

## Winner Takes All Chapter 1711-1720

### Chapter 1711

Chen Daojun's expression was choked.

Narrowing his eyes, he looked at Xu Qingfeng.

He was about to respond.

Suddenly.

"A hundred thousand urgent secret reports!"

Bai Qi's voice rang out from outside the door.

Inside the barracks, the three looked different, but the initiative immediately returned to Huo Zhenxiao in a scene that was clearly dominated by Chen Daojun and Xu Qingfeng.

Huo Zhenxiao's aura was overwhelming as he said in a deep voice, "Come in!"

Bai Qi pushed the door in, not even looking at Chen Daojun and Xu Qingfeng, and directly clasped his fist and reported.

"Your Majesty, just now, Xiongnu issued a 'Recruitment Order', all those who have the will can go to Xiongnu, and anyone who passes the test can enlighten the seventy-two Heavenly Wolf Martial Dao Bodies of the Xiongnu Martial Dao Inheritance."

Buzz!

The words had not yet fallen.

Chen Daojun and Xu Qingfeng both changed their expressions drastically, simultaneously declaring a surge of Qi energy that collided with each other, shattering the chessboard in front of them with a bang.

This scene scared Bai Qi's face white.

Even Huo Zhenxiao's eyebrows were knitted together, and his eyes narrowed into slits as a brilliant aura exploded.

He waved his hand to signal Bai Qi to stand down.

After Bai Qi left, Huo Zhenxiao got up and walked over to the two men, saying in a deep voice, "The news has already been released, and if it had just been given within the Xiongnu royal court, it would not have been detected by us."

These words were spoken with decisive certainty.

The reason was simple.

Ever since the rescue of Chen Dong last time, the Huns' sky changed and the Huns changed kings overnight, they directly sealed the country in condolence for 300 days.

The people of the domain are even more deeply resented and are distant from them.

On the surface, but in fact, secretly, the Xiongnu royal court also carried out an incomparably bloody and brutal massacre purge.

Inside the royal palace, it was even more important!

Nowadays, the intelligence force of Zhenjiang City can barely enter the thirteen Hun cities sporadically, but can never enter the Hun royal palace.

"Hahahaha ..... the little Hun woman is really broad-minded and has the talent to swallow the world!"

Xu Qingfeng laughed uncontrollably: "What the Xiongnu ancestors could not hold for generations, to her, is a thunderbolt, announced to the world, this little woman than the Xiongnu generations of previous kings, do not know how many times more ambition!"

Chen Daojun looked pensive and squeezed out a sentence from between his teeth, "Then you and I will have to make the journey together."

"Master, Senior Xu, if you two go together, you might be able to behead the head!"

Huo Zhenxiao said with a fist clasped as a brilliant gleam in his eyes.

Chen Daojun and Xu Qingfeng looked at each other with a smile and were silent.

.....

Desert North King's Landing Group.

"General Manager Zheng, these documents are expedited and need your endorsement to be passed as soon as possible."

A professional OL dress girl, holding a pile of documents, walked into the president's office.

"Okay, put it down, I'll fix it quickly."

Zheng Junlin focused on reviewing the documents.

He was dressed in a suit and had a calm frown between his eyebrows, and was a far cry from the hangdog he had been back then.

Nowadays, the Junlin Group was all under his control.

Every day, he has to deal with a lot of work.

Although there are other people to handle it for him, some key matters still need to be decided by him personally, and there are even some things that can only be done by him alone.

For example ..... everything under the Windy Old City!

Once he only knew about the Junlin Group, which his father had developed by relying on Chen Daoling.

As for the rest, he was completely unaware of it.

It was only after he took control of the Jun Lin Group that he gradually explored the truth behind it.

To put it bluntly, the King's Landing Group was a huge blood transfusion pump.

It was a specialised laboratory that delivered "blood" to the labs under Feng Bo Gu.

Externally, it was Chen Daolin who relied on the Chen family to continuously and secretly feed business to the Group, driving it upwards.

For example, the document he was handling now was about the ancient city of Feng Bo.

Noticing that the female secretary did not leave, Zheng Junlin closed the file and looked at the girl seriously, "Also, I should have told you to knock first when you enter."

"Mr. Zheng, I'm sorry."

The girl's pretty face was terrified, "Just now I was thinking about a few documents that were urgent, so I forgot about them for a while."

"Go ahead and resign, you don't have to worry about compensation."

Zheng Junlin shook his head, "Also by the way, inform the personnel department to help me recruit a new secretary with a memory."

"Mr. Zheng ....."

The girl's beautiful eyes filled with tears in aggravation, trying to argue.

"Three times on top of the original sacking compensation!"

Zheng Junlin didn't even raise his head and continued flipping through the documents.

The girl smiled, "Thank you, Mr. Zheng."

After the girl left, Zheng Junlin shook his head with a smile and was about to sort out another document about Feng Bo Gu City.

The office door was once again pushed open.

Zheng Junlin was furious and was about to scold, but when he looked up, he saw a man wearing a mask walk in and his scolding stopped.

He got up to greet him, "Uncle Chen, why didn't you call me before you came?"

"You were busy with work, if I had called, you would have been delayed for a long time again."

Chen Daoling took off his mask and gestured back, "That girl just now, what did you do to her, she called her friend and said that a foolish thane was going to sack her."

Zheng Junlin: "....."

He smiled to himself but didn't explain, greeting Chen Daoling and taking his seat.

Chen Daolin glanced at the documents on the table about Fengbo Gu chengxia and smiled, "Your father probably didn't expect that his son, who had been criticized by him, would manage the Junlin Group so well so quickly, right?"

Although he was laughing, his words were somewhat saddened.

Zheng Junlin showed a rare childlike tenderness, scratching his head and laughing, "Yes, he used to scold me for being a loser, but unfortunately ..... he can't scold me anymore."

Chen Daolin moved for a moment and hurriedly changed the subject, "Without the support of the Chen family, has the Junlin Group been affected now?"

"No."

Zheng Junlin shook his head, "The big cake in the southwest region, following Dong's Dingtai Group, is enough to support it, and even enhance it, after all, it was in the shadows before, but now it's in the open."

“That’s good.”

Chen Daolin nodded his head.

Zheng Junlin asked curiously, “Uncle Chen you are here today, is there something you want to do?”

Chen Daolin rubbed his nose and smiled, “Nothing.”

Nothing?

Zheng Junlin froze at once.

He knew that Chen Daoling was in the laboratory under the Old City of Feng Bo, which was a place of great importance and would not come out easily.

If he had nothing to do, where would he put the laboratory?

He was puzzled.

Chen Daoling suddenly narrowed his eyes and looked towards the door playfully, “I think, it’s coming, right?”

“Who’s coming?”

Zheng Junlin was startled for a moment.

The words had just left his mouth.

He reacted with a jolt, not knowing when the company, which had been noisy and noisy, had suddenly gone silent to the extreme.

In a flash, he was creeped out and instinctively followed Chen Daoling’s gaze and looked towards the door.

The door ..... was slowly pushed open.

A figure slowly walked into the office.

“Alone?”

Chen Daoling raised his eyebrows teasingly.

“Chen Daoling, why are you here?”

The visitor was a little surprised.

Chen Daoling smiled teasingly, "Morning bell, evening drum, only one person comes, then you're dead ah."

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The laughter teased.

Chen Daolin settled down on a chair, his eyebrows looking out of the corner of his eye as he looked at the bell-bearer at the door.

The bell-bearer's white eyebrows knitted together into a "Chuan", and scorn flickered in his eyes.

The fact that Chen Daolin was staring at him inexplicably gave him a feeling of trepidation.

This guy ..... seems to be different from before!

The bell-bearer thought to himself, but then he laughed softly, "Do you have the strength to do so?"

"The Morning Bell and the Evening Drum have always been in the same breath and have advanced and retreated together, last time in the matter of Zhenjiang City, the old man who was guarding the tomb had to be trapped in the tomb did not have to escape and was killed by us, but you two escaped as fast as you could."

Chen Daolin gently rubbed his nose, his gaze like a torch: "I expected that you would not rest in peace and would come to chip away at this root of the Jun Lin Group, but I did not expect that just one person had come."

"Do you think ..... the morning bell will really separate?"

The bell-bearer raised his hand to touch his bald head and smiled a bitter smile, "The bronze bell is waiting on the top floor, you are very different from before, spare me a bit of scruples, you are also very smart, but you don't seem to understand that two fists can't beat four hands, divide and attack!"

The words fell.

A cold aura suddenly exploded in Chen Daolin's eyes as he fiercely thought of something.

Buzz!

A fierce and domineering wind suddenly emanated from his body.

It was like an invisible sharp blade, instantly strangling the chair he was sitting on into pieces.

He stood up directly, his face as cold as frost, and scolded in a stern voice, "Jun Lin, go to Feng Bo Old City immediately!"

"Uncle Chen, I'm going?"

Zheng Junlin was dumbfounded on the spot.

He wasn't stupid.

This conversation between Chen Daoling and the bell-bearer was as if the bell-bearer was here and another accomplice had gone to Feng Bo Ancient City.

Chen Daoling was asking him to stop that person.

But what could he ..... do?

