

War God 1531

Chapter 1531 - Wind Dragon Tendon

Once the Wizard of Oz came out, all of Divine Yang Chen's attacks fell apart, including the next attack of the Unparalleled Imperial Fist.

In front of Yang Chen, a whole dreamy green figure appeared. That speed was simply too fast, and with Yang Chen's current speed, he simply could not catch up to Feng Zhilin.

The two Yang Chen laughed out loud, "That's right, your speed is indeed very fast, but you must have consumed a lot of energy. You should know that I cannot defeat you, because by the time you have used up all of your Nirvana's power, it will be time for me to kill you!"

What Yang Chen said was the truth.

Just as the words were said, Feng Zhilin appeared behind the body of the devilish Yang Chen. The sky-splitting knife slashed down violently as space tore apart and a tear in space struck Yang Chen's shoulder.

This time, with the lacerating power of the sky-splitting knife, the sword chopped in a full half a meter, all the way to Yang Chen's chest!

Yang Chen let out a painful cry as the Demon Claw clawed out behind him. Unexpectedly, Feng Zhiling had already escaped, and the two Yang Chen s were unable to grab hold of her, but at this time, the Three Great Gale Slaves attacked once again, trapping the demonic Yang Chen firmly in the ground, smashing him with their fists. The earth shook violently, and the demonic Yang Chen was almost turned into meat paste!

Everyone inhaled a breath of cold air, with Feng Zhiling's speed, it was simply too terrifying. It seemed that in the short span of ten days, she had improved a lot, and it was no wonder that she was able to survive Black Cloak Sacrifices's grasp!

However, Yang Chen was not weak either!

Right at this moment, the black fist imprints trembled. Amongst the three wind slaves, one of them, a wind slave, was directly shattered as he charged towards Yun Xiao from the middle.

Everyone froze, they could clearly see that the demonic Yang Chen's entire body was dyed with blood, and his body was almost twisted, but he was recovering at an astonishing speed, and in a short period of time, his injuries recovered to the maximum, almost catching up to Long Chen's Time Reversal Technique.

However, Long Chen could still feel that even if it was Yang Chen, he wouldn't be able to live forever. There would definitely be a moment when he lost the power to recover, and fell onto the ground, completely exhausted.

Could Feng Zhiling really be here?

The answer should be no. After the devilish Yang Chen got angry, he became even more terrifying and berserk. When the two Yang Chen s gathered together, no matter if it was Feng Zhilin, within a short period of time, he killed all of Feng Zhilin's wind slaves!

They had their backs facing each other and their minds were in sync. They were on guard against Feng Zhiling's attack!

In terms of attack power, Feng Zhiling indeed couldn't compare to them. Right now, they could only compete in speed. The Wizard of Oz had given Feng Zhiling a terrifying speed, but it couldn't last long.

"Over there!"

When Feng Zhiling had no choice but to stop, the opponent laughed sinisterly, and immediately discovered her existence. The two great Yang Chen s no longer resisted, and rushed towards Feng Zhiling from both sides.

"Unparalleled Imperial Fist!"

The Divine Yang Chen took the lead and forced Feng Zhiling to use the last sky-splitting knife to fight against her, but this time, the demonic Yang Chen went around to Feng Zhilin's back and extended both

of his hands. The black long snake's Nirvana Qi swirled in his hands and like a whip, he whipped towards Feng Zhiling's back!

Enemies on all sides!

In addition, these two attacks were both extremely difficult to defend against!

Feng Zhiling clenched her teeth tightly, her body turning into a whirlwind, Green Wilderness Celestial Trace was activated once again. In a short period of time, she used her sky-splitting knife to block most of the attacks, but she was still blown away by Divine Yang Chen's Unparalleled Imperial Fist, spitting blood on the ground!

This time, Feng Zhiling was truly injured.

The front of his clothes had already been dyed red with blood.

Everyone let out earthshaking cries of surprise.

Normally, those who were injured first would end up as losers. Feng Zhiling's performance was very stunning, but Yang Chen was still able to completely defeat his opponent with his powerful attack.

Of course, Yang Chen's strongest part was his indestructible body.

Seeing that Feng Zhiling was injured, Long Chen gradually clenched his fists.

She was fighting because of him, otherwise she wouldn't be clenching her teeth and persisting like this.

Everyone knew that Yang Chen was stronger than her!

Although they were enemies at the beginning, at least they were friends now. Seeing that his friend was injured like this, adding the recent infuriating experience, Long Chen's heart was already boiling with rage.

As for the Little Martial God Yang Chen, he continued to laugh loudly. The Divine Yang Chen was extremely cold and the demonic Yang Chen was moving extremely quickly towards Feng Zhiling.

"Little beauty, you're done for so quickly? Get up quickly and continue to fight, didn't you have a strong will? "

Demon Yang Chen extended out his Luoshan Claw, grabbing towards Feng Zhilin's body.

Feng Zhilin stabilized her injuries, when the other party approached her, her eyes revealed an astonishing perseverance, she tenaciously stood up, and turned around to rush up the clouds. Under her control, a strong wind blew, blocking the devilish Yang Chen for a moment.

"He's really not dead yet? "What about your perseverance?" Demon Yang Chen said in shock.

"How could I die before killing you?" Feng Zhiling said coldly.

Her face was already deathly pale, but she still didn't show any signs of being defeated.

He thought to himself, "I definitely cannot lose!"

If he lost, he would lose.

"For today, he has sacrificed so much. Therefore, I must win, definitely!"

In her heart, she strongly told herself that she did not even dare look in Long Chen's direction, nor face the possibility of failure. Her only thought was to grit her teeth, and exhaust her opponent to death!

"That's a good boast. I like it." Yang Chen was halfway through his sentence. His companions were already charging towards Feng Zhiling, who was like a giant beast, moving extremely fast. In a short period of time, he had arrived in front of Feng Zhiling, and the Unparalleled Imperial Fist, which contained his comprehension in combat, was approaching him with shock!

"It's time!"

Feng Zhiling had endured until now, all for the sake of this moment, she had used up all her energy and gathered at her chest. Right at that moment, she was swept up by the green tornado, turning into a huge green tornado.

In the midst of the tornado, the divine dragon's roar resounded!

Long Chen looked in shock in the direction of Feng Zhilin.

A dark green divine dragon phantom rushed out from the tornado, escaping the tornado. When the green divine dragon appeared, the tornado had already disappeared.

Holding the dragon's tail, Feng Zhiling looked like a goddess, floating in the sky.

Upon closer inspection, it turned out that the dark green divine dragon was actually a long green whip!

"Wind Dragon Tendon!"

Very quickly, someone with a sense of foresight told him where it came from.

"He's even taken out the five Dao patterns, it should be his trump card!"

Long Chen looked carefully, and indeed there were five Dao patterns. Generally speaking, only Triple Nirvana Tribulation warriors would have five Dao patterns.

"She doesn't have that kind of strength, but she still uses a Dao weapon of this level. Isn't this young lady afraid of being sucked dry herself?"

"I think she really wants to win. Sigh, honestly speaking, her fighting strength is not bad and she is a good seedling. However, compared to the gifted Yang Chen, she is still inferior."

"To recklessly use such a high-leveled Dao item, even though she could explode with power for a short period of time, in reality, it wasn't beneficial to her at all."

"If she doesn't have a sense of propriety, she'll be drained of all her strength sooner or later. The Lin Junyao Martial Saint is truly rich, a total of five Dao Inscriptions, and he gave them to his own disciple just like that. "

Hearing these conversations, Long Chen, who should have been happy with Feng Zhilin's power, started to worry.

Looking at the woman's pale face, yet filled with stubbornness, eyes sharp, and unwilling to retreat, he was inwardly conflicted. He also could not figure out the reason behind her actions.

Just a mere Sacred Martial Emperor, yet Long Chen didn't want her to gamble his life on it in order to win!

The roaring green divine dragon almost escaped Feng Zhiling's control. Five dao inscriptions were already considered a rare treasure.

BOOM!

The roar shook the world. Even the ninety-nine golden Demon Suppressing Pillars were affected by the power of the Wind Dragon Tendon, causing them to tremble slightly.

"Die!"

Feng Zhiling's face became even paler. The Wind Dragon Tendon needed to absorb most of her power every time it was used. She was weak to begin with, so she couldn't afford to lose so much energy, but she knew that she had to fulfill her promise to others.

"I can't owe him!"

"I can't let him look down on me!"

"I can't owe him anymore. I have to know that we are the same. Otherwise, I will never be able to raise my head in front of him!"

She was proud, but every time she faced Long Chen, she would feel inferior.

This made her feel pain and discomfort!

Today was the only time she could be of use. She did not want to lose this chance!

Fight!

It was clearly a woman, yet she was clenching her teeth and instigating the Wind Dragon Tendon, which released an earth-shaking roar, and under Feng Zhilin's control, she instantly wrapped herself around the demonic Yang Chen at an astonishing speed!

His thick body of a wind dragon had completely suppressed the demonic Yang Chen!

"I don't believe that after crushing you into dust, you will be able to continue living!"

Feng Zhiling snapped.

This voice sent chills down everyone's spines. They no longer dared to underestimate this woman.

The demonic Yang Chen let out a world-shaking scream!

The God Yang Chen tried his best to save her, but Feng Zhilin used the Wizard of Oz to escape.

"Next, it's your turn!" Feng Zhiling said.

At this moment, her divine might was breathtaking. Her moving face was covered in frost, looking so cold and elegant that no one dared to look her in the eye.

The God Yang Chen couldn't touch her, so he simply stopped and watched Feng Zhiling destroy the screaming devil Yang Chen!

During this time, Feng Zhiling's face became paler and paler. Once, she almost fell to the ground. However, she had an obsession in her heart that kept her going.

"She's overdrawn."

"Yes, if this goes on, her body will be severely injured."

"This girl's willpower is truly astonishing!"

Chapter 1532 - Sky Tyrant Blade

But Long Chen felt bad listening to him.

In fact, if he was going to risk his life, there would be no need for that.

Although the status of the Saint Martial Emperor Lord was noble and important to Long Chen, if it was Feng Zhilin who used his life and foundation to exchange for it, he felt that it wasn't worth it at all.

In fact, in his heart, he and Feng Zhiling were equal, and not as strange as Feng Zhiling thought. Long Chen also did not know that a woman's way of thinking was so strange.

He assumed that Feng Zhiling was risking her life for him.

That was enough.

The past grudges, let them vanish into thin air.

Seeing her face becoming more and more pale, and her body shaking, Long Chen bit his lips, and was about to attack.

However, if he took action, it would mean that Feng Zhiling had admitted defeat, and her efforts would be wasted.

In that moment, an indescribable rage surged out from Long Chen's heart, especially when he saw Ye Futu's face full of smiles, he wanted nothing more than to slap his face until it exploded. Of course, there was also Palace Head Han Wu!

Also, Yang Chen!

This guy, Long Chen had even saved his life twice.

He even said that he wouldn't be his match even if there were ten of him

Judging from his performance today, if this was Yang Chen's nature, Long Chen felt that he no longer needed to be courteous.

Just when everyone thought that Feng Zhilin would destroy the evil Yang Chen, Long Chen suddenly became alert.

In the beginning, he had thought that Feng Zhiling would win.

After all, she had used a Dao-item with five Dao-marks on it.

But, why hasn't the God Yang Chen made his move yet? He could clearly harass Feng Zhiling.

Even if he knew that Feng Zhiling would become an immortal in the wild, he didn't need to wait for death like this.

The only possibility was that he had a trump card!

Thinking about it, Long Chen was shocked, he became alert, the Primordial Blood Prison Array had already been quietly laid out, waiting for Divine Yang Chen to make a move, the moment he would be able to move to Feng Zhilin's side!

"Die!"

The Wind Dragon Tendon roared crazily and rolled fiercely, completely strangling Yang Chen's devil attribute. Feng Zhilin tottered on the verge of collapse, but revealed a smile of relief. In the next moment, the Wind Dragon Tendon headed towards Divine Yang Chen.

As long as she could hang him, she would win!

For this, she continued to persevere.

"Do you think only you have a Dao item?"

Just at this moment, the Divine Yang Chen suddenly said these words coldly.

