

Time 561

Outside Of Time

Chapter 561: The Ghost Emperor Descends! (1)

In the bizarre world, a scene that was even stranger than this place was happening.

In the endless fog, as Xu Qing released D132's memories, the brain tree that was filled with greed and malice couldn't help but tremble.

It saw an existence it couldn't see. This place didn't have the suppression of the Prison Department's power, so it couldn't forget after seeing it.

Moreover, it was a unique existence that existed by devouring memories. All of this caused the pain it was feeling to be extremely intense. In the end, it even let out a blood-curdling scream.

The other brain trees in the surroundings seemed to rarely encounter such a thing or it had been a long time since they experienced it. At this moment, all of them emitted curious emotions.

"What's wrong, what's wrong?"

"It's that delicious?"

"I want to give it a try too."

These words made Xu Qing immediately understand that these brains from the Great Void World were a little naive.

Amidst the curiosity of these brain trees, the screams of the brain in front of Xu Qing became mournful.

Regardless of whether it was the cerebrum or the cerebellum, they were squirming intensely. The brain stem even twitched and even emitted an intense struggle, wanting to retreat.

However, Xu Qing grabbed it tightly. His fingers sank into it, preventing it from breaking free. He then calmly spoke.

"Is it delicious?"

"I..." The agonizing cry of the brain tree became more astonishing and spread in all directions. At the next instant, it directly exploded, shattering into countless pieces that splattered in all directions.

Its body and soul were destroyed.

Its death caused the surroundings to instantly fall silent. No matter how naive the other brains were, they all came to their senses. All of them instantly retreated and screams rang out.

"Why did it explode!"

"What memory did it eat?!"

"What did you feed it?!"

Xu Qing expressionlessly shook the slime off his hand and fell into deep thought.

This was a method he had thought of on the spur of the moment. It could also be used as a test against D132.

In reality, Xu Qing wasn't as clueless about D132 as he looked on the surface.

Although he didn't know the details, he had long analyzed a portion of the answers from the bamboo slips that keep on decreasing, the words of the head, and various other details.

A terrifying existence was in D132. He should have woken up many times but he couldn't remember it.

"It must be related to the god."

"Perhaps that's an existence that can cause everyone who sees and remembers it to fall into a curse and die?"

"Therefore, there's a high chance that the Prison Department's suppression is to make everyone who sees it forget, thereby severing the cause and effect?"

"Is this why I can't remember that memory?"

Xu Qing fell silent. He vaguely remembered that the previous guardian of D132 had told him that when you thought you knew the answer, there were actually more waiting for you.

"Then before I forget, is this the answer I get? Or is there a deeper secret that I don't know? And how many of my answers are correct?"

Xu Qing fell silent and his gaze landed on the other brain trees.

He felt that this strange Great Void World was very interesting. Not only could he obtain the demon transformation technique here, but he could also use it to probe D132.

Xu Qing was prepared to give it another try. Hence, he took a step forward and directly appeared in front of a brain tree. The other party's body trembled and it was about to dodge when Xu Qing lifted his right hand.

"It's very delicious. Come and eat."

The brain seemed to be struggling but its thirst for memory still made it carefully approach and touch Xu Qing's palm. The other brain trees also observed.

However, at the next instant, the brain tree that came into contact with Xu Qing trembled intensely and let out a mournful cry. Just as all the creases on it distorted intensely and were about to explode, Xu Qing quickly spoke.

"What did you see?!"

"I saw..."

Before it could finish speaking, the brain tree shattered into pieces.

Xu Qing's expression was ugly. He turned his head and looked at the next brain tree.

All the brains in the surroundings instantly retreated. All of them emitted clear fluctuations of horror and left crazily.

Xu Qing was a little unwilling. Hence, he chased after one of them and soon caught up to it. As the other party screamed, he came into contact with it and spoke softly.

"Come, it's delicious."

Just like that, time flowed by. Three days later, when the time limit was up, the big fish waiting in front of the statue sucked forcefully. Immediately, Xu Qing's figure appeared in the big fish's body.

As the big fish turned its head and returned, Xu Qing, who had appeared in its body, turned his head and looked at the statue. His eyes were filled with regret.

"Unfortunately, I didn't completely probe the answer and only found a portion. If I had more time..."

Xu Qing muttered inwardly. He felt that this place would become the place where he could unlock the secrets of D132.

"It's just that the amount of military contribution points to enter here is too much."

Shaking his head, Xu Qing lifted his hand, revealing a rune that bore resemblance to the brain tree, floating in his palm.

This was the contract with the Great Void World.

Every trial taker who came here would be given such a rune as a contract after they successfully satisfied the brain tree, allowing them to transform into demons in the future.

Moreover, other than the cultivators bearing the consumption of transforming into demons, the Great Void World would also share a portion of the consumption.

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Chapter 562: The Ghost Emperor Descends! (2)

As for the ratio of consumption borne by the two sides, it differed from person to person, based on the contract signed with the brain trees in the Great Void World.

Xu Qing suppressed the regret in his heart and waved his hand again. A second, third, fourth...

In the end, a total of 32 runes floated in front of him.

Each of them was a contract that could allow him to manifest the image in his sea of consciousness. As for the consumption, the Great Void World bore most of it, while he would only pay a little.

Xu Qing understood the reason.

This was the kind recognition from the brain trees in the Great Void World.

There were so many runes because the weight of this recognition was very heavy.

Xu Qing flicked his sleeve and kept the 32 runes, before closing his eyes and meditating.

Time flowed by and unknowingly, his body trembled again. The feeling of teleportation appeared and his figure disappeared from the big fish's body, returning to the enlightenment cubicle of the Great Void Demonic Sect's branch sect in the county capital.

As the teleportation ended, Xu Qing opened his eyes and recalled his experiences in the past three days. Finally, he took a deep breath and stood up to walk out of the cubicle.

He wanted to return to the Sword Pavilion and try to see if the demon transformation technique could materialize the Ghost Emperor as he had thought.

With this thought in mind, Xu Qing flew out of the Great Void Demon Transformation Sect's branch sect and headed straight for the ground. After he arrived at his Sword Pavilion, he immediately stepped in and activated the surrounding array formation defense.

After doing this, Xu Qing checked his cultivation room.

The cultivation room of the Sword Pavilion formed a space of its own with a very large area.

After confirming that this place could barely accommodate the Ghost Emperor, anticipation appeared in Xu Qing's eyes. He took out a contract rune of a brain tree and slowly fused it into the Ghost Emperor Mountain in his sea of consciousness.

As he got closer, the rune shone with a resplendent light.

The light grew larger and larger until it transformed into a sea of light that enveloped the Ghost Emperor Mountain.

Immediately, a blurry mountain peak appeared on Xu Qing's body, gradually replacing his figure.

Although it was much smaller than the true Ghost Emperor Mountain, it was still astonishing. Upon closer inspection, one could see that this mountain was a humanoid figure sitting cross-legged and meditating!

It was translucent and blurry, but its monstrous ferocity couldn't be hidden. One could vaguely see that this humanoid figure was wearing pitch-black armor and holding a huge blade. He carried two worlds on his shoulder.

He was like the spirit of an evil god.

His armor emitted a power of destruction, and his huge blade seemed to be able to cut through the world.

An astonishing energy fluctuation filled with cruelty, madness, and anger toward the world emitted from his body.

There was also a rod that vaguely manifested on the figure's knees, emitting a terrifying pressure.

This figure was none other than the Ghost Emperor!

As for his appearance, it was 80% similar to Xu Qing!

However, its entire figure was only 10% materialized and didn't have any substance. But just this 10% surpassed the endurance limit of the Sword Pavilion, and rumbling sounds rang out, as though it was about to shatter.

As cracking sounds echoed, the contract rune in Xu Qing's sea of consciousness shattered into pieces.

The sea of light dissipated and the Ghost Emperor phantom outside Xu Qing's body also instantly dissipated.

Xu Qing's body trembled and he opened his eyes, spitting out a large mouthful of blood. However, his eyes revealed intense excitement.

"Yes!"

Xu Qing's breathing was hurried. He had yearned for the Ghost Emperor Mountain to manifest for a long time but he was unable to do so. It was only at that instant earlier that he finally felt hope of success.

Although he still failed in the end, this was because the contract rune had reached its limit.

"Ten runes should be enough to complete one manifestation!" Xu Qing was tempted. He took a deep breath and suppressed the thought of continuing to try.

He only had 31 contract runes left now, and he felt a little pained to waste them in a test.

"It can be used as my trump card. Based on rough calculations, I should be able to use the Ghost Emperor's body three times."

A sharp glint appeared in Xu Qing's eyes. At the same time, he was thinking about how he should continue to accumulate military contributions to make a trip to the Great Void World after using up all the contract runes.

Just as he was calculating this matter, his voice transmission jade slip vibrated and the captain's lifeless and confused voice rang out.

"Junior Brother..."

Xu Qing started and took out the voice transmission jade slip.

"What happened again?"

"Junior Brother, what do you think is the reason? Why?" In the jade slip, the captain's voice was filled with bitterness and deep confusion.

"I sold the answers to that fool Wu Jianwu at a high price, and even watched as he recited them all. I was even worried that he would forget and tested him several times. I even watched as he walked toward the heart inquisition. In the end, I watched as he... got a light that was 50,000 feet long!"

"Fifty thousand feet!!!"

"Same answers, but why am I only ten feet? I originally planned to let him be ten feet too, so I could have a companion..."

Xu Qing tacitly agreed. After a long time, he comforted, "Even ten feet has a good point. At least, this is unique."

The jade slip fell silent. After a long time, the captain's despondent voice rang out.

"Junior Brother, you really don't know how to comfort people."