He is at the helm of the King's Landing Group no doubt, but the key is that this is not about status, it's about individual battle power ah!

"Go!"

Chen Daolin's face is as cold as frost, anxiously urging: "More people more helpers, in advance to warn the people under the Windy City!"

"Heh ....."

The man behind the bell laughed bitterly, untamed and confidently moved to the side of the door and made an inviting gesture: "Zheng Da Shao go ahead, if you can make it in time, count me out."

The words were sarcastic and incomparably harsh.

These words not only revealed his confidence, but also his strong contempt and disdain for Zheng Junlin.

A second generation of a rich family, who had been muddling through for twenty years and had now lost his way, was still only a second generation of rich people, so who was to stop the drum-carrying people?

Boom!

The qi energy shook Chen Daolin's robe with an explosion.

Chen Daolin squeezed a word out of his teeth, "Go!"

Zheng Junlin looked astonished, beads of sweat rolling down his face.

Although he was a little confused by Chen Daoling's decision, he gritted his teeth and quickly rushed towards the outside.

He was still a little scandalized when he passed by the bell-bearer, and it was only after he had rushed out of the room and made sure that the bell-bearer would not do anything to him that he breathed a sigh of relief and then rushed towards the stairs without stopping.

The ancient city of Feng Bo, on the surface, was carrying traces of history.

The ruins of the broken walls had long since decayed under the sand and wind.

But the laboratory beneath the ancient city was the main focus, the heart and soul of Chen Daogun, and the significance of Chen Daoling allowing the King's Landing Group to grow and develop!

Inside the office.

Chen Daoling's Qi energy surrounded him as he stared at the man with the clock back.

As he watched Zheng Junlin leave, the Back Clock Man withdrew his gaze and scorned Chen Daoling: "How could the head of the Chen family be so stupid as to let him go and still save the day?"

"I just don't want him to be affected."

Chen Daoling narrowed his eyes and smiled a little strangely.

The next second.

Boom!

The astral wind soared.

It lifted everything around it.

Like a fierce beast, Chen Daolin lifted up his domineering Qi and charged directly at the clock-carrying man.

"You've really become stronger, thanks to the Pan Gu Plan!"



The Clock-Backer's expression was solemn, and all of a sudden, all of his contempt and carelessness was restrained.

Seeing Chen Daoling rushing closer, he swayed his body, his sturdy body fiercely retreating to outside the office doors, his arms like pythons, brazenly grabbing the two doors, and with an explosive cry, his qi swept through the two doors, tearing them down hard and blatantly slapping them together towards Chen Daoling who was close at hand.

“Break!”

Both of Chen Daolin's fists swung out at the same time, and the Qi energy collided as if a bomb had exploded.

The two gates, at the moment of collision, also exploded into countless pieces in response.

Chen Daoling's momentum was not reduced at all, as he took one step to bully his way, without any fancy, in a street hooligan brawl stance, head first into the chest of the bell-bearer with his Qi energy.

There was a loud bang.

With a muffled grunt, the bell-bearer flew backwards with his feet on the ground, and the qi under his feet ploughed two deep furrows into the floor tiles.

In a flash of lightning.

Not waiting for the bell-bearer to settle down.

Chen Dao Lin's blow was successful, and he once again pursued his attack, like a sudden wind and rain.

Every move, every punch and kick was simple and brutal, no different from a street fight.

But these simple and brutal strokes have a huge explosive power.

After the transformation of the “Pan Gu Project”, his strength was not what it used to be, and the fact that he had killed the Tomb Guardian together with Chen Daojun and Jiang Liuji was the best proof of his strength.

Even if he had to deal with it, he would have had an extreme headache at the moment, not daring to be the least bit careless.

The first thing you need to do is to get the most out of your life, and if you are the least bit negligent, an avalanche of collapse will follow, until one of your bodies falls away.

Bang Bang Bang .....

The sound of fierce collisions is like a bomb exploding.

Every time the two of them clash, a ring of qi shock waves, visible to the naked eye, explodes in the air, sweeping in all directions.

Everywhere they passed, wreckage was everywhere.

The two men were so fast, their qi roaring, carrying behind them streaks of shadow, moving at high speed as they killed each other.

“Interesting, really interesting! The Pan Gu plan is worthy of the world’s first under Chen Daojun’s plan, if we let you and the others develop like this, it will still be great to tread the Heavenly Road in the future!”

The bell-bearer’s arms were like pythons, swinging them out quickly to ward off Chen Daolin’s attacks, while not hiding his surprise.

He knew that Chen Daolin was still a “product” of the “Pan Gu Project” after successfully transforming Chen Dong, and even he was able to explode with such strength, so as the target of the “Pan Gu Project” transformation, Chen Dong’s future ..... was simply terrifying!

The bell-bearer’s thick arms were crossed in front of his chest, blocking hard, but under the terrifying impact, he quickly withdrew more than ten meters backwards, finally resting his feet against the wall, before he settled himself.

He slowly lowered his right foot, and the wall skin and brick chips, rustled down from the wall.

“Very well, it’s already at the top floor.”

A flash of shock surfaced on Chen Daolin’s cold and stern face.

Only after he returned to his senses did he realise that the fierce fight just now had seemed to be dangerous, but in fact, the back clock man had been conscious of fighting and retreating.

By now, he had reached the stairway to the top floor!

The Clock-Bearer slowly moved his arms and neck, and smiled coldly: “Dao Lin, you are very strong now, even I have to be careful with you.

## Winner Takes All Chapter 1713-1714

### Chapter 1713

Chen Daolin's face was heavy, and hostility swirled in his eyes.

"Careless!"

The clock-backer laughed bitterly, "You were indeed careless, the Daoist Monarch asked you to guard the Wind Wave Ancient City, yet you came to the Jun Lin Group, losing sight of this and not distinguishing between priorities, hahaha ....."

The laughter of wanton ridicule.

Chen Daolin slowly twisted his neck, his eyes narrowed into slits, his killing intent majestic.

"Then let's try and see if I can kill you as quickly as possible before returning to Feng Bo Ancient City and keeping the lab."

Boom!

The majestic qi energy was overbearing and rigid.

Like a frenzied dragon coming out of his body, it instantly rushed out from Chen Daoling's body, wreaking havoc on the top wall of the stairway on the top floor, leaving countless horrifying openings.

Not waiting for the bell-bearer's laughter to stop.

Chen Daolin was already rushing towards the bell-bearer with the momentum of wild thunder.

"It's too late!"

The bell-bearer faced Chen Daoling and let out a loud laugh.

The wind was blowing his robe, but he did not care.

As he saw Chen Daoling getting closer and closer.

A fierce look suddenly appeared on the bell-bearer's rugged face.

Suddenly, his muscular arms sprang up and grew thicker by an inch.

Qi energy surrounded him.

With a roar, the bell-bearer turned around and brought his arms together like a heavy hammer, smashing through the wall of the top floor with a loud bang.

Smoke and dust filled the air, and debris shot out.

Like an arrow, the bell-bearer rushed straight up to the top floor.

The large and heavy bronze bell stood in the centre of the penthouse like a small mountain.

It exudes an ancient and heavy aura, and is covered in inscriptions and patterns of unparalleled complexity.

It was a flash of lightning.

Chen Daolin had just followed him up to the top floor when the man carrying the bell had already rushed to the bronze bell.

Facing Chen Daolin, who was pursuing him relentlessly, the bell-bearer let out a fierce laugh, and his two arms, surrounded by qi, smashed into the bronze bell.

Clang~

The sound of the bell echoed.

The sound waves, visible to the naked eye, were like tides and waves, sweeping in all directions.

Chen Daolin was unable to dodge and was affected by the sound wave, his Qi energy suddenly trembled and distorted, and it felt like he was hit head-on by a heavy-duty truck moving at high speed.

“Dao Lin, just three steps back, the Pan Gu plan is really a ghostly one, it has transformed you into such a powerful man!”

The bell-bearer propped his right hand on the bronze bell and looked at Chen Daolin, a look of astonishment appearing on his rugged face.

When he was at Zhenjiang City, this bronze bell of his had crushed 300,000 men of the Great Snow Dragon Cavalry, and even Huo Zhenxiao had been shocked by it.

Even Huo Zhenxiao had been shocked by this sudden attack just now, but it only caused Chen Daolin to retreat three steps!

The words had just fallen.

The man with the bell on his back looked solemn, his right arm was like a python as he raised it violently, and with a roar of qi, he landed on the bronze bell again.

Clang~

Clang!

Clang~

.....

The sound of a bell reverberated with an ancient and desolate sound.

The sound waves, visible to the naked eye, spread in all directions like a sea tide.

The seemingly gentle sound waves, however, contained a terrifying power, and where they passed, they destroyed everything.

Chen Daolin was standing in place like a statue, his qi tossing and whistling as he fought off the sound waves that hit him again and again.

His qi energy kept twisting and shaking.

As the sound waves became more intense, the barrier formed by the qi energy twisted and shifted more and more fiercely.

They were clearly a few metres apart, but the area between them was already filled with swords and shadows, and there was no end to the killing opportunities.

If any living creature approached, it would definitely be instantly strangled to pieces.