When the devilish Yang Chen disappeared, the divinity on his body also disappeared, changing back to Yang Chen's original appearance.

When he said those words, her body's Nirvana Qi surged out, forming into a battle vortex that surrounded him. The purest fighting strength swept all around him.

"Sky Tyrant Lord Blade!"

Yang Chen had not even said his Dao Artifact, and there were already people who had said his name.

A ray of golden light shot into the sky. It was incomparably dazzling, and the unblockable dazzling light made everyone subconsciously close their eyes.

Those with weaker Cultivation bases felt stabbing pain in their eyes.

Long Chen saw a golden blade appear in front of his eyes, it was nearly two meters long, in Yang Chen's hands. Yang Chen held the blade with both of his hands, his martial god aura exploded out, as the sand engulfed the surroundings.

Ancient patterns were carved onto the surface of the saber. There were a total of five patterns, and their auras were thick and profound. Although they were mediocre, they were still fairly old.

With such a heavy history, it brought about an astonishing amount of power. Once the Sky Tyrant Saber was used, the Wind Dragon Tendon met the opponent. It quickly drew even more power from Feng Zhiling.

Feng Zhiling screamed in pain.

She was extremely unreconciled at the appearance of the Blue Sky Tyrant Blade.

The fruit of his victory was in his hands, and he was about to lose it just like that.

"No, absolutely not. I cannot lose. If I lose, so can he!"

This obsession caused Feng Zhiling to overdraw and overdraw. Even her face began to age.

"You have no right to interfere today, hurry up and leave!" With an explosive shout, Yang Chen slashed out the Azure Heaven Tyrant Blade in a frenzy. A domineering dazzling golden blade aura shot out, instantly sending the Wind Dragon Tendon flying. With Feng Zhiling's strength, she was completely unable to control the Wind Dragon Tendon.

However, Feng Zhiling was not convinced yet. She was confused, but she still clenched her teeth and came up to him.

This perseverance had already moved everyone.

"You don't know your place. Do you think I would be polite?" Yang Chen roared angrily, he showed no mercy and once again unleashed a blade aura, about to cut Feng Zhiling into half.

At this moment, the results had already been determined.

Long Chen activated the Ancient Blood Prison Diagram, instantly spreading blood everywhere. He appeared behind Feng Zhiling and wrapped his arms around her waist, bringing her away from the place.

This sudden turn of events interrupted the battle between the two.

Yang Chen seemed to have anticipated this scene, he kept his Dao Artifact and looked at Long Chen quietly.

Bringing along Feng Zhilin, Long Chen quietly landed on the ground in front of everyone's gaze.

There was complete silence.

"Let go of me, I haven't lost!" I almost risked my life, but in exchange, I lost. Feng Zhilin's eyes were filled with tears, she struggled, trying to struggle free from Long Chen's embrace.

"Enough!" Long Chen held her down and with a dark look in his eyes, he said: "Feng Zhilin, I have never let you put your life on the line before, and recognize your limits. This is not the time to fight with your life on the line."

She gradually came to her senses and shook her head. "No, I am clear that I have to do this."

Even though Long Chen was moved, he was still angered by her. He held down the other party and roared in a low voice: "Get the hell back here, I can do my own thing. I am very grateful that you fought for me, but no matter what, if you were to put your life on the line, then it would be disrespectful to me. Everyone's life is their own. You need to have the energy to think for yourself. Didn't you want to go back to take a look? If you die here, what will happen to your future life? "

Actually Long Chen did not want to say so much.

But he felt bad.

Finishing her words, Feng Zhiling smiled and said, "So you are a selfish person. Why do you have to fight for these with your life on the line? For a woman in the Sword Soul Imperial Palace, I am not qualified!"

Speaking to here, she suddenly shut her mouth, because she knew her relationship with Long Chen was obviously different from Long Chen and Ling Xi. Thus, she hurriedly changed her words, "Forget it, I lost today, there's nothing much to say.

Long Chen took a deep breath. He had thousands of things to say, but he didn't know how to say them out loud. In the end, he helplessly said, "Ignore everything else for now.

There was no room for discussion as he sent Feng Zhilin to Lin Junyao's side and then, under the gazes of everyone present, he walked towards Yang Chen.

Feng Zhiling lost!

It was already impossible for Long Chen to get the Lord!

The Saint Martial Emperor Lord was already 100% Little Martial God Yang Chen!

After hearing this news, a commotion broke out in the crowd.

Some people were celebrating, while others were unwilling.

But, everyone's attention was quickly attracted by the battle between Long Chen and Yang Chen. Even though the Saint Martial Emperor Lord had already decided, they still had to fight, and even if the flames of war were raging, everyone could see the fire of war burning in their eyes, whether it was Long Chen or the Little Martial God.

The atmosphere became incomparably heavy, full of the smell of gunpowder.

As these two peak young geniuses neared, everyone had no choice but to stay away from the battle. They all felt that there were true wild beasts living within their bodies.

No one said anything.

Feng Zhilin steadied himself and looked at Long Chen's back in a daze.

Could it be that Long Chen was angry because of her? She seemed to have not seen Long Chen angry for a long time.

There was a saying that was called 'Rushing Crown' Anger was a beauty.

Was she considered a beauty?

Of course, regarding the relationship between her and Long Chen, Feng Zhiling had never thought about it before. She felt that it was impossible for her to have this kind of relationship with Long Chen in her entire life.

But perhaps, being a soulmate isn't bad either.

Anyway, Feng Zhiling felt that she was destined to be alone. She saw through a lot of things, so she never put her children's love in her heart.

As though he was worried that everyone would forget him, he raised his head and announced loudly, "In the second battle, Little Martial God defeated Feng Zhilin. Looking at the current situation, Little Martial God is indeed the Saint Martial Emperor Lord, there is no need for him to fight at all in the last battle. One day, he will be the one to command over a hundred million disciples of the Imperial Palace and the one to control billions of lives! "

Under the instigation of the Palace Head Han Wu, the people of the Ye Futu bloodline all started to cheer.

On the other side, their faces were icy and unmoved.

"This is a historical record, at any time during these five thousand years, a Saint Martial Emperor Lord was born yet again! He is a genius of the martial way, one that has gained the hearts of the people. He is the ideal one in our hearts, the only Saint Martial Emperor Sovereign. Let us call out his name, Yang Chen! "

"Yang Chen!"

"Little Monarch!"

"Saint Martial Emperor Lord!"

With Palace Head Han Wu's greetings, it became extremely lively for a moment.

But in actuality, there was still more than half that people who were focused on the confrontation between Long Chen and Palace Head Han Wu, and did not pay attention to it.

"I say, there's no need for this fight. In any case, the Saint Martial Emperor has already decided. In order to prevent someone from losing face, you can request not to fight this battle."

Palace Head Han Wu cleared his throat and looked at Long Chen playfully, laughing as he spoke.

Long Chen stopped in his tracks. This fellow was like a fly, and completely did not have a personality that matched his status. Long Chen looked at him coldly, and under everyone's silence, he said: "When will you be able to shut your dog mouth? Don't you have nothing better to do without a few barks? Can you get the hell away from me? You want to eat shit somewhere else to eat, so don't bring the stench here, okay? "

Chapter 1533 - Peak

No matter how Palace Head Han Wu talked, anyone with a discerning eye knew that the battle had to begin.

Under the flattery of the crowd, in the past thousands of years, his arrogance had grown even more arrogant. In all these years, no one had ever dared to insult him like this when he was at his most prideful.

This not only stunned everyone present as they looked at Long Chen, it even stunned Palace Head Han Wu at first. After that, an unquenchable rage welled up in his heart and he couldn't help but roar as he suppressed Long Chen.

"The son of a tree has no respect for his elders. To humiliate me, he deserves to die a thousand times for his crimes!"

A monstrous palm that was about to strike at Long Chen.

The strength of the Palace Head Han Wu was a level higher than the ordinary Black Cloak Sacrifices, and it belonged to the late stage of the Triple Nirvana Tribulation. There was only a little difference between the strength of the Palace Head Han Wu and the strength of the three Martial Saints, which was also the reason why he was so proud.

Hundreds of years later, his Fourth Nirvana Tribulation would arrive and if he could successfully cross it, he would soon become the fourth Martial Saint.

Of course, it was more likely that he had been turned into ashes.

The fourth stage of Nirvana Tribulation was not something that one could cross just because one wanted to.

To go all out against Long Chen in such a public outburst was undoubtedly a tragedy. Long Chen didn't even need to do anything. He just smiled and looked at Palace Head Han Wu, his eyes showing no signs of yielding.

"Go to hell!" The Palace Head Han Wu shouted in anger.

But right at this moment, Wenren Xi and Lin Junyao had not moved, Ye Futu had pulled Palace Head Han Wu away first. Ye Futu did not even need to say anything;

The Palace Head Han Wu woodenly nodded. He stood in his original position, his angry eyes like a knife, sweeping over Long Chen's body, seemingly telling him not to wait for an opportunity. Otherwise, Long Chen would definitely suffer a fate worse than death.

Long Chen was too lazy to bother with him.

The most important thing was still the Yang Chen in front of him.

He already had Ninth Stage of the Divine Martial Stage. Once he reached the Perfection of the Martial Dao, he would be able to attack the final Nirvana Tribulation Realm!

In fact, success might be just around the corner.

The level of the War God wasn't high either. In truth, he was also at the first stage of Nirvana Tribulation.

According to Long Chen's usual habits, at this time, even a late stage second stage Nirvana Tribulation Realm like Wenren Jingtao was not his match!

Whether it was Wang Chen or Yang Chen, both of them were terrifying opponents to Long Chen.

Today was the day of his battle against one of them. It was exceptionally important!

The violent wind trembled as it let out a loud roar. Seeing the confrontation between the two, everyone's blood started to heat up.

Although it was no longer related to the matter with the Sacred Martial Emperor, Long Chen was still furious.

This anger of unwillingness allowed him to maintain an unprecedented state.

The opposing Little Martial God, when facing Long Chen, did not hesitate at all and took out the enormous Blue Sky Tyrant Blade. The golden blade radiated with light, and just this golden light alone was enough to cause people to be unable to open their eyes.

The Little Martial God was a provocation, he didn't have anything to show, the passion in his eyes and his desire to fight was not less than Long Chen.

"The day has finally come. This is the battle I'm looking forward to the most. You can't let me down," the Little Martial God said quietly as he guarded his Azure Sky Tyrant Blade.

Although his eyes were filled with fighting spirit, he was still able to maintain his clarity of mind.

If it was before the Ghost God Gu was removed, he would have gone berserk immediately.

Long Chen's eyes turned cold. Without saying a word, in his fury, he activated dual sword technique with both hands, and a black mysterious Ling Xi Sword, as well as the God Slaying Sword that was revealing increasing sharpness, appeared in Long Chen's hands.

The God-Slaying Sword already had three runes within it.

But in the future, it would definitely release its most shocking power. At that time, even Long Chen himself did not know whether or not he would be able to suppress it.

This was just like a wild beast, while the other people's dao tools were fat. When he felt the existence of the Overlord's Saber, not only did the God Slaying Sword not fear it, it even radiated an intense desire to devour this kind of dao tool, and even wanted to escape from the control of Long Chen's palm.

"In that case, I'll let you take the lead." Long Chen said softly to the God Slaying Sword.

With a wave of his hand, a blood-red formation began to spread out from his feet. The extremely strange and frightening formation quickly covered the entire area within the power range and was filled with blood droplets.

Everyone retreated, watching in shock. The battle was about to begin. On one side was the publically acknowledged number one Little Martial God, and on the other was the recently risen star. Who would be the one to obtain victory in the end?

The Immemorial Blood Prison diagram shook apart, Long Chen held onto the two long swords, his entire body was covered in a blood red mist, a burst of killing intent was emitted from his body, and at that moment, Long Chen displayed the characteristics of a god of killing.

The God-Slaying Sword trembled from its mania. It was very hungry, and could not wait to make its move.

Long Chen's speed was several times faster than the little Martial God in the first place. In addition to the instantaneous change in speed of the Immemorial Blood Prison Array, it could be said that in terms of speed, Long Chen had already instantly killed his opponent.

However, the others didn't think so.

The fire of war raged in the little War God's eyes.

