

War God 1521

Chapter 1521 - Safe departure

Long Chen was relieved.

He had barely made it through this trial.

Next was the matter of fleeing when he got close to the seal.

This problem was not that big of a problem.

After all, they didn't know that there was a sealed exit on this route.

Using the reincarnation of a goddess to trick him, and grasping the fact that there was a sealed entrance on his route of meeting with the Barbarian King, Long Chen could be considered to have utilized his ability to adapt as he pleased.

He believed that he would absolutely be perfect in the second round.

He himself couldn't help but admire himself.

Although the Black Cloak Sacrifices was unwilling to accept this, allowing Long Chen to play tricks on him, allowing him to escape once again, he believed that he was still smarter than Long Chen.

"Humph!" I want to see how you can fool them after bringing you to the Barbarian King's eyes. "Also, don't even think about escaping on the way, I will personally escort you back. As long as you are still in the Dark Kingdom, don't even think about escaping right in front of my eyes!"

Black Cloak Sacrifices had the right to say such words.

Feng Zhilin was even faster than Long Chen, if not for the Demonic Eye Crystal, he would have already been killed by the Black Cloak Sacrifices, he would not be able to escape.

Every single Black Cloak Sacrifices was a practitioner of the Triple Nirvana Tribulation.

Those who could cross Triple Nirvana Tribulation were all old monsters that had lived for more than ten thousand years. To be able to persevere on the Triple Nirvana Tribulation without dying, basically every martial artist had their own outstanding points.

The other smart thing about Long Chen was that he had brought Yang Chen into his own Divine Kingdom ahead of time. Otherwise, if Yang Chen was kidnapped, it would be difficult for him to escape.

Once the Black Cloak Sacrifices said it, this matter was almost settled.

No one would have thought that the goddess statue that was alone in the shrine would actually be fake.

When they followed Long Chen on the road, no one would be able to enter the Divine Palace, and no one would know that the statue of the goddess was fake.

He carefully selected thousands of Dark Survivor s who were loyal enough to Long Chen and were willing to defend Long Chen with their lives, following behind Long Chen and heading towards the main tribe together.

In the Black Rock Tribe, the rest of the Rankers were left to defend, except the Black Cloak Sacrifices and the five men from the Snow Mist Tribe. From five different directions, they firmly stood beside Long Chen and Tu Di, keeping a close eye on him to prevent him from escaping.

Other than that, even the Black Cloak Sacrifices could not do anything to Long Chen.

Those thousands of Dark Survivor s were also staring closely at him. If he dared to do anything to Long Chen, they would dare to do anything to him.

"You got lucky, you ran into this group of idiots who are willing to be deceived by you, and this idiot. However, you little rascal, don't be complacent, when you reach the main tribe, you won't be able to escape. The elites of the main tribes will not listen to your deceiving! "

Black Cloak Sacrifices moved closer to Long Chen's ear, and said fiercely.

Long Chen was too lazy to bother with him, he looked straight ahead with a solemn expression, as if he was completely unaffected by the Black Cloak Sacrifices.

In his heart, Long Chen was always honest.

An enormous squad was departing in a grandiose manner.

Normally, those ordinary Dark Survivor would not dare to come out. After all, a savage beast was too terrifying.

However, because of Long Chen, they were not afraid of anything.

These thousand people were all the same, incomparably fanatical Blacktooth Warrior. They had personally witnessed Long Chen saving the entire Black Rock Tribe, so they did not doubt Long Chen's identity as an envoy of the gods at all.

As for the Black Cloak Sacrifices, he was merely a stubborn old fogey who only cared about his own power in their eyes.

In the beginning, he had neglected Long Chen, but Long Chen did not bother about him.

Until now, Long Chen did not bother with him and was willing to prove himself in front of the Barbarian King.

According to the speed of the tortoise, it would take at least a month to travel from the Black Rock Tribe to the main tribe.

Fortunately, it was only five or six days before they reached the exit of the seal. Long Chen had once considered how to escape as soon as possible. This entrance was one of the entrances closest to the Black Rock Tribe.

Unexpectedly, this time, it was actually useful.

With over a thousand Blacktooth Warrior protecting him, Long Chen felt touched just thinking about it.

In fact, he felt somewhat apologetic in his heart. After all, deceiving others' feelings was an extremely vile matter.

But he had good intentions, he only wanted to take away the deity statue. Until now, he had not killed a single Dark Survivor, and he had even truly saved everyone in the Black Rock Tribe.

"Perhaps meritorious service can make up for my mistake." Long Chen thought so.

His heart was calm and he no longer felt any burden.

On the Dragon Dance Hall, from the moment Yang Chen appeared to when his crisis had been completely resolved, the experts' gazes had never left Long Chen.

Long Chen's performance could be considered as giving this trial's mission a perfect ending.

He did not use the slightest bit of strength. He only relied on his division to rope in the people's hearts, and his method of inciting them to his side was enough to resolve this sudden crisis.

This only served to emphasize his strength, not just in terms of combat strength. Every other ability, especially the ability to adapt to situations, was perfect.

Long Chen had perfectly completed every single one of the tests in the second round.

According to the normal score, Long Chen estimated that as long as he safely left this place, it would not be a problem to pull Yang Chen's 25 points.

Even Wenren Xi and the others couldn't help but admire Long Chen's control over the situation.

He had a very keen sense of touch, and could find the most suitable method to solve the most important problem with the simplest method.

This is what a decision maker, a leader, actually needs the most.

But real combat power wasn't really that important.

Saint Martial Emperor only needed to have the potential to become the likes of the True Martial Emperor.

Wenren Xi said: "In terms of leadership, decision-making, concept of good and evil, and ability to adapt and react, Long Chen's performance is excellent. He could be considered to have effortlessly obtained the Goddess of Darkness Statue. Although it is a risk, we have our own limits. I merely want to say that it is never wrong for a Monarch to choose a person. "

Wenren Xi became silent, then suddenly spoke out, causing everyone to nod their heads, smiling bitterly.

In reality, if it was anyone else, it would be impossible for them to obtain the God Sculpture with Long Chen's strength.

No one could do it.

Under the heavens and earth, only Long Chen remained.

In these five days, Long Chen had spent most of his time together with the painting.

Looking at the mountain range in front of him, Long Chen's gaze was indifferent. Long Chen had not moved for five days, so the other party had slightly lowered their guard and gave Long Chen the chance to talk to him.

Black Cloak Sacrifices and the five Gray Robed Priests were guarding ten meters away from Long Chen, blending in with the rest of the Blacktooth Warrior.

Everyone walked into the mountain range.

After arriving here, Long Chen was completely at ease.

No one knew that he had already arrived at his destination.

To others, the main tribe was still far away.

Long Chen walked while standing atop a small hill. He stopped in his tracks, looked in front of him, and asked: "Oi, why do you believe me?"

He was confused: "Because you are an architect?"

Because Long Chen had stopped in his tracks, the procession had also stopped, and most people were watching the situation on Long Chen's side.

Long Chen shook his head and laughed bitterly. "But I told you this a long time ago, I'm not an envoy of the gods."

He thought Long Chen was joking, he laughed and touched his head.

The truth was a huge blow to him, and Long Chen didn't want him to accept the truth. Maybe years later, when he was cleaning the Goddess Statue, he would find out that the sculpture was fake.

Perhaps, he would never know.

This was even better.

People had to grow up, and this experience was very precious to Tu. At least he had witnessed a miracle, but it was only a miracle in his eyes.

"Hurry up and leave, don't linger, waste your time." The Black Cloak Sacrifices said impatiently.

However, Long Chen didn't pay attention to him. He moved closer to Tu Qing's ear and said: "Okay, then I'll tell you, I am really a God's Envoy. Everything I say is true. But today, I had to leave because I am also of the human race. I know that even if I go to the main tribe, I will not be able to escape death, so you have to forgive me for lying to you. "

When Long Chen said those words, he was confused and shocked. He reached out to grab Long Chen's arm, not daring to make any noise, and asked softly: "Lord Messenger of God, what do you mean by this? We will protect you. "

Long Chen gently pushed his arm away.

The power that belonged to the True Martial Emperor fell from his hands onto the ground.

The small hill he was standing on was in fact the exit of the seal.

The reason he was staying here was to say his final goodbyes.

In fact, the person Long Chen would never forget during this trip to the Dark Kingdom was him.

When the True Martial Emperor's power fell onto the ground, the others finally discovered that something was wrong.

"Remember your faith. He will bring you light." Long Chen pushed the towel away from him. In the next moment, a gap appeared beneath his feet, a gap in the seal.

Those Blacktooth Warriors were all confused.

Only Black Cloak Sacrifices and the others quickly woke up. They had realized that Long Chen was really trying to escape, but in truth, the Black Cloak Sacrifices was still a little respectful of the Divine Envoy Long Chen's identity. It was just that there was no conclusive evidence that was planning to escape, and at this moment, he was not the Divine Envoy!

Black Cloak Sacrifices was excited, but he was also flustered.

In the shortest amount of time, he made four Demon Breaking Spear appear in his hands. With an explosive shout, four Demon Breaking Spear shot towards Long Chen.

"Too late." Long Chen could feel the power of the seal turning.

When the opponent threw out the Demon Breaking Spear, a golden barrier appeared over the small seal, blocking the power of the Demon Breaking Spear.

Long Chen sank into the seal.

Chapter 1522 - Mountain Spirit Ginseng

At the last moment he saw the feverish reverence in his eyes.

He felt a bit helpless, but at the same time, he felt a bit gratified.

To him, the misfortune that Long Chen had brought him might not be a bad thing.

Long Chen only saw it, but did not see that far off in the distance, on top of that mountain, a black figure was standing there.

The delicate blossoming flowers at the edge of the cliff.

Her creamy skin was faintly discernible under the wind. Her face was hidden in the darkness. Her delicate little mouth and alluring dark green eyes sparkled in the darkness. There were no tears in his eyes, only one ...

Unfathomable emotions.

When Long Chen disappeared from the seal, she stood there for a long time before descending from the cliff.

At this time, Long Chen had already exited the sealed passage, and the seal had closed once again.

Coming out from the Dark Kingdom, Long Chen felt exhausted. The outside world was enveloped in the divine light of the sun, and for a moment, Long Chen could not adapt to the light. Coming out from the Dark Kingdom, he felt that his body was very good.

As if it had become a lot more relaxed, the suppressed spiritual sense also slowly began to expand.

The journey for this period of time was truly thrilling, but the mission was finally completed.

Long Chen didn't need to think about what kind of story would happen in the Dark Kingdom later on, or what kind of fate would be painted on it.

Everyone has their own destiny.

After getting used to the outside world, Long Chen thought of two things.

The first thing he needed to do was for Yang Chen to do what he needed to do. Currently, Yang Chen was still in the darkness cage set up by the Black Cloak Sacrifices, he was struggling with all his might, and from the looks of it, he would not be able to escape from the dark cage.

If that was the case, Long Chen could forget about him for the time being and directly bring him back to the True Martial Imperial Palace.

The other thing was, Feng Zhiling was gone.

"I wonder if she succeeded or not." Regarding the news of Feng Zhilin, Long Chen did not know anything.

Thus, he still decided to rush back to the True Martial Imperial Palace.

He was looking forward to the second round of the mission. He was looking forward to see what the higher ups of the Dragon Dance Hall would give him after he performed so shockingly.

The Saint Martial Emperor Lord, the ninety-nine golden Demon Suppressing Pillars, these were all things that Long Chen desired.

Maybe it was a question of responsibility, maybe it was his own selfishness.

But none of this mattered.

He desperately wanted this position, he didn't want to lose to anyone.

In the first round, he lost a total of 45 points, creating a huge gap. There was no hope for him to win, so he could only hope that he would gain extra points for the second round.

