

# Zhanxian

## Zhanxian - Chapter

001 – Reborn

It is said that when people face death, they will recall everything that has happened in their life, especially their mistakes, regrets, what left them the most unreconciled. Yang Chen was experiencing this right now.

The first thing to flash through his mind was, after he had been framed, desperate, wanting to explain but having no way to speak, the main perpetrator loudly hooted right in front of Yang Chen, and Yang Chen, seriously injured, had no way to resist.

“I’m the killer, I did it, and so what? Who will believe you now? You’re the murderer!” Yang Xi’s malicious smile was exceptionally clear to Yang Chen’s eyes: “I’ll tell you, I leaked the information, I invited the Greatest Heaven Sect’s young master, I killed him, I framed you, and so what?”

“You bastard!” The seriously injured Yang Chen was basically unable to confront Yang Xi head on, and could only rail at him.

“What manner of creature are you? Are you suited to have the Ten Thousand Year Vermillion Fruit? Don’t you see your reflection in a puddle of piss?” Yang Xi laughed coldly: “I accused you before the Greatest Heaven Sect, said you coveted the young master’s Vermillion Fruit, and assassinated him. The Greatest Heaven Sect rewarded me with the Vermillion Fruit, and chased you to kill you. If you want to blame someone, you can only blame yourself for not understanding the world, and not obediently handing over the Vermillion Fruit to me back then, wouldn’t everything have been fine if you did? A lowly type born from my family’s tenant farmers, how are you suited to possess the Vermillion Fruit? How do you dare refuse my requests?”

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The second to appear was the scene of Yang Chen’s beautiful master, forced by the Greatest Heaven Sect master to be used as his practitioner stove, vowing to die rather than obey, committing suicide.

“Yang Chen, go, go far, far away, don’t think about avenging me in ten million years, survive, go!” The look of farewell in his beautiful master’s eyes was so clear in Yang Chen’s mind, even when facing death, Yang Chen could feel such heart rending pain.

“Master, blame me for everything! Blame me for implicating you!” Yang Chen knelt before his master, crying bitterly.

For the sake of one Vermillion Fruit, Yang Chen had been framed by Yang Xi and had now even implicated his sect. The Greatest Heaven Sect master had unexpectedly discovered that Yang Chen’s beautiful master actually had a rare postnatal full spiritual root, and had immediately decided to turn her into his practitioner stove. Four *yuanying* cultivators from the Greatest Heaven Sect had surrounded the Pure Yang Palace, now leaving no road in the sky nor door into the earth through which to escape.

“Yang Chen, go!” His beautiful master’s eyes were firm, without the slightest ripple. With a Greater Blood Escape Technique, Yang Chen was sent outside the encirclement, and with his final glance at his master, he saw the scene of her detonating her *yuanying*.

“Master!” Yang Chen’s miserable howl reached dozens of *li*.

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The third scene that appeared was just after Yang Chen had ascended. Before painstakingly cultivating until he could finally ascend, Yang Chen had thought he could finally take revenge, but he hadn’t expected that, in the end, he would only be by himself, and confronting a great sect like the Greatest Heaven Sect, he was still without means, and, in the end, could only ascend. However, after ascending, he had still encountered the Greatest Heaven Sect’s sponsor in the spiritual world and immortal world.

“You ascending is still too much of a waste, I’ll let you stay as an example to others, to let them see the conclusion to offending me!” The former Greatest Heaven Sect master, now the Profound Heaven Sect vice master, sneered as he looked at Yang Chen, and placed him under a restriction.

Everyone could see Yang Chen’s miserable fate after they ascended, but the Profound Heaven Sect’s influence was great, and nobody dared object. Besides, the one suffering was Yang Chen, everyone only learned from his example. And Yang Chen suffered in this way for thousands of years.

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But very soon, Yang Chen's memories turned to his happiest scene, that moment he received his first flying sword from his beautiful master.

"Yang Chen, I've specially refined this Bright Light Sword for you, take it properly, and cultivate diligently!" His master's slender jade fingers held that Bright Light Sword and handed it to Yang Chen. That instant was the happiest moment in Yang Chen's road of cultivation.

The scene froze, and Yang Chen couldn't help screaming miserably with the burst of heart rending, lung tearing pain in his body.

"Aaaa....."

A long, miserable shriek echoed from Yang Chen's throat, filled with strong unwillingness, scaring everyone around him to jump.

"What person dares make a racket here?" A furious shout resounded, soon followed by the lazy appearance of a human silhouette, who immediately looked at the bewildered Yang Chen in the crowd.

"Causing such a racket before the monastery gate without reason, and being so rude before even entering, there's no need for you to participate in the spiritual root test today!" Yang Chen didn't even have time to clearly see what the person who appeared looked like before he swung a wide sleeve, sending Yang Chen soaring uncontrollably high into the air, hands and feet swinging, flying far away.