"Let's fight!"

With the posture of a wild beast running about, he charged towards Long Chen, causing huge craters to appear in the ground. The Little Martial God charged up to the clouds and suddenly dropped down, the Tyrant Emperor Blade in his hand suddenly slashed down, with the intent to destroy the heavens and the earth.

In an instant, the crowd burst into an uproar!

"With such divine might, little Martial God should definitely win!"

"That's right, he's completely capable of controlling the Azure Sky Tyrant Blade!"

Most of the practitioners with Triple Nirvana Tribulation and above couldn't help but be shocked by the Little Martial God's power.

The divine might that the Azure Sky Tyrant Blade was displaying right now was enough to instantly kill a martial artist at the early stage of the second stage of Nirvana Tribulation Realm.

"Long Chen can't do it."

When everyone saw that he did not move, they couldn't help but sigh emotionally.

Most of them were worried for Long Chen.

Even though he knew that he would no longer be able to become the's Monarch, he should at least win beautifully right.

Just as everyone was panicking, Long Chen moved, and with an unbelievable speed, he appeared behind the Little Martial God.

The crowd clamored.

This kind of speed, could be said to be around the same as warriors with Triple Nirvana Tribulation.

It was even faster than Feng Zhiling!

Where did Long Chen get that speed from?

When this youth displayed his power for the first time, everyone was shocked by him.

"You're too slow."

Long Chen's words resonated in the little Martial God's ears.

Without saying a word, Long Chen descended from the sky and slashed down violently. The gray longsword and the golden Azure Heaven Tyrant Blade clashed against each other and produced an ear-piercing sound!

There were only three Dao patterns on the Heaven Severing Sword, while the Blue Sky Tyrant Blade was an overbearing blade with five full Dao patterns. The power it contained was several times greater than that of the God Slaying Sword, so the amount of Dao artifacts that had been cut down by the Sky Tyrant Blade in history could only be described as countless.

Everyone could not help but feel regret for Long Chen.

"A good divine weapon. If this goes on for a few more times, it might be destroyed."

"That's right, the battle prowess that the Young Martial God used to wield such a top-grade Dao weapon was comparable to that of a late stage Second Nirvana Tribulation Realm right now."

While everyone was still hesitating on this matter, they suddenly saw Long Chen's Heaven Punishing Divine Sword pressing down on the Azure Sky Tyrant Blade and Long Chen, with his terrifying strength, directly suppressed the Little Martial God on top of his power. Under the attack of the gray blade, the Little Martial God was no match for him and in the first clash, he was slashed down to the ground by Long Chen.

"How is this possible!"

Everyone was stunned.

Not only was it normal for Long Chen to suppress the opponent in terms of speed, the Little Martial God was most proficient in suppressing the opponent in terms of strength. Yet, Long Chen also suppressed the opponent in this aspect?

To everyone else, this was simply a fantasy story.

Even Ye Futu had such a cold expression in his eyes, and was in a state of disbelief that Long Chen was actually so powerful.

This youth's improvement was simply too fast, so fast that Ye Futu treated him as a thorn in his side, causing him to feel fear in his heart.

Amidst the endless shocked and clamoring, Long Chen finally started to attack.

The Little Martial God unwillingly jumped up from the ground. He had already gone crazy. It had been a long time since he had met an opponent that could completely suppress him, allowing him to find the feeling of going crazy. At this moment, his eyes were blood-red!

"Don't be happy too early. Even at this level, you can only tickle me!" The Little War God roared savagely.

Yes, his strongest point was his Immortal body.

"Scratching an itch?" By the time he said these words, Long Chen was already in front of the Little Martial God.

The pupils of the little War God contracted.

"World-Shaking Tyrant Blade!"

Immediately, he waved the long blade in his hand crazily, the cold gold blade edge instantly weaved into a huge golden net, and countless golden blades shot out explosively from the huge golden net, never ending, crushing down towards Long Chen from all directions!

Long Chen laughed coldly.

Perhaps, with the current situation of the Little Martial God, the difference between the two was just too great.

Long Chen was not afraid of shocking the audience, he immediately rushed towards the golden net. Ling Xi blocked all the golden blades, and what shocked the people was, he rushed to the front of the Little Martial God's net with lightning speed, as though he was an expert above everyone else!

He pointed with his right hand!

Euphorbid Finger, time stopped!

At that moment, under Long Chen's forceful suppression, the Little Martial God's power was simply not enough to resist.

"If that's all you've got."

When the Euphorbid Finger shook the world, causing the little Martial God to be completely unable to move, under everyone's astonished gaze, Long Chen chopped down with his God-Slaying Sword, and activated the's first word, "Evolution". Nine sharp sword beams shot out, directly dividing the little Martial God's body into large and small, more than ten pieces!

One slash shattered the corpse!

The blood that filled the sky floated out.

The Sky Tyrant Sword fell onto the ground. Long Chen picked it up, and without restraint, the God Slaying Sword slashed down!

Chapter 1534 - The Eighteen War Gods

"What is he doing!?"

Everyone asked each other in surprise.

Long Chen used only his sword and chopped the Little Martial God into pieces.

However, he immediately changed his target, and placed it on the Sky Tyrant Sword.

Everyone knew that the Little Martial God wouldn't die so easily. In the Dark Kingdom, the wounds he had received from the hands of several gray-clothed Priests were much worse than today's!

However, Long Chen, with a disdainful attitude, completely ignored the Little Martial God's recovery, and focused on the Blue Sky Tyrant Profound blade instead.

Use your God-Slaying Sword to hack down that ownerless Tyrant Profound Saber!

Even Ye Futu didn't know what Long Chen was doing on the side of Ye Futu.

"Brat, let go of that blade!" The Palace Head Han Wu was baffled as he shouted in anger.

In actuality, Long Chen's performance had already exceeded his imagination.

That was to say, if the Little Martial God did not have that immortal body, he would definitely not be a match for Long Chen, and would die at his hands after a few moves.

At this moment, the corpses on the ground were undergoing a strange transformation.

Little War God was undefeatable, undefeatable.

Therefore, everyone still had confidence in him.

On the other hand, Long Chen was strong, and shocking was enough, but what did he mean by that!

Ignore Yang Chen?

His arrogance had reached such a level that it could be considered a wondrous thing.

However, what no one noticed was that every time the Heaven Severing Sword slashed down on the Heaven Tyrant Sword, the ear-piercing golden light emitted by the blade would dim slightly.

Long Chen decisively increased the speed of his sword movements!

Clang clang clang!

The ear-piercing sound caused everyone to feel extremely uncomfortable.

"You will die, you will die miserably!"

The Palace Head Han Wu threatened.

He used a somewhat apprehensive gaze to look in the direction of the Little Martial God.

"Long Chen was not bad, he actually forced the Little Martial God to use his last trump card."

Even the Palace Head Han Wu himself felt that this move was terrifying.

Just as the Azure Sky Tyrant Blade had dimmed by half, the little war god's bloody head tumbled down towards Long Chen. His ten plus parts of his body, had already been arranged in a unique trajectory, into a strange formation!

"Long Chen." Little War God looked at him coldly.

Long Chen raised his head, the sword in his hand did not stop moving, the God Slaying Sword swung again and again, as if he was slashing into the heart of the Little Martial God.

"What is it?"

Little War God's tone was incomparably cold. "That's right, I should thank you for granting me freedom. I'm also looking forward to fighting with you. Next, I will deal with you in my most perfect state, one that I have never shown to others. I respect you enough. "But, let go of my blade!"

Long Chen laughed, the Divine Slaying Sword is levelling up quickly, he will not let go of the blade in his hand, he then said: "Hurry up, I can't wait any longer. However, with regards to the matter of the blade, I can only say that there's no need to think about it. "

The little martial god's eyes were bloodshot, only his head remained, his expression incomparably sinister. He roared in pain: "Long Chen, I'm warning you this once, let go of my blade!"

Long Chen had never seen him this excited before.

He was curious and his hands didn't stop moving. He asked, "Give me a reason."

Little Martial God fell into a crazed state as he chattered on, "This is a gift from him to me. I must cherish it well. This is his gift. A gift! This is the only gift I have ever received in my entire life!"

"He must be Ye Futu." Long Chen unabashedly said this name.

Yang Chen was a pitiful person.

He thought that he had pretended to be similar, but Long Chen was able to see through his heart.

Hearing this name, the Little Martial God looked at Long Chen in shock.

"Is that enough?!" Long Chen raised his sword, and heavily slashed onto the Azure Heaven Tyrant Blade. With a loud clang, a tiny crack appeared on the Azure Sky Tyrant Blade, as Long Chen furiously stared at the Little Martial God and laughed coldly, "Yang Chen, don't think that you are pitiful! All of this is your own fault! You are not the least bit pitiful, for all this is your own fault! "

Everyone had their own obsession.

The reason why Little Martial God was completely obedient under Ye Futu's control was probably because of his obsession.

These words were like a knife cutting into Yang Chen's heart, exposing his wound in front of the crowd. Long Chen's words were straightforward, but he was unable to admit it. It's my only gift, and I'll make you let it go! "

Long Chen snorted, and used all the strength in his body to slash down the God Slaying Sword. This time, he directly slashed at the faint crack on the Tyrant Emperor Blade, and with a kacha sound, the golden blade shattered into pieces in front of Yang Chen's dazed eyes!

The killing intent of the sword increased yet again.

The fourth dao pattern immediately began to form.

In order to hide it from others, Long Chen extended his hand to cover the fourth Mark. If the God Slaying Sword's miraculous ability were to be leaked, it would definitely cause another bloodbath.

A grand Dao item with five dao patterns was actually cut apart!

The golden fragments that filled the sky, just like the little Martial God's body and heart, had completely collapsed.

This was a Dao item that had existed for hundreds of thousands of years and had passed through countless generations of masters. But today, it had been destroyed.

It became's food for the God Slaying Sword.

On the side of Ye Futu, when they saw that their ultimate treasure had disappeared just like that, all of their hearts ached to death. At the same time, they were filled with anger towards Long Chen!

Many people could not hold themselves back and were ready to take action.

"He actually destroyed such a godly weapon?! What a sin!"

"Little Martial God hasn't even used the full power of this Mysterious Sky Tyrant Blade yet!"

At the same time that everyone felt regret, Ye Futu and the others, were paying attention to the Little Martial God's change.

Perhaps, the shattering of the Blue Sky Tyrant Blade was an unprecedented blow to Yang Chen.

His gaze dimmed for a while, and then, it almost became a blood-red color. It turned into a burning rage, and an undisguised beast shape exploded forth from Yang Chen's body. All parts of his body burned with golden flames!

"It's done. Once this technique is used, victory will be guaranteed." Even Ye Futu spoke with confidence.

He did not care about the destruction of the Blue Sky Tyrant Blade at all. Only Yang Chen would place such importance on this matter.

His only gift was broken. He was like dead. The only thing he wanted to do was to fight and to kill.

"Die! I want you dead!"

The little War God roared like a fiend.

"I'll give you a fair chance."

Long Chen retreated fifty steps, and did not choose to take the opportunity to attack.

On the Little Martial God's side, rage and the flames of transformation interweaved, and an unprecedented terrifying change occurred. Everything burned crazily, and the parts of his body, as well as the parts of his body, started to pile up at the core of the formation. The ancient formation started to operate, and in the sky, golden clouds actually started to gather.

"Eighteen War Gods Possession!"

Any old man would recognize this innate Tao technique.

This was the most important part of the War God Palace.

Every generation of True Martial Emperors would use this move.

This was the War God Palace's legend.

But of course, only those who trained in the path of battle were able to train in the Eighteen War God's Possession.

However, if one's comprehension of the Dao of combat wasn't thorough enough, it was impossible for one to use this move. Apart from the three Martial Saints, it could be said that no one else had reached this level.

However, this was something rarely seen with the Little Martial God.

It could be seen that his comprehension of the Heavenly Dao was not low either!

"Although I don't know how Little Martial God managed to do it, the power of Eighteen Martial Gods' possession is simply unimaginable."

"This is one of the highest level secret manuals in the True Martial Imperial Palace. There are very few who can successfully cultivate it, and every use would shake the Three Regions Nine Realms. The Little Martial God using it today has solidified his martial arts position."