Dragon Dance Hall would not send anyone to greet them, they were already waiting for Long Chen and the others to return.

Bringing Yang Chen along, Long Chen rushed in the direction of the East Palace, but when he approached the East Palace, he coincidentally met with the existence of Feng Zhilin.

His spiritual consciousness felt that Feng Zhiling should be severely injured.

Long Chen immediately rushed over. In a mountain stream, he found the healing Feng Zhilin, who had her eyes closed and a deathly pale complexion. Only when she felt Long Chen's approach did she open her eyes, and a moment later, her eyes ...

The joy of a young girl.

She quickly covered it up and asked coldly with an indifferent expression, "How is it? Did you finish the mission?"

"Done." Long Chen stopped in front of her and asked: "Do you need help?"

Feng Zhiling gritted her teeth and stubbornly shook her head.

From the dead city, Long Chen did not have much Celestial Spirits left. Feng Zhiling's current injuries were quite severe, and the immortal spirits she needed were also quite precious.

However, Long Chen was not a stingy person, he just so happened to have one: Mountain Sea Spirit Ginseng, it had the dual power of healing external and internal injuries. Under the power of darkness, Feng Zhiling's body was still in a corroded state

He needed Mountain Spirit Ginseng like Long Chen.

The Mountain and Sea Spirit Ginseng grew between the mountains and seas. It circled around the mountains and around the water, absorbing spiritual energy from the seas for tens of thousands of years to form two Immortal spirits.

"Who said they wanted your things?" Feng Zhiling answered indifferently.

Her lips were very thin, and her appearance was harsh. However, her complexion was pretty and she was becoming more and more flirtatious, more and more foxy.

This apathetic, aloof, and aloof attitude actually made her even more attractive.

Long Chen laughed, and said: "You aren't young anymore, and still want to act like a little girl and harass others. Don't you feel embarrassed? Hurry up and save yourself, then we'll go back together. "Don't waste time."

Finished speaking, he put the Mountain Sea Spirit Ginseng at Feng Zhiling's feet, turned around and left the place, and waited for her outside the mountain stream.

Hearing Long Chen say that, Feng Zhilin felt very uncomfortable, but after thinking about it carefully, he felt that he really did what he said, and was infuriated for a moment.

"Don't be too proud, whatever I owe you will be returned to you!" Feng Zhiling's cold voice came from inside.

During the process of Feng Zhilin's recovery, Long Chen was observing the true Statue of the Goddess of Darkness in the God Nation.

Even in a different position, the deity statue was still so noble and moving. It gave people a sense of peace from the bottom of their hearts.

Every time he looked at the face of the deity statue, Long Chen would have a feeling that his heart was at peace.

Not too far away from the statue, there was the young War God imprisoned by the Cage of Darkness.

In a direct battle, Long Chen did not have any hopes of defeating him. Since he was no longer in the Dark Kingdom, Long Chen did not need to worry about whether he would die there. Thus, he sent the opponent out of the Divine Kingdom.

He pulled it out, then threw it onto the ground, allowing the man to free himself from the Cage of Darkness.

When Feng Zhilin recovered, Long Chen was prepared to leave first. As for this Yang Chen, it had nothing to do with him when he could break out of the cage of darkness and when he could leave.

Long Chen was not in a hurry to fight with him, because once he went back, there would be a great battle that would shock everyone!

He did not think much about it, but what surprised him was that the Little Martial God's tenacity was astonishing. After struggling for over two hours, perhaps due to the departure of the Darkness Kingdom, the influence of the Black Cloak Sacrifices's power had weakened.

He seemed to want to break free.

Just as Long Chen realized this, the cage of darkness shook, and with a loud explosion, Yang Chen, who was in a sorry state, rushed out.

When he saw his surroundings, he was completely dumbfounded.

"I ... I'm coming out?"

From this point of view, it seemed that this guy was still conscious.

If it was like that, Long Chen felt much more relaxed. Now was not the time for the final battle, otherwise, when this little Martial God went crazy, he would probably fight her head on here. There was no Ye Futu here to stop him.

In the next moment, the Little Martial God saw Long Chen.

He looked around in bewilderment before calming himself down and asking, "You were the one who saved me from the inside."

Long Chen nodded.

That is the obvious question.

He had been surrounded and killed by those fellows for such a long time, there was nothing he could do at all. Yet, Long Chen had actually withstood the pressure and saved him from that place.

He took a deep breath and said solemnly, "No matter what, thank you."

This kind of gratitude was equivalent to wasting words, Long Chen wouldn't care that much, it was sufficient as long as the other party didn't pester him at this time. He didn't understand Yang Chen, he just knew that he had the Ghost God Gu in his body.

It was time for him to wake up.

The two of them stood there silently.

On Dragon Dance Hall, everyone was also looking forward to the confrontation between them.

Regardless of whether it was Long Chen or Feng Zhiling, both of them were very likely to have the qualifications to compete with Yang Chen. After all, it was only Yang Chen himself, who did not have the statue of the Dark Goddess in his hands.

It was even Long Chen who had suffered a crushing defeat and almost got himself involved.

After the results, Palace Head Han Wu and the rest had already bragged so much about it, and now, they wished that they could find a hole to hide in.

Tens of thousands of War God Palace disciples were waiting for their return.

But Yang Chen was stuck in a struggle.

Long Chen felt that he seemed to be in pain. From the other party's point of view, it seemed as if he had the Ghost God Gu on him that allowed others to manipulate him.

But, what was Yang Chen deciding about?

"I won't be awake for long," he suddenly said through gritted teeth.

"What do you mean?" Long Chen asked.

On the Dragon Dance Hall, everyone was suspicious, but Slaughter Martial Saint Ye Futu was the only one there, the smile on his face gradually faded and his expression became gloomy.

A cold wind echoed in the empty Dragon Dance Hall.

Wenren Xi's mouth revealed a smile.

He knew that Long Chen had saved Tong Qi.

Then now?

Sure enough, it was as Wenren Xi expected.

Yang Chen seemed to have made a huge decision as he looked at the sky with anger. From the Dragon Dance Hall, it was as if his gaze penetrated through space and landed on Ye Futu's body.

The indignant and rebellious gaze made everyone change their expressions, but they felt that this fellow was very pitiful.

Because in his rage, there was endless terror.

His anger was fragile.

and the place that was so far away from Ye Futu, he dared to make this decision. He no longer cared about other things, and walked towards Long Chen step by step, saying with a heavy mouth: "You saved Tong Qi before. Know what happened to him. You

"I know a lot of things."

Long Chen roughly understood what the other party meant.

This was a great thing.

He would never be polite.

I believe that Ye Futu's expression must be extremely ugly.

"No need for further words, as long as you can hold on and not die, then it's fine."

Long Chen did not stand on ceremony with him.

He retrieved Ling Xi's sword and gently pressed it against his opponent's chest.

"There's one thing I must explain, I must obtain the position of the Saint Martial Emperor Lord. This is something that I owe him, you gave me my freedom, but it will make me an even bigger threat to you. Are you willing?" Yang Chen was very frank.

He said.

"Cut the crap." Long Chen used all his strength and pierced through the opponent's body.

Chapter 1523 - Returning to the Imperial Palace

The moment Ling Xi's sword pierced into the opponent's body.

Yang Chen's face was sinister as he knelt.

He gritted his teeth and endured.

Ling Xi's sword was a mysterious sword, to the point where Long Chen was completely ignorant of him. All he knew was that Ling Xi's sword was able to injure her primordial spirit.

Back then, Long Chen had also been pierced by Ling Xi's sword. That feeling was truly one that wished for death.

However, the most painful should not be the Little Martial God, but the Ghost God Gu within his body.

Within his body, a behemoth like hissing sound gradually came out.

Long Chen and the others were always under surveillance. On the Dragon Dance Hall, most people looked at this scene out of nowhere, and knew that there were not more than three people who were scheming.

Even Wenren Xi just found out about the Ghost God Gu.

Long Chen and the Little Martial God's current movements could be said to be extremely daring. They were both trying to provoke one person, and that was Slaughter Martial Saint Ye Futu. Of course, the Little Martial God did it to survive, and Long Chen was not afraid of Ye Futu at all.

To this Yang Chen, Long Chen saved him in the Kingdom of Darkness, and now that he had saved him again, it could already be considered that had done him a great service. If Yang Chen was still a person who knew how to be grateful, then after returning to War God Palace, he would probably restrain himself a little.

On the Dragon Dance Hall, Ye Futu's smiling face gradually disappeared and turned incomparably indifferent. His pair of eyes stared fixedly at the copper mirror, and an unexplainable emotion flowed within his eyes.

"What is Long Chen doing?"

"That's right, why did he use his sword but Yang Chen did not resist?"

"He rescued Yang Chen from the Darkness Kingdom. He can't be trying to kill Yang Chen now, right?"

"How is this possible? If that was the case, the Little Martial God would definitely resist! "

In the midst of the discussions, Long Chen remained expressionless, but his gaze was calm. The sword in his hand pierced straight through his opponent's body.

Yang Chen's body's recovery ability was extremely abnormal. With Ling Xi's sword trapped in his body, if he did not use too much effort, it would be difficult to pull the sword out.

Yang Chen clenched his teeth tightly, the movements of his body became more and more intense, the beast like hissing sounds came from his body, Long Chen felt that he had provoked a ferocious beast that could cover the sky, and not a small bug.

The power of an ancient beast was truly unpredictable. It was so powerful!

"Come out!"

Following the twisting and turning of Ling Xi's sword, the Little Martial God's entire body trembled, his face turned pale white, following the movement of his throat, his eyes suddenly opened wide, his mouth suddenly opened wide, a human face, yet fiendish worm, its entire body reeking of rotten flesh, it charged towards Long Chen's head to bite.

Long Chen held onto the God Slaying Sword with one hand, and directly slashed down, slicing the human-faced bug into two.

Just when he was feeling relieved and thought that he had completed his mission, Yang Chen suddenly exclaimed in pain again. His throat continued to roll, and another Man-Faced Insect ran out from his body.

"There are two of them," Long Chen said bluntly. Killing this Ghost God Gu would probably make Ye Futu's heart ache for them, after all, obtaining this ancient variant was not that easy.

In order to control Yang Chen and then send him to the position of True Martial Emperor, he had arranged many things.

But today, Long Chen had destroyed his chance.

Yang Chen limply fell to the ground, his face was pale white as he briefly fainted.

Only then did Long Chen take out his sword. Looking at the sky, he knew that the people in the Dragon Dance Hall were all looking at him, so he laughed coldly, "It seems like I have ruined some people's plans. I am truly sorry.

The only person in the younger generation that would dare to speak to Ye Futu in such a manner was only Long Chen.

This proud and aloof young man, yet he had the ability to maneuver. In the second round of the exam, his performance was quite outstanding. This made the upper echelons, who didn't think much of him before, now couldn't help but give him a thumbs up.

With his talent and courage, Long Chen gained everyone's respect!

Feng Zhiling had not recovered yet, but Little Martial God Yang Chen woke up very quickly. His body's recovery rate was astonishing, and he could stand up very quickly.

Long Chen thought, after saving this fellow twice, he believed that this fellow would be grateful to him, right?

He looked at Long Chen with a gaze of contempt, and laughed coldly for a long time. Then, he said: "Truly a kind-hearted fellow, thank you for your kindness, I have indeed recovered my freedom, but it seems that you have underestimated me, as a person in this state, I will become even more tyrannical."

His gaze gradually became stern as he said, "What?" Do you think I don't know how to be grateful? I'm sorry, but you're too kind. You want to use this method to convince me from the bottom of your heart and make me admit defeat in the third round of the decisive battle of force, right? His calculations were not bad, but even with that, he still wants to change me? I have to say, although you're smart, you're too naive! "

What was going on with this fellow?