"Do you think that Wu Jianwu put himself in the shoes of the Ancient Sovereign Mystic Nether and recited a poem in front of the emperor?"

"No, I have to ask!"

Xu Qing held the jade slip and felt a lot of sympathy for the captain. Considering the friendship between fellow disciples, Xu Qing mourned for a few breaths...

After that, he quickly kept the jade slip and got up to head out. He then began to accept missions to earn military contributions.

Time flowed by and Xu Qing wasn't sure if the captain finally got an answer. During this period of time, his main focus was on military contributions.

There were many missions to patrol, search, capture, and assist.

Among them, Shan He, Wang Chen, and Night Spirit helped him many times. They were from different departments. Every time there was a mission, regardless of the scale of the mission, they would call everyone over.

Occasionally, Kong Xianglong would also call them to complete big missions together. Although the contribution points were distributed, the speed of completion was astonishing.

After Zi Xuan heard that Xu Qing yearned for military contributions, she issued an order as the person in charge of the Eight Sects Alliance's branch sect. Hence, the Sword Holders who had come out of the Eight Sects Alliance in the past also helped.

After all, Xu Qing's position was the Palace Master's edict bearer. This identity and his 100,000 feet long light caused many people to be willing to befriend him.

Moreover, they all came from the Alliance.

Previously, it was because Xu Qing was too low-key and rarely interacted with others, so no one had this chance.

Now that Zi Xuan had given the order, everyone was more than willing. Very few people would reject such an easy way to build a good karma.

In the end, Xu Qing completed six to seven missions every night.

His military contributions began to increase rapidly. Even though it wasn't high, as he watched the number of military contributions continue to increase, a sense of satisfaction still rose in his heart.

Such a crazy mission acceptance also caused Xu Qing's reputation in the county capital to spread more and more.

As for the Prison Department, Xu Qing continued to go over during the day. Everything was normal and there were no more problems with the little boy.

Half a month later, Xu Qing, who had just walked out of D132, was about to continue accepting missions. However, before he could leave the Prison Department, his Sword Holder's command sword sent a decree from the Sword Holding Palace.

"Xu Qing, come to the Sword Holding Palace immediately!"

The voice was very dignified, revealing a cold and murderous intent that left no room for doubt.

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Chapter 563: Ill Intentions

Xu Qing stopped in his tracks and looked at the command sword in his hand with a hint of contemplation.

This decree came very suddenly and mentioned no reason. As for the voice, it was a little familiar. After recalling carefully, he remembered that it belonged to Deacon Sima from the Grand Affairs Immortal Sect.

Xu Qing's gaze was deep. He thought of Zhang Siyun and the Yao family.

"Why is Deacon Sima looking for me?"

While Xu Qing was thinking, his sword vibrated again. This time, it was Kong Xianglong's voice transmission.

"Xu Qing, you also received the decree, right?"

"Yes." Xu Qing had a faint answer in his mind.

"Then there's no mistake. Little He, Little Chen, and the others also received it. Sigh, it should be the follow-up to our killing of the Holy Wave Race cultivators."

After knowing that Xu Qing had also received the decree, Kong Xianglong hurriedly ended the voice transmission. He was on his way to the Sword Holding Palace.

Xu Qing also left the Prison Department.

At that moment, the sky was enveloped in dusk, with the setting sun resembling red clouds that smeared across the sky. The afterglow scattered onto the ground, casting an eerie crimson hue, as if illuminating the land with blood.

Xu Qing took a glance at the sky before flying toward the Sword Holding Palace.

The status of a deacon was high and mighty in the Sword Holding Palace. Each of them had their own main responsibilities. Among them, Deacon Sima's responsibilities were mostly related to law enforcement and the discipline of the Sword Holder.

Hence, regardless of whether it was Kong Xianglong or Xu Qing, they couldn't ignore his order.

Before long, Xu Qing arrived at the Sword Holding Palace, still lost in thought on how to deal with the situation. As soon as he arrived, he saw Kong Xianglong and Night Spirit.

"Don't admit it no matter what!" Seeing Xu Qing flying over, Kong Xianglong immediately transmitted his voice.

Xu Qing nodded. Not long later, Shan He and Wang Chen also rushed over. Their expressions were gloomy and grim.

After arriving beside Xu Qing and Kong Xianglong, Shan He directly cursed.

"Brother Kong, Xu Qing, what is the Sword Holding Palace doing? Were we in the wrong?"

"Little He!" Kong Xianglong glared.

Shan He snorted and didn't speak anymore.

"We don't know what's going on yet. Come, let's not make Deacon Sima wait too long." Kong Xianglong slowly spoke and led the way.

Xu Qing thought about it and turned to look at the furious Shan He and Wang Chen's smoke clone. He then spoke softly.

"It might be better if more people see it."

Shan He and Wang Chen immediately understood and took out their jade slips. Night Spirit did the same.

Kong Xianglong didn't stop them but the large strides he took changed into small steps.

Just like that, the group of them stepped through the gate of the Sword Holding Palace. After the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, they finally arrived at the Discipline Hall where Deacon Sima was.

Dozens of people were standing solemnly outside the Discipline Palace.

All of them had cold expressions and their cultivation levels weren't ordinary. Their clothes weren't the Daoist robes of the Sword Holding Palace but yellow. There was <anno data-annotation-id="ef6517a3-f0a7-48e5-aa47-300f443eb106">'道</anno> embroidered on their sleeves.

Upon seeing Xu Qing and the others, the dozens of people present cast their gazes in their direction.

Kong Xianglong raised his eyebrows and refrained from speaking. He stood outside and cupped his fists toward the Discipline Hall in a respectful gesture.

"I, Kong Xianglong, am here in response to Deacon Sima's decree."

"They are cultivators of the Yao family." Wang Chen's smoke clone reminded Xu Qing softly. After that, like Kong Xianglong, he cupped his fists and spoke.

Xu Qing, Shan He, and Night Spirit also greeted.

As everyone spoke, a cold snort rang out from the Discipline Hall. After that, three people walked out of the hall.

The person in the middle was none other than Zhang Siyun's grandmaster, Deacon Sima.

On his left was an old man wearing the same Daoist robe as the Yao family's cultivators. However, his Spirit Repository cultivation base energy was extremely obvious. His eyes seemed to contain lightning, and he swept his gaze across Xu Qing and the others expressionlessly.

And to Deacon Sima's right, there was another one.

The instant they saw this person, the pupils of Xu Qing and the others narrowed.

This person wasn't a human.

He was from the Holy Wave Race.

It was none other than the black-clothed guard from the Holy Wave Race who had shouted at Xu Qing and the others but didn't cross the border.

This person clearly had a certain status in the Holy Wave Race. His cultivation was also at the Spirit Repository. As his aura spread out, four powerful, secret repositories faintly appeared behind him.

He stood on Deacon Sima's right and coldly swept his gaze across Xu Qing and the others.

When he saw the Holy Wave Race in the Sword Holding Palace, Xu Qing felt that this was like a joke. While it was extremely ironic, he also noticed that Kong Xianglong and the others were all panting.

At this moment, Deacon Sima calmly spoke to the old man from the Yao family on the left.

"Steward Sun, they are here. You can ask them now."

The old man from the Yao family nodded. He first cupped his fists and bowed to Deacon Sima. After that, he turned his head and coldly looked at Xu Qing and the others. His expression was incomparably gloomy and his voice was murderous as he spoke in a deep voice.

"Such audacity!"

"Without even knowing the truth and for no reason, you cruelly tortured and killed the Holy Wave Race's envoy's followers who visited my Fenghai County!"

"You deserve death for destroying the diplomacy of our two races!"

Xu Qing frowned. There was something wrong with the other party's words. The main point wasn't killing, but not knowing the truth and having no reason.

This reprimand gave Xu Qing the feeling that the other party wanted them to give him the reason.

However... according to Xu Qing's secret training and understanding in the Sword Holding Palace, he was very clear that the matter of receiving the spy couldn't be said openly. The two races had an unspoken mutual understanding regarding the matters of spies.

However, if they said it openly, it would be a different matter, and would only cause trouble.

Also, their answers might allow the other party to find some clues.

Xu Qing fell into deep thought. Shan He and the others also quickly understood this logic. No one was stupid and no one spoke. Kong Xianglong even put on a confused expression.

"Torturing and killing the followers of the Holy Wave Race's envoy? Impossible. We've been cultivating during this period of time. Everyone can testify for each other."

The old man from the Yao family let out a cold snort, as though he couldn't be bothered to argue with Kong Xianglong. A respectful expression appeared on his face as he cupped his fists toward the Holy Wave Race cultivator.

"Fellow Daoist Chen, what do you think?"

The middle-aged black-clothed guard from the Holy Wave Race glanced at Xu Qing and the others. He suddenly smiled and turned to speak to Deacon Sima.

"Deacon Sima, the reason for this is actually because the envoy group discovered a spy with unknown origins on the way here. That kid stole an important item of our race."

"Hence, the envoy ordered for his arrest. However, in the end, not only did they not find the spy, but the followers of the envoy group were also cruelly killed by your Sword Holding Palace."

"Was the spy who stole the important item of my race sent by your Sword Holding Palace? He was deliberately sent to our place to steal the item? Our two races have been on good terms for generations. Is this the intention of your Sword Holding Palace, Fenghai County, or your human race?"

At this point, the eyes of the middle-aged black-clothed guard of the Holy Wave Race lit up. He raised his right hand and waved it. Immediately, a jade slip appeared, and an image flickered inside.

The image recorded the scene of Xu Qing and the others killing that half-step Nascent Soul cultivator and escaping. It also included what Kong Xianglong had said at the end.

A cold glint appeared in the eyes of Kong Xianglong and the others.