“Dao Lin, you’re really capable of carrying on, if this continues, it won’t be good for you!”

The bell-bearer’s arms were like a boa constrictor, falling onto the bronze bell arm after arm, his face full of sneers, “Didn’t you just say that you wanted a quick battle?”

Chen Daolin’s face was as gloomy as black charcoal, and he looked at the bell-bearer with resentment and anger to the extreme.

While releasing his qi to resist the sound waves, he fiercely squeezed a sentence out of his teeth, “Don’t be complacent, it’s still early!”

“Yes, it’s still early, it’s still early, hahaha .....

The bell-bearer laughed brashly and boldly, his voice interspersed with the chimes of the bronze bell.

It was only this stilted.

As the sound waves continued to spread, the bells resounded through the roof of the building.

In the vicinity, the people had long since detected the thunderous sound of the bell.

Everyone on the street stopped and looked towards the roof of the King's Landing Group building where the bell was coming from.

Even the endless stream of cars came to a halt.

"What's going on? Why is there a big bell on the roof of the King's Landing Group building?"

"It's so strange, the sound of the bell feels so weird."

"Huh! I, why am I getting a nosebleed?"

.....

The crowd chattered curiously.

Suddenly, a man touched his nose in astonishment as crimson blood rushed out of his nasal cavity.

As the first person reacted, a chorus of shrieks soon followed.

Without exception, all of them were unable to withstand the sound of the bell and had suffered damage.

There were nosebleeds, bleeding ears, and even more unbearable pain, gnashing their teeth and wailing .....

With the King's Landing Group building as the centre, a hundred-metre radius was covered.

As time went on, the misery became more and more intense.

The roof of the King's Landing building.

The wind howled.

The bells echoed.

The ancient and desolate sound of the bell was like a thunderclap in the sky, wrapped in a terrifying killing force that destroyed the heart and intestines, inundating Chen Daolin in a continuous stream.

The only thing Chen Daolin could do in the face of this terrifying bell sound was to release his qi energy and forcibly resist it.

Of course ..... was only resisting.

Under the dense sound wave attack, he could not even find the opportunity to make a counter attack.

Even so, as the sound waves continued to blast, his face became increasingly grave, and quietly, crimson blood flowed out of his mouth.

“Dao Lin ..... It seems that instead of you being the first to decapitate me, I will be the first to decapitate you.”

The man with the bell struck the bronze bell while sneering in triumph, “I still think highly of you, apart from being able to hold on for so long, you can only go so far, other than that you are no different from fish on the chopping block.”

The words just fell.

In the distance, a huge mushroom cloud suddenly rose into the sky.

The flames were dazzling.

Alarmed, the bell-backer turned his head and instantly identified the direction of the mushroom cloud: “Is that the ..... Windy Old City? Did Twilight Drum get it?”

“He’s dead!”

A hoarse, low voice, like a cold wind blowing from the depths of the Nine Underworlds, suddenly passed into the ears of the Bell-Backers.

What?!

Morning Bell was struck by thunder, his rugged face, his features taut and dilated, he stared at Chen Daoling incredulously, “You fart, that mushroom cloud was definitely the result of Twilight Drum destroying your lab!”

“Brains are a good thing!”

The gloom on Chen Daolin's face disappeared and was replaced by heavy teasing as he gently pulled up one corner of his mouth while wiping away the blood from the corner of his mouth with his right hand, "The tip of your tongue really hurts."

Boom!

Morning Bell was struck by lightning and his body shook violently, "You, you weren't hurt?"

"What else is easier than waiting with ease, you only think of delaying me, but you have never thought that I want to delay you too?"

Chen Daolin's body was raging with qi energy, the momentum of the distortion and swaying all fiercely weakened a lot, immediately his body moved and took a step forward, "If Morning Bell and Evening Drum had joined forces, I really wouldn't have been able to grasp it, fortunately I had succeeded in my calculations."

## **Chapter 1714**

The teasing sneers were like needles stabbing the ears.

For a moment.

The morning bell's rude face was filled with disbelief.

All this ..... was just Chen Daoling's calculation?

Even if Chen Daolin has now said so explicitly, but Chen Zhong still can't believe it.

The position of the fish meat and the chopping block had swapped too suddenly.

"Impossible, it must be impossible!"

Chen Zhong's eyes drifted, his eyes rounded, and he shook his head as if he were mad, "It shouldn't be like this, it can't be like this, right, I remember, that laboratory under the Feng Bo ancient city, since the Chen family's incident, it was you who was guarding it, this information was recently pried out by me and Twilight Drum, under that laboratory, there is no one who can match Twilight Drum, you swindled me! "

At this thought, Morning Bell's eyes shone brightly.

It was as if a dying man had grabbed the last straw to save his life.

However.



Chen Daoling's sneer was like a pot of cold water that doused his last flame of hope to the ground.

"That is the root of Pan Gu's plan, do you really think that there is no other battle power besides me?"

Boom!

Chen Zhong's body shook and he staggered back a step, trampling a crater in the ground. Luckily, he was able to hold on to the bronze bell in time, otherwise he would have fallen to the ground on the spot.

Yes!

That was the root of the "Pan Gu Project"!

It was the heart and soul of Chen Daojun's planning and calculations for so many years.

How could Chen Daoling be the only one with the power to fight?

How long has it been since the Chen family fell apart?

But the King's Landing Group and the laboratory under the old city of Feng Bo have been around for even longer.

What made it possible to guarantee that nothing had happened in the past?

Chen Daoling's words seemed to have instantly drained the strength from his entire body as Chen Zhong's face quickly paled and his eyes were obscure.

"Twilight drum ..... twilight drum ....."

He hysterically kept murmuring, his body swaying.

"Harming my son within Zhenjiang City, if not for Daogun and Jiang Sixth Master dissuading me, I would have hunted you two to the ends of the earth."

Chen Daoling was as stern as a sword as he walked towards Chen Zhong, "If there is a way to heaven, you will not leave, if there is no way to hell, if you harm my son, then you will die!"

Boom!

A majestic and fierce qi instantly surged out of Chen Daolin's body like a shocking wave.

It was devastating and overwhelming.

The ground was ploughed up in a hard layer where the Qi swept through.

The terrifying killing intent was as terrifying as a prison, overwhelmingly crushing towards Morning Bell.

“You want to kill me? It’s my turn to avenge Twilight Drum!”

Fierce and viciousness suddenly appeared on Morning Bell’s rude face, his features twisted into a ball.

The next second.

His arms were surrounded by qi energy, like two gnarled pythons, and he smashed into the bronze bell with a boom.

Clang .....

The ancient and desolate sound of the bell instantly turned into layers of sound waves, sweeping across all directions. , the

The terrifying impact even caused the bronze bell to sink a notch in the ground.

The layers of sound waves struck Chen Daolin’s qi and instantly roared like thunder from the heavens and fire from the earth.

The explosion sent shock waves sweeping in all directions at a speed visible to the naked eye.

The solid concrete floor was no longer able to cope with the impact of the explosion and the roof of the building caved in with a loud “boom”.

Smoke and dust rose into the sky.

Chen Daolin, along with the Morning Bell and the Bronze Bell, fell to the floor below at the same time.

“Death!”

Chen Daolin’s angry shout of murder echoed from the smoke and dust.

Boom, boom, boom .....

The majestic qi energy turned into a tornado, sweeping up into the sky.

Clang ..... Clang .....

The sound of the bronze bell, loud and dense, is even more ferocious than the one that just suppressed Chen Dao temporarily.

From time to time, there was also the hissing sound of the morning bell like a beast interspersed with it.

Just now, he thought that he had succeeded in his plan with the Twilight Drum, he only needed to hold Chen Daolin back and buy enough time for the Twilight Drum to overwhelm the laboratory, and if there was any hope, he wouldn't mind killing Chen Daolin directly.

Now that their plan has been foiled, their calculations have already been calculated by Chen Daolin.

The life and death of Twilight Drum is uncertain, and Morning Bell no longer dares to hide his strength.

The situation ..... had long been one of death and death for you!

As the two of them frantically attacked each other, the terrifying sound of the bell rang through the long sky.

The people in the 100 meter radius centered around the King's Landing Group building, who had long been unable to bear it, wailed and screamed incessantly as the sound of the bell became more and more violent, and some could not bear it and fainted on the spot, crying and vomiting blood.

As the sound of the bell spread out, there were even speeding cars on the road that were too late to stop when the bell hit them, causing smoke and cries to roll down the street.

On the other side.

The ancient city of Feng Bo.

The yellow sand was roiling and the strong wind was howling.

With a terrifying bang, a flaming mushroom cloud rises into the sky.

Crunch!

An off-road jeep, with a tail-drift, came to a violent stop.

Zheng Junlin gripped the steering wheel with both hands and looked in horror at the terrifying mushroom cloud rising from within the remains of the Windy Old City.

“What the hell . . . . . has happened? A nuclear bomb?”

He felt a chill run down his back as the mushroom cloud rose in the distance, causing only one thought to come to his mind for a short period of time.

The words had just fallen.

In the direction of Feng Bo ancient city, a huge object suddenly broke through the air.

“Ah!”

Zheng Junlin’s face turned pale with fear and panic as he tried to drive away.