Honestly speaking, Long Chen did not expect him to be grateful at all.

It was just that the feeling of being kind and having nothing to do with it really made him uncomfortable.

He never thought that Yang Chen would actually be such a person. He thought that Yang Chen was a pitiful bug, but he never expected that the pitiful guy would actually have something to hate.

"Even if you had given me freedom, I would have done what I had to do. There are some things that belong to me, and I have to repay you, so stop daydreaming, it doesn't belong to you at all. Today is not the day of the final battle, so I will not touch you for a few more days to make you comfortable. Goodbye, kind lamb. "

Yang Chen, who had returned to his normal self, was somewhat unable to comprehend anything.

Even if this fellow was anxious to make Long Chen's heart uncomfortable, there was no need to be so excessive, right?

In the face of the other party's mockery, Long Chen did not comment.

Yang Chen laughed dryly for a while, then turned and left.

He thought that he had truly judged the wrong person. He had indeed thought that Yang Chen had returned to normal before, and might even be a friend that he could make, but he never thought that he would actually be a dog stuff who was ungrateful and loyal to Ye Futu.

It would be better to let such a person die.

In any case, if he was still alive, he would be cheating.

Ye Futu had planted the Ghost God Gu onto him, but after Long Chen helped him remove the Ghost God Gu, he threatened to repay Ye Futu for his kindness and make him his enemy. This was no longer a brain-dead thought, but he did not care about Long Chen at all. He only saw Long Chen as a method to get rid of the Ghost God Gu.

Even if he did not have the Ghost God Gu, he was probably Ye Futu's loyal lackey.

Seeing this scene, on top of the Dragon Dance Hall, Ye Futu's ugly expression, finally disappeared.

Returning to the mountain stream, while Feng Zhiling was still resting, Long Chen held his breath and waited for Feng Zhiling to vent his anger.

"With my performance in the second round, reversing 25 points should not be a problem. If there is a problem, then the fairness of this Saint Martial Emperor Lord's selection will be questionable."

Thinking like this, time slowly passed. Half a day later, Feng Zhiling had almost recovered.

Her originally pale face gradually turned red, because in the big escape earlier, her clothes were a lot of holes, revealing a lot of spring sunshine. Her white, tender, and smooth skin was extremely attractive, revealing it right in front of Long Chen, making her blush so rarely that she had to prepare for a while before returning to the True Martial Imperial Palace with Long Chen!

"If it wasn't for the final battle, I wouldn't have taken your things." Feng Zhiling emphasized.

The final battle, as well as the results, were the most crucial points.

On their way back, the two of them exchanged ideas on how to obtain the deity statue.

Feng Zhiling was amazed by Long Chen's method.

"With the gap between you and Yang Chen, if it's a fair score, it shouldn't be a problem.

"Deceit?"

Everyone in the Dragon Dance Hall could hear their conversation.

Long Chen laughed coldly, and said: "If they really did randomly grade it, then this recommendation would be completely meaningless. I think that these people no longer have the existence of Monarchs in their eyes. If that's really the case, they will definitely regret it. "

These words were meant for the people of Dragon Dance Hall.

Hearing Long Chen's words, quite a few warriors snorted coldly.

When Yang Chen returned to the War God Palace alone, the news had already spread. Yang Chen returned to the Dragon Dance Hall first, returned to Ye Futu's side, and waited for Long Chen and Feng Zhilin to return, then they could start the second round of the trial mission evaluation.

The Saint Martial Emperor Lord was the greatest event for the entire War God Palace. In an instant, almost everyone had come out from their cultivation and gathered at the first floor of the Five Elements Pagoda, waiting for Long Chen and Feng Zhiling to arrive.

Before he arrived, the War God Palace was already in an uproar.

What they were discussing was nothing more than related to the exam. They had no way to know the details of the exam, so they were just randomly guessing.

"The Little Martial God has returned first. Could it be that he has already obtained the deity statue?"

Many young girls were Yang Chen's loyal followers. These young girls all had red lips, white teeth, bright eyes, white teeth, and long legs.

"Little War God seems to have changed a lot." "I saw his wicked smile. It was really intoxicating." "

"Right. I also saw how much of a transformation Little War God had made. He's even more perfect now."

"As for Long Chen and Feng Zhilin, I wonder if they managed to get their hands on the statue yet."

"I heard that the Dark Survivor was very strong. If they were weak, they rose up from the Three Thousand Great Temples because they did not have enough resources, it would be difficult for them to obtain the statue of the God. I bet they did not!"

"I think so too. How can the warriors groomed by the 3000 great halls compare with the geniuses of my War God Palace?"

Chapter 1524 - Shadow

The eyes of the young girls were filled with vigor.

They had lived in the supreme War God Palace since they were young, and were the descendants of nobles of the War God Palace. From a young age, they had the highest cultivation resources, and when compared to the average level of the three thousand great halls, it was absolutely stronger by countless of times.

From the bottom of their hearts, they did not like Long Chen and Feng Zhiling, the two who had risen up from the three thousand great halls, as well as the lucky ones who had managed to catch the eyes of Wenren Xi and Lin Junyao.

Especially Long Chen, who actually received True Martial Emperor's summons.

Of course, not everyone thought like that. For example, Nan Gong Lie and Han Yunxing were all filled with confidence in Long Chen.

"Xiao Chen still hasn't returned, could something have happened?" Nangong Lie who was submerged in the crowd asked softly.

Han Yunxing shook his head: "His strength has already reached a level that we cannot touch. The son of my benefactor will not be defeated so easily. "

Nan Gong Lie sighed, and said: "There is indeed no problem in that, even I think that Xiao Chen will have no problems in the second round. However, he had lost too much in the first round. In addition, there might be a conspiracy in the second round. It's impossible to make a decision fair and just. "

Han Yunxing said: "It shouldn't be, those old fellows who went through the Triple Nirvana Tribulation, they dare to act recklessly?"

Nangong Lie laughed in ridicule and said, "They are the ones who dares to mess around the most. After all, no one could stop him. To be honest, a Monarch has not appeared for too long. Perhaps it's already been too long, and has already forgotten his divine might. "

The people waiting for him on the first floor of the Clear Sky Tower could be said to be a sea of people.

There was also a large majority of people who were surrounding the Dragon Dance Hall. Today, the Dragon Dance Hall was in public in order to score for absolute public fairness. Yang Chen had led by 45 points. If he did not lose too badly this time, there would be no hope for Long Chen and Feng Zhilin.

Especially after Yang Chen had returned, he looked extremely wise and evil, completely different from his usual self. No one believed that such a Yang Chen would lose too miserably.

Sitting beside Ye Futu, Yang Chen had always been very calm.

"Looking at how the Little Martial God is acting, I knew that Long Chen was completely hopeless."

"That's true. The actions that Little War God had performed all these years probably had been an act. Maybe he had done it on purpose." For a young man to possess such patience is already not bad. "

Warriors at the second stage and above, were once again stationed in Dragon Dance Hall. Of course, they no longer had the authority to vote today, they only had the qualifications to watch from the nearest place!

Everyone should be participating in such a grand event!

Many people who were not normally in War God Palace also returned!

For example, the grand elder of the Three Thousand Great Temples, as a member of the Cold Martial General, was sitting in the middle of the Dragon Dance Hall!

This was a grand scene that hadn't appeared in True Martial Imperial Palace for a long time!

In the midst of all the discussions, Long Chen and Feng Zhilin stepped into the first level of the Five Elements Pagoda.

Long Chen and Feng Zhilin, the two of them had received quite a lot of cheers. Their return meant that the results were known, and everyone was very much looking forward to it. For a moment, they all cheered.

"The three Martial Saints have ordered that after Long Chen and Feng Zhilin return, they should quickly head to Dragon Dance Hall!"

Someone announced.

Long Chen never thought that everyone would be so passionate. Looks like there's hope today.

Staying in a place like True Martial Imperial Palace for a long time, perhaps he had already felt a bit of a sense of belonging. After returning, he felt a lot of warmth, especially when he saw that Han Yunxing and Nangong Lie were also in the crowd smiling at him.

From their smiles, Long Chen could see the trust they had in him.

The Dragon Dance Hall was another critical battle!

The True Martial Imperial Palace was incomparably vast and the Holy Martial Emperor was only beneath the True Martial Imperial Palace. The position of being above all others, was the position of the future Great Emperor of the True Martial.

Whether it was for himself, Ling Xi, or the lives of the people, Long Chen had no choice but to bravely face the arrival of this battle!

His opponents, had probably already been waiting in the Dragon Dance Hall for a long time.

Especially Ye Futu.

In his heart, he probably couldn't wait to kill Long Chen.

Ye Futu was too bold, he had restricted the True Martial Emperor. Long Chen, on the other hand, was someone that the True Martial Emperor had chosen to challenge Ye Futu's might.

Of course, it wasn't to say that Ye Futu was terrifying, it was just that he had mastered the rules.

If he wanted to put his own disciple in the position of Holy Martial Emperor's ruler within the rules, others would naturally have nothing to say about it.

In the midst of tens of thousands of people welcoming him, Long Chen rose into the air on the path of the True Martial Emperor, and headed towards the level above the Dragon Dance Hall.

After arriving at this level, there was a sea of people as well, and there were even more powerhouses of Ninth Stage of the Divine Martial Stage and above here.

The three candidates finally returned without a single loss, and everyone cheered once again. In the midst of the cheers, Long Chen and Feng Zhilin approached the brilliant and magnificent hall — Dragon Dance Hall!

On Dragon Dance Hall, the group of old fellows probably already couldn't wait any longer.

were all existences above Triple Nirvana Tribulation.

After Long Chen had done so many things in the Dark Kingdom, it was finally time to accept their test. For the sake of the position of the Holy Martial Emperor, he was somewhat expectant and nervous.

What did these old fellows see in terms of his strategy and strategy?

With such a nervous mood, Long Chen and Feng Zhilin walked into the Golden Hall that was filled with the might of a ranker.

On the high platform, all the higher ups were looking down at Long Chen like they were looking at a god.

They were not cheering like the people outside, but were looking at Long Chen and Feng Zhiling with measuring eyes.

This scrutinizing gaze was like a knife.

An expert was power, and Long Chen was currently in the midst of all the Rankers in War God Palace.

Both of them returned to their seats.

Beside Long Chen, was Wenren Xi.

Wenren Xi was extremely satisfied with Long Chen's performance, Long Chen had never seen this fellow display a smile before, and even though it was only for an instant, it was very rare.

He surveyed his surroundings, and noticed that there were quite a few Triple Nirvana Tribulation warriors who had a good impression of him.

Long Chen knew clearly in his heart that it was his performance in the Darkness Country that had conquered them.

He breathed a sigh of relief.

The most tense moment had finally arrived.

The Dragon Dance Hall was completely silent.

Once again, it was Palace Head Han Wu's turn to perform. He stood up and spread open his arms. At this moment, all of War God Palace's warriors had gathered outside the door.

"All three candidates have their own performances during the training mission. Twenty Triple Nirvana Tribulation Warriors to supervise the entire process, being fair and fair, and to test the three candidates from the five aspects of commander's ability, decision-making ability, intelligence, good and evil view, and ability to adapt at will. We will definitely give everyone a satisfactory answer if we obey the teachings of our ancestors. Right now, I should first ask the three candidates to display their spoils of war. "

In reality, no matter how outstanding he was, not getting the statue of the Goddess of Darkness was a waste of his time. From what he had seen in the past, if he did not even complete the most basic of missions, no matter how outstanding he performed, the final score would not exceed 10 points.

