor’s attainments in Sword Principles far outmatched his.

As a Rank Three Dao Master, the Dragon Wing Governor would presumably have created three Sword Principles of his own. It would be an extremely instructive experience for Jian Wushuang to be dueling against the Governor.

“We will both use only the powers of the Eternal Realm. Shall we begin?” The Dragon Wing Governor smiled at him, like how an elder would when providing guidance and advice to a junior.

The Dragon Wing Governor had viewed Jian Wushuang's gift of the Dragon Heart Elixir to him as a most priceless favor. He had not been idle when Jian Wushuang was busy with his training in the Star-river Secret Skill for he was also deep in training himself. With the aid of the Dragon Heart Elixir, he was able to invoke the Bloodline Power within him, allowing him to complete the training of his Secret Skill. His strength, too, has grown extensively.

This made the Governor felt guilty. In return for the Elixir, Jian Wushuang had only asked to be introduced to a Golden-clothed Deacon. Noticing that Jian Wushuang was practicing his skills, the Governor saw an opportunity where he could recompense Jian Wushuang by giving him some advice.

So began their duel.

Both of them deliberately restrained their powers, keeping below the Eternal Realm for it was a contest purely of swordsmanship, not strength.

When the duel first began, the Dragon Wing Governor did not perform any of his own Sword Principles. Soon after, he began to realize that Jian Wushuang's mastery of swordsmanship was far beyond his expectations. Jian Wushuang's sword danced with flourishes of smooth and refined strokes that he could hardly subdue. Slowly and steadily, Jian Wushuang was gaining the upper hand.

With hardly any choice, the Governor could only cast one of his own Sword Principles, regaining the leverage of the duel over Jian Wushuang.

With that, the duel came to a swift end.

"The gap between one who has created his own Sword Principle and one who has not is most expectedly huge."?Jian Wushuang thought quietly to himself.

"How do you feel, Jian Wushuang?" The Dragon Wing Governor looked at him and spoke, "The Sword Principle I have used just now was the weakest of the three Sword Principles I have forged myself. The other two are Principles of the Universe Level. I am afraid you would have lost even swifter if I were to have used the other two Principles!"

"Indeed, Sir." Jian Wushuang nodded in agreement.

Sword Principles of the Universe Level were too powerful than that of the General Level.

"We still have three years together. Please do not hesitate to speak with me if you have any doubts about your training. I shall hope to be of service to you." The Dragon Wing Governor remarked with a benign smile.

The Governor was in good spirits due to the surge in his strength because of his success in mastering his Secret Skill.

"Thank you so much, Governor." Jian Wushuang replied happily, surprised and grateful at his offer.

"Right, then. You'd better concentrate on your training. I hope you will be able to create your own Sword Principle soon and become a Dao Master as soon as possible." The Dragon Wing Governor said. He then took his leave and left Jian Wushuang alone.

Jian Wushuang fell into silence as he watched the Governor leaving. The Gu King's voice rose suddenly, speaking strangely to him. *"I believe the Dragon Wing Governor hopes to compensate you for the Dragon Heart Elixir by giving you some advice. It seems that he is not aware that you are, in fact, more powerful than he is."*

"Well..." Jian Wushuang smiled weakly. *"He is nevertheless a more proficient Sword Cultivator who had forged three Sword Principles of his own. He is doubtlessly qualified in instructing me in the mastery of Sword Principles."*

"Hmph! Those are nothing to be proud of. What he possessed are merely two Universe-leveled Sword Principles and one General-leveled Sword Principle!" The Gu King snorted dismissively.

Without any desire to continue their debate, Jian Wushuang continued with his study of Sword Principles.

He began spending the most of his time in the Governor Mansion, studying about Sword Principles tirelessly.

Devoting most of his time in the research of forging the Strongest Sword Principle and the study of the scroll containing 19 Sword Principles, Jian Wushuang used the rest of his time putting swordsmanship to practice, going to the Governor for counsel and advice in the case of doubts.

The Governor was only too happy to oblige, pleased that he was able to return the favor to Jian Wushuang as he tried the best he could to provide answers and instructions to the latter.

Time passed swiftly as three years elapsed in a flash.

Jian Wushuang had made good progress on his mastery of swordsmanship. With a far deeper understanding of the finesse and skills of the sword, he knew that he would soon be able to forge his own Sword Principle.

Jian Wushuang was in a courtyard when the Dragon Wing Governor approached him.

"I have just received word that the Golden-clothed Deacon has returned, Jian Wushuang. It is time for us to go to him," said the Dragon Wing Governor.

The two had grown close since Jian Wushuang began staying at the Governor Mansion and going to him for advice on Sword Principle.

The Governor no longer addressed Jian Wushuang with ceremony, instead, he now called his name with blunt frankness.