"To be honest, I already know how to use the Eighteen War God's Possession. I should be qualified to be the Lord of the Sacred Martial Emperor."

"Sigh, these two children have good and bad points. If they can combine into one and become a single person, then that would be perfect."

These are very pertinent assessments.

Hearing this, Long Chen felt a lot of pressure in his heart.

It was a good thing that he reached the Ninth Stage of the Divine Martial Stage, otherwise, he would be in danger today. From the looks of it, he still had the strength to fight!

At this moment, golden figures descended from the sky.

The Buddhist chanting continued!

Everyone couldn't help but feel a sense of yearning and admiration for the. According to legend, the True Martial Imperial Palace was established during the Primordial Era by one of the Eighteen Martial Gods, the Eighteen Martial Gods were mysterious and lofty, and the illusions of today could not be seen clearly. However, every time a shadow appeared on the body of the Little Martial God, the strength of the Little Martial God would greatly increase!

Long Chen's gaze grew heavier and heavier.

On Wenren Xi's side, everyone was in despair. Judging from the situation of Little Martial God, he would definitely not let Long Chen go!

BOOM!

The eighteen War Gods had all descended.

The power of a divine spirit possessed a level of superiority over others. This made everyone have the impulse to kneel in front of the young Martial God.

When the golden clouds completely poured into the little Martial God's body, his body actually soared up to a height of more than three meters. His entire body was filled with golden energy, and it was as if his body had been cast in gold.

The eighteen Martial God marks all appeared on Yang Chen's body, forming densely packed divine inscriptions.

Roar!

The only place on his body that was different in color was his blood-red eyes.

At this moment, she was staring straight at Long Chen.

The current Little War God was unable to ascertain exactly how powerful he was.

Long Chen clenched his teeth.

"You stubborn fellow, if I don't let you wake up properly, you won't wake up." It's time to be free. "

This battle, was not only for himself, but also for Feng Zhiling, and could be considered to be for Yang Chen.

Under the watchful eyes of tens of thousands of people, and under everyone's worry, Long Chen resolutely moved forward!

He used the sword in his hand to slay the Devil and slay the God!

Reddit

Chapter 1535 - Persecution

At this point, no one cared whether or not the Sacred Martial Emperor was already separated.

What they were even more curious about was how strong would the little Martial God who had undergone the possession of the Eighteen Martial Gods become like a divine god be!

Long Chen was like his companion. It was because of Long Chen's existence that he was able to unleash the battle skill, Little Martial God.

Yang Chen, who possessed the body of the Eighteen Martial Gods, rushed over like a prehistoric beast. Golden light suffused the area, and the sense of brutal strength and an indestructible fighting spirit were all extremely dazzling. On the other hand, Long Chen was just like an ant in the eyes of the other party.

"Is there only hatred left for me?"

Long Chen held both of his swords in his hands, with a sinister look in his eyes.

He could feel the terrifying strength of his opponent. That was at least ten times the amplification!

In the beginning, Long Chen could suppress him, but he could not do it now!

Roar!

"Go to hell, go to hell!"

Yang Chen let out a deafening roar as the golden imprint appeared on his body and revolved around his body. With every rotation, a huge force was generated, which gathered into Yang Chen's two fists.

Above the Martial Dao was the Heavenly Dao.

There was still the martial dao part of the Dao of the Heavens.

It was as if the Eighteen War Gods had cultivated the original path of martial dao as if it were a heavenly law.

The peak of martial arts, transcendent and refined combat strength and Concepts. If they truly fought, the purest aura of martial arts would possess an attack strength that no one could hope to match!

With a single punch, he created a total of eighteen shadows.

Each shadow contained a different fist intent.

The attack of one punch was almost equivalent to the attack of 18 punches.

Even in terms of speed, it was several times faster!

Whoa!

In that moment, to Long Chen, the world had collapsed!

A simple punch, was actually the strongest attack Long Chen had ever faced since he started cultivating!

To put it bluntly, the current Yang Chen, was not far from the Black Cloak Sacrifices!

Everyone cried out like a tide.

Long Chen squinted. When the most violent attack was about to come, he shifted his position to the side.

"Phew ..."

Yang Chen actually retracted the huge force of the fist, and instantly turned around, chasing after Long Chen once again.

Under the situation where Long Chen had the Primordial Blood Prison Array, the other party was actually able to catch up to him.

"Don't try to run away, you piece of trash."

Seeing this scene, Palace Head Han Wu, who was humiliated by Long Chen earlier laughed and said.

Long Chen really stopped running. When Yang Chen caught up again, and the eighteen fists descended once more, he started with the four lines of the God Slaying Sword. He waved the God Slaying Sword crazily and activated the word evolution, a total of nine sword qi shot up into the sky.

The word "Yan" was a mysterious word.

The nine gray killing swords blocked Yang Chen's path of attack!

Yang Chen roared, ignoring the sword beams, he continued to move forward, and this exceeded Long Chen's expectations. Nine sword lights shot out from his chest, and took away a large chunk of golden blood and flesh.

A golden 'Development' word appeared on Yang Chen's chest.

"You still don't understand? With your sword, you will never be able to kill me?"

Yang Chen laughed sinisterly, gathering all his power like a wild beast. His complicated fighting style and extremely fast movements actually suppressed all of Long Chen's escape routes this time.

"Is that so?"

From beginning to end, Long Chen had never used Ling Xi's sword against him.

"Have you forgotten how I killed the Ghost God Gu?"

The cold words entered Yang Chen's ears.

"Break!"

Yang Chen's heart trembled, but he did not believe that it was true. He firmly believed that he was immortal, he had limitless power to dissipate, and could casually use his Genuine Force Formless War Codex s, causing a punch to work. The golden fist, in its most powerful stance, was like a mountain flying towards him, violently smashing towards Long Chen, and in a moment of desperation, Long Chen could only cross his two swords in front of his chest to block!

In that moment, the power from the opponent's body instantly destroyed Long Chen's defense!

One must know that his current Nirvana Qi was almost comparable to a second stage Nirvana stage practitioner.

BOOM!

The sound of the explosion shook everything, and everyone present was filled with shock. "This is"
"BOOM!" "BOOM!"

"When I, Yang Chen, do something, it's my own decision. It's not up to you to spout nonsense!"

The power of his rage sent Long Chen flying from the sky to the ground with a punch. Like a comet, Long Chen fell to the ground and hit the ground, creating a web of cracks!

"Long Chen lost!"

Upon seeing this sight, the crowd was completely convinced.

If even the Little War God wasn't able to withstand a single punch, then he would definitely be defeated.

If he were to continue like this, it would just be a waste of time.

This time's confrontation allowed everyone to see the gap between the two.

Although Long Chen had crushed his opponent at the beginning, the situation was now the opposite.

Yang Chen stood in mid air, his body was still filled with a fiendish aura, his bloodshot eyes staring below him.

In the middle of the cracked ground, Long Chen's face was pale white. Gritting his teeth, he shakily stood up.

"You still don't want to die?" Yang Chen laughed towards the sky.

Long Chen was currently in a muddled state. The opponent had strong enough Nirvana Qi and had shaken his very foundation!

However, this was nothing!

It wasn't like he hadn't experienced failure before.

At this moment, almost everyone believed that he had no chance.

Yang Chen defeated him with a crushing posture.

In fact, in everyone's eyes, Long Chen was already very pitiful!

However, he turned a deaf ear to everything that was happening around him.

Seeing his indifferent eyes, Yang Chen remembered that the gift Ye Futu gave him was already shattered, and his anger continued to burn.

"At this moment, in my eyes, you are just an ant. You have no right to judge me!"

Yang Chen raged, like a golden sun, he fell from the sky.

Everyone was curious, would Yang Chen kill Long Chen this time?

"Pitiful, stubborn, and unrepentant."

Long Chen looked at him with disdain. He understood this guy very well, but this battle ...

"Pitiful person, there must be something to hate about this! If you want to court death yourself, then don't blame me!"

As of this moment, he was the focus of all attention!

When the little Martial God descended from the sky, Long Chen decisively rushed into the clouds. His opponent was like a golden sun descending from the sky, with each attack becoming a total of eighteen waves.

"Unparalleled Imperial Fist!"

There were a total of eighteen waves of attacks, each more powerful than the last.

With this punch, other than the three Martial Saints, everyone was shocked.

This was not a matter that belonged to the powers of the mortal world!

Even the ninety-nine golden Demon Sealing Pillars began to tremble under the power of this attack.

Long Chen raised his head to look. It was as if the entire sky had been engulfed by the golden sun, which then pressed down towards him.

He already had Ninth Stage of the Divine Martial Stage.

He was several times stronger than before.

Although this level of attack was terrifying, it wasn't the reason for him to retreat!

A four rune Dao Slaying Sword definitely had roughly the same level of power as a five rune Dao weapon.

Long Chen used all the power in his body and channeled it into the God Slaying Sword. In that short period of time, the power of the Devouring Sword was released, Long Chen once again activated the 'Development Technique', and this time, he used it with all his strength. What surprised everyone was that he did not lose out to Yang Chen in terms of power!

The nine enormous sword beams were enough to shatter mountains and rivers, but at this moment, they intertwined together to form a large gray word with a circumference of at least three kilometers, to welcome the opponent's Unparalleled Imperial Fist!

The emperor was trembling!

This was definitely a battle between the ancient experts of the True Martial Imperial Palace. Countless warriors walked out from the 3000 great halls. Today seemed to be the day of the final battle for the position of Saint Martial Emperor Lord.

The gray colored Sword Qi was actually able to resist the Unparalleled Imperial Fist!

This was what shocked everyone.

Of course, before long, they were forced back and scattered by the terrifying power of the Unparalleled Imperial Fist!

And at this time, the two masters arrived at a similar place.

"If you can survive, I'll hold back!" Yang Chen said with incomparable arrogance.

He had too much confidence in himself. He knew that he would not die.

When everyone watched as Long Chen died, Long Chen unleashed his dual sword technique. After the God Slaying Sword successfully broke through the gap in the opponent's fist force, he made a prompt decision and charged towards the narrow gap!

"Euphorbid Finger!"

Time stood still, and every single time was Yang Chen's nightmare.

Of course, with the terrifying power of eighteen Martial Gods, Yang Chen only needed the time of one breath to break free from this stillness.

However, Long Chen successfully passed through this period of time and arrived in front of Yang Chen, avoiding the place where his opponent's Unparalleled Imperial Fist was the most powerful.

"Nine Dragons Devouring the Heavens!"

Ling Xi made her move!

This was the last thing Long Chen wanted.

With the appearance of the formless array, the sword moves that Ling Xi had displayed, carried the power of Ling Xi's sword. The nine different colored divine dragon shadows roared crazily, and with a devouring stance, they blocked the opponent's Unparalleled Imperial Fist. Long Chen did not go forward to face the attack, but borrowed the power of the Euphorbid Finger to open up a gap!

Hiss!

Nine hisses.

Amongst them, a few divine dragons entangled the Unparalleled Imperial Fist, while the other four divine dragons bypassed everything and entangled Yang Chen's body.

"This shitty thing, how many come to die!" Yang Chen laughed without worry.

In the next moment, the power of Ling Xi's sword exploded, and the intense attack directly struck Yang Chen's primordial spirit. That guy who was originally fine initially, in the next moment, let out a deafening scream, and fell from the sky!

On his body, the golden radiance gradually dissipated.

He didn't have a single wound, but he held his head in pain and cried out in pain, as if he was experiencing the world's most terrible pain.

However, Long Chen had switched positions with him, and peacefully stayed in the air. Within his hands, there were two long shining blades, emitting a dazzling light, cold and bloodthirsty, their temperament was actually so similar to the current Long Chen.

They were all stupefied and looked at Long Chen and the Little Martial God in a daze. Some of them even wiped their eyes, unable to believe what they had just seen.

But in reality, Long Chen had cleverly used Ling Xi's sword and exchanged places with the other party.

Chapter 1536 - Consciousness before death

Skills were the key to victory.

Just having immense strength did not necessarily mean victory.

Of course, this was also in a situation where the two of them were of similar strength. If the difference in strength was too great, it would be a victory with their strength locked on.