Up until now, other than the twenty upper echelons, the others still didn't know the results of the three candidates.

In the eyes of ordinary people, since Little Martial God Yang Chen had returned first and was not harmed in the slightest, then it was likely that he would have the greatest chance of obtaining the Goddess of Darkness!

At this moment, tens of thousands of people were looking forward to it. Many of them held their breath, waiting for Long Chen and the other two to make their move.

The vast majority of the people cast their gazes onto the young Martial God.

"Why haven't you taken it out yet?"

Just as everyone was feeling suspicious, Long Chen and Feng Zhiling looked at each other and casually threw out their spoils of war onto the Central Square. The appearance of the two god statues immediately attracted everyone's attention.

The statue of the Dark Goddess was beautiful and natural, breathtakingly beautiful. Her curves and face were all top-notch. If there was a real person like her, she would definitely be a beauty that could shake the world.

For a moment, everyone was stunned.

Then, they woke up from their stupor. Could it be that Yang Chen did not complete his mission?

Everyone turned to look at Yang Chen.

Yang Chen stood up with a sincere attitude and said in a clear voice: "I'm sorry, I failed to live up to everyone's expectations. Yang Chen was unable to complete the mission this time, I'm very sorry."

Everyone was surprised to see Yang Chen like this.

One must know, that in the past, Yang Chen was just a battle maniac. This change almost made everyone forget the fact that he did not obtain the deity statue.

Such an unexpected result was quickly spread outside.

After hearing this news, the people outside quickly went into an uproar, especially the factions who supported Yang Chen. After hearing this news, they all started clamoring.

It had to be known that Yang Chen had already taken the lead by a lot. Could it be that this time, the other side had a chance to reverse the situation?

Even Feng Lin obtained the Goddess of Darkness's portrait, there was no reason for Yang Chen to not be able to get it.

Many warriors were dissatisfied and started to curse loudly, as if Yang Chen did not get the Goddess of Darkness idol this time due to the dark cloud.

It was only when someone finally came out to suppress them that the storm was temporarily suppressed.

Amongst the crowd, Han Yunxing and Nangong Lie laughed once again.

"I knew Xiao Chen wouldn't let us down. He really has hope."

"I was just worried that even if he did perfectly, those fellows would still make things difficult for him," Han Yunxing said as if he had thought of something.

Just as he finished speaking, Dragon Dance Hall, Palace Head Han Wu, and the rest continued to express themselves for a long time. Finally, the true evaluation began, and the twenty higher ups began to evaluate the performance of the three candidates from their leadership, decision-making, intelligence, good and evil views, and their ability to adapt to situations.

This was going to be a very critical moment.

Chapter 1525 - Individual opinions

For a time, everyone held their breath, waiting for the higher ups to begin their narration.

Those people that were waiting for the martial artist to show his exceptional performance began to pale when they heard the first martial artist's explanation.

Long Chen heaved a sigh of relief.

This Triple Nirvana Tribulation practitioner did not belong to any of the factions. He had a high position in the War God Palace and was mainly responsible for patrolling and guarding the borders.

He stood up and solemnly said, "It is my honor to have the right to express my opinion. Time is of the essence, I will cut to the chase. If there is anyone who disagrees, you can talk to me in private."

Using a sentence to get to the main topic at hand, he said, "Let's start with young Martial God. Little Martial God has shown himself to be a normal human being, but his methods are lacking. This is also the reason why he failed in the end. Leadership, completely no performance, decision-making ability also seemed to not be as good as expected, the ability to adapt at random. In the end, I didn't complete the mission, so the score I gave Little Martial God was ... "

He paused for a moment, and after attracting everyone's attention, he announced his own number, a total of 100 points, which was distributed among the five specific abilities. In the end, Yang Chen's score was only 38 points.

Out of 100 points, he could only get 38 points. This was considered very little. At least for the Little Martial God, those who didn't know of Yang Chen's actual performance, after hearing the numbers, started to get noisy again.

The expressions of the people from Ye Futu's faction were also very ugly.

From the looks of it, Long Chen might really turn the tables on him?

Then, the scorer talked about Feng Zhiling, and he said loudly, "Feng Zhiling may not have outstanding abilities, but she is very well-balanced. And then, the scorer talked about Feng Zhiling, and he said clearly," Feng Zhiling is very well, but she is very well-balanced.

After some discussion, he gave Feng Zhiling a total of 64 points.

These 64 points, were almost twice as many as Yang Chen's.

From one person's evaluation, the general trend could be seen.

In the end, he turned his gaze towards Long Chen and shouted: "As the person who has been awarded the most justice in the world, I need to say a few more words for this youth, his performance in the Dark Kingdom is beyond my expectations, no matter what, he can be said to be perfect. In terms of commander ability, he is able to receive the identity of an envoy of the Gods, make use of the faith of the masses in the gods, and make tens of thousands of Dark Survivor look like they were made up to nothing in this aspect, his ability to make decisions is the most outstanding performance, and when the majority of encounters are in front of him, he will be able to decisively and bravely make the right choice. As for intelligence, there was no need to mention it. This little guy was smarter than anyone, even I felt ashamed of myself ...

When he said it in a joking tone, the crowd burst into laughter.

He deceived the Dark Survivor, and his heart is filled with guilt. Therefore, he did not kill a Dark Survivor, Yang Chen could have died in the Dark Kingdom, he did not need to care about whether Yang Chen lived or died, but he saved Yang Chen, and from these two points, it can be seen that he is a great person. As

for his last bit of ability, it was his most stunning performance. It was precisely because of this that he survived. "

With this series of comments, everyone roughly understood what had happened in the Dark Kingdom.

So much so that everyone found it hard to accept that Long Chen had once saved Yang Chen. From this point of view, Long Chen's performance seemed to have far surpassed that of the Little Martial God.

In the end, the evaluator gave Long Chen a shocking score.

Adding up all the points, he had a total of 92 points.

This score, was close to the maximum score, which was even more than Yang Chen's score.

He was the first person to speak, yet he gave Long Chen such a high score. It instantly aroused many people's suspicions, especially the group of stubborn people outside who did not know the truth, and were once again in an uproar.

"Isn't this way too exaggerated!"

"It looks like a long time ago."

"As long as you are a human, it is impossible for you to perform so perfectly. Giving Little Martial God 38 points, yet giving Long Chen 92 points, I think you are just trying to make this guy turn the tables and become the champion, right?"

"Yeah, it's too exaggerated. We didn't see it, so how would we know if what you said is true or not?"

In a moment of desperation, they forgot their status and started shouting.

They did not know that Long Chen was that mysterious.

The process continued, and did not stop because of the protest from many people. The second person who came up was a member of Lin Junyao's faction, everyone originally thought that since their positions were different, this person's way of speaking would be different as well. But they did not

expect that, his words and evaluation, were not much different from the one they had been talking about.

In the end, Yang Chen only got 43 points, but Long Chen got an even higher score of 95 points.

The old man said, "I can guarantee that everything I have done will be done by my ancestors. I will not change my decision. At the same time, I will support my previous speaker. I don't think I need to explain too much. The people who are actually here to watch the entire process are all well aware. "

Most of the people started to suspect him. At the beginning, they thought that it was just a shady matter, but, there shouldn't be so many upper echelons joining hands to push Long Chen, right?

One had to know, their impression of Long Chen didn't seem to be very good before this.

Furthermore, Ye Futu's power is not low, so how could his disciple encounter such a dark situation?

Following that, Lin Junyao and the people on Wenren Xi's side, as well as the other neutral parties, all went up on stage. They all belittled Yang Chen and gave him a good evaluation, but of course, the score was not that exaggerated.

Long Chen calculated in his heart, "If Feng Zhiling managed to get 33 points, I have to pull him away, then I have to get 45 points or so, and the other party has to get below 20 points."

If that were the case, he would have to face the opponent with at least double the difference in power.

At the moment, it looked very promising. After all, most of the points scored were more than twice the other side's.

But Long Chen had something he was worried about.

That was because Palace Head Han Wu and his group of people were arranged by him to be at the very end of the stage. Under such a large crowd of people with their points so wide open, would they still not act brazenly?

Judging from the look of unwillingness in the other party's eyes, he might really be like that.

Long Chen reckoned that they would more or less side with Yang Chen.

There is no denying this.

In the end, whether they could increase the gap by 25 points, it all depended on their luck ...

The closer it was to the end, the more nervous Long Chen became.

These numbers were all very confusing. There were quite a few people who were specialized in registering statistics. Sometimes, a difference of one minute could decide a person's life.

After more than ten people had announced their views one after the other, the people who supported Yang Chen's faction had no choice but to admit one fact. It was that, by relying on their absolute advantage, Long Chen could complete the second round of reversals, and even possibly truly complete the 25 points of recovery.

Next, as long as the score was not out of the ordinary, according to the previous trajectory, Long Chen would undoubtedly make a counterattack.

If that was the case, then the last battle would be interesting.

There had been many selections of Sacred Martial Emperor s in history, but in reality, the victor had already been decided after the second round.

"What's going on? The Little War God actually lost so badly?"

"This time, that Long Chen is too petty!"

"Yeah, look at his face. Forget it, let's just let him win this time. With the difference in strength between him and Little Martial God, even if he reversed 25 points, what can he do? Isn't he still defeated in the end?"

"Little War God has always been an expert in battles!"

Long Chen didn't feel that his victory was within his grasp. Right at this moment, the five people from Ye Futu's faction finally stepped onto the stage one after another. They were all loyal supporters of Ye Futu's bloodline, personally groomed by him.

As soon as the martial artist went up, he angrily said: "This time the score is just child's play, the funny thing is that so many people actually used such a righteous attitude to make such an against the heart evaluation, it really is shocking. Although the Little Martial God did not take back the statue of the God, but it is just a matter of luck, I did not expect that someone would take advantage of this issue and display it really makes me feel ashamed, I am a little untalented, I am willing to analyze and give him justice!"

"First, let's talk about Feng Zhiling, her method is not considered wise, it is considered the dumbest method. In the end, even the deity statue needs to thank for its good luck. Her method can only be considered forced, it is the same as her other abilities. As for the Young Martial God, to be honest, I feel that there are a lot of things to be said about his performance. He did not enter the Dark Survivor's tribe, but used a method that allowed the Dark Survivor's own people to steal the idol, and in the end, although he failed, he still relied on his superior martial power to ensure that he would be unharmed. He isn't like some people, who almost lost his life.

From the beginning till the end, he had relied on luck, if not for luck, he would have died a million times over, but, no matter who it was, it was impossible for him to have lived a lifetime of good luck, and I actually felt that this fellow was extremely ruthless, scheming, deceiving others, and was the most proficient at scheming and scheming, that he had coincidentally gone to the Black Rock Tribe, and met with a savage beast to attack the city, if he were to try to find another tribe, would he have gotten a godly result? I am not slandering him and denying his success. I just feel that a person who succeeded through luck is not worth bragging about. It is truly intolerable! "

Finished speaking, he gave Yang Chen 50 points based on their performance. Feng Zhilin 54 points, gave Long Chen 60 points.

The huge gap between them was instantly pulled back to reality.

The next four people all sneered and went up on stage!

Chapter 1526 - The difference of one minute

Normally speaking, there wouldn't be such a large difference in the scores of the twenty senior level candidates.

Everyone could see that there was no longer an honest score between the two sides. Instead, they were giving high marks to their own candidates with emphasis on the factions.

Anyone with a discerning eye could tell that Long Chen was not the real culprit, but the Little Martial God.

After all, more than half of the people who had scored were not from Wenren Xi's faction, but they were still speaking for Long Chen. From their evaluation, it could be seen that they were speaking for Long Chen, but when the warriors from Ye Futu's faction arrived, it was the complete opposite.