Xu Qing was expressionless but his gaze was equally cold.

Deacon Sima's expression didn't change at all. After glancing at the recording, he shook his head.

"My Sword Holding Palace never had such a decree or spies."

The old man from the Yao family said coldly.

"If there are no spies and they weren't on a mission, then what these people did was completely private. Killing Holy Wave Race cultivators in an attempt to cause a war between the two races is unforgivable!"

"Guards, detain them and send them to the Holy Wave Race to comfort those heroes who died tragically!"

As soon as the old man from the Yao family finished speaking, the dozens of Yao family cultivators on the square immediately circulated their cultivation bases and walked toward Xu Qing and the others.

A cold glint flashed in Xu Qing's eyes. Kong Xianglong lifted his head. The instant his gaze revealed hostility, rainbows suddenly appeared behind the square and whistled over.

The commotion was extremely great, causing the sound of air breaking to ring out as they headed straight for the square.

Following the rumbling sounds, numerous figures descended. They were all Sword Holders!

They were the Sword Holders of the Eight Sects Alliance.

Over the years, most of the Sword Holders of the Eight Sects Alliance had been arranged to work in other provinces. However, the ones who were currently in the county capital had all arrived.

Previously, on the way, Xu Qing had sent them a voice transmission.

As they descended, these Sword Holders of the Eight Sects Alliance spread out their baleful auras and guarded Xu Qing and the others. They then looked at the Yao family members with sinister smiles and disdain.

"Interesting. Capturing the Sword Holder in our Sword Holding Palace?"

"Come, come, come, take your [grandfather](#) to the Holy Wave Race as well!"

"To comfort the heroic spirits of the Holy Wave Race?"

"F*cking b*stards!"

As they spoke, these Sword Holders circulated their cultivation bases and their auras soared into the sky, filled with killing intent.

The Yao family cultivators stopped in their tracks.

Steward Sun of the Yao family snorted coldly. Just as he was about to speak, whistling sounds rang out in the distance again!

Another group of Sword Holders whistled through the air and rushed over.

There were a hundred or so in this group, and all of them emitted monstrous murderous auras. They were all from the Primordial Lightning Lineage. After receiving Wang Chen's notice, they quickly rushed over.

As they got closer, thunder rumbled, shaking the heavens and the earth.

Chen Tinghao was among them. He sneered and growled.

"Who dares to touch my Sword Holder!"

The other Sword Holders of the Primordial Lightning Lineage also cursed one after another.

"So what if we killed the Holy Wave Race? So what? I've even eaten them before!"

"Yao family, do you still have any shame?!"

Seeing this scene, the hearts of all the Yao family cultivators trembled.

However, all of this wasn't over. In an instant, whistling sounds rang out from afar again!

Sword Holders from the Great Void Demon Transformation Sect and the Blood Frost Sect also arrived rapidly. There were hundreds of them and their auras were imposing.

The Sword Holders of the Great Void Demon Transformation Sect had already transformed into demons, filling the sky with their large bodies. They were like a group of demons dancing wildly, and even the color of the world seemed to change.

The Blood Frost Sect also emitted monstrous blood qi. Rumbling sounds rang out in all directions, and wind and clouds surged. Cold voices rang out, echoing in all directions.

"Insisting on being a dog instead of a human!"

"Calling you dogs is an insult to dogs!"

"B*stards who are worse than pigs and dogs!"

"Let's see who dares to touch our Sword Holder!"

Nearly a thousand Sword Holders' majestic auras resounded through the clouds and surrounded this place. They stared at the Yao family and the Holy Wave Race cultivator with dense bloodlust.

The killing intent was so intense that it caused the heavens and the earth to tremble.

It was as though as long as the Yao family dared to make a move at all, they would destroy everything, leaving no one alive.

Facing such a baleful aura, the expressions of the Yao family's cultivators changed drastically.

This was especially so when there were still many murderous Sword Holders approaching rapidly from afar.

When Steward Sun saw all of this, his heart trembled intensely. His breathing became slightly hurried and his eyes narrowed.

A mutiny seemed to be about to happen.

"Deacon Sima!" Steward Sun suddenly turned his head to look at Deacon Sima. The expression of the black-clothed guard of the Holy Wave Race at the side was also extremely gloomy.

Deacon Sima's expression still didn't change. He spoke with a fake smile.

"Manager Sun, I called them over for the sake of the Yao Residence. You've finished asking them and you heard their answers."

"Everything is very clear. We didn't send the spy, nor did we kill the followers of the Holy Wave Race's envoy. As for the recording jade slip, I can forge a lot of it. If you like it, I'll give you some later."

Deacon Sima stroked his beard and smiled as he spoke softly.

"I have done my part, but your Yao family is a little insensitive to speak like this in my Sword Holding Palace."

"You said the wrong thing and incited the public anger of the Sword Holding Palace. Even I can't help you with this."

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Chapter 564: Walking Alone (1)

"You!"

Steward Sun's expression instantly turned ugly. He looked at the battle-ready Sword Holders who were surrounding them like a pack of vicious wolves and then at the envoy of the Holy Wave Race beside him.

His expression changed and he complained inwardly.

In reality, he didn't want to come either. After all, bringing the Holy Wave Race to the Sword Holding Palace to capture the Sword Holders was already a ridiculous thing. However, the marquis had ordered him to make sure the envoy of the Holy Wave Race was satisfied. Hence, he could only grit his teeth fiercely at this moment, and his eyes revealed a ferocious glint.

"The marquis has ordered the capture of Kong Xianglong and the other four!"

Deacon Sima frowned. As for the black-clothed guard of the Holy Wave Race, the gloominess on his face faded a little. He smiled slightly and a deep glint flashed in the depths of his eyes.

This time, he had followed the clan's delegation team here. In reality, his main purpose wasn't to find trouble with Kong Xianglong and the others, but to observe the Yao family.

He had been observing the expressions of all the Yao family cultivators, and even used a secret technique to verify if they were putting on a show.

At that moment, the dozens of Yao family cultivators on the square were complaining inwardly when they heard Steward Sun. However, they had no choice but to move forward under this order. Their cultivation bases circulated wildly and their auras rose, wanting to rush toward Xu Qing and the others.

Just as a battle was about to occur, a cold snort rang out from the sky.

"How unseemly!"

At the next instant, a force that shook heaven and earth descended from the sky like an avalanche, suppressing the surroundings.

The entire Discipline Hall shook violently and the hearts of the cultivators in the surroundings churned. The dozens of Yao family cultivators couldn't move at all, as though they were being pressed down by thousands of mountains.

Immediately after, a figure walked over from the sky.

This person was an old man. There were a thousand Dao threads circulating in his eyes. That was the manifestation of the first stage of Nihilism, Shattering Thousand Dao.

He wore the Sword Holder Daoist robe. As he walked, the sky behind him distorted and countless illusory bodies appeared, surging into the depths of the sky, causing the entire Sword Holding Palace to

tremble. That was the manifestation of the second stage of Nihilism, Illusory and Truth Myriad Transformations.

Shortly after, the illusory scenes of space shattering appeared one after another in his surroundings. It was as though worlds would be born around him on their own. These worlds were like bubbles that formed in a short period of time before shattering.

That was... the sign of Nihilism's third stage, Infinite Imagination!

However, there weren't many worlds around the old man. He hadn't truly stepped into the third stage and could only be said to have taken a step forward.

Even so, he was already extremely powerful, and with his appearance, the entire Sword Holding Palace fell silent.

Xu Qing immediately recognized that the other party was the Deputy Palace Master of the Sword Holding Palace who appeared when the Sword Holders swore the oath.

"Greetings, Deputy Palace Master!" Deacon Sima was the first to cup his fists and bow respectfully.

Xu Qing, Kong Xianglong, and the others also quickly cupped their fists. Very soon, all the Sword Holders in the surroundings greeted in unison.

"Greetings, Deputy Palace Master!"

The Deputy Palace Master was expressionless. He coldly looked at Steward Sun, whose expression had changed drastically, and calmly spoke.

"Scram!"

Steward Sun's body trembled. He wanted to speak but didn't dare to. He could only lower his head and bow to the black-clothed guard of the Holy Wave Race before leaving rapidly with the trembling Yao family cultivators.

Ignoring the Yao Family, the Deputy Palace Master coldly looked at the Holy Wave Race cultivator.

"And you, you're an envoy, so I'll give you the time it takes for an incense stick to burn to escape as a gesture of our human race's etiquette. However, if you can't escape back to the Holy Wave in the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, I'll kill you."

The expression of the black-clothed guard of the Holy Wave Race changed and he instantly flew out, heading straight for the teleportation array in the distance.

After doing this, the Deputy Palace Master looked at Xu Qing and the others and snorted coldly.

"The few of you are quite bold. On the orders of the Palace Master, the five of you are to be imprisoned in the Prison Department for a month!"

"Deacon Sima, escort them to the Prison Department!"

Xu Qing lowered his head. Shan He and the others sighed inwardly and also lowered their heads.

However, Kong Xianglong didn't tremble. He would only be afraid when facing the Palace Master. Now, he was only in a low mood, thinking that he still couldn't escape the prison in the end.

"I obey the decree!" Deacon Sima spoke solemnly.

He could naturally tell that the escort here meant guarding them on the way, in case the Holy Wave Race or the Yao family made a move.

"All of you, disperse. Don't make a fuss. Remember that you're Sword Holders!"

After the Deputy Palace Master finished speaking, he left with a cold expression.

Deacon Sima looked at Kong Xianglong and the others. He then walked over. After his gaze swept past them one by one, it landed on Xu Qing as he slowly spoke.