But he was just too panicked and was unable to drive the jeep for a while instead.

Boom!

The huge object landed on the ground, hitting the sky with yellow sand, and rolled over a dozen times, just grazing the side of the jeep and tumbling out.

Zheng Junlin, who had come back from the dead, felt a chill run through his body and looked sideways with trepidation.

The huge object that had just flown over was a huge drum!

Only at this time, the giant drum was in tatters, the drum skin was torn into countless pieces, the drum body was also covered with palm prints and even burn marks, lying quietly in the thick yellow sand.

“Yao Sheng . . . . . you, didn’t you die a long time ago? Why are you able to live as long as Chen Daojun and not die?”

Almost simultaneously, a hiss of horror to the extreme rang out from within the Windwave Ancient City.

If Morning Bell had been present, he would have been able to immediately react to the fact that the owner of the voice was . . . . . Twilight Drum!

“Heavenly dao is impermanent, momentum is impermanent, and human life is also impermanent!”

A calm voice echoed through the ancient city of Feng Bo: "If it weren't for Daoguang, would I have the qualifications to shake the heavens? The plan of Pan Gu is the beginning of the Daoist monarch, with the support of the old man!"

The voice was calm, but in its calmness, it was wrapped in a fearful majesty, like the holy voice of the Nine Heavens.

"Yao Sheng? The existence under the Ancient City of Wind and Waves?"

Zheng Junlin returned to his senses, rubbing his nose thoughtfully, witnessing the roiling yellow sand, and the mushroom clouds rushing into the sky, his brow furrowed.

"Let me run over here, actually let me avoid the danger, Uncle Chen has already calculated all this, he predicted these two's prediction!"

"Twilight Drum ..... gives you two choices, either I kill you or wait for Dao Lin to return and he kills you!"

Yao Sheng's voice rang out again, but out of the corner of his eye domineering.

"Bullshit! Yao Sheng you can kill me, what makes you so sure that Chen Daoling will come back and he won't die at the hands of Chen Zhong?"

Twilight Drum hissed in response.

"Son's revenge on father, one bloodline, Chen Dong's potential, still can't make you understand, still want to deceive yourself and others?"

Yao Sheng snorted, "You let Lao Fu kill you, you can die before Chen Zhong, hesitate for a moment more and Chen Zhong will die before you!"

## **Winner Takes All Chapter 1715-1716**

### **Chapter 1715**

"Delusion!"

Within the Ancient City of Wind Waves, Twilight Drum let out an explosive cry.

Boom!

The majestic qi energy was like a celestial dragon rushing to the skies, wrapping up the yellow sand in all directions and rushing up to the sky.

"Insolent little boy, go to your death!"

At almost the same time, Yao Sheng's calm voice rang out, as if the God of Death had pronounced a sentence.

The next second.

Zheng Junlin's body shook violently, waking up in a trance as everything around him suddenly fell into silence.

In his vision, the yellow sands of Qi energy rushing upwards were still there.

But in the depths of the Feng Bo ancient city, a flash of red light suddenly blossomed.

It quickly enlarged and turned the sky and earth into a crimson red.

Amidst the blinding crimson light, a beam of blood shot through the sky, piercing through the rising sands.

It was all in a matter of breath.

Zheng Junlin was outside the scene and witnessed it with his own eyes, but he felt like he was in a different world.

As his senses quickly returned, everything around him returned to normal.

In Zheng Junlin's dulled vision, he saw the yellow sand of the sky-rushing qi thumping away, countless gravel sprinkling down like rain, and everything seemed to have returned to normal.

"Is it over?"

Zheng Junlin muttered, somewhat lost in a trance.

The words had just fallen.

Inside the Windwave Ancient City.

Yao Sheng's calm voice came out.

"Little doll of the Zheng family, what are you doing here?"

Almost simultaneously.

Zheng Junlin then saw a figure stretched out in the sunlight amidst the broken walls within the Wind Waves Ancient City.

Gradually, Yao Sheng's figure was revealed in sight.

He was dressed in an ancient black tunic, his white beard was flowing, his sturdy and sturdy figure was much more restrained under the tunic, his tiger eyes were wide open, his starlight was shining, and as he walked forward, he gave people a feeling of immortality.

That's right, immortal.

Zheng Junlin asked himself, he had never seen anyone with such a feeling as Yao Sheng, even Chen Daojun and Chen Daolin.

That feeling of an ethereal immortal style, untainted by smoke and fire, could make him ashamed of himself when he raised his hand.

"Yao Sheng?"

Zheng Junlin withdrew his gaze, not daring to show the slightest disrespect, and bowed his head respectfully.

Yao Sheng, with his hands behind his back, looked profoundly at Zheng Jun Lin and sighed, "Bitter child, at such a young age, you are already carrying the Zheng family on your back. Originally, according to the plan, the Feng Bo ancient city and the Jun Lin Group should be carried by your father's generation."

When he heard the word "father", Zheng Junlin's body shook and his eyes turned red with a swish of tears.

The scene of the Zheng family's destruction came back to him like a nightmare.

He remembered the tragic death of his father, and could even remember the location of every wound on his body.

And he grew up that night ..... too!

Taking a deep breath, Zheng Junlin looked at Yao Sheng with a forced smile, "If you want to wear a crown, you must bear its weight, Dong taught me that."

"You're still smiling."

Yao Sheng was slightly dismayed.

Zheng Junlin smiled even more happily, "Growing up as an adult, doesn't it slowly become easier to laugh out loud?"

Although he was laughing, the ripples in his eyes fluctuated even more.

"That's true."

Yao Sheng didn't seem to notice Zheng Junlin's strange appearance and lamented, "Bear with it, your brother Dong won't let you down, if the Heaven Treading Road really succeeds, everything can start over."

"What?!"

Zheng Junlin was struck by lightning, and his red and tearful eyes instantly burst into a brilliant aura, "Senior Yao, what do you mean?"

"Hahahaha ..... is this literal meaning!"

With his hands behind his back, Yao Sheng tilted his head to look at the starry sky, his narrowed eyes seemed to penetrate the yellow sand in the sky, locking onto a star in the vast night: "The great power of the world depends on this time on the Heaven Treading Road! In myths and legends, those high and mighty gods and immortals were all relegated to the mortal world when they made mistakes."

"The mortal world is a punishment, but the world thinks it is a paradise, hahaha ..... really ridiculous!"

Boom!

There was a loud bang in Zheng Junlin's mind, and Yao Sheng's words were like a magic sound filling his ears for a long time.

For a moment, his entire body was dumbfounded, and his qi was even emptied and he was shaking.

In a trance, Yao Sheng's words, if taken literally, were enough to shatter the three views he had accumulated and constructed over the past twenty years.

Hell was empty, and evil spirits were on earth?

It is indeed punishment for a god to make a mistake and be relegated to the mortal world!

天下大同勢 .....

Each word he knew and could understand the meaning, but combined together .....

Zheng Junlin was certain that if these words were to get out, the world would definitely explode completely.

"Seniors ....."

Zheng Junlin mumbled his lips in fear and trepidation.



Yao Sheng withdrew his eyes and returned his gaze to Zheng Junlin: "Does it feel ridiculous? Hard to understand? Has your third view also collapsed?"

Zheng Junlin nodded unapologetically.

"Then that's right, when I was enlightened back then, I was also like you."

Yao Sheng said with a smile, "In the long history, long years, but all those who can understand this matter, are like you, everyone is trying, again and again week after week, our last chance is your brother Dong this time to tread the heavenly path, if we succeed, the world will be one, if we fail, all under the universal sky are ruminants."

The wind howled.

The yellow sand tumbled.

Zheng Junlin stood in place like a statue, and it was only after half a day that his thoughts gradually resumed functioning.

His eyes were shining as if a dying man was clutching at the last straw, and he squeezed out a sentence from between his teeth.

"Senior, I just ask one question, if Dong succeeds in his feat, is it true that he will be able to start over?"

"Mm."

Yao Sheng nodded solemnly and asked in disbelief, "What do you want to do?"

"If that is the case, Jun Lin's ten thousand deaths are not enough!"

Zheng Junlin raised his hand and clasped his fist, and said in a tearful voice, "Only for my father to come back again, so that I, an unfilial son, can do my filial duty as a human son!"

The top of the building of the King's Landing Group.

Smoke and dust rolled and debris shot out.

Boom!

In the thick, tumbling smoke and dust, a bronze bell was thrown across the sky with a loud bang, heavily collapsing three walls before it fell to the ground, crushing the floorboards and almost collapsing again.

“Morning Bell, your son’s revenge on his father, your revenge on my son Chen Dong is now over!”

In the smoke and dust, Chen Daolin slowly walked out with his hands behind his back.

His expression was cold and stern, and the killing intent in his eyes was still stirring.

However, the raging qi surrounding his body had been collected back into his body, and his robe had returned to normal.

“Chen Daolin ..... Even if I die, I will curse your plan to tread the Heavenly Road as a complete failure.

Behind the bronze bell, Chen Zhong’s sturdy body clung to the bronze bell, his robes had long since shattered into rags, and his body was even stained with blood as he roared in resignation.

“That’s better than you guys, who don’t even dare to dream!”