Not only were they going to cause trouble, they were going to do it in broad daylight.

Long Chen was stunned for a moment at first, but after he reacted, his heart gradually became cold.

He really didn't expect that this group of people would actually dare to brazenly speak lies.

The other rankers were not convinced by the other party's lies. It was no wonder that the Palace Head Han Wu had let them speak later on, it was because of this idea.

Most of the people outside were also stunned, not knowing what was going on inside.

They were actually arguing?

This was going to be a good show!

After the warrior who belittled Long Chen finished his speech, all the warriors on Ye Futu's side started to grade him. The results of their narration were all the same as the previous one, with the exception of some unimportant parts, to belittle Long Chen and raise him up.

Yang Chen had obviously not even obtained the Goddess Deity Statue, yet, they had blown it all the way up to the sky. There was even someone who brazenly gave Yang Chen a score higher than Long Chen's.

Originally, Long Chen should have been leading by a large margin, but after going through this reversal, the gap between the two sides immediately decreased and it looked like he was about to be pushed back to within 25 points.

This tiny bit of detail was extremely important to Long Chen, because as long as the difference between the two parties was less than 25 points, then he would have basically lost the qualifications to inherit the position of the Saint Martial Emperor.

If it was not because of their insufficient strength and the fact that they were in Dragon Dance Hall, would definitely kill these fearless bastards who were speaking lies with their eyes wide open!

Even so, he almost fainted from anger.

"This bunch of grandsons!"

Clenching his fists tightly, he suppressed the urge to strike out at Zhang Xuan.

"Calm down." As if he had already guessed that this would happen, Wenren Xi lightly patted Long Chen's shoulders.

Long Chen also knew that he should calm down.

These people's words immediately caused a huge commotion outside.

Everyone was discussing in confusion.

"What the hell is going on? Could it be that the words of those ten over us earlier were all lies?" There's a conspiracy? "

"That can't be true. I think the five people who had a disorderly grade were the ones behind them. What they said was too outrageous. They didn't pick on the main point at all."

"That's impossible! With their identities, how could they do such a thing? This is related to the Monarch of the Sacred Martial Emperor, you can't play with him. "

No matter what they said, the rankings on the Dragon Dance Hall were still going on.

In the end, only the Palace Head Han Wu remained.

Facing the angry gazes of the crowd, he was instead complacent. After he stood up, his face was full of smiles as he smiled and said, "In reality, my score is no longer important. It seems like the result is about to be out. However, in order to attack certain decent people, I had to express my opinion. Please don't look at me like that! Since all twenty of us have been chosen to come here, we all have the right to follow our hearts and express our thoughts, not to follow the wishes of the masses and do whatever others say! I swear with my personality that this score I've made is absolutely worthy of my ancestors' teachings! In my eyes, there is no one more capable than him in becoming the Lord! "

This method of deliberately tarnishing others had directly offended other scorers, but Palace Head Han Wu's face was arrogant, provoking everyone around him. The conflict between the two became more and more intense, so much so that some people were unable to control themselves and wanted to take action.

On Wenren Xi's side, one of the warriors said: "That's right, no one here is an idiot, they all know who the truly dignified person is. Everyone has seen the performance of the three candidates from the Dark Kingdom, and today, these five people who have let down their own consciences have made ungrateful comments for their own benefit. In my eyes, they are even worse than beasts, let alone worthy of our ancestors."

"That's right, let's reproduce their performance from the image of the mother and let everyone see if it's really what they said." To let all the War God Palace disciples speak, exactly who are these few people, to open their eyes wide and speak lies, it is truly shameless hypocrisy! "

Their counterattacks were even more passionate.

All of a sudden, Palace Head Han Wu and the rest were looked down by the crowd, making them very angry, but no matter what, the mission was still to be completed, so the Palace Head Han Wu continued to speak: "Nonsense, when everyone has seen the reconstructed image, I think they will understand. Saint Martial Emperor is still someone that my War God Palace has been nurturing since childhood. As for the others, who knows if they will be destroyed by us, the War God Palace? No matter what, I want to start from the big picture and think for my War God Palace, so my evaluation is as follows! "

The Palace Head Han Wu was arrogant, he directly gave Yang Chen 60 points, Feng Zhiling also got 60 points, and as for Long Chen, he gave his special treatment, so his score added up to 50 points.

Such a score was far too different from the scores of the previous martial artists.

As soon as Palace Head Han Wu finished speaking, he fell into a tense situation. The warriors of the three factions were all strictly counting to prevent any discrepancies and to get an average of the three faction's total points. They would then evenly distribute 100 points to them!

When the Palace Head Han Wu's score was out, he knew that there was definitely not even a difference of 25 points between him and the Little Martial God. In other words, even if he defeated Yang Chen in the last battle, he wouldn't be able to obtain the position of Holy Martial Emperor Lord.

All of his efforts seemed to have been in vain!

It wasn't that he didn't do well, it wasn't that he wasn't outstanding, he had only lost to the dark.

Ye Futu was too arrogant, he was much more flamboyant than the two Martial Saints, but now, Wenren Xi and Lin Junyao did not seem to be able to control him, the current Ye Futu had already reached the state of being an emperor.

Looking at this scene, he maintained a satisfied smile.

Whether it was the curses of his comrades or the accusations of tens of thousands of citizens, they were all nothing to him.

When Palace Head Han Wu's score was announced, it drew a lot of curses from the strong warriors, and the conflict between the two sides was about to break out.

"Han Wu Palace, fair enforcement, fair and square, in my opinion, is a complete joke. As a Palace Head Han Wu, you made such an important decision for your own good, and openly protected Yang Chen. This action will definitely go down in history and leave you in shame for thousands of years. "

"No matter what you say, we'll see in ten years!" I have protected the traditions and traditions of the War God Palace today, and I believe that after many years, not only will I not be smeared for tens of thousands of years, I will also live a lifetime! "

These words from the Palace Head Han Wu even admitted that his evaluation was reckless.

Such a solemn gathering had actually reached such a level. It was truly a wondrous sight.

Outside of the Dragon Dance Hall, there were also some people making a lot of noise. It was split into two factions, the majority of them were supporting Long Chen who was trapped, but there were also some who were still supporting Yang Chen, and the two sides had an unprecedented conflict!

Being tricked like this, Long Chen was still very unconvinced in his heart.

In the end, he was still a young man. He couldn't stand the other party brazenly framing him and spouting nonsense. However, with Wenren Xi by his side, he could only endure. If he attacked, wouldn't that give another chance to find an excuse?

Being in the martial arts world, one was helpless.

"Enough!" At this time, the Little Martial God suddenly stood up and gave a loud shout. His status was special, so when they heard his voice, they all heard his words. They wanted to see just what he wanted to say and how he wanted to explain it.

His eyes were cold as he looked around. With a domineering tone, he said, "Everyone, I don't think that no matter how the score is today, it is not the key point. So there was no point in arguing. I also know that Long Chen has the qualifications to fight with me, but, this is only the qualifications to fight with me, but have you thought about it before, with just Long Chen's fighting strength, ten of him, how could he possibly be my match? "

With that, he smiled sinisterly and sat back down arrogantly in his seat.

No one had ever heard the little martial god speak such organized words. Everyone was stunned, especially when they heard the proud tone behind his words. It was so dazzling. Was this still the little martial god of the past?

"Yeah, what's the point of today's debate? Ten days later, the same thing will happen. "

"Yes, there was a difference of 45 points in the first round. The so-called reversal was just a joke. There's no need to take it seriously. "

"No matter what the result is today, the result should be the same ten days later."

"Little Martial God has already displayed a great deal of wisdom. I feel that it would be the most appropriate for him to become the Holy Martial Emperor Lord."

Amongst the Dragon Dance Hall, the noise finally stopped.

It was because at this time, someone had already sent the final three candidates' total points to the three Martial Saints. The three Martial Saints looked at each other for a while before handing them to the Palace Head Han Wu, allowing him to announce the results.

Of course, this kind of calculation was not complicated at all. There was no way it could be wrong. The three answers Palace Head Han Wu received were all the same.

After clearly seeing the numbers, Palace Head Han Wu laughed loudly, "It seems like the result will cause some people to collapse, but, I have no choice but to announce it!"

He did not beat around the bush and directly said: "In the second round, Yang Chen, Feng Zhiling and Long Chen's points, were: Yang Chen, 22 points!"

Hearing this number, Long Chen knew that there was no hope.

As expected, Palace Head Han Wu immediately announced, Feng Zhilin got 32 points. Then Long Chen should have 46 points. had only scored 24 points more than Yang Chen in the second round. In other words, even if he defeated Yang Chen, the champion would not be him.

This result

To tell the truth, such a despairing outcome was truly meaningless.

For ordinary people, this result made the third round completely lose its suspense.

To Long Chen, this outcome meant that he no longer had anything to do with the position of Holy Martial Emperor Lord.

Following that, the Palace Head Han Wu announced the three people's total points in the midst of silence.

The third round of battles was a distribution ratio of 50, 30, and 20.

The Dragon Dance Hall was suddenly silent.

"What a joke. This is the War God Palace who is so powerful that it would even shake Three Regions Nine Realms. Many of the senior level martial artists stood up and left.

More and more people looked at Palace Head Han Wu with disdain, and left arrogantly. They were no longer willing to argue about this with Palace Head Han Wu and the others.

Ye Futu's group of people, under enormous pressure, obtained an absolute victory for Yang Chen. They had already completed the mission, but of course, they could not lose to others in terms of momentum.

Palace Head Han Wu smiled and said, "This is the will of the ancestors, and also the will of the heavens. It has nothing to do with us. We will never regret our decision today! The third round of the competition will be held ten days later, but it seems like the Saint Martial Emperor has already decided, haha! "

The short and fat Ye Futu stood up with Yang Chen's support, without looking sideways, a group of people walked out majestically from the Dragon Dance Hall.

The onlookers gave way to them one by one, silently watching them leave. Only after they had all left did the crowd whisper among themselves.

"In ten days, Little Martial God will be the Martial Emperor Lord."

"That's right, the next True Martial Emperor. His status will soon surpass three Martial Saints."

"Although the way to win today's battle isn't good, I think that Little Martial God is more suited to be the Holy Martial Emperor Lord. The other two people's qualifications are too shallow, we aren't familiar with them."

"Well said, but Slaughter Martial Saint's actions seems a little too shameless, it really doesn't match his identity."

"Will you die if you lower your voice?"

Other than Ye Futu's people, the others also felt that it was boring. After they encouraged Long Chen a little, they all left.

"Child, don't be too discouraged. It's fine if you can't become the Saint Martial Emperor, you're the victor today. Everyone knew who would win and who would lose. If you try your best, try your best to defeat Yang Chen in the third round ten days later. "That would have helped us vent our anger."

"You're right. I never thought that these shameless people could be so shameless. Being in the same place as these kinds of people, it's really disgusting!"

Long Chen had instead received the affection of many of the ancestors of the War God Palace.

This was because he had been calmly facing everything from the very beginning. The anger and unwillingness in his heart did not appear on his face.

In reality, Long Chen was helpless.

Just one more point and the matter of the Saint Martial Emperor would be finished. He had once promised the True Martial Emperor, but now he had failed.

Also. It was also related to Ling Xi, and to the lives of everyone in the world.

It was because he had failed today that everything might have been uncomfortable for him.

The dignity he had lost in front of the Sword Master Ling Wu, and could not even be recovered, that was the thing he cared about the most.

Very quickly, the entire Dragon Dance Hall was gone.

Only Feng Zhilin, Long Chen, and the two Martial Saints Lin Junyao remained. They did not say anything, but Feng Zhilin slowly walked to Long Chen's side, her beautiful face full of anger and resentment. She said: "You are really shameless, your hard work was wasted, but I remember that I owe you a favor."