Yang Chen fell heavily to the ground with a loud thump, unable to get up for a long time. But this pain also let Yang Chen understand that he was still alive.

He had survived old devil Yi's Greater Demonic Body Explosion Technique? What was a little bit of pain to a pleasant surprise like that? When, ecstatic, Yang Chen was just about to circulate his profound power to heal the pain, he discovered that there was unexpectedly not a shred of magic power within him.

With great alarm, practically not daring to believe it, Yang Chen mobilized it once again, but there was still no trace of activity. Could he have lost all his magic power? In great trouble, heart racing, Yang Chen recalled the

overlooked circumstances of the scene just now. Monastery gate? Spiritual root test? What was that?

Yang Chen now discovered that he was no longer at the devil punishing battlefield in the immortal world, but rather in an extremely unfamiliar place. His surroundings was verdant hills and limpid water, mist rising in spirals, seemingly a good place to cultivate.

Struggling to his feet, Yang Chen discovered that he was dressed in rough plain clothes, something bulging painfully at his waist. Touching it, he discovered a sharpened wood cutting blade.

Boom, Yang Chen's mind exploded like a thunderclap, coming to a realization in a flash: these were the circumstances of when he participated in the Greatest Heaven Sect's spiritual root test. Unexpectedly, when he was struck by the Greater Demonic Body Exploding Technique, he had not only not died, but even returned to his childhood.

"This is outside the Greater Heaven Sect's gate in the mundane world!" Seeing those distant once familiar people with all kinds of expressions, Yang Chen was certain, he had been reborn. The reason those people looked both familiar and not, was because enough time had passed to forget them, a full ten thousand years.

However, however much time passed, it still wasn't enough to eliminate Yang Chen's hatred for the Greatest Heaven Sect. Yang Xi had entered the Greatest Heaven Sect, and later killed the Greatest Heaven Sect's young master, but blamed it on him. And all his later suffering, everything that happened later, was all related to this sect.

Having gone from a great principal golden immortal back to a mundane mortal, Yang Chen didn't know how to describe his feelings besides hatred. He could only be certain of one thing, no matter how he put it, he was still alive. A hundred thousand celestial troops and generals had fallen and disappeared, but at least he was still alive, and also alive at the moment he most looked forward to.

The person who punched him was very skilled at hitting ordinary people, at least Yang Chen could only stay seated, unable to stand for a very long time, as if something was tying him down. Only when the first batch of several dozen the people he had come with walked out of that decorated gate arch did Yang Chen feel his body relax, finally able to stand up.

“Really unfortunate!”

“Failed this year again, ai!”

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A series of sighing voices came from the crowd. When a few of the same generation from the same village as Yang Chen saw him struggling to get up, they ran over to help.

“Right, at least we still had the chance to try. Chen’zi was out of luck today, he didn’t even get a chance!” One young man seemed rather warm hearted, dusting of Yang Chen as he spoke.

“Fine, let’s go, we’ll go back!” Basically nobody had any chance today, and everyone naturally followed when someone took the lead: “We still have a month on the road, let’s go! Maybe there’s a chance next year!”

“Forget about it, an immortal destiny spiritual root is Heaven’s destiny, if it didn’t work this year, next year probably won’t work either.” On the road down the mountain, someone sighed.

“Don’t say that, spiritual roots will be obtained at a certain auspicious time. As the body grows, root bones will appear at some time, perhaps my time of growth will come this year, then I’ll have an immortal destiny spiritual root next year!” The speaker was naturally a person filled with hope for his own body.

“Yang Xi and Yang Lan were lucky this year, old master Yang will become even more dominant now. His grandson and granddaughter both have cultivation spiritual roots, he will walk even straighter in the village!” Along with disappointment, there was naturally also pride. Everyone also spoke with envious tones.

Yang Xi and Yang Lan. When Yang Chen heard these two names, dusty memories seemed to irresistibly re-emerge from the depths of his mind. Especially Yang Xi, who Yang Chen hated to the bone. If not for him, his master wouldn’t have been implicated. If not for him, Yang Chen wouldn’t have had to live a humiliating life of hiding his identity and relying on the charity of others, dodging west and hiding in the east. It might be said that at least fifty percent of Yang Chen’s misfortunes could be blamed on Yang Xi.

Fortunately Yang Chen had been reborn now, and also been reborn before he had begun to cultivate. That meant that Yang Chen had countless opportunities. Walking behind everyone on the road back home, Yang Chen secretly made plans.

Yang Chen actually felt he was lucky to have been driven away outside the monastery gate because of his scream. Yang Chen didn't know if he could have held back his anger if he really had confronted the people of the Greatest Heaven Sect. He didn't have any magic power at the moment, and he wasn't the opponent for even the lowest level disciple.