In terms of offense, Long Chen was not as good as Yang Chen, but he had something that could cause his opponent's death.

Yang Chen underestimated Long Chen too much, and overestimated his ability to live. In the past, when Long Chen helped him remove the Ghost God Gu, he did not release the power of Ling Xi's sword, but now, he used all of his strength, and instantly made the opponent collapse.

In reality, all of this was within Long Chen's expectations.

When Long Chen was high above, yet he knelt down and howled miserably, this huge change happened. The entire War God Palace, was instantly bustling with noise and excitement.

"The power of Eighteen War God's possession was so easily broken?"

"Of course, those two swords of Long Chen's are very terrifying."

Everyone was talking about it, Wenren Jingtao and the others were also confused, and he asked: "The Little Martial God has always ruled over everyone with his immortal body, and no one has ever broken through his immortal body, but now, he is in such pain, could it be that Long Chen's sword, has the ability to kill him?"

The old man standing next to him clicked his tongue in wonder. His face revealed a look of excitement as he laughed, "If that was really the case, we wouldn't have lost so badly."

"Palace Head Han Wu and the rest are so arrogant and despotic, even the Little Martial God is powerful, he even used the Eighteen Martial Gods' possession, but who would have thought, we have an even more powerful Long Chen here!"

"Don't be happy too early. The victor hasn't been decided yet."

This extremely important change had thrown Ye Futu's side into chaos.

Palace Head Han Wu's expression turned extremely ugly and became incomparably cold. He stood beside Ye Futu and asked while trembling, "Master Master, it seems like that sword can break through the immortal's body?"

Ye Futu's eyes were equally shocked, and he said softly: "I can tell, it's a mysterious sword. It's rare in this world, to be able to harm a primordial spirit. The reason why this sword can kill savage beasts is because of this ability. It is simply Yang Chen's natural enemy! "

When these words came out, the Palace Head Han Wu was shocked.

He forced himself to calm down and felt fear for the youth in the sky. However, when he thought of something, he finally laughed and said: "Fortunately, Yang Chen is already a Saint Martial Emperor Lord.

Since Ye Futu had discovered the Ling Xi Sword, Ye Futu would not allow it to continue to appear in his hands.

Of course, this was not the time to stop it.

After a while, Yang Chen struggled to stand up.

On his body, less than half of the strength of the Eighteen Martial Gods had been lost!

As his strength faded and his primordial spirit was wounded, he gradually regained consciousness.

"No, I am immortal."

Yang Chen forced himself to tell himself.

"Only you will die, I won't!"

It was as if Long Chen had stabbed him at his weakest spot. He was hysterical, using his remaining strength to attack once more.

Long Chen immediately reacted, using Blood Drop Rebirth to move out of the way.

"Your speed is even slower now."

After appearing behind Yang Chen, Long Chen coldly said.

Yang Chen turned his head in shock. Long Chen used the God Slaying Sword to dodge and at the same time, used his right hand to strike forward. Ling Xi's sword was right in front of him and pierced into his lower abdomen.

Yang Chen howled miserably.

Long Chen's leg flew up, and smashed violently into the opponent's head, causing Yang Chen's skull to explode. His entire body rolled a few times in the air before finally crashing into the ground.

After his skull shattered, the power of the Eighteen War Gods dissipated.

Everyone was silent as they watched this scene.

They'd long since been shocked in their hearts.

At this moment, he was unable to extricate himself.

Seeing Yang Chen's miserable state, everyone gasped.

It was for Long Chen's coldness and decisiveness.

At this point, the outcome of the battle had clearly been decided.

With his calmness and decisiveness, coupled with the fact that he almost matched up against Yang Chen after using the Eighteen War God's Possession and the mysterious Ling Xi Sword, he managed to win by coincidence, and defeated Yang Chen!

This directly proved that Long Chen was strong. Not only was his technique strong and his heart calm, his foundation was also far above his opponent. Especially in terms of his physical body, he seemed more like a rare peerless beast.

Feng Zhiling was filled with emotion.

"Maybe the feeling of helplessness Yang Chen feels right now is the feeling he had when he was facing Yang Chen."

She once again saw that when Yang Chen stood up, his skull had quickly recovered, but the stabbing of his primordial spirit was even more severe.

He looked at Long Chen in a daze and muttered, "I, I won't die!"

He was just a person who was immersed in fantasy, unable to extricate himself.

Long Chen walked in front of him step by step, and his sword pointed at the center of his brows as he said coldly: "Yang Chen, can you not use such a ridiculous posture? There is nothing between you and me, and even if I kill you now, it would be even more beneficial for me. It might even be my turn to be the Holy Martial Emperor Lord, but I don't want to kill you. Furthermore, you are not immortal. There is no one who is truly immortal. You are just a small exception. "

"I don't believe it!" Yang Chen screamed in pain.

Without saying a word, Ling Xi's sword pierced through.

Yang Chen knelt on the ground, powerless on all fours. At this moment, the energy of the Eighteen Martial Gods was exhausted.

He was simply no match for Long Chen, maybe Long Chen did not reach the Ninth Stage of the Divine Martial Stage yet, so dealing with him would be a little difficult.

With his current comprehension of the Heavenly Dao, he was just barely able to execute Eighteen War God's Possession.

Otherwise, it would not have faded so quickly.

It could be said that, leaving the Immortal body behind, Yang Chen was nothing.

It was this immortal body that had become a hindrance that he couldn't become stronger.

When the Immortal's body was destroyed, Yang Chen would not be able to live.

"If you want to live, just say so. I'll let go."

A sword pierced through the head.

Seeing this bloody scene, everyone trembled in fear.

"Master!" The Palace Head Han Wu was shocked, if this continued, the Little Martial God would definitely die.

Ye Futu clenched his teeth, and did not make a move for the time being.

In any case, he definitely wouldn't allow Little Martial God to die.

The only person who could force Ye Futu to such an extent was Long Chen.

"To live for yourself, or for others. To die for a lie, it's up to you. "To be honest, you and I are neither family nor friends, and I even look down on you, but I feel sympathy for your plight. Perhaps you are having a different experience from me, but I want to send you a message: a person should live for the sake of someone who truly loves them."

As he said till here, Long Chen's tone of voice changed, "But you think that the person who truly loves you, in his eyes, is only a tool not worth mentioning. Your life is so sorrowful, and all of this was because of you."

These words, under the destructive power of Ling Xi's sword, came into his mind as Yang Chen was feeling extreme pain.

Yang Chen's eyes were wide opened as he twitched all over, tears flowed down his face, he was pale and almost suffocated. He looked at the world in a daze, the pain in his primordial spirit and in Long Chen's merciless words caused him to collapse time and time again.

He wanted to just let it go like this.

But, thinking of the person who truly loved him ...

Although his parents had already died many years ago, their dying wish was so that he could live on in peace. What exactly was he doing?

People should live on for the sake of those who truly love them!

Living, was better than everything.

These words were like a bomb that exploded in Yang Chen's mind again and again.

Before his true death arrived, he suddenly realized how much he did not want to die.

In that moment, he decisively grabbed onto the blade of Ling Xi's sword and pulled it out, pulling his head out. He did not care about the blood in his body, regardless of the pain in his head, he struggled to stand up, and started to wail.

And at this time, only Long Chen was standing in front of him.

"I want freedom, I want freedom!"

For everyone, the simplest task was so difficult for him.

He hysterically vented his emotions and destroyed everything around him. When he turned around, he saw Long Chen's smiling face.

Long Chen didn't know what kind of mentality he had.

Honestly speaking, killing him was his best option, which was also his original plan. If he could quickly kill him, the Saint Martial Emperor would only be him.

But then he didn't choose to do it.

Yang Chen was not a bad person to begin with, so Long Chen left him with a way out. Of course, he fought for it in the end, and if he did not choose to live, Long Chen could only send him to his death.

This choice, Long Chen did not regret at all.

He had killed too many people, and the chance to save a person had made him feel much more open-minded and confident.

Their four eyes met, and Long Chen saw his gratitude from his trembling eyes.

"I've lost!" Yang Chen said loudly and decisively.

He did not look in Ye Futu's direction, but instead walked in a circle.

In an incomparably miserable state, he said with a burning heart, "From the beginning to the end, I have never won. I only lived in my own fantasies."

He calmed down and became very calm. This was his initial appearance.

"In the first round, because of the bribery and the incitement in people's hearts, I took advantage of everything. In the second round, my performance was the worst, but I received quite a high score. In the third round, I lost miserably without cheating. This kind of me, what qualifications do I have to become the Saint Martial Emperor Lord! "

As he said this, everyone started to clamor.

Ye Futu's pupils constricted and his entire body started to emit cold qi. Palace Head Han Wu beside him started to tremble.

"This guy, his brain is broken. I'll go catch him."

The Palace Head Han Wu faltered, then announced: "This year's selection for the Sacred Martial Emperor Lords is over. Even though Long Chen won the final battle, since his score is still not as high as Yang Chen's, the Sacred Martial Emperor Lord is still the Little Martial God Yang Chen. Let us cheer, Yang Chen, hurry up and come over here."

The Palace Head Han Wu threatened.

"No!" Yang Chen rejected decisively.

This was the first time in his life that he had used such a resolute tone to speak to Ye Futu and the others like this.

Yang Chen resolutely said in a loud voice: "I do not have the qualifications to be a Saint Martial Emperor Lord, not to be the leader of the True Martial Imperial Palace s, I only want my freedom, and I hope everyone can grant me that wish. I want to leave the True Martial Imperial Palace, forever leave this place, and I will never return.

Yang Chen's transformation would definitely be the biggest twist in this Sacred Martial Emperor Monarch battle!

In the selection battle of the Sacred Martial Emperor s, in the three rounds of competition, Yang Chen had always had the upper hand. Even though he lost miserably in the second round, with Ye Futu's support, he steadily obtained the status of Sacred Martial Emperor Lord.

In the third round, he had defeated Feng Zhilin from the very beginning, and cut off Long Chen's wishful thinking.

However, just as everyone was certain that Yang Chen was definitely the Martial Emperor Lord, he executed the Eighteen War God's Possession, and still lost to Long Chen. What was even more surprising was that he personally said that he wasn't willing to assume the position of the Sacred Martial Emperor Lord, and gave it to Long Chen!

This method could be said to be unprecedented.

Even Long Chen himself didn't think of this.

His heart was at peace, he just wanted Yang Chen to wake up. He did not force her, nor did he ask her to do anything.

The moment those words were spoken, the crowd burst into an uproar.

Honestly speaking, once the three of them had been assigned, no matter what happened, Yang Chen would always be the Saint Martial Emperor Lord, unless he did not want to be one anymore.

If he didn't want to be the one to be, and wanted to give this position to Long Chen, then no one could stop him.

Even the teachings of his ancestors had to give in to his own will.

In order to compete for the position of Holy Martial Emperor Lord, the premise and foundation was that the candidate must have an intense desire for it and the determination to be competent. The Holy Martial Emperor King had to bear the responsibility.

Yang Chen was exceptionally determined. His gaze was firm as he said loudly: "I have already ascertained that these are my true thoughts, and that I am inferior to Long Chen in terms of intelligence, fighting strength, and courage. As for my first round of victory, if I were to vote again, I believe that it would not be the outcome of this battle. I am not qualified to be the Monarch of the Sacred Martial Emperor, please grant me my wish! "

After Yang Chen finished speaking, he turned around and resolutely lowered his head and kneeled down.

The direction in which he was kneeling, was in none other than Ye Futu.

The last sentence was also said to Ye Futu.

At first, the crowd was in an uproar, but in the end, there was absolute silence.

They looked at Yang Chen in a daze, their emotions mixed.

On Wenren Xi's side, everyone had a feeling that something was up.

Long Chen had surprised them time and time again. This time, if not for the fact that Long Chen used his magnanimity to reform his opponent and used his own wisdom to wake them up, they would not have been able to obtain such a reversal.

They had placed their hopes on Feng Zhiling!

Following that, everyone looked at Ye Futu.

Yang Chen had been personally raised by Ye Futu, and everyone knew that in order for Yang Chen to become the champion, he had expended a large amount of resources and manpower, and even lost money to the Blue Sky Tyrant Blade.