"What do you mean?" Long Chen asked.

She said: "You can be considered to have saved me twice. This time, I want to help you with something, I will defeat Yang Chen, and at that time, the Saint Martial Emperor Lord, will still be you."

Long Chen did not think of this possibility.

If he obtains 50 points, and Yang Chen experiences a double defeat, in the end, he would obtain 20 points, and the final victor would be Long Chen.

Of course, if Feng Zhiling had the power to defeat Yang Chen, then she must have the power to defeat Long Chen.

"Where did your confidence come from?" Long Chen had a better understanding of her fighting strength and knew that she was definitely not Yang Chen's match.

"Don't worry about that. Just prepare to fight Yang Chen in ten days. "As for the rest of the matters, let me do it. I've worked hard for so long, I definitely can't forget to give up!"

She held Long Chen's hand with a sincere expression, but she immediately let go of him. Without saying goodbye, she followed Lin Junyao and quietly left the place.

Wenren Xi said: "If this girl can defeat Yang Chen, as long as you can defeat Yang Chen, the Saint Martial Emperor Lord will still be yours. However, these two things are extremely difficult, so your chances of success in the end are already extremely low.

Long Chen understood it too.

It was easy to say, but hard to do. To defeat Yang Chen with both of them, how could that be easy?

The hope was extremely slim.

"Don't worry. I will still go all out in this final battle." Long Chen said decisively.

This was not only a matter concerning the Saint Martial Emperor, but also a matter of humiliation and honor. Today, he was shrouded in a dark curtain, so even if he was unable to become champion, he had to let others know who was the strongest amongst all of them.

Especially that ungrateful little.

Even ten of him wouldn't be my match.

These words were so ear-piercing.

Long Chen really didn't know where this fellow got his confidence from, to actually dare to say such big words.

"To be honest, this guy is really a bit strange. Is he such a flamboyant person in the first place, or is everything he's faking? If it's an act, what is the purpose? "

Long Chen couldn't figure this out.

Yang Chen suddenly became a little mysterious.

In everyone's eyes, the Little Martial God's power was supreme and his battle was invincible. Out of the three great battles, the last round was the most suitable for Yang Chen.

Regarding the issue of fighting, Long Chen could not deny that Yang Chen was really strong. Last time, when the two of them clashed, it was only just the beginning, he did not fully understand the other party's skills. However, he had asked about Yang Chen's battles before, and the means were endless.

Of course, the strongest part was still his Immortal body.

A body that could not be killed was a nightmare for everyone.

But to Long Chen, this was nothing.

Because, he had Ling Xi Sword.

Or perhaps this was also the reason why Yang Chen and Ye Futu were so afraid of Long Chen. If Ling Xi used her sword well, Long Chen could be considered the only one who could kill Yang Chen.

This was the key to victory and defeat.

But in reality, just relying on Long Chen to defeat little Martial God was useless.

Furthermore, just as Yang Chen himself had said, in everyone's eyes, the newly-arrived Long Chen might not even be a match for Yang Chen at all. This was a publicly accepted fact.

A true battle between two young War Gods was an extremely terrifying one.

He had just entered the Nirvana Tribulation Realm, but in the Dark Kingdom, two warriors of Wenren Jingtao's level did not kill him. In fact, he had even killed three Gray Robed Priests.

After the incident at Dragon Dance Hall, it was no longer quiet there.

The three thousand great hall's Grand Elder was still waiting for Long Chen outside. When Long Chen came out, he immediately bowed to him and then said to Long Chen, "I have already arranged for the

two siblings that you asked East Palace to bring over to Evil Dragon Palace. I came here specifically to inform you that you need to focus on preparing for battle, so I'll take good care of them. "

The person he was talking about was precisely Ye Xuan and his sister.

Yes, there wasn't much time left, and Long Chen didn't have time to visit them. After thanking the Great Clan Elder, the other party immediately left, and at this time, Wenren Xi said, "Let's go."

"Where to?" Long Chen was stunned.

"Of course it's the Monarch. What happened today was already anticipated by the Monarch." Wenren Xi said indifferently.

No wonder Ye Futu was so arrogant, he did not even put Ye Futu in his eyes.

Long Chen was perturbed as he followed Wenren Xi up the True Martial Emperor Dao, all the way to the highest ninety-nine floors.

This was already the third time Long Chen had come here. He originally wanted to close up for ten days, but he didn't expect that the Monarch would summon him here at this time.

Then, why was it this time?

After arriving at that strange Five Elements World, Long Chen looked around in a daze.

He was the first to speak, "Monarch, this junior is ashamed. If I haven't completed the mission, the Saint Martial Emperor probably has nothing to do with me."

The True Martial Emperor's voice faintly sounded out, sounding much older than before.

He said, "That's nothing, just don't worry about it. It should be yours, always yours. Actually, there is nothing else that I need your help for. Just thinking about it, it seems like you are about to form the Nirvana Golden Ring, maybe I can help you. "

Hearing this, Long Chen became extremely excited.

Ninth Stage of the Divine Martial Stage!

He had just reached the Eighth Stage of the Divine Martial Stage not long ago.

From the Eighth Stage of the Divine Martial Stage to the Ninth Stage of the Divine Martial Stage, it meant that he was about to cross a new peak, and his strength had increased explosively once again, especially regarding the power of the Nirvana World.

Nirvana Golden Wheel!

The source of all the Nirvana Power was the key to forming the primordial spirit in the future.

In fact, with Long Chen's current progress, he would probably need a few months to form the Nirvana Golden Ring.

However, if he had the help of the True Martial Emperor, then it might just be a matter of a few days.

The True Martial Emperor knew of his strength and current situation.

Long Chen had not reached Nirvana Tribulation Realm yet, so he was unable to cultivate the innate Tao technique, nor was he able to comprehend the Heavenly Dao.

Of course, his few offensive techniques and twin swords were all extremely powerful, enough to crush ordinary Nirvana Tribulation Realm Fighters and exceed ordinary innate Tao technique.

The most urgent matter was to enter the Nirvana Tribulation Realm and become a real dragon.

Since he had reached the Ninth Stage of the Divine Martial Stage, then he would only have to take the final step to become a dragon!

Chapter 1528 - I Am The Emperor

When the complete acceptance of the Primordial Blood Spirit Dragon's inherited blood essence began, Long Chen's life would undergo a new transformation. Not only could it become a Nirvana Tribulation Realm, it could even change one's physique and become a young dragon that had never appeared before in the history of the Primordial Blood Spirit Dragon.

What was even more powerful was that at that time, his primordial spirit would begin to absorb the Great Void Cosmic Dragon's inherited blood essence. The primordial spirit of the Great Void Cosmic Dragon and the body of the Primordial Blood Spirit Dragon would give Long Chen a terrifying leap forward!

That might be the chance for him to become a true expert of the Three Regions Nine Realms.

As long as he reached Ninth Stage of the Divine Martial Stage, it could be said that Long Chen was already one step away from his final step.

In reality, only when Long Chen reached the Nirvana Tribulation Realm would the characteristics of the Primordial Blood Spirit Dragon and the Great Void Cosmic Dragon be thoroughly displayed on his body, allowing him to possess the innate talent to instantly kill all those present. This allowed him to become an unprecedented genius that hadn't even appeared in the Immortal God Realm!

The Lord was only a small step for Long Chen right now.

In the future, he would have the strength of more than one thousand people under the True Martial Imperial Palace. He might even be able to take over the position of True Martial Emperor and become one of the top characters that could call the wind and summon the rain!

Three Regions Nine Realms, billions of people, I am the emperor!

Only by standing on the peak of all living things could one truly obtain freedom, giving oneself everything, and also giving everything to those they liked. She was a silly girl, but no matter what, the one Long Chen loved the most was her.

Long Chen could not bear to let her be injured once more, and felt pain once more. Therefore, he would definitely use his identity, position, and true strength that was unrivalled in the world to tell her elders and his father that he was qualified to take her away.

Although she was the reincarnation of the Great Emperor of the Sword Soul, so what?

With a goal, he would always have a bright future.

When he heard that he could condense Nirvana Golden Ring in advance, Long Chen unleashed his fighting spirit.

With his current strength, fighting against Yang Chen would definitely be extremely difficult, to the point where he might not even have much chance of winning. However, if he could condense the Nirvana Golden Ring, he would be able to suppress the opponent with his Nirvana Qi. That would be much easier.

By then, his fighting strength would probably be at the level of Wenren Jingtao.

Wenren Jingtao, late stage of the second stage of Nirvana Tribulation Realm.

This was already a supreme expert.

In the entire True Martial Emperor Domain, there were only twenty or so people and there were only three Martial Saints in the Fourth Stage of Nirvana Tribulation.

Three Martial Saints. They were famous for ten thousand years and had an earth-shattering presence. They were all supreme geniuses.

Long Chen crawled his way up, close to this peak.

"Sit down." I'll help you. " The True Martial Emperor's voice once again sounded out.

Long Chen followed the other party's instructions and sat down cross legged, floating in the sky, surrounded by golden mountain, lava sea and ancient trees and dirt.

In the space between his brows, the Nirvana Golden Ring, which he had worked hard for a long time, already had a tiny outline. As long as he filled in the outline clearly, enlarged it, and truly stabilized it, then, Ninth Stage of the Divine Martial Stage would be complete.

After he closed his eyes, Long Chen felt a mysterious power surrounding him.

He actually felt tired and quickly fell asleep.

Countless amount of Nirvana Qi gushed out from the golden mountain, the lava ocean and the ancient trees, turning into a huge cocoon and surrounding Long Chen.

"Is this the talent that the descendants of the Immortal God Realm martial artists should have? He truly was the descendant of the person who pursued the land of immortality. "Compared to my Imperial Palace's younger generation, our talents are several levels higher!"

The Emperor's emotional voice came from the void.

Originally, it would take a few months to complete, but now, it was estimated that it could be completed in less than ten days. It just so happens that Long Chen was able to reach the Ninth Stage of the Divine Martial Stage after the last battle.

While Long Chen was trying his best to break through the Ninth Stage of the Divine Martial Stage. For the final battle, both Feng Zhiling and the War God were not idle either. Feng Zhiling was also unable to come out from closed door cultivation. To her, perhaps it was because the key to Long Chen's victory was on her, so if she fought with all her might, it would be very scary.

As for Yang Chen, he was brought away by Ye Futu.

In the depths of Ye Futu's pagoda palace, Yang Chen was currently kneeling at Ye Futu's feet. Within a radius of five kilometers, there was not a single person.

Yang Chen's face was filled with fear, his face was pale white, but the short, fat, bald youth in front of him still had a smile on his face, making others unable to see through his smile, to the point where their hairs were standing on end.

"Bold, not small." Ye Futu laughed and said with a childish tone.

"Master, please forgive me. I was impulsive! But I guarantee to you, even if I do not have the Ghost God Gu, I will follow you with all my heart and soul, everything that I, Yang Chen, have done was given to me by you. Yang Chen is a person who repays kindness with gratitude.

Ye Futu continued to laugh, and said: "What you say, is truly touching."

Yang Chen was so anxious that his eyes were bloodshot. He kowtowed again and again, and started crying while saying anxiously, "The Ghost God Gu is my nightmare, making me live within it at all times, this is too terrifying for me. I know that Master values me very much, so I used the Ghost God Gu to control me, but I feel that my loyalty to you does not need to be done with that thing."