Yang Chen cared even less about not being chosen. With the memories and more than ten thousand years of cultivation experience in his mind, entering some sect or not was completely meaningless to him.

Even if Yang Chen was good for nothing in his last life, and even good-for-nothing when he had reached the world of immortals, in the end he had once been a great primary golden immortal. Of the sects in this mundane world, besides the Pure Yang Palace of his sect, how could any of them enter Yang Chen's sight? How would Yang Chen be unable to step into the world of immortals by relying on the cultivation experience from his last life? At worst, even walking the same road as before, he could still become a great primary golden immortal again.

However, did he really want to walk the same old road as before? Framed by Yang Xi, hunted by the Greatest Heaven Sect, humiliated by the Profound Heaven Sect's restriction? When this thought scuttled through his mind, an extremely enticing idea appeared immediately afterward. Before old devil Yi exploded his body, he had told a lot of things to the equally dying Yang Chen, even including some devil methods old devil Yi had used to improve his spiritual roots before cultivating.

Old devil Yi had been on a rampage in the immortal world for centuries, tens of thousands of celestial troops and generals unable to do anything against him. Finally a traitor had sold him out, trapped in a net laid out by a hundred thousand celestial soldiers, then surrounded and stopped. But even then, old devil Yi had still massacred in all directions, creating rivers of blood. In the end, succumbing from his serious injuries, he had used the Greater Demonic Body Exploding Technique to take the hundred thousand celestial soldiers down with him.

The reason why old devil Yi could move so unhindered in the immortal world was that one of his five phases, the flame spiritual root, was a complete spiritual root. Luckily, Yang Chen knew this spiritual root upgrading method, he also had a flame spiritual root, and right now he still hadn't begun to cultivate. Wasn't this a heaven sent opportunity?

With the appearance of this idea, Yang Chen's heart immediately began to race. Even back when he had ascended to the spiritual world, and then again ascended to the immortal world, he still hadn't forgot himself in excitement like this. However, at the same time as excitement, there was also an awkward feeling of being unable to either advance nor retreat.

That was a devil method that relied on murdering people and absorbing their life essence to supplement his spiritual roots. He was a reborn great primary golden immortal, did he really need to cultivate devil methods? Back then old devil Yi had killed tens of thousands of people, did he really have to go kill tens of thousands to cultivate? With his ten thousand years of cultivation experience, it was impossible for his cultivation to be lacking. Killing people to feed his spiritual roots on one side, regular cultivation on the other, the two ideas turned round and round in Yang Chen's mind, for the moment he was unable to decide.

"Have you forgotten? Yang Chen!" In his mind, a strict voice berated him: "Have you forgotten how your master was humiliated, how she committed suicide holding hatred? Have you forgotten how you were framed by Yang Xi, never able to clear your name? Have you forgotten how you were humiliated and treated like a slave by that arrogant Profound Sect fellow after ascending? Have you forgotten it all? You've already spent a life a loser, will you spend this life as a loser as well?"

"No!" Yang Chen gave a low shout, those bitter memories he had thought forgotten rushing into his heart in an instant. His master's sad and beautiful expression when she faced death, Yang Xi's pride after framing him, the contemptuous gaze of that lord in the immortal realm looking at him as if he was even lower than a dog, all appeared frantically before his eyes. Finally, he again remembered the moment his master gave him the Bright Light Sword.

"No!" Nothing was allowed to break the beauty of this moment. Unprecedented resolve was expressed in Yang Chen's gaze: "Even if I have to carry the burden of even greater massacres, even if I become a unique monster, I will still protect you, I will still keep you happy and safe from now on."



Having patiently endured for ten thousand years in his previous life, Yang Chen's character was incomparably tenacious. After making his decision now, Yang Chen instantly calmed down. Looking at the tall Greatest Heaven Sect gate, he gave a cold laugh, then turned and left.

"Master, wait for me, wait for me to enter your sect again. The tragedies of my last life will not happen again." Yang Chen shouted inwardly, like a vow: "In my last life you helped raise everything I had, in this life, let me help raise you to Heaven!"

*002 – As Executioner*

Going from the Greatest Heaven Sect back to the Yang village was a one month journey. The sect was responsible for fare and wagons when they came, but these washouts had to make their own way back. The Yang village youths weren't particularly prosperous, and could only take this more than month long journey on foot.

Everyone had considered this point, and they had all brought some silver coins before leaving. They bought a large pile of steamed buns in a small store at the foot of the mountain, using bundled skins as bags and ate them on the way. Peasants walking on long journeys wasn't any strange thing, and they didn't have any farm work to hold them up anyway. If by chance they had an immortal destiny, they would transform from fish into dragons, and if not they would return to resume their lives.