Chen Daolin’s eyes narrowed as he took a step with his right foot and stomped fiercely on the ground.

Boom!

The majestic qi energy, like a tidal wave, blasted out to form a veil that drove straight towards the bronze bell, winding out in an arc in the air like a scythe of death, directly sweeping across the neck of the morning bell.

Clang .....

Along with a bell sound.

A blood-red human head flew up into the air with dripping blood and smashed down onto the bronze bell .....

## **Chapter 1716**

Heads fall to the ground.

All is quiet.

Smoke and dust rolled.

Chen Daolin stood in the ruins, his face as cold as frost, his expression cold and stern.

The Qi energy in his body was quickly collected back into his body.

He slowly tilted his head and closed his eyes, "Lan'er, I, as a father, can finally avenge Dong'er for once!"

When he opened his eyes again, he swept a glance at his surroundings and smiled helplessly.

A battle with Chen Zhong was bound to be very turbulent.

A battle at this level would be impossible to compress the impact as much as possible.

But today's King's Landing Group was no longer the same as it had been in the past, and it would be easy to hide the effects of today's battle, and Zheng had the ability to do so.

The eyes of the world are on the south-western region.

Unbeknownst to them, the blood that has been swallowed up by the world since the real southwest was established is constantly being channelled to the Junlin Group, or ..... to the laboratory under the old city of Feng Bo.

The reason for the competition between the powerful families and forces is for resources.

And the resources compete with each other to climb to a higher place.

There is no shortage of the same plans for the world's major powers, families and gentry, but how much resources they can intercept from each other is another story.

The situation today is like the Pan Gu Project is riding high!

Chen Daolin rubbed the dust off his face and casually swept his body, then he waved his sleeves and left.

The ruins of the Feng Bo ancient city.

Broken arms and ruined walls, strong wind and yellow sand.

Compared to the great impact caused by the Junlin Group in the city, the impact that this barren land could have was close to nothing.

Yao Sheng and Zheng Junlin sat side by side on the roof of the SUV, looking in the direction of the city.

The two remained in this state of sitting withered for a long time.

They both tacitly agreed not to break the silent atmosphere.

Zheng Junlin was calm on the surface, but in reality, he had huge waves rolling around in his heart.

Yao Sheng's words were like a fearful thunderclap, deafening and unceasing.

The impact of the shattering of his three outlooks was no less than that of when the Zheng family was destroyed.

He had already mastered all the secrets of the King's Landing Group after taking charge of it, but Yao Sheng's words were like a big hand that violently tore an opening in the firmament of his perception, allowing him to see a higher firmament.

In the distance.

Rolling yellow sand was like the earth's dragon turning over.

"Dao Lin has returned."

Yao Sheng smiled faintly and gently stroked his white beard.

Zheng Junlin's gaze jumped for a moment, quickly regaining focus, when he saw an SUV speeding up to the forefront of the tumbling yellow sand in the distance.

Crunch!

The SUV came to a halt.

Chen Daolin stepped down calmly.

"Not injured?"

Yao Sheng was surprised for a moment, "This result of yours, Dao Lin, is beyond my expectation."

"Hahahaha ..... Yao Sheng is joking, who let this Pan Gu project be seeded by my son, I am considered a father with a son, right?"

Chen Daolin responded with a smile, but between his eyebrows was a pride that could not be concealed.

It was as if the parents of an ordinary family had gotten a perfect score on their child's exam.

Zheng Junlin was lost in thought for a moment, as if his heart had been touched somewhere.

“Jun Lin, aren’t you hurt?”

Chen Daolin walked up to Zheng Junlin.

“Uncle Chen, no injuries.”

Zheng Junlin said with a smile, the circumstances of the matter had been thoroughly clarified, and he did not ask more questions, “If there is nothing else, I will go back to the Junlin Group first, there should be a considerable impact over there, and we still need to think of ways to suppress it afterwards.”

“Well, go ahead.”

Chen Daolin nodded, “It’s just that the people in a hundred meter radius, with the Jun Lin Group as the centre, have given a shock and vomited blood.”

Snap!

Zheng Junlin’s footsteps lurched and he almost stumbled and fell into the sand.

A hundred meters around, everyone had spat out blood?

He wanted to cry, this back ..... is not good!

But it was only a lament in his heart, and soon, he drove away.

When Zheng Junlin left.

Yao Sheng brushed his beard and laughed lightly, “You’ve had your revenge, you should feel better now, right?”

“That’s natural, who let them send themselves to the door, thanks to Yao Sheng’s guidance.”

Chen Daolin smiled and cupped his fist in gratitude.

“Hahahaha ..... You shouldn’t blame Daoguang, they stopped you from hunting down Morning Bell and Twilight Drum earlier for the greater good!”

Yao Sheng waved his hand.

“I know, it’s just that I’m just angry.”

Chen Daolin said solemnly, “Nowadays, I have nothing left but Dong’er. I have been a father in vain for more than twenty years, and now that my son has been bullied, if I

cannot still take revenge, even in my dreams, I would not have the face to face my wife.”

“The morning bell has been settled, but now there is one more thing to guard against.”

Yao Sheng did not dwell on this topic, and directly turned his words: “Young Lord Chen is nowhere to be found, before I could still observe the stars and ask for divination to deduce something, now it is completely unmeasurable, I guess Xu Qingfeng and the others cannot deduce it even with the Eight Formation Diagram of Gods and Ghosts, the variables are too great to measure.”

“But ..... Chen’s bloodline, one has to guard against it!”

At these words.

Chen Daolin also looked awe-struck, his brows furrowed.

“Indeed, the easiest thing for those people to get their hands on now, and the only thing they can move, is only Qing Ying and the Dong’er bloodline, that is the raw door for those people to break the game yet.”

Yao Sheng smiled helplessly, “But you know the situation of the old man, today you can kill the Twilight Drum, but in the end this Feng Bo ancient city still needs you to defend it for a long time, I advise you to warn them in advance and not to act rashly.”

Chen Daolin hesitantly glanced at the Feng Bo ancient city behind him, and finally nodded reluctantly.

“In addition, the Queen of Xiongnu has issued an imperial decree that anyone who enters Xiongnu and passes the test can enlighten the seventy-two Heavenly Wolf Martial Dao Bodies.”

Yao Sheng’s eyebrows lowered, “This little girl, she is so bold, she is able to make such a big deal, and I don’t know how Daogun and the others should settle this.”

Chen Daolin was startled for a moment and said in a deep voice, “This gesture can’t be described as a desperate move.”

On the other side.

Tianmen Mountain Villa.

Late at night.

“Young Madam, the due date is approaching, in these days, please also take care of your body everything to prepare for the birth, for the rest of the matters, there is an old slave.”

Long Lao walked into the study and said to Gu Qingying who was working on her desk.

Gu Qingying looked moved, subconsciously looked at the high bulging belly, some sadness between her brows.

“Yes, the baby is almost born, and he, who is a father, is not back yet .....

“Young master will definitely come back.”

Long Lao’s gaze was firm.

“Long Lao, you can rest first, I’ll rest after I finish this bit of work.”

Gu Qingying suppressed the thoughts in her heart and said calmly.

Long Lao was immediately a little anxious: “Young Madam, just this bit of work you have at hand is done, then it will be two or three in the morning again, you go and rest, leave it to the old slave.”

At that very moment.

Barbara, who was wearing a small sleeping robe, came in, rubbing her eyes with sleepy eyes, and said, “Aunt Qing Ying, I’m having nightmares again, can you sleep with me? I’m afraid .....

Gu Qingying helplessly put down her work, got up with her big belly and smiled gently, “Yes, auntie will accompany Little Barbara.”

“Well then, old man Xu said that the more auntie is about to give birth, the more likely I am to have nightmares, and as long as I sleep with auntie I’ll be fine.”

Barbara muttered through a yawn.

The speaker didn’t mean it, but the listener did.

All of a sudden.

Gu Qingying and Long Lao looked at Barbara in surprise at the same time, what did this mean?

## **Winner Takes All Chapter 1717-1718**

## Chapter 1717

“Barbara, which old man Xu told you this?”

Elder Long already had a guess in his mind, yet he still asked incredulously.

Ah Man scratched his head, “Xu Qingfeng.”

Sure enough!

Elder Long and Gu Qingying looked at each other with an astonished expression.

If it was someone else, this statement could still be ignored.

But the person who told Barbara this was ..... the Thief Saint Xu Qingfeng!

The words might have another deep meaning!

Gu Qingying’s eyes drifted, as if she was thinking.

“Could it be that ..... Barbara’s constant words about protecting me are not childish words, but that she really wants to protect me?”

This was the thought in Gu Qingying’s mind.

Ever since Barbarian had come over here from Zhenjiang City, he had said to her more than once that he wanted to protect her.

Before this, Gu Qingying had never taken this seriously, but now ..... since it was Xu Qingfeng who had taught Barbara something, then protection ..... might be real protection!

“Young lady .....”

Long Lao looked aghast, his pupils tightened, subconsciously sweeping towards Gu Qingying’s highly bulging stomach.

Gu Qingying lifted her hand and gently stroked her stomach, smiling, “It’s okay Long Lao, we won’t lose this time, we’ve been through this once, I won’t let the same thing happen again!”