The smile on Ye Futu's face slowly disappeared, and he said: "Child, are you blaming me for being too harsh on you? But, without me, if I hadn't planted the Ghost God Gu for you, you wouldn't be where you are today. "

"I know, I know, so I will faithfully follow, everything that I have was given to me by Master, I do not dare to ask for anything, I just want to become a person that you trust, and not use the Ghost God Gu to link our relationship. I am willing to use my actions in the future to prove that if I do even one wrong thing, Master can kill me or plant the Ghost God Gu once again, I am willing to accept my punishment!"

Yang Chen was in an extremely sorry state, his forehead repeatedly hitting the ground.

But Ye Futu was still unmoved.

He stared at Yang Chen and said: "Honestly speaking, you surprise me, but it is also within reason. As for all these years of being obedient, I will let you go for now, but regarding the matter with the Saint Martial Emperor, don't let me see any mistakes. Otherwise, you won't die, but you will live your entire life under the shadow of the Ghost God Gu, and don't forget my name."

After saying that last sentence, Ye Futu flew away. His back left the mortal world, as if he had no connection with the mortal world.

Yang Chen heaved a sigh of relief, fell on the ground, and lied on the ground. His blurry eyes watched as Ye Futu left, and only after he had completely disappeared did Yang Chen finally stand up, his back covered in cold sweat.

"This kind of freedom, isn't it a real freedom?"

He squatted on the ground and started crying.

"Is it so difficult to own a body and soul that belongs to you? Could this be my, Yang Chen's, life? "

Most people had already seen the scene of the Dark Kingdom that appeared from the phantom of his mother.

It was very obvious that Long Chen's performance had far surpassed Yang Chen's. The evaluation of the last five people, was simply an insult to everyone's intelligence.

This matter became big very quickly in the War God Palace, but after considering that the third round of the decisive battle was about to begin, there was no point in making a ruckus now, so the higher ups suppressed this matter.

Everything was for the final battle.

The score had already been announced, so there was no way to change it.

Most people could only wait for that day to come with a bitter heart.

In the third round, not only would Yang Chen, who was an expert in martial arts, not lose two times in a row, in fact, it was even impossible for him to lose even one match. At that time, his overall score would definitely far surpass Long Chen's and Feng Zhiling's, and in the next thousand or so years, the True Martial Imperial Palace would probably be ruled by Yang Chen.

The True Martial Imperial Palace had hundreds of millions of disciples.

No matter how people reacted, the biggest event for the War God Palace began ten days later. The three factions were almost ready.

The final battlefield was outside of the Five Element Clear Sky Tower, in the center of the 99 golden Demon Pillars. From here, one could clearly see all 99 golden Demon Pillars.

The golden lightning weaved into a huge electric net.

Before the day had arrived, everyone in the War God Palace had already gathered here, waiting for the final battle to begin.

In actuality, the War God Palace only had around ten thousand people.

There were more than five hundred warriors above Nirvana Tribulation Realm.

This number was about the same as Sword God Palace's. Compared to the Desolate Imperial Palace's Beast God Palace, it was still lacking slightly.

All of the elite figures of the entire True Martial Emperor Domain, one after another, appeared here as they awaited the arrival of the three main characters.

The three protagonists were all brought here by the three Martial Saints.

The first to arrive were Ye Futu and Yang Chen.

The members of the three factions all occupied their own spots.

When Yang Chen and Ye Futu arrived, someone immediately took up the matter of the Dark Country. The Palace Head Han Wu who had randomly scored points that day, received even more important treatment. Especially the few stubborn old ancestors of the War God Palace, they emphasized on the teachings of their ancestors, and when they saw that someone had broken the rules openly, they became furious to the point of bursting with rage. They all started to curse loudly, denouncing him loudly.

Of course, this was only for the sake of a moment of satisfaction. In the end, it didn't help at all.

Chapter 1529 - Peak Moment

The warriors of the line of Ye Futu came over majestically. They were mighty and majestic, occupying one-third of the land.

Today was the most crucial battle. Although there was not much suspense when tens of thousands of warriors came, being able to witness this scene with their own eyes was still a kind of honor.

Or years later, this is something you can brag about to your grandchildren.

Of course, one had to become a Saint Martial Emperor Lord, becoming a true Great Emperor of the True Martial Realm.

No matter what, the atmosphere became more and more tense. This selection was simply unfair, causing people to be angry, most of them were from Wenren Xi's faction.

These days, Han Yunxing and Nan Gong Lie did not manage to meet up with Long Chen. They were mixed in the crowd, and now that Long Chen had climbed higher and higher, they could only wait for Long Chen to arrive from this place.

"A dignified War God Palace is actually such child's play, considering how his profound strength is only at the level of an ancestor."

"Yeah, if this gets out, our War God Palace's people will lose face too. Also, the victor has almost been decided, what's the point of today's decisive battle?"

"To think that he would be manipulating such an important matter like that Saint Martial Emperor, I don't think that the future of the Imperial Palace is very good. Those who go against the will of the king will be provoked. The Imperial Palace will be in chaos sooner or later. "

For a time, the hearts of the people were in turmoil.

Hearing so many rumors, the warriors on Ye Futu's side all had ugly expressions.

"This bunch of ignorant bastards, don't you know that all of this is for the sake of the Imperial Palace?"

"Yes, it is obvious that the Little Martial God is the most suitable person to be the next Holy Martial Emperor Lord."

This was all they could do to comfort themselves.

The thing that they were most afraid of was that Long Chen was chosen by the True Martial Emperor. Although they followed Ye Futu's instructions, in reality, they were indeed going against the True Martial Emperor.

Everyone was very afraid of this problem. They had guessed where Ye Futu had gone crazy from, but ...

The Monarch had already disappeared for tens of thousands of years. He hadn't truly appeared for tens of thousands of years, could he still appear?

If not for this, Ye Futu would also have shown it so blatantly.

Today, Ye Futu was still smiling, his smile enough to make one's hair stand on end.

"Fuck you, you reckless fool, your True Martial Imperial Palace will be destroyed by you sooner or later, the Monarch will punish you!" Don't think that you can do whatever you want just because a Monarch hasn't appeared for too long! "

An old practitioner in the crowd cursed loudly.

The person he was accusing was Ye Futu.

The others didn't have the guts to criticize him like this.

Facing Ye Futu in such a manner, caused everyone to quiet down. They could keenly feel that Ye Futu was angry, and today, perhaps he had come to establish his might.

and Lin Junyao both disliked Ye Futu, but for the peace of the Imperial Palace, they had no choice but to give in to this guy at every turn, which was why the situation was like this.

Ye Futu's eyes still carried a smile, when the other party was insulting him, he gently waved his hand, and in that instant, the earth shook, and a powerful wave rushed forth from the ground, forming a shock wave, Rumble, everyone only felt a terrifying gust of wind sweeping past them, causing them to tremble, and they all paled, and retreated a whole 10 steps!

Puff!

Under these powerful waves, the body of the abuser was directly shattered into pieces and dissipated into the air without a single last word remaining.

Ye Futu had not displayed his power for a long time.

When he made his move in public, everyone then remembered his name, Slaughter Martial Saint.

When he was young, he was famous as a thorn in the side of the Imperial Palace and also known as a killing machine.

But even so, it was not as if a mere nobody could point fingers at him, especially at a time like this.

With one move, Ye Futu caused half of the people present to be affected, and they all backed off. They all felt uncomfortable, and the only person who was killed was the person who had insulted Ye Futu on the spot.

After the storm, Palace Head Han Wu shouted, "You have provoked the Martial Saint, you deserve to die a thousand times for your crimes. Be careful of your mouths or else he will be your role model!"

Today was their successful day, and Palace Head Han Wu was even more arrogant than before. He was like a proud rooster, walking on stage, raising his eyebrows and feeling proud.

Killing in broad daylight, yet not being dealt with by the law. In the entire War God Palace, this was the only thing that could happen to Ye Futu.

Everyone could only gather their anger and remain silent.

Today, he would be miserably bullied.

Palace Head Han Wu saw that they were obedient and laughed: "Like I said, I'll let you guys know what's good for you. It's a good thing you guys keep your mouths shut. Today, even though it was the most crucial battle, the result was already decided. There was no suspense, and our victory was meaningless.

Everyone just wanted to enjoy this show. In any case, you guys are already prepared to lose, aren't you?"

With that, the Palace Head Han Wu led the people of the Ye Futu System and laughed till they fell down.

Their Nirvana physiques were filled with the endless power of rebirth. Their comprehension of the Heavenly Dao was extremely deep. Standing in front of everyone, they were like peerless beasts that caused others to tremble in fear.

The power of the Nirvana Tribulation Realm was divided into three parts: the physical body, the Nirvana Power and the comprehension of the Heavenly Dao.

When it came to Triple Nirvana Tribulation, when the three aspects of the battle were truly launched, they were all extremely terrifying.

Under their suppression, no matter how resentful the crowd was, they could only lower their heads in pain.

and Nangong Lie could be said to be the ones to bear the brunt of Ye Futu's previous attack. They were not strong enough to be the Nirvana Tribulation Realm, but this time's attack caused their internal organs to tremble, caused them to receive light injuries, and even bled profusely.

The two of them were helpless.

"This is going too far!" Nangong Lie said while gnashing his teeth.

"Endure it, Xiao Chen won't be able to do anything today. At most, he will only be able to defeat his opponent and vent his anger."

Just as Han Yunxing finished speaking, the people from Lin Junyao's faction and Wenren Xi's group finally arrived.

They arrived at the same time and stood in their respective positions.

Han Yunxing wasn't far from Long Chen. He sized him up for a while, then said with pleasant surprise: "It seems that Xiao Chen's aura has changed yet again. Is he at the Ninth Stage of the Divine Martial Stage?"

Nangong Lie nodded, and said, "That should be it. I heard that he went to see the Monarch. Initially, he didn't think that Zhang Xuan had any confidence in defeating the other party. However, from the looks of it now, he should be able to do so. "

"Let's wait and see." Han Yunxing was not sure either.

At this time, Long Chen discovered them. With a flash, they appeared in front of them. He was sharp enough to see that Han Yunxing and Nan Gong Lie seemed to be injured, so he hurriedly asked, "What happened?"

Nangong Lie's heart was filled with anger as he recounted what happened earlier.

"Arrogant to such an extent, do you really think you can win for sure?" Long Chen's gaze turned cold.

"Do your best and don't force yourself. It doesn't matter if you lose. The failure that I have now, will not be an eternal failure. " Han Yunxing said cautiously.

He was worried that Long Chen would go all out, because every time Long Chen went all out, he would use a blood sacrifice.

"I know my limits." Towards these two people who cared about him, Long Chen was extremely grateful. After thanking the two of them, he returned to his own seat and waited for the time to pass.

In ten days, with the help of the True Martial Emperor, Long Chen had indeed managed to condense the Nirvana Golden Ring. It had reached a perfect state and was not one bit inferior to that of the late stage of Ninth Stage of the Divine Martial Stage.

I guess we can directly reach the Perfection of the Martial Dao in the next stage.

The appearance of the Nirvana Golden Wheel caused the power of the Nirvana Realm inside Long Chen's body to increase once again. Of course, he had not gone through the Nirvana Tribulation, so the

increase was not too big, but it was enough for his fighting strength to increase. In terms of the power of the Nirvana, Long Chen had already surpassed the young Martial God.

Nine out of ten of the Archaic Blood Spirit Dragons inherited blood essences, resulting in his natural talent and physical body. His physical body was also a type of fighting strength, and with Long Chen's current physical body, he could be comparable to a martial artist who had endured four stages of Nirvana Tribulations!

Long Chen already possessed the three great powers of the Nirvana Tribulation Realm, his fleshly body and the power of rebirth. What he lacked was only the Heavenly Dao, and the innate Tao technique that he cultivated according to the Heavenly Dao. This was the key step!

If Yang Chen did not have a strange physique, he simply did not have the qualifications to fight with Long Chen.