Yang Chen had already recovered his usual friendly disposition. With his target set, Yang Chen didn't become irascible. Never one with strong opinions, in the eyes of his comrades, Yang Chen seemed to have become his own person, polite and amiable, always smiling, but also capable of easily getting the others to do things according to his suggestions. Nobody felt anything was strange, it was just that what Yang Chen said seemed very reasonable.

Casually finding a pretext, Yang Chen left the group and set out alone. The others didn't feel that anything was strange, practically everyone assuming he wanted to return to see if he couldn't get another chance, but nobody said anything, and just let him leave.

Yang Chen naturally didn't return to the Greatest Heaven Sect like everyone thought, but rather turned right around and entered the mountains. With a woodcutting blade on hand and his ten thousand years of experience, Yang



Chen could casually find food and drink. The reason Yang Chen avoided everyone, was because he wanted to start forging his body.

Such forging was entirely different from cultivation, it didn't draw *qi* into the body to cultivate *qi* refining arts, but rather used external martial skills to practice external martial arts styles, turning his body more powerful. As for internal arts, he didn't practice any of them.

To cultivating disciples, martial arts seemed like utterly inferior methods. As long as one trained with *qi* to build a foundation, one would naturally have spiritual power to nurture the body, a hundred times more efficient than external arts forging. Besides, practicing martial arts seemed like a complete waste of cultivation time. If one had time, it would be more cost effective to consider refining pills or excavating some spiritual stones.

Yang Chen was no idiot, with ten thousand years of cultivation experience, he knew better than anyone how large the difference was when cultivating with a strong body compared to a weak body. Perhaps the difference wouldn't be too visible in a few centuries, but the gap was frightfully clear when ascending for real.

The foundation was most important for cultivating, and besides the most basic cultivation spiritual roots, the foundation was embodied in an even sturdier physique. A good foundation meant even more powerful development.

Efficiently building the body was the first step. Even the road of cultivation wasn't only about studying methods of cultivation, while ignoring the body. Spiritual power could admittedly strengthen the body after reaching a certain level, but strengthening a weak scholar and a robust body still had different results.

At the same time, one cultivating warrior skills and one who spend all day long meditating also had fairly considerable differences in fights between cultivators. Yang Chen's goal was to use external martial arts to refine his muscles and bones before starting to cultivate.

There was another reason for only cultivating external arts, and no internal arts. That was that old devil Yi's spiritual root improvement devil art could only be used before cultivating. There was basically no way to deal with the restrictions of the cultivation method.

Besides martial arts, there was also running, jumping, and a string of other methods to improve the body's flexibility and speed. On the way back to the village, Yang Chen was jumping rather than running, and relied on his knife to find all his food.

Over more than ten days, Yang Chen's memories returned with increasing clarity. Everything from the time of his youth returned once again to his mind. While forging his body and running, Yang Chen soon reached an ordinary mountain.

This mountain wasn't far from a small time, but very few people came here. The mountain was barren, with almost not a speck of spiritual *qi*. There was a tiny mountain temple, long since in ruins, with the temple walls half caved in.

Yang Chen stood in front of this mountain temple, carefully making sure that this really was that mountain temple in his memories. Then he smiled, pushing open the half rotten temple doors, and walked inside.

There were originally murals on the walls, but they had already been eroded by wind and rain until they were extremely spotted and striped. After Yang Chen entered the temple, despite the image of the god on the spirit tablet long since turning illegible, only leaving lumps of clay behind, he still first paid his respects to the spirit tablet. The mountain god may be minor, the temple may be ruined, but that was still a celestial official.

After paying his respects, Yang Chen turned to the area behind the spirit tablet and an old locust tree, pacing the distance to verify the location, and began to dig. After digging close to two meters deep, he came across a solid object.

Yang Chen exulted, digging bit by bit along the edges of that object, exposing a square metal chest. The chest had been buried in the ground for years, but didn't show any signs of corrosion, only darkly unremarkable.

Lifting up the chest, it weighed at least fifty kilograms. If not for Yang Chen recently building his strength and having a robust physique since childhood, he really couldn't have lifted it.

This chest was something old master Yang, Yang Xi's grandfather, had left behind in his youth in case his family encountered some disaster in the future, they could use it as capital to rebuild. Only, now this capital was in Yang Chen's hands.

Next, Yang Chen would take this capital back to bring his parents away from the Yang village. Back when Yang Xi had framed Yang Chen, he had even used Yang Chen's parents as hostages, leaving Yang Chen no option but to pinch his nose and accept it. In this life, Yang Chen didn't plan on giving Yang Xi that chance.