"I'm the deacon of the Sword Holding Palace before I am the cultivator of the Grand Affairs Immortal Sect." Outsiders had to ponder over Deacon Sima's words before they could understand the meaning.

However, as the person involved, Xu Qing immediately understood. Hence, he cupped his fists and bowed. However, he didn't believe everything and still needed to verify it.

"Let's go, I'll send you guys to the Prison Department." Deacon Sima walked ahead.

Kong Xianglong sighed at Xu Qing. As for Shan He and Wang Chen, they blinked and moved closer to Xu Qing before speaking in a low voice.

"Xu Qing, we are going to your house, we'll rely on you."

Xu Qing nodded silently. Everyone sighed and followed Deacon Sima out of the Sword Holding Palace.

While they were moving toward the Prison Department, in a circular altar building in the center of the county capital.

This altar was very large but the center was empty.

There were three palaces on it. They were black, red, and white. There were even more subsidiary halls in the surroundings. The buildings were tall and majestic.

The tops of the three main palaces were covered in different colored tiles. Their appearances were extraordinary and unique.

These buildings were mystical. They seemed to exist on the altar but in reality, they didn't.

[Outside Of Time](#)

Chapter 565: Walking Alone (2)

This was because when one stood in this cluster of palace and looked out, what they saw wasn't the county capital but nothingness.

In this nothingness, only this cluster of palaces existed.

At that moment, there were three people in the white palace.

Two were sitting opposite each other and playing chess, while one stood in the middle and stared at the chessboard.

The person playing chess was none other than the Sword Holding Palace Master. Facing him was a middle-aged scholar in a brocade robe.

This person's face was fair and there was a hint of gentleness to it. Right now, he was smiling as he picked up a black chess piece and placed it on the chessboard. He even used his finger to poke the chess piece.

"Palace Master, your contributions are too great. If you aren't careful, you'll become an overbearing dragon that flies to the horizon without being able to return."

"Something was said quite correctly in the Sword Holding Palace just now." The Palace Master looked at the chessboard and calmly spoke.

"What?" The brocade-robed scholar asked with a smile.

"Marquis, you f*cking b*stard!" The Palace Master was expressionless as he looked up at the brocade-robed scholar coldly.

This brocade-robed scholar was none other than the head of the Yao family, the current generation's Marquis Yao.

He didn't seem angry when he heard this. Instead, he laughed. After that, he stood up and cupped his fists and bowed to the person who was watching them play chess.

"County Governor, the chess game has been decided. There's no need to continue. The visit of the Holy Wave Race is a friendly visit. I'll take my leave first and go receive them."

With that, Marquis Yao left. His back view looked a little bleak in the darkness, revealing a hint of loneliness.

The person watching the chess game was an old man in a long hemp robe. He looked ordinary and his expression was gentle. There was no pressure or aura at all. When he heard this, he smiled and nodded.

He was the county governor of Fenghai County.

"County Governor, I still don't trust him." Looking at the departing Marquis Yao, the Palace Master calmly spoke.

"Brother Liangxiu." The county governor smiled and sat opposite the Palace Master. As he cleared the chessboard, he spoke softly.

"I know that you deliberately displayed the aura of an arrogant dragon in the chess game just now to remind Yao Tianyan not to let the fake show come true and ultimately become an arrogant dragon."

"However, you prefer resolute and aggressive measures, while Brother Tianyan prefers to make alliances. Both of you have set up a situation where you are like water and fire, which was originally a top-secret plan that the three of us jointly formulated."

"All these years, outsiders have been cursing the Yao family, calling them shameless, brainless, and traitors. Cursing them for intermarrying with a foreign race, calling them arrogant, and saying that the entire family is inferior to pigs and dogs."

"The number of people in the Yao family who know of this plan can be counted on one hand, and they can't even mention any of this. They can only endure all of this bitterly. Yao Tianyan... this flirtatious scholar who was famous in the Grand Imperial Capital Region back then and an outstanding heaven's chosen was willing to bear the infamy. He has suffered more than you."

"Everything is because of my incompetence, because my Fenghai County is unstable, because our human race is in decline. We have no choice but to put on such a show."

The Sword Holding Palace Master fell silent. After a long time, he looked into the distance and spoke in a low voice.

"County Governor, you don't have to undervalue yourself. If it wasn't for your painstaking management, Fenghai County would have long been devoured by the Holy Wave."

"I understand what you're saying. I also know that it's harder for him than me and I know his sacrifice better. However, I'm worried that some people in the Yao family will really become a group of arrogant dragons."

"Even if the leader has the human race in his heart, he can't turn back. He has no choice but to forget his original intention, just like the former Grand Duke Holy Wave."

The County Governor fell silent. After a long time, he spoke softly.

"Even you, who knows, have doubts. This means that he's not far from completely deceiving the Holy Wave Race."

At that moment, dusk had passed and the sky was dark. Fortunately, the bright moon was hanging and the moonlight shone on the human world, landing outside the deep pit of the Prison Department.

After escorting Xu Qing and the others here, Deacon Sima left.

Kong Xianglong looked at the familiar Prison Department and let out a long sigh. Shan He and the others were also dejected. Only Xu Qing walked in front and greeted a few Pawns who had come to receive them. He watched as they put shackles on Shan He and the others with cold expressions.

However, he... didn't have any.

In fact, a familiar Pawn even gave Xu Qing a shackle.

Hence, Xu Qing personally put the shackle on Kong Xianglong.

"As expected, it's different..." Kong Xianglong and the others watched this scene. They noticed that when these Pawns spoke to Xu Qing, they would have smiles on their faces, as though they were on the same side.

However, to them, they were expressionless.

Hence, everyone revealed looks of envy.

Old Li was also among the Pawns. After he glanced at Kong Xianglong and the others, he spoke to Xu Qing in a low voice.

"I heard about what happened outside the Discipline Hall today. Let's go. Your cell is ready."

As Old Li spoke, he winked at Xu Qing and led the way.

Just like that, Xu Qing and the others escorted Kong Xianglong and the other three into the Prison Department.

They walked all the way to Area D10. The moment he pushed open the cell gate, Xu Qing saw the layout inside and smiled.

Although Area D10 was still a prison cell, there were a total of 30 jars of wine inside. There were also many foods that could only be bought with spirit stones outside.

There were even five specially repaired cages that contained futons needed for meditation.

Although it was still simple, it was much better than those prisoners.

When Kong Xianglong and the others saw this, they perked up and looked at the cold-faced Pawns.

Old Li calmly spoke.

"We heard about what happened to you. You were punished and imprisoned. As Pawns, we naturally have to monitor you. However, as Sword Holders, everyone thinks that you did a good job!"

"Treat this like your own home and take it as a break for this month. If you need anything, tell Xu Qing. Xu Qing, your D132 can't be left unguarded. You can open the cell yourself too. Don't forget to report for duty later."

After saying that, Old Li and the others looked at Xu Qing and the others with solemn expressions.

"Lastly, we'll say it again. You guys did a good job killing them!" After saying that, all the Pawns here took out their command swords in unison and performed a Sword Holder salute to Xu Qing and the others.

After the ceremony, the Pawns turned and left.

Area D10 immediately fell silent.

Xu Qing silently walked to the wine jars. With a wave of his hand, four jars flew toward Kong Xianglong and the others. After each of them caught one, everyone looked at each other and laughed.

"Bottoms up!" Kong Xianglong's laughter grew louder and louder as he took a big swig.

Xu Qing also smiled and took a big swig.

After that, he helped everyone remove the shackles on their bodies. They were only symbolic outside, and were unnecessary here.

Just like that, time flowed by. It was as though these five had returned to the time when they were lying on the plains happily after killing the black-clothed guards of the Holy Wave Race. Moreover, they were no strangers to each other now, so they had many topics to talk about.

Shan He and Wang Chen often bickered.

On the other hand, Night Spirit accompanied Kong Xianglong every day. Even a blind person could sense that she liked Kong Xianglong.

As for Xu Qing, he would occasionally walk out of the cell and make a trip to D132.

Other than the fact that he couldn't leave the Prison Department or do missions, everything was no different from his usual routine.

Every time Xu Qing left Area D10, he would do it calmly. As D132's guardian, he couldn't ignore D132. That would be dereliction of duty.

Xu Qing felt that he absolutely couldn't do something like that.

Time flowed by and half a month passed.

Mortals might be extremely bored after they were imprisoned for half a month, but to cultivators, their single seclusion might last longer than this time. This was especially so when there was wine and meat. They even had friends to chat and laugh with. Hence, their lives were quite comfortable.

On this day, Xu Qing returned from his shift. As soon as he stepped into Area D10, he felt that something was amiss.

Today, Area D10 was too quiet.

[Outside Of Time](#)

Chapter 566: Meeting Best Friends

Xu Qing's mind stirred.

In the past, when he returned from work, Area D10 would be very lively. The sounds of Shan He and Wang Chen bickering could be heard non-stop. However, today, Shan He was actually sitting cross-legged on the square.

He was actually cultivating.

His expression was solemn and carried obvious persistence. It was as though he was using his actions to tell everyone that he, Shan He, was a determined person. Even though he was in prison, he still didn't forget to cultivate.

Any place could be a place for him, Shan He, to temper himself.

As for Wang Chen, his main body had also come out of the coffin. At that moment, he was sitting in the cage with a serious expression. His hands were clenched tightly, as though he was regretting his mistake.

He even controlled his clone of the Smoke Race to write on the walls of the cage with a brush.

The article was voluminous. What it said was all about recognizing his mistake. Coupled with his expression, it gave people the feeling that he had written his thoughts and was assiduously reflecting on them.

Anyone who saw it would think that he was putting in a lot of effort.

There was also Kong Xianglong.