In the end, Yang Chen chose to withdraw.

The most difficult person to deal with was undoubtedly Ye Futu.

There were even a few higher ups who knew about it. They felt that Ye Futu would not let this matter rest.

"Please help me, I want my life and my freedom. What I owe you in this life, I can only say that I am very sorry. I understand, you're not the one who really loves me. "

Yang Chen laughed bitterly in his heart.

In Ye Futu's heart, he was only a tool, a successful tool. Although Ye Futu had spent a large amount of effort on him, it was all for his own sake.

Long Chen was very curious, how would Ye Futu react?

His gaze, that was like a cold pond, landed on Yang Chen's body. At this time, Ye Futu reached out his hand, and Yang Chen, who was still a distance away, was actually sucked over, until his neck was in Ye Futu's hands.

When the truly furious Slaughter Martial Saint revealed his true nature, it was undoubtedly extremely terrifying. The aura of slaughter was even heavier than Long Chen's, and the tens of thousands of people in the War God Palace were all trembling in fear.

reached out and strangled Yang Chen by the neck, and in front of everyone, Ye Futu said without restraint, "Yang Chen, tell me, you were joking with me just now. Right. "

Yang Chen's face was swollen. He nearly suffocated but his gaze was incomparably firm as he said, "No, I'm not joking. I want to live freely. "Of course, if you insist on killing me, even though I'm dead, there's no need for me to continue to suffer. That would also be a beautiful thing."

Ye Futu was undoubtedly angry, but it was difficult for others to feel that he was overflowing with anger.

"I don't miss them. I want to kill you. I only need one hand. Do you believe me?" For Ye Futu to say such words to his own disciple in public meant that he had gone mad.

However, Yang Chen was no longer afraid of death, much less any threat from him.

He endured the pain, but he smiled.

The more Ye Futu was like this, the more he believed in Long Chen's words. This guy merely treated him as a tool.

"Ye Futu, enough is enough. War God Palace is not your personal world. You have already lost today, so stop being so stubborn. " At this time, Wenren Xi mentioned this.

He and Lin Junyao were both relatively obedient people, guarding the Imperial Palace, as they did not wish for any mistakes to occur within. This was also the reason why they had never paid much attention to Ye Futu's matters.

This was why Ye Futu became more and more arrogant and wanted to fight the Lord.

If he couldn't become the Great Emperor of Zhen Wu, he could let his own disciple become the Saint Martial Emperor Lord, and under the control of the Ghost God Gu, he could also become the person with the highest authority in the Imperial Palace in the future.

As for True Martial Emperor ...

Ye Futu already knew that this person who had not appeared for tens of thousands of years would not come out again.

It was true that the Great Emperor of the Sword Soul was missing, but in reality, the True Martial Emperor was also pretty much missing.

"How laughable!" Ye Futu heavily threw Yang Chen at his feet and said with a cold smile: "When did I say the War God Palace was my world by myself? I am only fighting for my own disciple. He was only fooled by the other party for a moment, the words he said couldn't be counted. Since the Sacred Martial Emperor has already been decided, then we should follow the teachings of our ancestors and prepare the ceremony for the succession of Monarchs.

The Palace Head Han Wu hurriedly answered, "That's right, quickly prepare for the Emperor's inheritance ceremony. Afterwards, you will announce to the world that Little Martial God's successor as the Sacred Martial Emperor will be spread out. We have about ten days of preparation time, and I will be in charge of everything. Today's matter is over, so everyone should leave now! "

But no one left.

Yang Chen stood up, and was about to say something, but Ye Futu controlled him again, preventing him from moving.

Ye Futu's prestige and fame were great, but it was much more useful than the Palace Head Han Wu. Under his call, everyone had the intention to retreat, and was prepared to leave the place.

At this time, Lin Junyao said: "I feel that Wenren Xi is right. Things have already come to this point, don't cross the line with the Monarch anymore. Since you have toiled for Imperial Palace for so many years, with many merits and outstanding talent, the Monarch was willing to let you do whatever you want in War God Palace. However, if you continue to be stubborn, I think that you will most likely suffer. "

Lin Junyao was the person closest to the True Martial Emperor.

Her words caused Ye Futu's expression to change. Previously, he was able to control his emotions, but now, he became extremely furious, he kicked the ground, causing a terrifying wave to spread out in all directions. Everyone was pushed back, other than Wenren Xi and Lin Junyao.

Ye Futu said coldly: "Monarch? Stop putting on airs and blabbering nonsense. Have I ever done anything excessive? Furthermore, Monarchs have long ago stopped managing the affairs of the War God Palace. For the past few thousand years, the decisions on the matters of the Imperial Palace have been made by me, Ye Futu. The Monarch has not appeared for ten thousand years, and you guys are using the Monarch's name to bully me, Ye Futu? "

The three Martial Saints started to argue over the matter regarding the Saint Martial Emperor Lord. Everyone was afraid that they would be implicated, so they quickly retreated to watch the lively scene. Most people don't actually know what's going on.

A small portion of the people knew that Lin Junyao and Wenren Xi were finally prepared to attack him. They couldn't bear to see Ye Futu act so arrogantly anymore.

Honestly speaking, no one wished for such a battle between the three Martial Saints.

This was because the three Martial Saints were the very core of the War God Palace. Any one of their losses would cause the power of the entire True Martial Imperial Palace to plummet, causing irreparable losses.

But for Wenren Xi and Lin Junyao, it was precisely because they had this kind of mindset that caused today's situation to occur.

Ye Futu said loudly: "In any case, according to the ancestor's teachings, the Holy Martial Emperor Lord has already determined that there is a possibility to change it. If the two of you are challenging the ancestor's teachings for your own people, and you have to do it in private, then I, Ye Futu, will not be courteous. It is true that the two of them can defeat me, but I, Ye Futu, am not someone to be trifled with, and if Imperial Palace is severely injured, it will be your own responsibility! "

He grabbed onto Lin Junyao and the others' weak points, held onto Yang Chen with one hand and announced, "Everyone, hurry up and go back. It has been several thousand years since the birth of the Holy Martial Emperor. This is a matter worthy of celebration! "

Under Ye Futu's threat, everyone trembled in fear, and no one dared to leave.

Long Chen watched everything with cold eyes the entire time.

He felt sorrowful for Yang Chen. This guy had been struggling in Ye Futu's hands the entire time, but was powerless to help him. When he went back, he would definitely be implanted with the Ghost God Gu again.

Amongst the three Great Martial Saints, only Ye Futu was the most unreasonable. The other two had to consider the bigger picture and let him go.

It wasn't that Wenren Xi was afraid of him, it was just that they felt that the overall situation was more important.

After successfully suppressing Lin Junyao and the others, Ye Futu sneered. As long as he left and suddenly saw Long Chen, he had a plan.

In his hand, a small black meatball appeared.

This is the Ghost God Gu's larva.

As long as this larva was shot into Long Chen's body, hehe ...

Just as Ye Futu was preparing like this, a multicolored figure suddenly appeared in the sky.

For a moment, Wenren Xi and Lin Junyao hurriedly kneeled on the ground.

Chapter 1538 - True Monarch Body

No one present had ever seen someone who could make Wenren Xi and Lin Junyao kneel together.

There was only one person in this world.

He was the True Martial Emperor who had ruled over the True Martial Imperial Palace for tens of thousands of years and still had not passed away!

The three Martial Saints were all people with esteemed status. They occupied the True Martial Imperial Palace for more than ten thousand years, and all of them were talented individuals with extraordinary strength. Only the True Martial Emperor was able to cause them to feel such fear and awe.

Although Long Chen had met Zhen Wu Emperor three times, he had actually never met him in person.

Of course, at this moment, no one could see that figure clearly. It was as if he had suddenly appeared there, soundlessly and soundlessly. The first person who sensed his existence was the three Martial Saints.

The power of the five elements was circulating around his body, and the light was like flowing waves, blocking his appearance, making it impossible for him to see his appearance clearly. He was short, fat, and thin, an ancient figure who had existed for tens of thousands of years, and had not revealed himself for a long time.

After all, he wasn't an ordinary expert, and the moment he appeared, he couldn't help but want to use force to overwhelm others.

This ancient and heavy man didn't seem to exist.

"Disciple Wenren Xi greets the Monarch!"

"Disciple Lin Junyao greets the Monarch!"

Monarch!

These two words were like a bomb that exploded in everyone's ears. If it was someone else who said it, they would have thought it was a joke. However, it was two Martial Saints who said it ...

The most noble War God Palace in the True Martial Imperial Palace, but in reality, practically everyone had never seen this Imperial Palace in control of a person. There were even many people who thought that they would never see this person in their entire lives.

The one in charge was like a towering ancient tree. Although it had been growing old, it had always existed.

And at this very moment, the Monarch was like a meteorite in the sky, rushing into their world with full force. Everyone's minds went blank for a split-second!

"Disciple Long Chen greets the Monarch!"

Long Chen reacted very quickly. In fact, he was also very excited in his heart, and he could finally see this old man that he respected a lot.

Long Chen's speed could not be considered fast. When he knelt down, there were already many people kneeling together with the two Martial Saints. The people from the Ye Futu bloodline knelt the slowest, because they clearly saw that Ye Futu did not show any signs of stopping.

However, no matter what, when they saw the two Martial Saints kneeling, most of the people were moved to see the highest existence in their hearts. They knelt down consecutively, and among the ten thousand people present, Ye Futu and Palace Head Han Wu were quickly left behind.

Palace Head Han Wu's face turned pale white. He looked at Ye Futu for a long while before he knelt down with difficulty and lowered his head.

Even Yang Chen knelt down blankly at the first moment. The only one left was Ye Futu.

The short and fat youth squinted his eyes as he looked at the multicolored figure in the sky. He seemed to be in a trance.

In the skies, a stream of light revolved, and the True Martial Emperor's familiar voice sounded out.

"Buddha, have you given up on meeting me today?"

In the Imperial Palace, only the true Great Emperor of the True Martial would dare to call him Slaughter Martial Saint this.

Ye Futu knew better than anyone that this was the Great Emperor of Zhen Wu.

All of his hard work over these years was nothing more than a gamble. He was betting that the True Martial Emperor had already disappeared, and even if he had, he still wouldn't be able to return.

Ye Futu was stupefied, he looked at the True Martial Emperor in a daze.

This was a legendary savior.

His history spread across the entire True Martial Emperor Domain, and even Ye Futu himself had grown up listening to True Martial Emperor's legends. He was incomparably respectful to this legendary figure. She longed to see him for real in this life.

However, he had never had such a chance.

In reality, even Lin Junyao and Wenren Xi had never seen True Martial Emperor's current appearance. At most, they would only be able to enter the world of the ninety-ninth floor and listen to a Monarch.

In the sky, the True Martial Emperor sighed, reached out his hand and pressed it down. Ye Futu's face became deathly pale, and with a plop, he kneeled onto the ground.

Under Ye Futu's struggle, the entire Emperor Star trembled, and its mountains collapsed and the ground cracked.

Long Chen's eyes revealed shock. He never thought that Ye Futu would be so strong, that he could easily take his life. But, the Zhen Wu Emperor could suppress him easily, and that his strength was ridiculously strong.

~ Is this the top warrior in Three Regions Nine Realms?

"Don't be futile."

The hoarse voice of the Great Emperor of Zhen Wu extinguished all hope for Ye Futu.

He lost his soul and stopped struggling. He said painfully, "Monarch, I know I was wrong. I shouldn't have questioned your existence, shouldn't have let the two of them work together to reject me, but because of the big picture, they didn't take care of me! "

Long Chen didn't know if Ye Futu's words were true or not, but maybe Great Emperor Zhen Wu would understand.

Ye Futu changed very quickly. When he was unable to work hard enough and was just a joke, he very quickly chose to give in.

"I apologize. Very good. "But you'll have to follow me for a while."

Hearing this, everyone's face tensed up, it was completely silent, Palace Head Han Wu and the rest, stately warriors who had gone through the Triple Nirvana Tribulation were also trembling in fear, they kneeled on the ground like a small partridge.

True Martial Emperor waved his hand and Ye Futu actually flew into the sky. In an instant, he was swept up into a sea of flames and ocean, disappearing without a trace.