At this time, old master Yang probably hadn't told Yang Xi about this yet, to Yang Chen's advantage. First filling in the earth he had dug up, then transplanting a small tree over here, Yang Chen carried the chest to a grove next to the road where he found a place to bury it again. Making sure there were no clues anywhere, Yang Chen followed the road back towards home.

Rushing on the way, Yang Chen's speed wasn't any slower than those companions walking. When they returned to the village, Yang Chen also just caught up.

One month of efficient tempering made Yang Chen seem a bit tougher than when he left. Despite being just sixteen, he could compare to adults.

The news that old master Yang's grandchildren, Yang Xi and Yang Lan, had been chosen by the Greatest Heaven Sect caused great waves in the village. Almost the entire county was shocked, and even the county magistrate dropped by to congratulate. For a while, Yang village was bustling as if holding a majestic festival.

Amidst the bustling scene of old master Yang's whole family, the sad departure of the washout Yang Chen seemed entirely unremarkable.

Yang Chen's family was just named Yang, they didn't have any blood relationship with the old master. The family of three rented a carriage in the county capital, not bringing much stuff, and very quickly left the range of the county.

Yang Chen dismissed the cart near the next county capital, then rented another cart in the new town, switching at roughly six places on the way to the second location. Finally Yang Chen bought a cart, and after more than a day on the road, the family hurried to near where Yang Chen had buried the chest.

Resting for a few hours at a suitable place, another box quietly appeared in the Yang family's luggage, and furthermore placed within another chest, visible to nobody.

Soon after, changing directions, they travelled for roughly two months, hurrying over to where Yang Chen wanted to settle his parents. Fortunately they travelled on official roads the whole time, and since the family didn't seem rich, they weren't beset by any robbers, safely reaching their destination. With all these arrangements, it would be impossible for anyone to find Yang Chen's parents again later.

In fact, this road had already taken them out of the state of Chen where the Yang family came from, and entered the borders of the state of Zhao. For two old docile farmers like Yang Chen's parents, leaving the state of Chen was practically impossible. But Yang Chen seemed to have planned as if he could see the future, and they arrived smoothly without any danger on the road.

Old master Yang's capital really was substantial. Besides more than six hundred tael of gold, and more than one hundred tael of silver, the rest was unexpectedly all lower quality spiritual stones. The several tens of catty of spiritual rocks was equivalent to several tens of thousands of tael of gold.

Yang Chen wasn't the least modest, buying houses, land and servants in a somewhat remote but verdant location, getting his parents a large manor, several hundred fields of arable land, dozens of servants, and more than a hundred tenant farmer families. The two farmers who had never before enjoyed one easy day, suddenly went to the kind of lordly people they had admired all their lives, who others had to greet as sir and madam, they really didn't dare believe it.

This was a remote place, and besides the farmers living here, it was rare to see other people. Even war wouldn't influence this place. This was a place Yang Chen had carefully chosen, and he had naturally thought it over completely.

With everything arranged to his satisfaction, Yang Chen was in no hurry to leave, but rather accompanied his parents for half a year. In this half year, Yang Chen had been increasingly diligent in his training, further adding the excellent food, he seemed sturdier and a size larger. His whole body tight with muscles, he didn't look like he was just sixteen.

With one season's harvest, life at the manor had also stepped onto the right track. Yang Chen said goodbye to his parents, and left this new home. It had already been nine months since his rebirth.

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On the table of an executioner a thousand *li* distant lay twenty tael of gold, and opposite the executioner, sat Yang Chen.

“You mean, you want to become an executioner, and if I help you, this is mine?” The old executioner didn’t even dare believe what his eyes saw and what his ears heard, did this world have such luck?

Executioner wasn’t any admirable job, in fact, in the current hierarchy, executioners were loathed by gods and shunned by ghosts, inferior to even beggars. Nobody would show them any respect on the street. To boot, because they killed too much, they would offend Heaven, according to legend falling to the eighteenth layer of Hell after death. The old executioner absolutely didn’t dare believe that someone would actually spend so much gold on a request like that.

“I have a bad fate, the diviner said that if I don’t kill enough people, I’ll draw death on my parents’ home, therefore I want to borrow the status of executioner to kill some people and neutralize my lot.” Yang Chen spit out some nonsense justification: “I only want to do it for half a year, I’ll leave after half a year, and you do what you should do.”

Taking his place to kill for half a year, reducing his sin of killing, and also giving him twenty tael of gold. Even when removing the bribes for the lord, it still left a considerable profit. If the old executioner didn’t take him up on it, he would be an idiot.

Falling ill, taking a leave of absence, then recommending an apprentice – the old executioner only used half a day to arrange everything. Yang Chen’s muscular build left other people without any doubts as to whether he was qualified to take on the heavy duty of an executioner.