"Let's set off at once then." Jian Wushuang could not wait any longer.

"You will stay and wait for our return, Qing Bin."

Jian Wushuang left Qing Bin his instruction and departed for the residence of the Golden-clothed Deacon with the Dragon Wing Governor.

The abode of the Golden-clothed Deacon was some distance away from the Dragon Wing City. It was almost a month's time of travel until Jian Wushuang and the Governor completed their journey.

"Look, that is the castle where the Gold-clothed Deacon lives," said the Dragon Wing Governor.

Jian Wushuang looked far into the distance and saw a vague black mass looming through the diaphanous mist that clung to the huge castle walls.

"So... *a Golden-clothed Deacon lives there?*" Jian Wushuang thought. The spectacle of the scene sent a jolt of adrenaline through his veins as he clenched his fists tightly in anticipation.

"Let's go," said the Governor. Pulling Jian Wushuang with him, they rose into the air, stopping before the castle in mid-air.

They had barely stopped when they saw a flash of Flowing Light dashed out of the castle.

"It has been a long time since we last met, Dragon Wing Governor."

It was an elder robed in gray. The aged man regarded the Governor with respect and modesty.

"I would like to request that you pass a message for me, Dao Master Ye. Please send word to your Master that it is I, with the company of a young friend, who is here to request an audience with him." The Dragon Wing Governor asked smilingly.

"One moment, please. I will announce your arrival at once." The grey-robed elder immediately relayed a message. The answer came swiftly enough.

"If you would please follow me, Dragon Wing Governor."

The grey-robed elder immediately led Jian Wushuang and the Dragon Wing Governor into the castle.

They stepped into a richly adorned hall inside the castle and found a handsome man dressed in loose flowing robes of golden silk overlooking their arrival from the mezzanine of the handsomely furnished chamber.

"My respects to Mr Jin Yu, I am the Dragon Wing Governor." The Dragon Wing Governor introduced himself humbly.

Beside him, Jian Wushuang paid his respects too by clasping his hands together in salute.

Noticing Jian Wushuang's muted gesture, the handsome man remarked coldly.

"I see your companion is a prideful person, Dragon Wing Governor!"

Chapter 1000: The Chaos Gem

"I see your companion is a prideful person, Dragon Wing Governor!"

The barbed words from Jin Yu, the handsome man looking down at them, echoed through the alcoves of the magnificent hall.

As a Golden-clothed Deacon of the Samsara Temple, Jin Yu had always reveled in the admiration and reverence showered upon him by others. Even the powerful or privileged from the stronger populations

honored him with awe and deference. However, as a Rank Three Dao Master, the Dragon Wing Governor could have spoken to him with much lesser modesty.

Still, it was expected that common Dao Masters should greet Jin Yu with utmost reverence.

Any folk of the Eternal Realm, on the other hand... would be wont to bow on their knees when greeting him.

Seeing that Jian Wushuang just had merely greeted him by a simple gesture, Jin Yu felt himself simmering with annoyance as he grew displeased.

Then again, he did not know that despite Jian Wushuang's facade, his current strength could have allowed him the stature comparable to that of a Dao Master at the Peak of Rank Three. Jin Yu, as a Rank Seven Reincarnator, would at most wield the strength of a Rank Two Dao Master. Little did Jin Yu knew that Jian Wushuang's simple and crude gesture was, in fact, an ample show of respect to him.

Nonetheless, Jian Wushuang realized that he needed Jin Yu's assistance in locating his father. Swallowing his pride, Jian Wushuang took a deep breath and bowed deeply to him, saying, "My respects to Mr Jin Yu. My name is Jian Wushuang."

"Hmph! That, at least, is tolerable." Jin Yu remarked coldly.

The Gu King could not help but snort from inside Jian Wushuang's body. *"This is ridiculous. It is he who is ignorant of your true strength and yet he behaves arrogantly. If I were you, Jian Wushuang, I would have wrenched off his head right now."*

"Still, it is his help that I require." Jian Wushuang seemed hardly perturbed. *"This little price would mean nothing if I can indeed find out about my father's whereabouts from him."*

"Your patience amazes me." The Gu King curled his lips.

Basking in the grandeur of his lavish chamber, Jin Yu hovered over his guests imperiously and said, "Your reputation precedes you, Dragon Wing Governor. Long have I heard your name uttered with respect and fear. What brings you here today?"

"I am merely acting as an envoy for my young companion, dear Mr Jin Yu. On his behalf, I would like to request your assistance." The Dragon Wing Governor replied.

"Oh?" Jin Yu's glance shifted from the Governor and rested upon Jian Wushuang as he spoke proudly, "Tell me about it."

Jian Wushuang stated his purpose immediately, "One of my closest kin from the Ancient World was selected to be a Reincarnator 2,000 years ago. But until now, I have yet to receive any word from him. Hence, I am here today to request for your help in locating his whereabouts."