He was even more exaggerated. Although he was also sitting in his cage, he was facing the wall and reflecting. His back was facing the outside world as he loudly spoke words of regret.

"Night Spirit, I think I made a huge mistake this time. Although the Palace Master imprisoned me for a month, I don't think it's enough. I have to punish myself and not disappoint him."

"Come, Night Spirit, beat me on behalf of the Palace Master. Only by doing this every day will my heart feel better."

As he spoke, Kong Xianglong's expression also changed. Sometimes, he looked repentant, sometimes he was filled with grief and indignation, sometimes he sighed, and sometimes he was impassioned.

These emotions vividly expressed the heartache in his heart.

Night Spirit held a rod and stood behind Kong Xianglong, nodding solemnly.

"To be able to recognize your mistake means that you've grown up, Brother Kong. You were too impulsive in the past, and I have made mistakes as well. We should hold each other accountable and supervise each other."

As she spoke, she ruthlessly hit Kong Xianglong's back with the rod. Her voice was extremely loud and spread in all directions.

When Xu Qing saw this scene, he silently walked to his cage. He then took out a bamboo slip and the iron stick. After that, he took out his shackles and naturally put them on.

His movements were very skilled, as though he would do this every time he returned.

After putting on the shackles, Xu Qing revealed a serious expression. He took the iron stick and carved the commandments of the Sword Holder on the bamboo slip.

Over and over again, it was as though he was repeating this process every day to understand his mistake.

It gave off a feeling that he was not engraving them on the bamboo slip but in his mind.

Moreover, since he was the only one with shackles on him, it further emphasized his strictness toward himself.

Just like that, time slowly passed. Two hours later, a cold snort echoed in the cell.

"All of you are sharp like monkey cubs."

As the voice echoed, the Palace Master's figure appeared in the square. Shan He looked up blankly. After seeing the Palace Master clearly, he hurriedly greeted with a look of regret.

Wang Chen also hurriedly stood up and bowed to the Palace Master from his cage. He opened his mouth as though he wanted to say something, but in the end, it all turned into regret on his face.

Kong Xianglong and Night Spirit were the same. Xu Qing was the same.

As everyone greeted, the Palace Master placed his hands behind his back and swept his gaze across them one by one.

"You guys are quite capable."

"You completed the mission, and actually chased the black-clothed guards to the border!"

"Since you're so energetic, I'll give you something to do. Shan He, after you're released from prison, you'll work in the law enforcement office as well. Go and capture criminals."

"Wang Chen, don't you like to sleep in the coffin? After you're released from prison, you'll take night patrol."

"Night Spirit, you too. The Inspection Department asked for people some time ago. Go and take up the post."

"Kong Xianglong, aren't you unable to remember the rules of the Sword Holder? After you get out, you'll work in the Discipline Hall as well. You'll be in charge of admonishing those who don't follow the rules."

"Xu Qing, since you have so much energy, go and suppress D1 later and serve as a Area C Pawn."

The Palace Master calmly spoke, his voice echoing through the cell.

Everyone lowered their heads and pretended to realize their mistake.

"Also, I'll give you guys another secret mission. You can check it after you're released from prison."

"A spy sent a message. Recently, many immortal puppets of the Quasi-Immortal Race have appeared in the Holy Wave Race. They suspect that the Quasi-Immortal Race is secretly trading war items with the Holy Wave Race. This matter is rather sensitive. The few of you, use your own methods to secretly investigate it."

"If anyone can find any evidence, I'll give them a second-class battle merit and 500,000 military contributions."

Xu Qing's eyes instantly lit up. Kong Xianglong, Shan He, and the others were the same. All of their eyes gleamed.

500,000 military contributions was already a huge sum, let alone the fact that they were given battle merits as well!

It was extremely difficult to obtain battle merits, and almost impossible to obtain under normal circumstances unless it was an extremely dangerous mission.

Up until now, only Kong Xianglong had a third-class battle merit. That was something he had obtained after risking his life to infiltrate the Holy Wave Race.

However, now, as long as they found evidence of the transaction between the Quasi-Immortal Race and the Holy Wave Race, they would be able to obtain a second-class battle merit. Everyone was extremely tempted.

Seeing the glint in Xu Qing and the others' eyes, the Palace Master nodded slightly and didn't speak anymore. He then turned and left.

After he left, the cell fell silent.

Everyone looked at each other and could see each other's desire for battle merits. After that, all of them returned to their original positions. They continued to meditate, repent, and continue to carve.

Two hours later, Kong Xianglong coughed.

"He is gone."

Shan He let out a long sigh of relief and lay down.

Wang Chen's smoke clone dissipated and his main body let out a long sigh. After pretending for so long, he felt that his expression was about to freeze.

Night Spirit also put away the rod and went forward to apply medicine for Kong Xianglong. Kong Xianglong didn't mind this small injury and took out a jar of wine to take a big gulp with a smug expression.

"Fortunately, I reacted quickly. Otherwise, we would be in trouble this time. I guessed that the Palace Master would definitely come for a sudden inspection."

"Xu Qing's adaptability is also quite amazing. Although the Palace Master also knows what we're like, he's too inflexible. Hence, we still have to show some sincerity on the surface."

Kong Xianglong instinctively looked around. Every time he bad-mouthed the Palace Master, he would be a little wary.

Xu Qing removed the shackles on his body and walked out of the cage. He looked at everyone and pondered about the Quasi-Immortal Race.

Wang Chen also ran over and spoke in a low voice.

"Brother Kong, how did you know that the Palace Master was here?"

"I naturally have my own methods. It's a secret." Kong Xianglong laughed.

"Secret? Forget it then. Oh right, Brother Kong, are you familiar with the Quasi-Immortal Race?" Wang Chen didn't care much about the reason.

"I'm not very familiar with the Quasi-Immortal Race, but I think we can do this. However, the difficulty of this matter isn't small." Kong Xianglong shook his head.

"Could it be related to our previous mission? Could it be that the true information sent back from the rescue mission was about this?" Shan He crawled up and asked in surprise.

"It shouldn't be that simple," Xu Qing said softly.

"Regardless of whether it's information or not, the Quasi-Immortal Race has gone a little overboard. A war resource like the immortal puppet was actually secretly sold to the Holy Wave Race!" A cold glint appeared in Night Spirit's eyes.

"It's useless to think too much now. After we get out, we'll each use our own methods to investigate first." Kong Xianglong pondered. Everyone discussed for a while before they went to rest.

Half a month passed in the blink of an eye.

This afternoon, the sky outside was dark and rain was pouring. It was time to be released from prison.

As the cell gate opened, Shan He was the first to rush out excitedly, followed by Wang Chen.

Kong Xianglong and Night Spirit weren't in a hurry, and Xu Qing didn't care either. In any case, his life in this month was basically no different from usual.

"I hope we can still be together the next time we enter." Outside the prison, Kong Xianglong looked at Xu Qing.

Xu Qing was about to speak when he suddenly looked into the distance.

There was a woman's figure standing in the rain, holding an oil-paper umbrella. Her long purple dress fluttered in the wind like a violet in the rain.

She waved gently at Xu Qing.

She was Fairy Zi Xuan.

Noticing that someone had come to pick Xu Qing up, Kong Xianglong left with Night Spirit. Before he left, he took a few more glances at Zi Xuan. After that, he looked at Xu Qing as though he realized something. He winked and wanted to say something but was pulled away by Night Spirit.

Xu Qing hesitated for a moment before walking toward Zi Xuan. As soon as he got close, a maid beside Zi Xuan came to him with an umbrella. She sent him to Zi Xuan and left with the umbrella.

"Fairy."

Xu Qing bowed. He knew that the other party wouldn't like it if he called her senior, but he felt strange calling her by her name. Hence, he decided to change the way he addressed her.

Under the oil-paper umbrella, Zi Xuan looked at Xu Qing and smiled gently, handing the umbrella in her hand to Xu Qing.

The instant Xu Qing took it, Zi Xuan naturally moved closer to him.

Today, she clearly had put on some makeup. Her hair was tied up and her exquisite little face was flawless. Her already beautiful face also had more color than usual. She looked natural and unrestrained, valiant and heroic.

"Let's go." Zi Xuan smiled.

Because Zi Xuan was too close, Xu Qing's body instinctively stiffened. He looked at the sky and didn't know where the other party wanted him to go.

"Accompany me to meet my two best friends. Didn't I tell you before? Have you forgotten?"

Seeing Xu Qing's puzzled look, Zi Xuan laughed softly. Her beautiful eyes revealed a strange glint.

When such a beautiful gaze landed on anyone, it would make their heartbeat involuntarily race.

Xu Qing hurriedly lowered his head and followed Zi Xuan.

Among the two people under the umbrella, one wore a purple dress and the other wore a white robe.

Although the colors were distinct, the sleeves of the clothes overlapped in the wind and rain, forming a beautiful scene.

They walked into the distance and soared into the air, heading to the county capital and the Apricot Flower Pavilion in the city.

The Apricot Flower Pavilion wasn't a restaurant but a unique private courtyard. There were pavilions, ponds, and water terraces nestled among the green pines and verdant cypresses. Looking at them in the rain, they exuded a unique charm.

There were also rockeries, flower beds, and green bamboo.

At that moment, outside the four-sided pavilion in the center of the courtyard, dozens of maidservants stood with umbrellas in their hands. Every one of them was beautiful and exuded a youthful aura. They also highlighted the three women sitting in the pavilion.

These three women were all peerless beauties.

The woman wearing a green Daoist robe, with bright eyes, was playing a flute. Waves of melodious music spread in the wind and rain. Her expression was beautiful and filled with freedom.

Another woman wore a long aqua blue dress. Her black hair was tied up with the same color silk, accentuating her jade-like skin. She was sitting carefully at the side.