Nobody knew why Yang Chen would want to be a mundane executioner. Only Yang Chen himself knew that there was once an armed rebellion in the heavenly court of the immortal world, something that happened a very long time before Yang Chen ascended. But Yang Chen also realized that it happened roughly after he was born, at that time the sky in the mundane world turned blood red for one day and one night, shortly after the world was in rebellion, several dynasties changing.

According to what Yang Chen knew, after the rebellion in the heavenly court, several thousand immortals, large and small, were beheaded on the Immortal Execution Stage. And as for the Immortal Execution Stage, a magic tool

possessed exclusively by the heavenly court, to avert the the experts operating it from becoming a threat to the immortal world, it was always operated by a person from the mundane world. As for the candidates who would operate the Immortal Execution Stage, they were naturally chosen from among the executioners of the mundane world.

If Yang Chen could enter the Immortal Execution Stage, then he could honestly execute immortals to practice the devil method. Killing one immortal out to be even more beneficial than killing ten thousand mortals. Since he wouldn't carry the name of a devil practitioner but could still replenish his cultivation spiritual roots, thinking about it, this was simply a duty assigned to him by Heaven, arranging for him to execute immortals.

Yang Chen quickly entered the situation, the day after everything was finished, he had a convict to behead. This was the first time Yang Chen killed on the execution ground, and it was also the first time he tried old devil Yi's method. Even if the old devil said it on death's door, there was no way to be sure if it was true. But Yang Chen would try it anyway. Executioner, there was no second choice for authoritative and fair murder.

"For every debt there is a debtor, you and I have no past grudges, nor recent hatred, this is my place of duty, executing orders, pardon me!" Yang Chen was bare chested, his head wrapped with a blood red silk cloth. Reaching out and grabbing the death sentence board stuck in the clothes of the kneeling convict, he threw it to the ground. He raised the executioner's blade in his right hand.

Along with Yang Chen's movements, the spectators inside and outside the execution grounds immediately opened their eyes wide, their breathing halting. Long since prepared strong wine was placed to the side, and Yang Chen raised the bowl, first drinking a large mouthful, then filling his mouth again and spraying it over the executioner's blade. All this done, Yang Chen looked at the convict with bright eyes, suddenly issuing a murderous spirit, as if he had suddenly turned into a different person. The executioner's blade rose high, and fell sharply.

The crowd only saw a bright flash of blade light, they didn't even dare be certain Yang Chen had already done it. But Yang Chen seemed to have returned to being that friendly youth, unexpectedly already holding a brand new silk cloth and starting to wipe the blade. Everyone stared blankly, fixedly. The convict's head was still properly on his neck, not moving at all, what was going on?

Just as everyone were bewildered, a blood trace suddenly appeared on the convict's neck. The wound quickly grew wider, becoming a red line. Soon after, with a thump, the head fell off from the wound, exposing a bowl sized cut, hot blood spurting out like spring water, shooting into the air. The sound lasted for five or six breaths before losing its strength. At this moment, the convict's body that had been kneeling until now, fell to the ground.

There as a burst of noise, followed immediately by resounding cheering.

Yang Chen drew a deep breath, already unconsciously recalling some of the method in his mind, and immediately started to circulate it. An invisible aura burst from the corpse into Yang Chen's body, becoming a warm current, finally passing into Yang Chen's four limbs and hundred bones.

*003 – Whoever Doesn't Dare Behead*

People were still commenting on the new executioner's skill, while Yang Chen was feeling that warm flow within his body. Old devil Yi's method really was correct, at least so far there still hadn't been a problem, he just didn't know what the result would be.

Returning to his little courtyard, Yang Chen took out a five colored stone from under a millstone. Even if people saw it, they definitely wouldn't know what it was. Only Yang Chen knew that this five colored rock was something used in the immortal sects of his old life to test a disciple's postnatal spiritual roots. Innate spiritual roots were set from birth, only postnatal spiritual roots could change.

Holding it on either side, the five colored rock practically didn't change at all, but when carefully looking, there was a trace of faint, almost imperceptible, red light. This also meant that his postnatal spiritual roots had made an extremely minute change. After all, he had only killed one person, it was really too trivial to truly change his spiritual roots. Only, at least it proved that this method worked.

With Yang Chen's ten thousand years of cultivation experience, he still hadn't discovered any injuries when using the method, nor had he found any hidden dangers. In other words, for the moment there really wasn't any problem with using this method. Most miraculous was that, one, this method didn't raise his spiritual or magic power, and two, didn't forge his soul essence. Even if he practiced it, he would still be an ordinary person and wouldn't violate the taboo



of the heavenly court, he still had the chance to enter the Immortal Execution Stage.