The words were resolute, and the eyes were even emitting a bitter and fierce aura.

A mother and her son are weak, but a mother is strong.



The look in Gu Qing Ying's eyes at this moment was so frightening that even when Elder Long looked at it, his heart jumped.

A whirlwind.

Gu Qingying dotingly rubbed Barbara's hair and smiled gently, "Then from tonight onwards, Auntie will sleep with Barbara all the time, okay?"

"Good."

Barbara nodded, and said with some apology, "I'm sorry Auntie Qing Ying, I thought I could hold on, but that nightmare was too scary, so I had to do what Old Man Xu said."

"That's okay."

Gu Qingying was well aware of Barbara's past and did not ask what Barbara's nightmare actually was.

As the two left.

Long Lao sat down at his desk in despair, looking at the mountains of information and documents, lost in a daze.

For a long time.

He slowly raised his head and murmured with pathos in his tone, "Madam ..... When will young master return? Please also bless the young lady and the bloodline, ah!"

Xu Qingfeng's words admonishing Barbara were like a thorn in his heart.

The words of Xu Qingfeng, the Thief Saint, even if one was "careful is better", one had to be vigilant.

Not to mention that the battle power of the Tianmen Mountain Villa was really worrying.

This was the thing that worried Elder Long the most.

Ordinary villains were not to be feared.

But the people who really coveted the bloodline in Gu Qingying's belly ..... would be curfs?

The actual fact is that the actual person who is in a position to get a good deal more than just a few of these is a lot more than just a few of these.

Sure enough, a box of Bai Liqun was lying in the corner of the drawer box.

He was about to close the drawer box when he suddenly caught a glimpse of another corner.

In the corner, and Jean flattened out a copy of the Tao Te Ching.

Long Lao looked at the Tao Te Ching and was lost in thought for a while, with the cigarette in the corner of his mouth, burning quietly, and no longer inhaling.

The smoke curled down.

The corners of his mouth, with its creases, suddenly turned upwards.

In a whirl, he extinguished his cigarette, and ignoring his heavy workload, he directly took out the Tao Te Ching and left the study, heading for Meng's room.

The other side.

“Ah!”

Zhao Breru sat up violently in shock, covered in sweat and panting.

The bedside lamp emitted a dim light.

Since the two dreams had haunted him, he no longer dared to sleep in complete darkness at night, and the bedside lamp was always on, which was his only solace.

But at this moment, looking at the dim light emanating from the bedside lamp, he was not at all sure of himself. The scene in his dream kept surfacing, like a big ghostly hand, dragging him into the endless cold abyss of hell.

“The dreams ..... are always the same two dreams, why, why do they keep repeating such dreams?”

Zhao Brocade rubbed his hair in annoyance, his eyes were a little red-blooded.

There was silence for five seconds.

Zhao Ruolu got up and got out of bed, unlocking the door to his room.

Then he took out his mobile phone and dialed Xu Qingfeng's number directly.

He had wanted to ask a long time ago, but he had been holding back, and tonight he couldn't hold back any longer.

The phone was answered just after two rings.

“Brat, why are you calling in the middle of the night?”

On the phone, Xu Qingfeng complained a little.

As if he was hysterical, Zhao Broshi asked with red eyes, “Old man Xu, I’m asking you why my dream hasn’t disappeared and now there’s an additional dream instead.”

“Oh?”

Xu Qingfeng gave a startled eek, “What dream?”

“A dream about a person, a grave, and a yellow dragon.”

Zhao Breru described it briefly.

Xu Qingfeng responded calmly, “Oh, that’s right.”

Right?!

Zhao Baolu froze for a moment and cursed, “Right to your mother!”

“My old mother died long ago.” Xu Qingfeng said.

Zhao Baolu: “.....”

As he was speechless.

On the phone, Xu Qingfeng said in a deep voice again, “Oh yeah, your old mother is dead too, don’t keep sending money to that account one after another, it’s all fake, that’s my account.”

Boom!

Zhao Breru was struck by lightning, and all of a sudden his nostrils were sore and his grief rose from his heart.

Mum ..... was gone?

Memories came flooding back, a scene from the old days, like a burning red knife, stabbing him fiercely in the heart.

He was a lowlife, a rotten gambler, and did not hesitate to fall to this level, that is, after studying under Xu Qingfeng, in order to eliminate the dream, but a hundred evil people still have filial piety, to his mother ..... he was nothing but guilt, or guilt.

After joining Chen Dong's faction, he was given a generous amount of material, but he never sent money towards his mother's account on time every month.

It was even a habit that was developed a long time ago.

The difference with today was just how much.

"Why have you ..... been, hiding it from me?"

Zhao Broke-Ru's eyes were red as he squeezed a sentence out of his teeth.

On the phone, Xu Qingfeng was silent for two seconds.

Then Xu Xu said, "Broken ..... Chen Dong's life trajectory has all been woven by someone."

Pop!

After saying that, Xu Qingfeng directly hung up the phone.

Zhao Broke-Ru was confused for a moment and hurriedly called back, but Xu Qingfeng's phone was already switched off.

"What do you mean? What do you mean, old man Xu?"

Zhao Breru went crazy and viciously slammed the phone onto the ground, breaking it in pieces.

Anger, pain, pathos .....

All kinds of emotions came in a sudden mountainous wave.

Zhao Breru's red eyes were filled with tears, and his entire body was in a state of collapse.

But what Xu Qingfeng said when he hung up the phone was like a nightmare in his mind.

He knew old man Xu, he would never say such nonsense without any reason.

Could it be that ..... mother had died a long time ago, only that old man Xu had been hiding it from me?

Or is it ..... that from the very beginning, the trajectory of my life, like Dong's, has been woven by Old Man Xu?

## Chapter 1718

The latter three days were spent.

Zhao Brocade had been muddled and unable to sleep at night.

Xu Qingfeng's words that night were like a magic spell, as if they were engraved in his mind.

A Woven Life .....

It was absurd to even think about it.

But the words came out of Xu Qingfeng's mouth, and Zhao Breru knew clearly that Xu Qingfeng had the power!

When everything that was thought to be true, at a certain time thumped away as if it were a bubble, such a shock could not be overstated.

The changes in Zhao Brou were obvious to Elder Long and the others, but after several questions, Zhao Brou avoided saying anything, and eventually Elder Long and the others gave up asking questions.

Early this morning.

Zhao Breru, who had not slept all night again, dragged his tired body into the back garden.

He did not dare to sleep, nor could he sleep.

For one thing, he was afraid of dreams, but he was constantly recalling Xu Qingfeng's words.

As the New Year approached, the morning breeze was also biting cold.

In a robe, Zhao Brou stood in front of a dense forest, his eyes covered with red blood.

The forest, arranged according to the Eight Formations of Gods and Ghosts, was still in the same state as when it was broken by Jiang Qilin, with collapsed trees and patches of obliterated bushes .....

Everything can still be glimpsed as traces of that battle.

So much so, that for a long time after that battle, Zhao Broshi did not even think about repairing the formation again.

After all, the appearance of the Jiang Qilin after the formation was set up really made the effect of the formation, incomparably weak.

“It’s not that the formation is weak, it’s really because the Jiang Qilin is too demonic.”

Zhao Broke-Ru rubbed his face and took a deep breath before stepping into the formation, “It’s better to have something to do than to think nonsense.”

Three days of muddling through had left him exhausted.

Restoring the formation was perhaps the only distraction that Zhao Brocade could think of these days.

Inside the villa.

Elder Long, Fan Lu and Meng stood in place.

“Is he really alright?”

Meng Po asked with a worried face as she wore a loose robe.

Perhaps the robe was just too loose and ill-fitting, making Meng’s dressing at the moment look more than a little naive, as if a huge hood was enveloping her body.

“There must be something wrong, but if he doesn’t say anything, there’s nothing we can do.”

Long Lao put his hands behind his back and was helpless for a while, “It’s just that he wants to find something to do, he should want to distract himself, it’s a good thing to re-fix the Divine Ghost Eight Formation Diagram formation in the backyard, at least our security has been raised another notch.”

“I don’t know why, I always feel weird.”

Fan Lu still had her apron tied around her body and frowned as she looked at the backyard.

“Let him be, what Elder Long said makes sense.”

Meng let out a sigh and shook her head helplessly.

Fan Lu nodded and looked back at Meng in confusion, “Meng, whose clothes did you put on out?”

“Hm?”

Elder Long looked back at Meng, and smiled teasingly, "It wouldn't be the clothes of your youth, would it? Really, Meng, you've shrunken down considerably."

"I'm wearing Pinru's clothes."

Meng Granny joked and gave Long Lao a blank look, then turned to look upstairs, "Hasn't Miss Gu gotten up yet?"

"It should be soon, the labour is imminent, the more pregnant you are, the more tired your body is at this time of the year, Xiao Lu you make more good things recently to tonic the young lady." Elder Long admonished.

"Don't worry, Elder Long."

Fan Lu smiled sweetly, "Don't worry, I will make the arrangements."

"Also lately you should move in next door to young madam, you can also protect her if anything happens, Meng is so old, her strength is there, but her energy is not as good as your youngsters after all."