From her demeanor, she seemed to be a junior.

Her jade-like fingers gently plucked the strings of the zither, complementing the sound of the flute.

The last woman was dressed in gorgeous palace clothes and exuded a graceful aura. However, her pretty face was as clean as a lotus and her expression was indifferent, as though she wasn't tainted by a single speck of dust of this mortal world.

She sat at the main seat and the corners of her mouth curled into a faint smile. At that moment, she lifted her head slightly and looked at the figures walking over from afar.

"Sister Zi Xuan, long time no see."

At the end of her vision, under the oil-paper umbrella, Zi Xuan and Xu Qing's figures were walking over.

As the woman in palace clothes spoke, the two women beside her also stopped playing. The flute-playing female cultivator smiled and looked at Zi Xuan with a friendly gaze.

However, when the woman in the aqua-blue dress who was plucking the strings of the zither saw the two people walking over, especially when her beautiful eyes landed on Xu Qing, a complicated expression involuntarily appeared on her face.

She was Yao Yunhui.

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Outside Of Time

Chapter 567: Do You Want Erniu?

Xu Qing also saw Yao Yunhui and frowned slightly. However, he was here with Fairy Zi Xuan today, so it wasn't convenient for him to say anything.

As they neared the pavilion, the gazes of the woman in palace clothes and the female cultivator in the Daoist robe landed on Xu Qing in unison.

Their gazes were filled with curiosity when they noticed that the two of them were under an oil-paper umbrella. They smiled, but didn't say anything.

Xu Qing fell silent. At the same time, he sensed the cultivation levels of the two women in the pavilion other than Yao Yunhui.

Just like Zi Xuan, a thousand Dao threads flowed in their eyes like starlight. They were at the first stage of Nihilism.

While Xu Qing was observing, Zi Xuan's lotus-like footsteps had already moved slightly. She walked into the pavilion and smiled.

"Sister Feihe, Sister Shitao, long time no see."

The woman in palace clothes and the woman in Daoist robe smiled sweetly. The former smiled at Zi Xuan while the latter continued to size up Xu Qing. Her red lips parted slightly and a sweet laughter rang out.

"Sister Xuan, who is this little friend?"

"He's Xu Qing, the person I like." Zi Xuan was straightforward. As soon as she spoke, Xu Qing didn't know what to say.

He was a little overwhelmed.

Not only him, but the expressions of the woman in palace clothes and the Daoist-robed female cultivator also changed slightly. The spiritual glint in their eyes intensified.

Only Yao Yunhui was a little dazed when she heard this.

Zi Xuan's beautiful eyes swept past her two best friends and she smiled gently, indicating for Xu Qing to sit beside her. After that, she pointed at the Daoist-robed woman and smiled at Xu Qing.

"Xu Qing, this is younger sister Li, Li Shitao, one of the three deacons of the Observance Palace."

"This is elder sister Yao, Yao Feihe. She's Marquis Yao's younger sister."

From the start to the end, Zi Xuan didn't even glance at Yao Yunhui.

Xu Qing's heart was in a mess, and could only cup his fists in greeting.

Li Shitao blinked her beautiful eyes and covered her mouth as she laughed and teased Xu Qing.

"So you're Xu Qing. Do you know that you're the first person I've seen Sister Xuan introduce like this? Hurry up and tell us how you moved Sister Xuan so much."

Yao Feihe clearly had a more stable personality than Li Shitao. She didn't joke with Xu Qing but spoke in a gentle voice.

"Previously, I heard that Sister Zi Xuan's Alliance produced a peerless genius. From the looks of it today, he's even better than the rumors."

Zi Xuan's direct introduction caused the two women to be quite interested in Xu Qing. They didn't act like high-level cultivators but treated him as a peer. However, it was inevitable that they would joke around.

"A few days ago, we invited Sister Xuan but she kept on rejecting us, so this was the reason. You wanted to give us a surprise."

"Now that I think about it, a month ago, she asked us about the emperor-level cultivation art merging with the Heavenly Palace. I think it was also prepared for you, right?"

When Xu Qing heard this, he could only nod. His expression was solemn and uncomfortable.

Just Zi Xuan alone was enough to make him nervous. Now that he was facing her best friends' teasing, he, who wasn't good with words and had never had such an experience, didn't know how to deal with it.

The more he was like this, the more Sister Li felt joy in teasing him.

"Eh, little brother, why aren't you saying anything?"

"Aiya, Sister Xuan, your Xu Qing is so shy."

Realizing that Xu Qing didn't know what to say, Zi Xuan's beautiful eyes flickered.

"How have you been all these years? How is your relationship with Senior Brother Chen from the Primordial Lightning Lineage?"

"Don't mention him!" Li Shitao sighed and her gaze landed on Xu Qing again.

"Little brother, do you have any good friends by your side? Introduce one to me."

Xu Qing thought about it and nodded.

"I have a senior brother..."

When Zi Xuan heard this, she immediately coughed and changed the topic, glancing at Yao Yunhui.

"She is?"

If it was any other time, Yao Yunhui definitely wouldn't be so silent. However, today, her aunt called her here. She also didn't expect that her aunt, who even her father had to be polite to, was actually a close friend of Fairy Zi Xuan.

She sighed inwardly and suppressed her complicated feelings as she stood up and bowed to Zi Xuan.

"Yunhui greets Fairy Zi Xuan."

Zi Xuan nodded indifferently and looked at Yao Feihe.

"Sister Yao, what is the meaning of this?"

"Yunhui was rash in her actions before. I specially called her over today to apologize to you and Xu Qing."

Yao Feihe noticed that Zi Xuan's way of addressing her had changed. She knew that Zi Xuan didn't like it, so she explained softly.

Her original intention was to get her niece to apologize to Zi Xuan. Today, when she saw the other party introducing Xu Qing like this, she instantly understood all the reasons. Hence, her words also changed.

She was different from Li Shitao. Li Shitao had always had a lively personality and made friends with all kinds of people. However, as the younger sister of Marquis Yao, she cared a lot about the quality of her friends.

For example, although Zi Xuan's Alliance was in a remote place and couldn't be considered a large faction, regardless of intelligence or aptitude, she was a top-notch person. Such a person's future was ever-changing. You could never underestimate her because of her background. Perhaps with an opportunity, she would be able to reach a level that even you had to look up to.

This was especially so since she knew very well that her brother had sacrificed his reputation for Fenghai County and she couldn't tell anyone about this. Hence, although the Yao family seemed huge, they were actually unstable.

She couldn't let the Yao family continue to make enemies. This was also the fundamental reason why she wanted to turn hostility into friendship.

She also made the same judgment about Xu Qing. However, the other party hadn't truly grown up after all. She still had to observe how he would do in the future.

After she finished explaining, she looked at Yao Yunhui with a stern expression.

Yao Yunhui lowered her head. In reality, she no longer had the thought of scheming against Xu Qing. Instead, her feelings were getting more and more complicated. Seeing Xu Qing walking together with Fairy Zi Xuan today, especially with Fairy Zi Xuan's introduction, made her feel an inexplicable jealousy.

She also knew that this jealousy was inexplicable, but she couldn't control it.

When she heard her aunt's words, she bowed to Zi Xuan and Xu Qing.

"Yunhui is also a pitiful person. Her husband passed away early. It's not easy for a widow with a child." Yao Feihe looked at Zi Xuan and said softly.

Zi Xuan's expression was calm. She didn't agree or disagree. Instead, she chatted about the past with Yao Feihe and Li Shitao. Their laughter soon rang out through the pavilion.

As for Yao Yunhui, under her aunt's arrangement, she played the zither at the side. The tune coupled with the wind and rain exuded a different charm.

From the start to the end, Xu Qing didn't express his stance on this. He didn't know the true relationship between Fairy Zi Xuan and Marquis Yao's sister, so he couldn't reveal any inclinations on this matter.

In reality, to him, it didn't matter if he reconciled or not. It wouldn't affect his choice.

If there was a chance, he would still deal with the mother and son and end things once and for all.

At the thought of this, Xu Qing's gaze turned cold as he glanced at Yao Yunhui. Coincidentally, Yao Yunhui also lifted her head and looked at Xu Qing.

The instant their eyes met, Yao Yunhui instinctively avoided his gaze. The sound of the zither became slightly chaotic.

Xu Qing frowned and felt surprised. At the same time, he became vigilant.

He felt that the other party must have some ulterior motives, so the killing intent in his heart fluctuated slightly. However, he controlled it very well and didn't reveal it at all.

Just like that, as time flowed by, when dusk arrived, Zi Xuan ended her conversation with her two best friends and bade farewell.

Before she left, Li Shitao, who was also leaving, smiled at Xu Qing and continued to joke.

"Little brother, you said earlier that you will introduce me to your senior brother. I'll remember it."

Xu Qing looked at the other party seriously and nodded.

Li Shitao was satisfied. She waved at Zi Xuan and slowly walked away.

At that moment, the rain outside also stopped. On the way back to the branch sect, Zi Xuan and Xu Qing walked side by side and spoke slightly.

"These two are my good friends in the county capital. Li Shitao seems to have a lively personality but she's actually quite scheming. However, she's responsible and can be trusted at critical moments."

"As for Yao Feihe, her ambition is far-reaching and not something Fenghai County can hold, and she doesn't have many friends. Although she has a utilitarian heart, she has her own principles. Today, she took the initiative to call Yao Yunhui over to reconcile. You don't have to worry about this. Just act according to your principles."

Xu Qing nodded. This was also what he was thinking.

Zi Xuan didn't speak anymore. Her footsteps were brisk, indicating her good mood.