"You want me to help you find the whereabouts of a Reincarnator? Hmph! You are truly a bold one." Jin Yu's face darkened and his deep voice reverberated over the eaves of the hall. "Are you aware that information about Reincarnators is always a closely-guarded secret even in the Temple?"

"Yes, I do." Jian Wushuang nodded gently..

Jin Yu continued, "I may be a Golden-clothed Deacon who commands considerable authority. Still, it is against the law of the Temple that no one is to leak any secrets of such information, for even I will have to face the sentence for committing such sacrilege!"

"With enough luck, I might only be sentenced to incarceration for tens of thousands of years in the First Prison of the Temple. Otherwise, not only I risk losing my title, I might even be executed."

"Never have we ever met, and yet you dare make such demands of me to divulge the secrets of a Reincarnator! You must be delusional!"

With that, Jin Yu turned immediately with a flail of his sleeves. As he began to leave, he barked a command to his steward, "See our guests off, Ye!"

Jian Wushuang panicked. Immediately he cried, "I understand the predicaments you face in helping me, Mr Jin Yu. I assure you, I will be willing to pay the price for your help."

"Price?" Jin Yu spun and stared at Jian Wushuang as he smiled coldly. "It's easier said than done. How can you, a mere youngling of the Eternal Realm, afford to pay such a huge price?"

"Please. State your price, Mr Jin Yu." Jian Wushuang implored gravely.

"Oh?" Jin Yu's eyes flashed suddenly as he spoke. "I will be blunt then, such being the case. Two Chaos Gems. That is my price."

"What?" The Dragon Wing Governor, who had yet to utter a single word while standing beside Jian Wushuang, exclaimed with his eyes furiously wide open.

Despite his extensive wealth, even he could hardly be able to suffer the cost of two Chaos Gems as payment.

How dare Jin Yu put forward such a demand?

"Very well. Two Chaos Gems it is then. I agree to your terms." Jian Wushuang nodded swiftly.

"What?" Both Jin Yu and Dragon Wing Governor renewed their looks into stares of disbelief and amazement at Jian Wushuang in unison.

Chaos Gems were rare precious gems found in deposits scattered across the Eternal Chaotic World; natural gemstones that bore great pecuniary value.

All great and powerful warriors and nobles in the Green Fire World conducted their business and trade using Chaos Gems as the medium of exchange.

A Chaos Gem was worth at least one hundred billion Divine Gems. It is ordinarily equal to the entire wealth of a common Rank Three Dao Master.

When Jin Yu had loudly proclaimed his demand of two Chaos Gems, he had hoped to rebuff Jian Wushuang with a price so exorbitant and repressive that the latter would be forced to reject. Seeing as dealing with a mere youngling of the Eternal Realm as something beneath him, he did not want to negotiate with Jian Wushuang.

Despite his malignant contrivance to relieve himself of the irk and insult, never did he expect that Jian Wushuang would actually agree to his unreasonable terms!

How was it possible that a mere weakling of the Eternal Realm would have the means of affording two Chaos Gems?

Just when Jin Yu and Dragon Wing Governor were still speechless and dazed, Jian Wushuang revealed two gems in his grasp. The precious stones glistened handsomely with a luster emblazoning the strange energies contained within.

"Here are two Chaos Gems as promised. You can have half a Gem upfront. The rest shall be paid to you once you have the answer to my request." Jian Wushuang cut one of the Chaos Gems into half and tossed one of the halves to Jin Yu.

Jin Yu caught the piece of Chaos Gem. He studied the gem in his grasp and fiddled with it briefly, the look of astonishment still imprinted upon his face.

"It's really a Chaos Gem. It's unthinkable. A mere Eternal Realm fledgling has such wealth?" Jin Yu looked at it in disbelief.

It is the extreme scarcity of Chaos Gems in the Green Fire World that had endowed them with its immense value. In fact, Jian Wushuang would have won a simple recognition from him if he was able to produce treasures that would match the value of two Chaos Gems.

Never did he expect that Jian Wushuang would actually present two genuine Chaos Gems.

"Jian Wushuang, this is not a trivial matter. Chaos Gems contain the purest energy that is invaluable to warriors and martial practitioners. You might find them worthless for now. But you will be in dire need of them once you become a Dao Master. The Chaos Gems that Dao Yuanzi had left you numbered few. To offer two gems at once is just..." The Gu King implored to Jian Wushuang to reconsider.

"These only two Chaos Gems. It is a bargain in exchange for finding out my father's whereabouts." Jian Wushuang muttered solemnly.

His Chaos Gems were all left to him by Dao Yuanzi.

Nothing else, not even something as valuable as Chaos Gems, mattered more to him than the news of his father's whereabouts.