As one of the three Martial Saints, they were known as an invincible existence in the battles of Imperial Palace. The Martial Saint who stood at the peak of all living beings had actually been casually withdrawn by the True Martial Emperor, and then disappeared without a trace.

Palace Head Han Wu and the others, who belonged to Ye Futu, were even more afraid.

Ye Futu was taken away. No one knew where he went, nor did they know the consequences. If there really was a problem, they would be dead.

Moreover, they recalled another terrifying matter.

Long Chen had once said that the person who made him the ruler of the Sacred Martial Emperor was not Wenren Xi, but the True Martial Emperor.

Because Ye Futu doubted the ability of the True Martial Great Emperor, they did not consider this to be a serious matter. However, the True Martial Great Emperor had revealed a terrifying strength, which meant that this series of actions was absolutely against the True Martial Great Emperor.

To go against this legendary hero?

Palace Head Han Wu and the others broke out in cold sweat, drenched their backs, and their scalps went numb.

"Get up."

The True Martial Emperor ordered.

After suppressing Ye Futu who was wreaking havoc, he should have other orders.

Everyone stood up, not daring to look up. Palace Head Han Wu and the others were trembling.

Since Ye Futu was a Martial Saint and the pillar of support for the Imperial Palace, the Monarch might not want his life, but for the Imperial Palace, it was useless.

When they thought of this, all the participants were scared half to death.

But, they were thinking too highly of themselves.

The Zhen Wu Emperor simply did not take them seriously. His gentle gaze finally landed on Long Chen, and then announced in front of everyone, "I have been watching the entire Sacred Martial Emperor's selection, and in my heart, I already have a choice for the Sacred Martial Emperor's monarch. This person, with his potential, talent, personality, responsibility, and perseverance, is already qualified to become the sovereign of the Sacred Martial Emperor. In the future, he can also take over my position and become the new True Martial Emperor. "

Thinking about how Long Chen had been summoned by the Great Emperor of Zhen Wu several times, everyone roughly knew of the result.

Thus, everyone looked at Long Chen with envious eyes.

As for Yang Chen, he had already expressed that he would give up.

The True Martial Emperor continued to say, "I have dedicated my life to the Imperial Palace, I have done a good job. My successor must have a justice that I can trust. I think, Long Chen would be the appropriate choice, do any of you have any other ideas? "

It really was Long Chen.

In actuality, everyone on the scene had already accepted Long Chen, the newly risen youth, with all their hearts.

At first, everyone thought that he was not the Little Martial God's opponent, but now, in terms of fighting capabilities and intelligence, Long Chen had completely surpassed the Little Martial God. Furthermore, he received the attention of a Monarch, so the Monarch personally showed up to speak for him.

Palace Head Han Wu and the rest were almost scared to death, how could they have any objections?

For a moment, there was complete silence.

The True Martial Emperor was very satisfied. Finally, he said, "I am filled with confidence and hope for my decision. You will see it in the future as well. Ten days later, Monarch Mountain will hold the coronation ceremony for the Holy Martial Emperor's Monarch. At that time, all the disciples will gather in Monarch Mountain and I will personally coronate them! "

As the True Martial Emperor finished speaking, he turned into a five colored divine light that scattered in all directions, disappearing into the skies.

The ninety-nine golden Demon Pillars shone as brightly as ever.

This enormous change had caused many people to still be in a daze. Even after the Monarch had disappeared, they were still far from being able to react.

"Personally crowned!"

This meant that the True Martial Emperor would appear again, in front of the hundreds of millions of disciples.

It had already been tens of thousands of years since such a grand occasion had occurred in the True Martial Imperial Palace.

It was like a fire that set everyone's heart ablaze.

Long Chen heaved a sigh of relief. The appearance of the Great Emperor of Zhen Wu had finally finalized this matter.

After tens of thousands of years, the succession of the other Sacred Martial Emperor s were basically crowned by themselves, and not in the Monarch Mountain. Long Chen received the greatest respect from the True Martial Emperor, and even personally crowned in front of hundreds of millions of his disciples.

Long Chen thought back to the moment he had entered the True Martial Imperial Palace.

It's only been a few years.

At that time, he was only a practitioner who had just arrived at the Divine Martial Stage, unable to deal with a single Jiang Qing. In the blink of an eye, he climbed to the peak of the True Martial Imperial Palace, and became the strongest person under the True Martial Emperor!

From today onwards, he would be another legend in the True Martial Imperial Palace.

In the Evil Dragon Palace, those who supported Long Chen, those who opposed Long Chen before, when they heard this news, when they saw the legendary True Martial Great Emperor who disappeared for ten thousand of years personally coronation, when Long Chen sat on the Divine Throne of the Sacred Martial Emperor in front of his ancestors, and even when he would be the next True Martial Great Emperor, how wonderful would their expressions be?

Chapter 1539 - My Pursuit

The True Martial Emperor had left.

However, the crowd's hearts were burning with passion, and they could not calm down for even a moment.

There was reverence, envy, and a bit of hatred in the eyes they looked at Long Chen with. Of course, there were also very complex ones, which were the Palace Head Han Wu's.

Ye Futu was taken away, what kind of idea could he have?

This time, they had lost completely, and they had lost very miserably. Most likely, they would not be able to raise their heads for a long period of time in the future, especially in front of Long Chen.

The Saint Martial Emperor Lord, below one person, above tens of thousands of people.

In the laws and discipline of the True Martial Imperial Palace, other than Martial Saints, all the other warriors had to kneel and kowtow to the Sacred Martial Emperor, even to the Palace Head Han Wu.

Long Chen was now the Monarch of the Sacred Martial Emperor!

After Lin Junyao and Lin Junyao completed their tasks, they heaved a sigh of relief. Their faces were all smiles as they said to Long Chen: "Subordinate Wenren Xi greets the Saint Martial Emperor Lord!"

"Subordinate Lin Junyao greets Saint Martial Emperor Lord!"

The two Martial Saints first expressed submission and respect to Long Chen.

From today, in the entire True Martial Imperial Palace, among hundreds of millions of disciples, only one person could order Long Chen around. Everyone else had to follow Long Chen's orders and do whatever he wanted.

This lofty position held the lifeline of the True Martial Imperial Palace. No matter where they went and who they came into contact with, those people would have to weigh whether or not they could provoke a powerful existence like the True Martial Imperial Palace.

"With this identity, I believe that he will receive fair treatment when he goes to the Sword Soul Imperial Palace."

Long Chen would let them understand that he was not a toad. He was definitely worthy of Ling Xi. Even if Ling Xi becomes the new Great Emperor of the Sword Soul, he would become the Great Emperor of the True Martial Realm to marry her.

Of course, Long Chen becoming a Holy Martial Emperor Lord was not only for his own personal matters. He had promised the True Martial Emperor that he would fight for the sake of protecting the True Martial Imperial Palace.

They were going to fight to the death with the City Lord.

The life and death of Imperial Palace was closely related to their individual lives.

These were all his responsibilities. Long Chen had so many people who he cared about in the True Martial Imperial Palace, and this place had become his second home. So, he had to protect this place.

"What are you waiting for?" Wenren Xi gave a rare smile.

Under his instructions, almost everyone in Wenren Xi's faction kneeled to the ground. All the warriors were completely convinced and submitted to the newly appointed Saint Martial Emperor Lord.

It was awkward, even the people who were pointing fingers at Long Chen had no choice but to lower their heads and kowtow to Long Chen!

The river flowed east for thirty years. The river flowed west for thirty years.

The current Long Chen, in terms of status, was already an existence they looked at.

More likely, he was still so young.

The future him, his future was limitless.

Following his scattered shouts, in the end, everyone finally said the same thing and shouted in unison, "We pay our respects to the Sacred Martial Emperor Lord!"

"The ruler of the Sacred Martial Emperor, who has reigned in the martial arts world for thousands of years!"

Long Chen laughed.

Honestly speaking, he was not used to this kind of situation. After all, power was a form of sacrifice to him. In order to endure this kind of worship, perhaps in the future, he would even pay with his life.

Every person has their own goals, and the value that he strives for might just be this, while Yang Chen was the complete opposite.

He had been enslaved for half his life, and now all he wanted was a free life.

"Get up." Long Chen was not one to put on airs.

After summoning everyone up, he turned around, looked around at everyone, and said with a sincere tone, "Everyone, the Emperor trusts me and wants me to take on this heavy responsibility. I won't say anything else, please take note of my future watch."

We will give everyone an explanation! "

Long Chen would never speak carelessly about things he did not do.

His sincere tone made those who initially harbored a grudge feel a sudden favorable impression of him. If even the True Martial Emperor thought so highly of him, then he shouldn't be lacking, right?

In the future, Long Chen would help them take away the City Lord's heart, thus they would take the risk by themselves.

Everyone stood up.

Long Chen immediately thought of Yang Chen, who was right beside him. With a smile on his face, he saw Long Chen's success.

After today's battle, the two of them became friends. Long Chen cherished every single one of his friends so he asked: "Everything has vanished like smoke into thin air.

Yang Chen laughed and shook his head, saying, "Don't, I finally made this decision, I want to go out and travel, and wander the world using my own identity. I want to explore these unknown regions, and experience the life that I pursue.

Maybe I'll have a lot of situations that I wouldn't have expected, and that's what I want to live. "

Since that was the case, Long Chen would not force him.

He was happy for Yang Chen. It would be very difficult for a person to find their own goals.

"Looking forward to our next meeting." Long Chen laughed.

Everyone looked at them in confusion, not knowing where this friendship had come from.

Yang Chen smiled and said: "Thank you so much, but your future burden will definitely be heavy and you will definitely not be relaxed. If you even lost your life, wouldn't you regret it?"

"Because this is my goal." Long Chen quickly answered his question.

Yang Chen understood.

He looked at Long Chen with eyes of admiration, then, he left naturally and unrestrainedly. Before Ye Futu returned, he quickly left the world that imprisoned him.

He went in search of his own life.

Only after Yang Chen left did Long Chen begin to look at him seriously.

Next, he would probably need to refine the Golden Suppressing Demon Pillar and transfer the heart of the City Lord to his own Divine Kingdom. Regarding these matters, the True Martial Emperor would arrange for Long Chen to go welcome the Emperor in ten days.

The coronation ceremony was enough.

This was a very grand ceremony, the coronation ceremony was held on the Monarch Mountain of the Emperor Star, which was the tallest mountain in the entire Emperor Star. Just like the War God Palace, it was also a forbidden area of the Emperor Star.

From the beginning to the end, Imperial Palace had a total of several hundred statues of True Martial Emperors, but of course there were also some that were left out.

The Monarch Mountain was a place that was even more sacred than the War God Palace.

An ordinary Holy Martial Emperor Lord did not have the qualifications to be crowned in the Monarch Mountain.

And only the True Martial Emperor had the qualifications to do so.

However, Long Chen had obtained the permission of the Zhen Wu Emperor, thus breaking this precedent. Ten days later, all of the hundreds of millions of disciples on the Emperor Star Realm would be arranged to be under the Monarch Mountain, and they would all be able to witness the greatest coronation ceremony, the coronation ceremony.

After that, the world was officially announced, allowing all the powers in the Three Regions Nine Realms to know the news of Long Chen becoming the Lord.

This was an official event. If the True Martial Emperor personally participated in this event, then it meant that he was destined to be a grand individual.

Long Chen was not all that important, he was just following the teachings of the ancestor and performing some ceremonies. However, this was done under the orders of the True Martial Emperor, he would probably need to participate for the next time the Monarch appeared, and would need to bring him to retrieve the Yellow Emperor ...

The Golden Suppressing Demon Pillar.

That was the only Dao weapon that belonged to the Holy Martial Emperor Lord.

Eight dao patterns, ranked second among all the dao tools in the True Martial Imperial Palace.

The one ranked first was the nine Dao patterns of the five elements, the Haotian Pagoda.

Long Chen looked around and saw Palace Head Han Wu.

He was naturally vengeful, and this guy had given her quite a bit of face. Now that his backer had fallen, Long Chen's position was even higher than his backer.

In the blink of an eye, Long Chen had arrived in front of Palace Head Han Wu.