Long Lao looked gloomy and said, "The young lady is about to give birth, this is the key event, we must be on guard, but unfortunately there are not many people who can fight in our family nowadays."

When she heard "Kunlun", Fan Lu's expression changed.

Her eyebrows lowered and she couldn't help but clutch her apron with both hands, "Yes, if only Kunlun and his brother were home, I don't know how they are now."

.....

Deep in the far north.

The ice and snow, the silence and desolation.

The lofty and towering ice mountains, smooth as mirrors after condensing the ice, reflect the sunlight.

Like an ancient beast, Black Hell stands between two icebergs, lying on top of the ice field.

The blackness is as solemn and oppressive as it can be.

From time to time, there are military vehicles whizzing past and warplanes roaring in the air.

Inside the black prison, in one of the prison blocks, there is a roar of voices.

“Kunlun is almost winning, come on! Bursting Bear, if you’re not strong enough, you should admit defeat!”

“With Kunlun’s strength, there’s not really much pressure to take on Bakugou, after all, he fought once back then.”

“Get him, get him!”

.....

What was happening in the ring was broadcast to all the prison blocks via video, causing the voices of the whole block to thunder, seeming to overturn the roof of the Black Prison.

Ten consecutive victories were the only way to walk out of the Black Prison in a dignified manner.

Anyone who dared to challenge these rules deserved the admiration of everyone in the Black Prison.

Not to mention, this time it was Kunlun who challenged, a man challenging for the second time!

But all the old men who were in the Black Prison and had witnessed the battle when Kun Lun walked out of the Black Prison back then were clear about what the most crucial reason was for Kun Lun to walk out of the Black Prison back then.

But that did not stop them from admiring Kunlun.

Whether it was luck or strength, in this prison where the strongest are the most powerful, being strong is in itself worthy of awe.

In the ring.

Bang Teen!

With an explosive roar.

Kun Lun threw a blatant punch and blasted at Exploding Bear’s body.

The fierce qi energy instantly ploughed through all directions, ploughing a furrow in the ring.



As a result of the punch, Bear's sturdy and lofty body staggered backwards to the edge of the ring like a broken pocket, before narrowly stopping his form.

His body shook and a large mouthful of blood spurted out.

The crowd was watching.

Bursting Bear slowly lifted his big bushy hand, wiped the corner of his mouth and smiled oddly.

"I've lost!"

After saying that, he turned around and left.

Silence.

The whole room was dead silent.

The Black Prison, which had just been so noisy, was suddenly as quiet as a pin, and everyone was frozen.

Even Kunlun, who was about to pursue the victory, was frozen in place.

"You could have fought on, why ....."?

The question echoed throughout the room.

The pace of the bursting bear did not pause, and without looking back, he raised his right hand and waved it.

"Because ..... you were going to help that man, therefore, I lost! In addition, the next match, they should all lose, you save your strength, go and fight Dao Jun, and win to go out and help him!"

The man .....

Young master!

Kunlun was struck by lightning, and as the tiger eyes watched Bakugou leave, a sudden warmth flowed through his chest.

He clasped his fist and said aloud in gratitude, "Thanks a lot!"

"Thank you my ass, blame me for not being able to get out of this black prison!"

## **Winner Takes All Chapter 1719-1720**

## Chapter 1719

The deadly silence and oppression of the Black Prison was like a carnival feast.

The clamour and shouting rose to the heavens, deafening.

One ring battle after another.

Step by step, the atmosphere in the Black Prison was pushed even higher.

The fist-to-fist bloody fights have inspired the warlike cellular factor in everyone in the Black Prison, burning everyone's blood.

Those who could be locked up in the Black Prison were all gods of war, kings of soldiers and so on.

Even though the signs of watering down were evident in every fight, it still did not dampen the excitement of everyone.

Inside the central control room.

The old man in the tuxedo stands at the front, followed by a dense crowd of watchmen.

All of them, without exception, are staring intently at the monitors.

Compared to the boisterous and noisy Black Prison, the central control room was silent, so quiet that one's breath felt a little stagnant.

"What's the first game?"

The tuxedoed old man spoke in a deep voice, breaking the silence in the central control room.

"The fifth."

A man behind him reported back, "Actually, he could have stopped to catch his breath, but he didn't, and fought to this fifth game in a row with great urgency."

"This is insane!"

The tuxedoed old man cursed angrily, "He's really playing with his life, even if those head wolves are intent on letting him off the hook, does he still want to fight to the Daoist monarch's match in one breath? He could die of exhaustion!"

"Should we call a halt?"

Someone suggested.

As soon as the words left his mouth, someone immediately retorted.

“This is the rule of the Black Prison, as long as he wants to fight, we can’t interfere, once we do, the people of the ten prison districts won’t just watch and cause a riot in the prison districts, we won’t be able to end it.”

At these words.

All the people in the room looked embarrassed.

Even the old man in the tuxedo had a helpless look on his face.

The Black Prison was different from ordinary prisons.

Those who were imprisoned here were all strong, powerful, and even powerful men who had been on top of one another in the past.

Which of these people ..... are not arrogant and proud?

If a wolf is trapped in a cage, it will still be a wolf until it dies, and will never become a vicious dog.

The only reason why they are willing to be trapped in the black prison is because the Daoist monarchs who are oppressing the prison are so powerful that they have formed a fearful pressure, which makes the people obedient and do not dare to do anything.

The so-called guardians are, to put it bluntly, just a group of “tools”.

The fact that there was a Daoist monarch who had set the rules for leaving the Black Prison was to give the people a hope of getting out.

But in reality, it was clear to everyone that if they wanted to get out of the Black Prison, it would depend on whether the Daoist monarch was willing to let them go.

If even this only hope of getting out were to be crushed outright now, without the Daoist Monarch’s intervention, a riot in the ten prison districts would be the nail in the coffin!

Suddenly, a cry of alarm rang out.

“The Daoist Monarch has arrived!”

Wow!

The crowd turned around in unison, visibly relieved, and then revealed a look of excitement and awe.

The doors to the central control room were opened.

Chen Daojun was the first to walk into the central control room with his hands behind his back, while behind him was Xu Qingfeng following closely behind.

“Daojun, you’ve finally returned!”

The tuxedoed old man said excitedly as he stepped out from the crowd.

As he spoke, his gaze looked askance at Xu Qingfeng and he instantly looked aghast, “Xu Thief Saint!”

“Hahahaha ..... You’re quite knowledgeable, you actually know me.”

Xu Qingfeng hung back and grinned.

“I am old, but I have seen the Thief Saint and heard of his mighty name back then.”

The old man in the tuxedo nodded his head in greeting.

“How many games has Kunlun fought?”

Chen Daojun took up the conversation and walked towards the centre console with his hands behind his back.

The crowd paid attention as they made a conscious effort to move out of the way.

“It’s already the fifth match, without the slightest pause in between.”

The old man in the tuxedo reported truthfully.

Chen Daojun stared at Kunlun, who was fighting on the screen, in silence.

Xu Qingfeng stepped forward to take a few glances and said with a teasing smile, “These people are actually letting the water out, the top ten wolves of the Black Prison, but if they don’t let the water out, even if this guy has comprehended qi energy, he shouldn’t be able to fight five fights in a row and still be this comfortable.”

“His growth is indeed the fastest of the three. ,”

Chen Daojun’s lips were lightly opened and his eyes were stern, “But ..... now is not the time for him to go out, there is no need to fight in the next few fights, just let him fight me, I have other things to do and I am in a hurry.”

“Good, I’ll go and arrange it.”

The old man in the tuxedo was delighted and excited.

The spirits of the people present were also lifted.

The rules in the Black Prison were such that they could not challenge as they pleased, with the sole exception of Chen Daojun.

In a prison where the strongest were the most important, Chen Daogun, who had oppressed a prison, wanted to change the rules, and the people from the ten prison districts did not dare to have disobedient thoughts.

“At least you’ve already comprehended Qi energy, and you still don’t give release?”

Xu Qingfeng asked with some surprise.

Chen Daojun said calmly, “He is the one who wants to be the head wolf, how can he stop at the step of just comprehending qi energy?”

“Head wolf?”

Xu Qingfeng’s eyes lit up and then returned to obscurity, his brows lowered and his eyes drooped in thought.

Just then.

In the video, Kun Lun threw a whip kick in the air and slashed down, the fierce qi energy ploughing a furrow nearly three metres long in the ring, and his opponent conceded defeat with this axe strike.

Game 5, the end!

In the ten prison districts, the cheers were loud and clear.

Everyone’s blood boiled at this moment, their faces flushed red as they cheered and shouted.

“Kunlun is invincible! Invincible!”

“Keep fighting! Fight it out! Fight it out on our behalf!”

“Hahahahaha ..... awesome awesome, worthy of the second coming of Kunlun!”

.....

Cheers and shouts were heard.

Kunlun stopped at the ring and swept towards the exuberant faces below, but acted unusually calm.

Eventually, his eyes locked on Lin Lingdong and Lone Wolf in the crowd.

Eyes meeting, he nodded gently, while Lin Lingdong and Lone Wolf nodded in response.