Xu Qing followed beside her. Under the moonlight, their shadows stretched behind them until they arrived at the entrance of the branch sect.

There was a chill in the wind. That was the scent of winter approaching.

"Winter is coming. The autumn rain passed so quickly..." Zi Xuan turned around and her bright eyes reflected the moonlight. Under the moonlight, she was exceptionally beautiful.

She gently helped Xu Qing tidy his clothes that were blown by the wind. She then smiled gently as Xu Qing's body stiffened.

"Xu Qing, you have to progress faster..."

She spoke softly and cast a deep glance at Xu Qing. After that, she turned and walked into the branch sect. Her graceful back view and the purple dress gradually moved away, and the fragrance was no longer there.

The maidservants who followed behind also bowed to Xu Qing and followed.

Xu Qing stood in front of the branch sect and looked at the departing Zi Xuan. The other party's last words echoed in his mind.

After a long time, he nodded, cupped his fists, and bowed before turning to leave.

He didn't return to the Sword Pavilion but accepted missions to earn military contributions.

In the next few days, Xu Qing worked hard to accumulate military contributions. The daily missions that gave the most military contributions were none other than capturing wanted criminals. Hence, Xu Qing remembered most of the wanted criminals. He had a deep impression of one of them.

This was because this wanted criminal had a nickname. Just like him, he was also known as Kid.

Seven days later, after accumulating his military contributions to a certain extent, Xu Qing went to the ninth floor of the Prison Department. There, he used his considerable military contributions to apply for the guardian assessment of Area D1.

This assessment was also the only way for Area D Pawns to advance to Area C.

Only by suppressing the criminals in Area D1 could one advance to Area C and have the qualifications to head to the floors below 89th.

To the Prison Department, Area D and Area C were completely different places.

The latter was mysterious and profound. The Pawns there were even more savage. Most of their cultivation levels were in the Nascent Soul realm. Any one of their identities and statuses surpassed the Pawns of Area D by a great extent.

Becoming a Pawn in Area C was one of the things that all the Pawns in Area D yearned for the most.

Hence, Xu Qing's application immediately attracted the attention of the Pawns from Area D.

Just like that, under the gazes of many Pawns from Area D, Xu Qing stepped into Area D1, which was located on the 88th floor!

Two hours later, as the cell gate of Area D1 opened, a figure covered in blood staggered out step by step.

It was Xu Qing.

He was slightly out of breath and one of his legs was crippled. The path behind him was stained with a long trail of blood.

His arms were also dislocated and there were many parts where he suffered serious injuries.

The injuries were so deep that his bones could be seen, especially his back. There was a huge wound from the back of his neck to his waist.

There was also a wound that connected from his forehead to the right corner of his mouth. His flesh was exposed and blood still dripped from there.

The people imprisoned in Area D1 were all Golden Cores with nine palaces.

Although many years of suppression had caused them to be extremely weak, every one of them was once a heaven's chosen of their respective races. Even though Xu Qing had activated the Poison Restriction fully, the price he had to pay wasn't small.

At that moment, when he walked out, Xu Qing spat out a piece of flesh he had bitten off. He then grinned at everyone who was waiting outside.

"They're all dead."

Behind him, inside the open gate of D1's cell, the ground was covered in so much blood that it looked like a pool of blood. There were no corpses inside.

Due to the Poison Restriction Pill, all the corpses melted into a part of the blood pool.

Outside Of Time

Chapter 568: The World in the Painting (1)

Snowfall separated autumn and winter.

Five months after Xu Qing arrived at the county capital, winter arrived silently as the first snow fell.

Snowflakes landed on the roofs of the buildings and the hair of the pedestrians on the streets.

As it painted the entire land, it was as though there were more white-haired people in the city.

The first snowfall came suddenly and heavily.

They also landed outside the Prison Department and on the Sword Pavilions.

Xu Qing, who was wearing a white Sword Holder Daoist robe, walked toward the Prison Department in this snow-colored world.

Today was the day he went to Area C for duty.

A few days ago, he had completed the suppression of Area D1 and passed the advancement assessment. From that moment on, he was no longer a Pawn of Area D but a Pawn of Area C.

As for his duty as D132's guardian, he didn't cancel it.

The Pawns in Area C wore uniforms that were similar to those in Area D, with the only difference being a black badge at their collars.

This badge looked like a tree branch.

If the Prison Department were compared to a big tree, then the Pawns in Area D would be like leaves, and Area C would be like branches.

As he walked down the steps of the Prison Department, Xu Qing could clearly sense the glory represented by this badge. This was because all the Pawns in Area D who saw him greeted him respectfully.

Xu Qing returned the greeting and walked to the 88th floor. When he passed by the 89th floor and stepped down the steps that led to the 90th floor, he took a deep breath and revealed a solemn expression.

"The 90th floor..." Xu Qing mumbled. His footsteps were firm as he slowly walked down.

Tapping sounds rang out from under Xu Qing's feet.

That was the sound of his footsteps landing on the steps. They echoed in the surroundings and were quite conspicuous in this quiet environment.

As for the lights from the top of the Prison Department, they couldn't fully illuminate the depths of the 90th floor. Therefore, the world that Xu Qing saw became increasingly dim.

When he reached the last step to the 90th floor, Xu Qing stopped in his tracks.

This place was completely different from Area D.

The ground was damp and covered in moss. It was clearly only a floor away, but when Xu Qing looked at it, he felt as though he was in a different world from Area D.

Although this place was also ring-shaped, there were no cells, let alone cell gates!

The entire circular wall was filled with murals.

The murals filled the walls. It depicted the sun, moon, clouds, mountains, rivers, buildings, and all living beings!

It was like it depicted a complete world!

However, the colors were monotonous and dark.

Xu Qing's heart shook. Looking at this painting, he thought of D132's Painting Race.

A long while later, Xu Qing walked toward the mural. After sizing it up carefully, his pupils narrowed.

These murals seemed to be alive and everything inside was changing. Clouds and fog were drifting, and the mountains and rivers were changing.

It was as though that place was really a dark world and Xu Qing was standing outside the world, looking at everything.

"There's only one cell on the 90th floor."

A cold and familiar voice suddenly rang out from behind Xu Qing.

Xu Qing turned around and saw a figure walking over from the darkness.

It was a tall old man. His gaze was cold and his entire body emitted a dense baleful aura. If one stared at him for too long, ghostly cries and howls would appear in their minds.

It was as though countless living beings had died in his hands, causing countless resentful spirits to circle around him, emitting malice to all living beings.

"Greetings, Senior Ghost Hand!"

Xu Qing immediately recognized that the person before him was the mentor who had previously explained the fatal points of living beings of all races to them during the secret training of the Sword Holders.

Back then, as his assistant, Xu Qing had personally seen the old man take out countless corpses. There were even some who were killed on the spot.

Xu Qing had heard from Kong Xianglong before that the person in front of him was a Pawn, but he had never encountered him in the Prison Department in the past few months. This made him suspect that this person was on a deeper floor.

Xu Qing wasn't too surprised to see him. He bowed respectfully.

The old man glanced at Xu Qing with a hint of admiration.

"I remember you, the little fellow who poisoned Sick Ghost."

"You advanced from Area D so quickly. Not bad."

The old man smiled. However, the baleful aura on his body was too strong. His smile also carried a sinister feeling. If it was an ordinary person, they might feel goosebumps. However, Xu Qing was used to it and felt that this was normal.

Noticing that Xu Qing's expression didn't change, the old man felt even more satisfied. In reality, when he chose Xu Qing as his assistant back then, he had thought very highly of him.

He walked closer to Xu Qing and looked at the murals as he calmly spoke.

"Most of the Pawns in Area C are Nascent Soul cultivators. Do you know why?"

"Is it because the method of suppressing criminals in Area C is different from Area D?" Xu Qing thought about it and replied.

"I thought you would say that the criminal's cultivation base is deeper." The old man smiled.

"The cultivation bases of the criminals in Area C are indeed deeper. There are Nascent Soul criminals and Spirit Repository criminals as well. However, this isn't the main point. The main point is... only Nascent Soul Pawns can withstand the rules of a small world without being crushed."

The old man's gaze was still on the murals and his voice echoed in all directions.

"The rules of the small world?" Xu Qing fell into deep thought and also looked at the murals.

"From the 90th floor to the 122nd floor, it's all Area C. There are a total of 33 floors." The old man slowly spoke.

"Area C doesn't have any cells like Area D. Every floor only has such murals."

Outside Of Time

Chapter 569: The World in the Painting (2)

"Every mural is a small world! These 33 small worlds are the cells in Area C!"

As soon as Ghost Hand spoke, a strange glint appeared in Xu Qing's eyes. Previously, when he saw the murals, he had a guess, especially since he had experienced the Great Void World. Hence, he wasn't completely ignorant of existences like small worlds.

However, he was still shocked by the abilities of the Prison Department.

'Using the 33 small worlds as the cells in Area C, then what will Area B and Area A below be like?' Xu Qing took a deep breath.

As for the old man's words, they were still echoing.

"This old man is the prison lord of the first world of the 33 worlds. I lead a group of Pawns of the first world of Area C to guard this world!"

"Your duty is in the first world. However, your cultivation level hasn't reached the Nascent Soul realm and it'll be difficult for you to withstand the power of laws of a world on your own. I'll bring you to this world first and let you experience it."

As the old man spoke, he spat out a mouthful of black fog at the murals.

As the fog landed and spread in all directions, the colors of the murals became livelier.

It was no longer dark but more colorful. In the end, it became colorful and lifelike.

"Let's go."

The old man placed his hands behind his back and walked toward the murals that had regained its color.

Xu Qing followed behind and stepped into the mural with the old man, entering the first world of the 33 worlds.