Starting half a year later, bandits sprang up like weeds all over the nation, always more being arrested. Under such vexing circumstances, the court issued a hard-line decree, all bandits arrested would be executed! Under such an unprecedentedly harsh decree, many bandits were arrested practically every day all over the nation. At the start it was a few, afterwards it became more than ten or twenty, and within several days, they were arrested by forties and fifties.

In the county town, besides the supposedly ill old executioner, the only headsman was Yang Chen, who was in charge of cutting off several dozen heads each day. At the start, people still excitedly went to the execution grounds to watch, but after seeing it, nobody was in the mood for such entertainment any longer.

“For every debt there is a debtor, I have no past grudges with everyone, nor recent hatred, this is my place of duty, following orders, please pardon me!” Before each time he carried out the sentence, Yang Chen would say these words. Saying it was to make clear that he should not be affected by karma. Having said it for several days, Yang Chen was already exceptionally familiar with it.

Snap, Yang Chen swung the blade and lopped off a head, blood rushing from the headless neck, but Yang Chen wasn't dirtied by even a drop. This was the result of his meticulous training, cutting off more than a hundred heads had given him confidence in his skill not to be hit by a single drop of blood after decapitating.

Sss, Yang Chen drew a deep breath, inhaling the breath of life seemingly contained within the corpse into his own body. Having already circulated the method more than a hundred times, he immediately circulated it once again, swiftly storing the *qi* within his four limbs and hundred bones, nourishing his body, changing his spiritual roots.

His hands didn't hesitate in the slightest, Yang Chen skillfully went down the line as fluent as running water, walking over in front of the second convict, decapitating, inhaling, circulating, followed by the third, fourth.....

On that day there were forty five bandits to be beheaded, and after Yang Chen beheaded the last one, his body was already brimming with power. Carefully sensing the changes in his body, Yang Chen still faintly shook his head. The life essence of mundane people, no matter how many were absorbed, were apparently not very useful. There wouldn't be a clear effect unless he killed maybe tens or hundreds of thousands.

Only, what Yang Chen thought of as completely useless, in the eyes of others, was an entirely different matter. Perhaps it was because of that method, but after each time he killed people, Yang Chen would be wrapped in a dense bloody aura that didn't scatter for a long time afterwards. His whole body felt as if he had climbed out of a sea of blood, vicious *qi* overflowing in all directions. Let alone ordinary people, even the soldiers stationed at the execution grounds would turn their heads when they saw Yang Chen, avoiding his eyes.

When walking down the streets in town, the residents didn't even dare glance at him, for fear they couldn't look away in time. Yang Chen only needed to appear for the streets to empty out. This also saved Yang Chen a lot of trouble, at least nobody dared come over to make trouble. No matter how much they loathed Yang Chen, in his presence they didn't dare say half an improper word.

Resting in the morning, decapitating at noon, training in the afternoon, the regular days continued for a month. Yang Chen had also absorbed the life essence of a lot of convicts. Even if it wasn't enough for him to reach the goal he hoped for, just the bloody *qi* of his body was enough to let his martial arts rise to the next level.

On this day, when Yang Chen was finished at the execution grounds and on his way home, he saw the sky filled with red clouds. Today was extremely strange, sunset clouds had appeared just at noon, and filled the entire sky, their color as red as blood.

Seeing this scene, Yang Chen's face finally revealed a smile. The moment he had waited for so long was just this day. The sky filling with blood, this was the day he had learned of after ascending to the immortal world in his previous life, the day the heavenly court changed.

After eating dinner, Yang Chen went to sleep early. Strangely, this night, no matter who it was, all would fall asleep early. Even if they weren't in bed, they

would still suddenly be attacked by weariness and immediately find some place to completely fall asleep.

“Yang Chen, you are an executioner?” In the dream, Yang Chen heard the shout of a judge.

“Yes, lord!” On hearing this voice, Yang Chen swiftly rose from his bed, answering towards the emptiness. Yang Chen now discovered that he was no longer in his room.

“As long as they are convicts, do you dare behead? Can you behead?” The voice asked another question.

“As long as they are convicts, I dare behead, and I can behead!” Yang Chen replied without the slightest arrogance.

“Follow me!” The owner of the dignified voice didn’t reveal itself, only reaching him from one direction: “On the execution ground, behead the convicts!” The voice was filled with the aggressiveness of a lord, basically leaving people without any thoughts of resistance.

“Yes, lord!” Yang Chen didn’t think about it, only answered and followed the path suddenly appearing before him, only walking up with large strides. Soon, he saw an execution ground crowded with people.

At some unknown point, Yang Chen had already been changed into the executioner’s dress he wore on the execution grounds. A soldier with unclear appearance, clasping an executioner’s blade in both hands, held it in front of Yang Chen. Yang Chen reached out and took it, raising the blade with practiced ease, and running a finger along the edge. Before beheading, at least he had to make sure the blade was sharp.