Because of the Daoist Monarch's relationship, the three of them were in a rather special position in the Black Prison, and even when they moved to the prison area to fight, Lin Lingdong and Lone Wolf had the privilege to follow, but of course, they could only follow and watch the battle.

Inside the cell block, the sound of electricity from the horn suddenly rang out.

After a short electricity sound, the voice of the old man in the tuxedo was heard.

"Game five, Kunlun wins! The Daoist Monarch returns, match six, Kunlun versus the Daoist Monarch!"

The sound of the trumpet seemed insignificant amidst the mountainous waves of sound, yet at this moment it seemed to have a great magical power, like a great hand sweeping across the Black Prison, sweeping the earth-shaking noise of the ten prison districts straight into silence.

The word "Daogun" was as terrifying and oppressive to everyone as if it was forbidden in the Nine Heavens!

"Eh? Daoist Monarch ....."

In the entire Black Prison, the only one who could maintain his sanity was perhaps only Kun Lun, who leaned his head back and looked towards a camera, "I'm taking on the Daoist Monarch directly, does that mean that after I win against the Daoist Monarch, I can directly leave the Black Prison?"

The next second.

A calm, but extremely oppressive voice came out of the speaker.

"You can't win!"

## **Chapter 1720**

Four simple words.

But they are terrifyingly powerful and overwhelming.

The Black Prison was silent.

Everyone was silent, and their expressions were grave.

Because ..... this is the voice of the Daogun!

The man who oppressed everyone in the prison and did not dare to take a breath!

“Try it!”

In the midst of the silence, Kunlun tilted his head, his back straight, untamed as if he were a sheathed sword: “I want to go out!”

“Kunlun!”

In the crowd, Lin Lingdong was the first to react and shouted a rebuke.

But Kunlun ignored it and continued, “Hurry up, I’m in a hurry!”

These words could not be described as wild.

In this Black Prison, there had never been anyone who dared to say such words directly to the Daoist Monarch.

A few words were clearly spoken, but at this moment it was as if they possessed magic power, instantly burning everyone’s hot blood.

“He, is he provoking?”

“My God! Kunlun is crazy, where did he get the guts to do that, even if he could walk out of the Black Prison, he wouldn’t dare to shout at the Daoist Monarch like that!”

“Walk out? The Daoist Monarch is already changing the rules, do you still think it will be like back then?”

.....

The crowd was boisterous and the clamour shook the sky.

Even some of the elderly pawns couldn’t help but have a red glow in their eyes at this point, trembling with excitement.

The Daoist monarch had modified the rules to allow for a direct final battle.

This had never been done since the very beginning of the creation of the Black Prison!

Now ..... was truly setting a precedent!

Regardless of the final outcome, it was an honour to witness this battle.

Cheers, shouts and even sneers were heard from the ten prison districts, piercing through the roof and reaching the clouds.

Five minutes later.

As the Daoist monarch stepped into the prison area, all the sounds simultaneously disappeared and returned to silence.

Snap ..... snap .....

The sound of Daogun's footsteps as he lifted his leg and took a step became the only sound in the vast black prison.

Under the attention of all the people, Chen Daojun had his hands behind his back, each step was slow and leisurely, but as he walked forward, it was as if there was a great mountain pushing across the sky behind him, oppressing everyone's heart and making their hair stand up in fear.

They felt the terrifying sense of oppression that was like a prison.

Kunlun looked grave to the extreme, but his eyes were as determined as ever.

He wanted to get out!

To get out as soon as possible!

Young Master ..... was still waiting for him!

Crunch!

Kun Lun clenched his fists, his muscles graced up as if they were a block of ancient bronze, swelling and squeezing, even making a direct sound.

"You're growing fast."

Chen Daojun walked to the ring, his cold face showing his appreciation for Kunlun, "But it is still far from enough, nothing should be rushed."

Not waiting for Kunlun to respond.



Xu Qingfeng under the ring spoke first, "Big guy, give in, the old man is serious this time, beware of the poop being knocked out."

Kunlun's eyebrows knitted together and a glint of anger appeared in his eyes as he gave Xu Qingfeng a stern glare.

Xu Qingfeng shrugged his shoulders and spread both hands out, "If you don't listen to the old man, you'll suffer before your eyes, just your arrogance, I want to beat you up too."

Kunlun withdrew his gaze and gazed at Chen Daojun, "Daojun, I really need to get out, Young Master needs help, the three of us being stuck in the Black Prison all the time is not an option."

"There are plenty of people, there is no shortage of people like you who are triple-legged."

Chen Daojun had his hands behind his back and his brow was out of the corner of his eye, "Beat me and you'll walk out, in addition ....."

As he spoke, he turned his head sideways and shifted his gaze across, locking onto Lin Lingdong and Lone Wolf in the crowd below.

"To save you the trouble, you two come up too, I'll fight three by myself, or let you calm down, so that I don't have to go back to Black Prison every now and then to calm down the scene."

Lin Lingdong: "????"

Lone Wolf: "????"

All of a sudden, the two of them looked at Kunlun with a sultry look in their eyes, as if they were deep-rooted women.

However, the crowd around them was already shouting, so there was no way they could refuse!

Seeing Lin Lingdong and Lone Wolf sulking on the stage, Kunlun directly said in a deep voice, "What do you mean, Dao Jun, I am the one who wants to fight in this ring!"

"You don't deserve it!"

Chen Daojun simply and brutally returned three words, and then directly closed his eyes.

Compared to Kunlun and Lone Wolf, Lin Lingdong was after all an old man, having eaten and seen it all, and was also more capable of taking it.

At this moment, he took a deep breath and cupped his fist to Daoist Monarch with a smile on his face, "Please also ask Daoist Monarch to be a little lighter in your hands later on, and be lenient."

"You fucking sold me out?"

Kunlun stared at Lin Lingdong in disbelief.

Lin Lingdong squeezed his eyebrows together and carefully squeezed a sentence out of his teeth, "Didn't you hear, he's really hitting this time!"

Kunlun: "....."

"Let's begin!"

Chen Daojun calmly spoke out, and his closed eyes slowly opened.

In a flash.

His entire aura changed drastically, just now it was that thick oppressive feeling of fear like a mountain, with this opening of his eyes, it was the extreme oppression of a cavernous sky caving in.

The pair of deep black eyes swept over the three Kunlun people with a single glance, instantly causing the three people to have the feeling that the firmament had collapsed and they could not wait for their bodies to go limp and kneel down directly on the spot.

"This ....."

Kunlun's face changed greatly, and his heart instantly beat wildly.

Almost simultaneously.

Boom!

A majestic and domineering qi surged out from Chen Daojun's body, sweeping across all directions in an instant like a shocking wave, but in a way that not only confined the qi, but also the qi, to the top of the ring perfectly, without escaping and spilling over to others!

Kunlun's three men were swept by the qi energy and their bodies shook at the same time.

Lin Lingdong and Lone Wolf even staggered back a step and slightly dodged behind Kunlun before they could stop themselves.

At this moment, Kunlun's eyes were about to fall out of their sockets as he looked at the naked eye visible Qi barrier towering around the ring.

"Is this the real control of qi energy?"

He murmured incredulously, subconsciously glancing down at his clenched fists.

Compared to Chen Daojun, his qi energy was simply like a wild horse that was out of control, and there was no such thing as control.

At his level, he knew the horror of "control".

After the watershed, qi becomes the martial artist's extended tentacles, while ordinary tentacles only attacked from afar, Chen Daogun's control was the real control of qi!

Perhaps ..... had already lost!

When he was shocked and appalled, a thought came to Kunlun's mind.

As soon as the thought came out, it grew like wild grass and took over his mind extremely fast.

The next second.

"First two out."

Chen Daogun's voice suddenly sounded out, as if the God of Death had pronounced a verdict.

"Lone Wolf, run!"

Almost simultaneously, Lin Lingdong, who was hiding behind Kunlun, dragged Lone Wolf towards the bottom of the ring as soon as he could.

But.

Boom, boom!

The quiet and silent qi around them was suddenly like a shocking wave in a pool of stagnant water, and two naked-eye visible thick human-sized qi trains, as if they were pale dragons crossing the sky, suddenly appeared behind the two of them, with a roar.

"Ah!"

A miserable scream resounded across the entire arena.

Lin Lingdong and Lone Wolf flew straight out of the ring in the air, screaming in agony as blood spilled across the air and fell heavily to the ground after passing through the Qi barrier.

The whole crowd was silent.

Everyone felt a chill run up from the soles of their feet to the sky.

A teasing voice suddenly sounded out, "Daoist Monarch, to raise your strength directly under the Heavenly Punishment is really bullying."

"None of your business!"

Daojun Chen indifferently replied back.

At the same time.

Boom!

Qi energy roared and exploded.

In the ring, Kun Lun, who was in shock, felt a violent wind pounding in his face.

With a shake in his vision, Chen Daogun's cold face was already close at hand.

"Be honest with yourself!"

The next second.

A large hand pressed directly onto Kun Lun's head, in a brutal and overbearing, yet irresistible gesture, pressing hard against Kun Lun and directly grabbing the ground with his head.

Thud!

Kunlun fell to the ground, his head hitting the ground with a sound like a drum, smoke and dust rising, the ground cracking .....