Palace Head Han Wu lowered his head with a conflicted expression. He thought to himself, "This brat really has come for revenge. A dignified Saint Martial Emperor Lord, he's actually such a vengeful person."

Of course, if he was in Ye Zichen's shoes, this would be normal.

With Long Chen's vicious personality, Palace Head Han Wu was a little nervous. He was really afraid that Long Chen would go overboard and deal with him.

"Raise your head." Long Chen said very casually.

Everyone looked at him, their eyes filled with anticipation.

The Palace Head Han Wu clenched his teeth and raised his head. His previously arrogant and domineering face was now trembling a little as he stammered, "Saint Martial Emperor Lord, you must uphold the integrity of the law and emphasize the greater picture. Could it be that you have just become the Saint Martial Emperor Lord?"

You want to use me? "

He was willing to risk everything and even dare to say such words out loud.

Hearing that, Long Chen laughed, just as Palace Head Han Wu was relieved, thinking that Long Chen would not dare to deal with him, Long Chen's face suddenly became stern, and shouted coldly: "Kneel!"

Palace Head Han Wu was shocked and did not make a move.

He suddenly saw that behind Long Chen, Wenren Xi and Lin Junyao were both present, while the people behind him were hurriedly retreating, afraid of being affected.

Thinking about it, Palace Head Han Wu felt incomparably humiliated. He told himself to endure whatever humiliation he had received, so he clenched his teeth and kneeled on the ground once more. He shouted, "May I ask what Sacred Martial Emperor commands you?!"

This guy really had no backbone. Long Chen was too lazy to go against him, in case someone criticized him for using his power recklessly. He could scare them a little, in case they underestimated him.

He crouched beside his opponent's ear and suddenly shouted: "Ten days later, the Monarch Mountain's coronation ceremony, will be under your full responsibility. Within ten days, you will complete the organization and publicity, and allow over a hundred million disciples to enter the stage in an orderly manner, to spread the news and other missions.

If there's anything wrong, bring your head up to meet me! "

When he spoke so loudly, Palace Head Han Wu was so shocked that he almost fell to the ground. When he realized that Long Chen was only instructing him on a mission, his face turned red like a pig's liver.

When the crowd saw this, they all burst into laughter.

"Yes, I will definitely complete the mission." Palace Head Han Wu clenched his teeth and said with incomparable grievance.

"Alright then. Let's disperse, we'll meet again in ten days!"

Ten days later, he would be famous. His fame would shake the world, and he would become a very influential character.

Feng Zhilin silently stood behind Lin Junyao and looked at this youth. She was the one who watched as Long Chen grew up, and when the current Long Chen was already a trillion human beings, in the True Martial Emperor Domain, he was only second to the Zhen Wu Emperor.

Wait, she was sincerely happy for Long Chen.

However, he still felt that he was missing something.

At this time, Long Chen looked at her. Everything was complete, his relaxed smile made Feng Zhilin feel like no matter what he did, it was all worth it.

Chapter 1540 - Vast Monarch Mountain

The Monarch Mountain was the tallest mountain on the planet of the Emperor.

Monarch Mountain stretched for hundreds of thousands of miles and the main peak was the highest. This main peak was a forbidden area within the forbidden grounds. On the highest point of the main mountain, there were hundreds of ancestors' statues. Usually, there were more than ten warriors from the Nirvana Tribulation Realm guarding this place, preventing random people from entering the Monarch Mountain.

In actuality, the Emperor Star was completely owned by the True Martial Imperial Palace, so these dozens of Nirvana Tribulation Realm warriors were not there to guard against outsiders. It was just to prevent the little fellows from intruding.

Under every Monarch statue, there would be a mausoleum for every ancestor. But in reality, out of the several hundred mausoleums, almost no mausoleum had a corpse. After all, most Monarchs had died under the Nirvana Tribulation, turning into ashes in the blink of an eye.

Even if one did not die under the Nirvana Tribulation, it would still be difficult to find a corpse.

Since ancient times, the Monarch Mountain had always been a sacred place, and even the majority of the people in the War God Palace didn't have the qualifications to enter the Monarch Mountain, let alone the ordinary citizens of the 3000 great halls.

However, ten days ago, an explosive piece of news broke into the three thousand great halls, shocking everyone until their minds went blank, and they couldn't react for a long time. Especially those who had opposed Long Chen before, they felt their hairs stand on end.

Ten days later, the Monarch will personally coronate Long Chen on the Monarch Mountain. At that time, all the disciples and hundreds of millions of martial artists on the Emperor Star will have to attend and worship him! "Yun Che said in a low voice.

This news was like a gale that quickly swept through all 3000 great halls. All of the billions of disciples in the 3000 great halls felt their hearts boil with excitement. To them, a true legend had been born!

The Monarch of the Sacred Martial Emperor!

There had never been anyone from the three thousand great halls who was able to become the Martial Emperor Lord.

In reality, in the eyes of outsiders, the real True Martial Imperial Palace s were actually just a part of the War God Palace s. The three thousand great halls were merely a part of the lower echelons of the s.

Of course, the position of the Evil Dragon Palace had increased even more. Long Chen had not passed down the position of the Demonic Dragon Hall Master to anyone yet, and for Long Chen to be able to obtain such a terrifying position, the Evil Dragon Palace had risen in status, becoming the object of reverence for the 3000 Great Temples.

As for the Temple of Heaven s, Demonic Palace s, Profound Nether Palace s and other great halls, they didn't dare to raise the matter of their grudges against Long Chen in the slightest.

When they found out that the Han Wu Palace was one of the War God Palace s, like the Punishment Hall, or even that the Punishment Hall directly belonged to the Han Wu Palace as a commander, they heard that the legendary Palace Head Han Wu had personally come to the three thousand great halls, and had organized all of the disciples on the Emperor Star to enter the Monarch Mountain!

As the news spread, everyone finally knew that the Great Clan Elder was actually a King Han Wu, above the King Han Wu, there was even a Vice Hall Master. It could be seen how high the status of the Palace Head Han Wu was, as he was the person in charge of the laws and order of the entire True Martial Imperial Palace.

In these ten days, with boiling excitement in their hearts, they entered the Monarch Mountain in an orderly fashion. Of course, they could not go up, and could only stay at the halfway point of the mountain.

To the north of Monarch Mountain was a gentle slope that was tens of thousands of meters long, and at the bottom of the slope, there was a gigantic clearing. As far as the eye could see, the people in the middle of the 3000 halls were arranged in the order of the various halls.

A hundred million disciples had all gathered under the Monarch Mountain.

What a grand occasion this was!

This sort of thing would only happen when every generation of True Martial Emperors succeeded each other. And the True Martial Imperial Palace had already not changed who the True Martial Emperors were for tens of thousands of years!

Ten days later, under the hard work of the Palace Head Han Wu, over a hundred million disciples gathered in Monarch Mountain, everything was in order.

At such a critical moment, no one dared to break the rules ...

Originally, with Evil Dragon Palace's position, their seats would be at the back, but this time, they were exceptionally close to the front. They were even at the front of the super halls.

There were tens of thousands of people in the War God Palace. Even those who were doing missions outside had no choice but to rush back with their lives on the line to witness this grand occasion.

Hundreds of millions of disciples were gathered there. If one looked from a high vantage point, they would see a dense crowd of people. In fact, the entire world only had human heads. That kind of concentrated feeling would undoubtedly cause one's hair to stand on end.

It had been a long time since the Monarch Mountain had seen so many people.

When hundreds of millions of people gathered together, even a casual and soft discussion would produce a lightning-like effect. The entire Monarch Mountain was trembling, and even though the time wasn't right yet, everyone used incomparably respectful eyes to look at the group of War God Palace warriors at the very top.

At the very top were the three Martial Saints.

Above the three Martial Saints, there was still another spot that belonged to Long Chen.

This was the first time in their lives that they had seen such a scene. Even the legendary Martial Saints had appeared. Was there anything more exciting than this?

There really was one. Next up was the appearance of the True Martial Emperor.

Everyone was filled with incomparable anticipation.

All of the discussions were related to Long Chen.

These discussions were all just filled with shock and worship, as they recited the stories of Long Chen's time in the Three Thousand Great Palace.

The disciples of the Evil Dragon Palace all viewed Long Chen as their benefactor. The fact that they could have such a status was bestowed to them by Long Chen.

In the midst of the crowd, Qin Feng, Qin Kang, Jiang Cha, Wu Yue, Ye Zheng and the others, as well as the two siblings and Shentu Hong, were all present.

They were all people who had personally witnessed Long Chen's growth. For Long Chen to have such achievements, they truly felt happy for him from the bottom of their hearts.

The East Palace was the one who personally brought Ye Xuan and his sister here.

At this time, the handsome Ye Xuan was currently smiling bitterly and shaking his head, "The reason a genius is a genius, it might be because of this. We used to be at the same starting line, but now he has left me far in the dust."

Ye Xuan wore a purple long skirt, smiled lightly, and said: "Cultivating in this matter, one cannot be jealous, he is destined to be a dragon amongst men, we will slowly move forward, as long as we grow, there might be hope in the future, you are still young, aren't you?"

However, Ye Xuan laughed bitterly and said: "There are some people that are destined to be unable to surpass. Long Chen is this kind of person. However, I am still happy for him. Strength is a man's foundation. He will definitely do what he wants to do. "

It was just like Yan Qingchen who had entered the War God Palace at the same time as Long Chen. He had worked hard for a long time, and even now, he had not reached the Ninth Stage of the Divine Martial Stage yet, but Long Chen had already become one of the three great candidates, and finally became the Saint Martial Emperor Lord.

Yan Qingchen had been paying attention to him ever since he returned from the Nine Star Chaotic City, and it was only because he felt that there was an enormous gap between him and Long Chen that he couldn't get close. Now that Long Chen had obtained such a high position, it was time for him to communicate with Long Chen, which put even more pressure on him.

However, he knew very well that Long Chen was definitely not the kind of person to forget their friends after becoming famous.

Everyone raised their heads. There were only two people in the position of the three Martial Saints, and they were too far away and blurry. They did not know what the three Martial Saints looked like, but they were already satisfied.

These sculptures were vivid and lifelike. The hundreds of sculptures were situated at the highest point of the Monarch Mountain, overlooking the myriad of living beings below. Each statue seemed to be alive, with profound eyes and sympathy for the heavens.

These existences that had once been the True Martial Emperors were all world-shaking figures. But no matter what, people had to die. In the end, they would turn into a pile of dirt and even turn into ashes.

Only after passing through the eighteen levels of the Samsara Grounds and becoming a Deity would one be able to survive.

But in reality, who could do this?

Even if it were the people from the Immortal God Realm, they would still definitely die under the tribulation of Eighteen Major Tribulations, without an exception.

Hundreds of ancestral statues were enough to shock and awe everyone.

It was an incomparably solemn ceremony. The Palace Head Han Wu today was dressed in a luxurious outfit, with a gold long robe with a black border and a black tattoo on the back of the character "Martial Arts", a grand and righteous aura. Standing at the place with the strongest light, with long white hair fluttering in the wind, he gave off the impression of a ruler descending down to the world.

Of course, it wasn't him who was the lord of the world today.

When the time came, Palace Head Han Wu looked down at the hundreds of millions of lives below and began to announce, "The Emperor's luck is vast. True Martial Sovereign, I am the Palace Head Han Wu.

"My True Martial Imperial Palace has been established for three million seven hundred and eighty thousand years. We have four hundred and eighty-five True Martial Emperors in the past.

As the Palace Head Han Wu announced the result, everyone became excited, their eyes filled with respect.

The reading of the Codex lasted for a full hour. Within the Codex, the Holy Martial Emperor Lord and the True Martial Emperor were given a historical mission to complete, and the narration was enough to make one's blood boil. And then, the Palace Head Han Wu began to introduce the magnificent deeds of the past Monarchs!

"The first True Martial Emperor inherited the teachings of the Eighteen Martial Gods, repelled the demon race, and defended the billions of human beings. He established a True Martial Imperial Palace above the Emperor Star, dominating the entire world."

Of course, he wouldn't be able to understand all of these stories. Currently, all of the information recorded was from legends and legends. Only the stories of the several dozen True Martial Emperors in the last several hundred thousand years were true.

"The 485th True Martial Emperor is the current Emperor!"