What appeared in front of Xu Qing was an endless void.

In the depths of the void, there was a gray continent covered with a red barrier of light.

It was filled with countless runes formed by array formations and restrictions, forming an astonishing seal that enveloped the entire continent.

Moreover, those runes flickered with a certain pattern, causing at least a million runes to flicker at the same time and circulate eternally.

As the array formation seal rotated, four illusory statues appeared in the surroundings of the continent. These four statues were incomparably huge and looked extremely different from humans. They looked more like ferocious beasts.

Their heads were the size of the continent. They were lined up in the north, south, east, and west. They lowered their heads at the same time and stared at the continent.

Their gazes gathered and transformed into the sun and moon.

As the array formation runes shone, the four figures slowly changed directions. Hence, the sun and moon alternated.

Such a majestic scene caused Xu Qing's emotions to fluctuate intensely.

"This is the first world. The void here was extracted by the first Palace Master from the Void World and fused into this place to hide the aura of the first world."

In the void, the old man stood in front and spoke in a deep voice.

"You can see the runic seal on the outer shell as the laws of this world that were refined by my Sword Holding Palace. Those four statues are the four original Heavenly Dao bodies of this world."

"Now, leave your mark in the array formation. This way, you won't be suppressed by the rules after you step in."

As he spoke, the old man took a step forward and landed in the array formation's seal. He shuttled over and directly landed on that continent.

When Xu Qing heard this, he performed a series of hand seals and imprinted his mark into the light shell array formation before walking over.

As the continent became clearer and clearer in his eyes, their figures passed through everything and appeared in the clouds in the sky.

Below him was the mountain range of this small world.

"The moment this world was transformed into a prison, the rules were set. Outsiders can't reproduce here."

The old man slowly spoke and continued walking.

As Xu Qing followed, he noticed that the range of this world wasn't small. The overall terrain was mainly deserts and wilderness, and the spirit qi was extremely thin. In fact, as soon as he arrived, he felt as though he was about to suffocate.

It was as though his entire body was bound by an invisible force and suppressed by endless mountain peaks. His strength was severely restricted and he couldn't unleash all of it.

Fortunately, very soon, as the array formation in the external world circulated, he instantly returned to normal and felt relaxed.

This experience allowed him to gain a better understanding of this prison.

The weather in this world was extremely harsh. From his high vantage point, he could see sandstorms sweeping across some places. The wind inside possessed the power to cut bones.

In some places, poisonous rain poured down, and every being could only cry in misery.

There were also places where magnetic storms filled the air. Many Heavenly Daos descended and killed everything.

"In the 33 worlds prison, countless races and bizarre entities are imprisoned. They are all tortured in the small world and their lives are not up to them. All the rules here are controlled by our Prison Department."

The old man waved his hand and the desert on the ground instantly changed. Mountains rose from the ground and the terrain actually became a crisscrossed mountain range.

This wasn't the end. He waved his hand again and the mountain range here was instantly erased. Endless water vapor gathered and a large amount of seawater seeped out of the ground. At the next moment, this place actually transformed into a sea.

Moving mountains and overturning seas, all the changes were within his grasp.

When Xu Qing saw this scene, his expression turned solemn.

"Xu Qing, do you know why prison makes people feel fear?" The old man looked at Xu Qing.

"Because of deprivation," Xu Qing replied solemnly.

"That's right. Deprive them of what originally belonged to them and turn what they were used to into something they dreamed of but couldn't have again. The pain formed by this contrast is the most heart-wrenching."

The old man looked at the sea below and his voice echoed.

"The principle of the 33 worlds prison is to use the laws of the small world to transform it into a cage, allowing all the Nascent Soul cultivators imprisoned in this prison to be attacked by this world.

"We don't restrict their cultivation levels. They are still Nascent Souls but they are Nascent Souls of small worlds."

"The four life fires Foundation Building realm in the Wanggu Continent is almost comparable to the Nascent Soul realm in a small world. The power of one palace Golden Core realm is almost the same as the mid-stage Nascent Soul realm."

"As a result, the prisoners, who were accustomed to wielding great power with just a single technique in the ancient continent of Wanggu, now experience a sharp decline in their power. The feeling of being bound by the heavens and earth will make them, who have experienced the beauty of the outside world, more desperate and more miserable."

"The simplest thing that once belonged to them has now become the most extravagant desire."

"This is the prison of Area C of the Prison Department." The old man looked at Xu Qing and spoke in a low voice.

Outside Of Time

Chapter 570: Only the Pawns Reign in This World (1)

In the first world of the 33 worlds of the Prison Department.

The red sun hung high in the sky, emitting endless heat that baked the ground.

The sky here didn't have the fragmented-face of the god, but the anomalous substances here were still extremely dense.

The anomalous substances that permeated the Wanggu Continent not only affected Wanggu itself but also all the small worlds that were connected to it.

However, the sun and moon here didn't have any gods resting there. They were formed from the gazes of the four primordial heavenly Dao of this world after being altered by the Sword Holding Palace.

Now, under the sun formed by the gazes, heat waves churned and the clouds thinned, causing the two figures, one old and one young, walking in the sky to be especially distinct.

The old man was Ghost Hand.

The youth was Xu Qing.

"The job of an Area C Pawn is actually very simple. It's to patrol this world."

"You're not the only Pawn in this world. Including you, there are a total of 67 Pawns here. Your place of duty and time will be arranged when you can descend to this world alone."

"Before that, what you need to do is to follow me. I'll bring you to familiarize yourself with everything here."

Ghost Hand spoke as he moved forward.

Xu Qing respectfully nodded.

"You have two benefits as a Pawn of Area C." Ghost Hand smiled and took out a flask of old wine, taking a big gulp.

"The first benefit is that there's no limit to killing every month. However, you can't kill too much either. Think about it yourself."

"The second benefit is actually what all the Area C Pawns care about the most. That is to comprehend in this small world."

"All the nomological laws in the world are under our control. Hence, it's more suitable for cultivators to comprehend the circulation of the world and study how the Heavenly Dao is formed."

"This is the key to advancing to the Spirit Repository. The secret repository of Spirit Repository cultivators requires the Heavenly Dao to guard it."

"Although you haven't even reached the Nascent Soul realm, there are benefits to comprehending it in advance. When your cultivation level is high enough to patrol alone later, you will sense the corresponding benefits. Of course, how much you gain will depend on your luck."

Xu Qing memorized it.

This was the first time he had heard things related to the Spirit Repository. Although he could ask his master and Fairy Zi Xuan about these questions, he still expressed his gratitude to Ghost Hand for telling him.

Ghost Hand smiled and took another sip of wine. When he passed by a wilderness, he lowered his head and chuckled.

"Oh right, I forgot to mention just now. As a Pawn from Area C, you have to feed them occasionally."

After saying that, Ghost Hand waved his hand. Immediately, some useless pills that contained a large amount of anomalous substances and only had a little spirit energy were thrown down.

"Watch carefully. It's time for fun." Ghost Hand licked his lips and looked at the ground.

Xu Qing's gaze also landed.

The instant they looked over, the ground in the wilderness suddenly exploded and skinny figures rushed out.

Some of these figures had human forms but most of them were from nonhuman races. They had different appearances and there were even spirit plants.

At that moment, they rushed out in unison. All of their eyes revealed madness and desire as they rushed toward the useless pills. They attacked each other savagely, fighting to the death.

It was as though to them, these useless pills were like supreme treasures, causing them to go crazy.

Xu Qing saw a blue-scaled nonhuman with six arms. In order to obtain a useless pill, he didn't hesitate to destroy half of his arm. After devouring the pill, he showed a satisfied expression and fled in a frantic manner.

However, it was still too late. A group of nonhuman races rushed over and tore him apart to obtain the medicinal power that could be digested.

There was an area where hundreds of prisoners fought with bloodshot eyes. In the end, the cultivator who succeeded in snatching the pill revealed a look of desire despite his bloodied body as he swallowed the pill.

Things like this were playing out everywhere. Whenever the alchemy pills fell, almost every pill would result in a bitter fight.

Very soon, this wilderness was covered in corpses. As for the surviving criminals, they also noticed Xu Qing and Ghost Hand in the sky. All of them revealed looks of reverence as they knelt down, as though they were looking at a god.

"This area is filled with those who were captured in the past hundred years, so it's still lively and more fun."

"Before that mutilated Six Armed Race cultivator was captured, he used his seven nascent souls' power to kill the Observance Palace cultivators. At that time, he had quite some fame. However, here, although he's still a Nascent Soul cultivator, he's extremely fragile after being assimilated by this small world."

"There's also the cultivator of Winged Race with wings on its back whom I captured personally. It's even more powerful. It once wreaked havoc in the Morning Glow Province with its eight nascent souls' power. How do you think they feel when they think about how they could do whatever they wanted outside but now, they're in such a miserable state?"

Ghost Hand grinned.

Xu Qing looked at the ground and could tell that the cultivation bases of these criminals were fragile. They were clearly Nascent Soul cultivators and so were their auras. However, the feeling he got was that he could crush them to death with a single finger.

"As for those useless pills, the reason why they yearn for them is because the spirit qi here is exhausted. In order to survive and not die, they have to allow their cultivation bases to exist. Hence, they risk dying once to snatch them."

Xu Qing frowned. He felt that there was something wrong with Ghost Hand's words. In order not to die, they risk dying once. This was a little contradictory.

Ghost Hand smiled but didn't explain immediately. Instead, he brought Xu Qing forward.

They passed by mountain ranges and deserts until they finally arrived at a vast plain.

At this moment, Xu Qing's pupils contracted.

He saw countless figures meditating cross-legged on the ground.

These myriad races that were sitting cross-legged and meditating didn't move at all.