As for Feng Zhilin, no matter if it was his physical body or his Nirvana Qi, he was weaker than Long Chen.

With all three parties present, the final battle could begin immediately. The Palace Head Han Wu was the leader of the President of the War God Palace on matters of punishment and chaos. The three Martial Saints were basically not involved in this battle, so it was up to him to announce the details.

Palace Head Han Wu's reputation had already gone bad, but he didn't care. Wearing the eagle robe, he went up to the stage and passionately gave his speech for a while, then laughed heartily and announced the current scores of the three candidates, then the rules of the competition.

"First of all, the two people with fewer points will participate in the battle and the victor will be decided between the two. The loser will directly fight against the highest scorer, the winner will be the final winner! "

The rules were simple. First, Feng Zhilin would fight with Long Chen, and if anyone lost, they would fight with Yang Chen, giving the previous round's victor a chance to rest.

The three battles were all continuous.

After announcing the rules, the Palace Head Han Wu looked around and said: "Alright everyone, the performance is about to begin. Please step back, this is a battle, although the Saint Martial Emperor is already very clear on who he is, but in order to make everyone shut their mouths, I believe, the real Saint Martial Emperor will use a huge gap to pull the others apart again! Everyone, just wait and see! "

What he meant was that Yang Chen would defeat Long Chen and Feng Zhiling, and in that case, the second round of the Dark Kingdom competition would be meaningless.

The fakes done by Palace Head Han Wu and the rest would probably be forgotten.

Right now, the people of War God Palace basically did not have a good impression of the Palace Head Han Wu.

There were even more people who wished for this fellow to be beaten up.

It was time for the first battle between Long Chen and Feng Zhiling.

Chapter 1530 - The Wizard of Oz

With a strong wind blowing, the group of heroes were like tigers eyeing their prey.

When it was his turn to take action, Long Chen would not retreat. He strode to the center of the encirclement, and at this time, Feng Zhilin, who seemed like the fairy of wind, suddenly appeared right in front of him.

Looking at the second round of Dark Country's Feng Zhiling's desperate expression, it seemed like she was also interested in the position of Saint Martial Emperor Lord.

Therefore, this battle was unavoidable. The opponent might also show a superior combat ability.

Long Chen's eyes were calm. He stood firmly in the gale, ready to fight.

The True Martial Emperor had said that he only needed to throw away all restraints and obediently defeat these two opponents. That would be enough!

Just as he was about to make his move ...

At this time, Feng Zhiling glanced at him provocatively and said, "You can go now. My opponent is not you."

These indifferent words reached everyone's ears.

What did that mean?

Just as Long Chen reacted, Feng Zhilin announced her decision on the spot.

"I've lost to him more than once, so I concede." She said very naturally. His voice was decisive and there was no room for discussion.

For a time, the crowd burst into an uproar.

The first battle had just begun and he had already admitted defeat?

This was too unexpected.

Long Chen was also very surprised. He had originally thought that Feng Zhiling was also from the Sacred Martial Emperor, but now it seemed that she wasn't ... perhaps, her goal ...

Thinking to this point, Long Chen did not dare to continue thinking. Indeed, Feng Zhiling wanted to repay her kindness, and she did not have the habit of owing others anything.

After her rebirth, she had become so proud.

"Thanks a lot, be careful next. If it really doesn't work out, forget it." Long Chen understood what she wanted to do.

She wanted to defeat Yang Chen and win the championship for him.

"None of your business." Feng Zhiling rolled her eyes at him.

A woman's heart was like a needle on the seabed. It was hard to know what she was thinking.

Long Chen returned to Wenren Xi's side. In his first battle, even without fighting, he had already won.

Seeing this scene, the Palace Head Han Wu laughed loudly, and said: "Truly a tactful little lady. Then, you must admit defeat before the little Martial God, and then let Long Chen and the little Martial God have a fight today? Or perhaps, Long Chen should just directly admit defeat? "

"You think too much. Yang Chen, come out! " Feng Zhiling was extremely proud. She was floating in the air, wearing a long skirt, her fair skin was faintly discernible, and her graceful body made people's imagination run wild. Her bright eyes, white teeth, and beautiful lips all became the focus of everyone's eyes.

The dignified Palace Head Han Wu was forced speechless by Feng Zhiling's words.

He coldly snorted and retreated backwards.

At this time, Yang Chen, whose eyes were burning with passion, was like a wild beast. He suddenly charged into the arena and instantly arrived below Feng Zhilin.

Yang Chen had changed, he was strong, passionate, and full of deterrence.

It was as if there was a wild beast hiding within him, possessing uncontrollable wildness and explosive power.

Long Chen was actually a little touched by Feng Zhiling.

"This stupid woman seems to have changed a lot. This time, in order to make me the ruler of the Sacred Martial Emperor, she might really put her life on the line."

Long Chen could only temporarily be a bystander.

To be honest, Feng Zhiling's victory was the only chance he had to get the position of Saint Martial Emperor Lord.

Thus, he was also looking forward to this battle.

Neither of them was the type of person to be impulsive. As soon as the topic of battle was brought up, it would immediately begin.

had directly soared to the late stage of the first stage of Nirvana Tribulation Realm, while Feng Zhiling possessed a considerable comprehension of the Heavenly Dao. As she had fought more, her comprehension of the Heavenly Dao had also improved at a rapid pace!

"Servant Feng!"

Just a moment ago, the scene was already incomparably vast!

The four directions shook!

Feng Zhiling rushed up to the sky, and under the ninety-nine golden Demon Pillars, three huge green gales formed under her body, quickly turning into three tall and burly Wind Slaves. They had unique consciousnesses, descending from the sky and landing on the ground.

"sky-splitting knife!"

Feng Zhilin had already used the two attributes of wind to perfection. There were three of them, and two of them were sky-splitting knives. These two sky-splitting knives could easily be used to tear space apart, causing huge damage!

Such comprehension of the way of the heavens was definitely not something that a small martial artist who had just entered the Nirvana Tribulation Realm could achieve.

Feng Zhiling had learned a lot in this aspect.

She had just made her move and she had already shocked the entire audience!

This young girl who was easily overlooked was actually not weak at all.

Feng Zhilin used three wind slaves to clear the way and protected the two sky-splitting knife in front of his chest. Like a green tornado, they swept towards Yang Chen at a terrifying speed.

Servant Feng roared and rushed over from three different directions, punching towards Yang Chen at full force. Servant Feng's strength was great, as he moved, the earth trembled!

BOOM!

Under the violent attacks of the three wind slaves, Yang Chen was blown away, the gallows killing of the wind slaves was very strong, and as Feng Zhilin's strength increases, her fighting strength would also increase by an unlimited amount.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

After blocking Servant Feng's attacks a few more times, Yang Chen's arm was almost shattered, but it quickly grew back.

"Is that all you've got?" Relying on his undying body, Yang Chen laughed maniacally.

Just at this time, Feng Zhilin's speed had become even faster, under the protection of one of the Wind Slaves, she suddenly turned and appeared behind Yang Chen!

"Die!"

Yang Chen turned his head in shock, and used the Non-Phase Fist between the Genuine Force Formless War Codex s to block, but blocked one of them, and was struck by the other blade. The sky-splitting knife, with a tearing attribute of power, instantly hacked Yang Chen's body into two halves!

For a time, flesh and blood splattered everywhere!

The crowd clamored, Yang Chen had lost just like that?

"Be careful!" Long Chen knew that Yang Chen would definitely use the Godly Demon Transformation.

Hearing Long Chen's reminder, Feng Zhiling did not dare to step forward. With Servant Feng protecting her, she turned around and retreated. Her speed was fast and her attacks were fierce, but in reality, she was a pretty good fighting genius.

In terms of speed alone, amongst the same generation, only someone like Long Chen with a terrifying physical body could compare with him.

Crash! *

The crowd clamored once again.

Sure enough, Yang Chen used the Divine Demon Transformation, his body was split into two halves, forming two Yang Chen s, one had a Divine attribute, which was surrounded by radiance, and the other was devilish, with the aura of death following him.

Divine Yang Chen, eyes full of dignity, demonic Yang Chen, laughing loudly, eyes bloodthirsty.

The battle strength of the two Yang Chen s, both surpassed his original foundation.

His battle prowess once again soared.

For Yang Chen to possess the incomparable title of Little Martial God, that was what he relied on.

There were even more mysterious things about him!

The battle once again swept through, sand flew into the sky!

"Little girl, it's obviously a girl. She's always shouting and fighting, how terrible is that? Battling with big brother in bed is so great, it's much more tasty than here." The demonic Yang Chen laughed out loud.

As for the divine Yang Chen, he attacked forcefully with a pair of cold eyes. In a moment of desperation, Feng Zhiling could only use three wind slaves to stop one of them, then deal with this one.

What she was worried about the most was that this fellow couldn't be killed at all. When would he reach his end?

She had promised Long Chen that she would defeat him, but how?

If he did not succeed, Long Chen would not be able to fulfill his wish, Feng Zhilin's heart was stubborn, if she did not defeat Yang Chen today, she would not fall, and at times, she would become stronger than any man!

As for the demonic Yang Chen's obscenities, they had truly angered her to the point of fainting.

"Go to hell!" The double sky-splitting knife was attacking crazily, while Feng Zhilin was moving at a speed so fast that the devilish Yang Chen was unable to comprehend it. He turned around and ran, but at this time, the divine Yang Chen charged over!

His gaze was full of killing intent!

Meanwhile, the devilish Yang Chen went to deal with the three Wind Slaves.

The moment Divine Yang Chen arrived, he immediately sent a shocking punch towards Feng Zhiling.

Feng Zhiling had a keen sense, using sky-splitting knife to resist and at the same time speeding up her retreat!

The entire Emperor Star was affected by his punch, as it contained two comprehensions. It was a powerful attack method for the path of battle, and the way of fighting was extremely complicated, but if he could cultivate it successfully and was proficient in battle, he could be stronger than the other paths!

"Unparalleled Imperial Fist!"

With a punch, the entire world shook!

Golden power exploded from Yang Chen's body, this Unparalleled Imperial Fist had the Emperor's Mark, it was full of the true meaning of battle, with one punch, it was the Emperor's will, the power to suppress everything, to not stop until one of them died, dominating the entire world!

A golden fist fell from the sky. Feng Zhiling felt like a tiny ant inside this golden fist!

Retreat! Retreat! Retreat!

Yang Chen suddenly launched a strong attack. Luckily Feng Zhiling had dodged it quickly, but even so, he was still able to shatter a handful of sky-splitting knife and was sent flying, almost getting injured.

At the same time, the devilish Yang Chen used his dark power to wrap around the Three Gale Slaves. Under the attack of the devilish Yang Chen, each and every one of the Wind Slaves started to dissipate.

In the blink of an eye, the tides had turned. Feng Zhiling was defeated.

"Die!" At this time, it was Divine Yang Chen's turn to say these words.

Feng Zhiling's long hair fluttered in the air, like a wild demon in the wind. Her face was cold, frighteningly cold, but her eyes were determined, filled with an undefeatable tenacity.

"Ripping, doppelganger, and the third attribute that just entered the rudimentary realm, Speed of the Wind!"

As she thought about it in her heart, her feet began to move as she comprehended the Heavenly Dao.

"This seems to be the innate Tao technique of the Way of the Wind, the Wizard of Oz!"

Beside Long Chen, someone shouted.

In a moment of crisis, when Feng Zhiling unleashed it, the entire battle arena was surrounded by green illusions. She quickly escaped the control of the Divine Yang Chen, and the speed at which she moved could be said to be unparalleled.

With just this Wizard of Oz, he was almost able to create a effect similar to that of Long Chen's Immemorial Blood Prison Diagram.