“Little brother, I’ll borrow this chance to speak!” Just testing the sharpness of the blade, Yang Chen’s belt was softly pulled by someone, followed by a very fawning voice.

Yang Chen turned his head, discovering a robust and prosperous fatty, dressed in fine silks, one hand softly pulling at his belt, the other hand quietly stretching towards Yang Chen, holding an ingot of gold of at least ten tael.

“Little brother, can’t you do me a favor?” The fatty’s face had a kind of intimate smile, reaching out and pressing that gold ingot into Yang Chen’s belt: “I’ve

already bribed the others, as long as little brother lets my son off at the execution grounds, only cutting a superficial wound when decapitating, not taking his life, and hiding it from the presiding official, other people definitely won't notice. Afterwards I will thank you considerably!"

"I'm only an executioner, in charge of carrying out the sentence, I have no understanding of other things!" Yang Chen only pushed away the fat hand, then turned and walked onto the execution grounds.

"Brat, refusing a toast only to be forced to drink the forfeit, I'm a highly ranked court official, if you fail to appreciate kindness, you won't be able to take the consequences!" When the fatty saw Yang Chen's refusal, his expression changed immediately, fiercely shooting a low shout at Yang Chen's back.

"You may be a high ranking court official, but how is that related to a headsman like me?" Yang Chen sneered and climbed directly onto the stage, holding the blood red executioner's blade to his chest, quietly standing there, waiting for the order to begin.

This time it wasn't just Yang Chen carrying out the executions alone, there was a long line of executioners holding blood red blades. Yang Chen couldn't even clearly see how many there were. This scene really was shocking, what kind of execution grounds would cut off so many heads?

Dong dong dong, three drum beats, the sun seemed to have already reached its zenith. Yang Chen only heard an order: "Behead!" Immediately afterwards, a death sentence plate was thrown out.

"For every debt there is a debtor, you and I have no past grudges, nor recent hatred, this is my place of duty, carrying out orders, please pardon me!" Yang Chen spoke his customary working phrase, then soon after grabbed the death sentence board stuck in the prisoner's clothes, throwing it aside, with a loud shout, the executioner's blade rose up high, and fell with a snap. One head immediately rolled away, and the headless body slowly fell over, blood gushing out.

Finished with all this, Yang Chen didn't absorb the life essence like usual, but rather quietly held the blade in place, waiting for the dispatch.

"Nineteen thousand three hundred seventy two executioners, beheaded three thousand eight hundred forty three people." In the void, a voice seemed to both calculate the statistics and making a report.

Suddenly a gale rose, soon dispersing all the dust. Yang Chen was still in the execution grounds, but the just decapitated convict was gone without a trace. The only thing in the wide open space before him was a delicate and charming beauty, kneeling in the dust, flashing perfect white jade features, surpassing the beauty of flowers, face contrasting the red clouds, beautiful in a hundred ways, unlimited grace.

The beauty knelt in the open space, but standing around were several dozen executioners like Yang Chen, seemingly all waiting for the death sentence.

“Behead!” Another shout, and a death sentence plate landed in front of an executioner. That executioner immediately stepped forward, but just as he was about to swing his blade, the beauty spoke up: “I’m innocent, please general have pity.”

That executioner saw her beauty, and already pitied her, further adding her sweetness, calling him general, directly made this executioner’s bones soften and tendons go limp, mouth and eyes wide open, but unable to move.

The supervising official grew angry, shouting at another executioner: “You, behead!” The death sentence plate seemed to have grown eyes, flying over in front of another executioner. This executioner stepped forward, and was equally entreated by the beauty, immediately captivated and unable to move.

The following several dozen executioners were all the same. The supervising official was already unable to restrain the anger in his voice, and finally, the plate appeared in front of Yang Chen, the official’s fury incomparably clear in his shout: “You, behead!”

Yang Chen stepped forward, standing next to the beauty. When the beauty raised her head, exposing her devastating charm, her sweet voice: “General, I’m unjustly accused!” Just one soft call, but it already revealed a bone softening charm, even steel refined a hundred times would turn soft enough to wind around your fingers.

But unfortunately, Yang Chen seemed to have a heart of stone, looking at that delicate beauty as if he didn’t see her, only shouting: “Every debt has a debtor, you and I have no past grudges, no recent hatred, this is my place of duty, executing orders, please pardon me!”

Words finished, no matter how heartbreaking the lamentations of the beauty, the great blade rose up high, and with one cut, snap, the beauty’s begging

voice stopped, her beautiful head flying far away, no different from any ordinary convict sentenced to death.

“Good!” Yang Chen swung down the blade, and heard a cheering voice by his ear. Yang Chen didn’t even glance sideways, but there was a cold smile in his heart.

“Three thousand eight hundred forty three people, only one hundred fifteen beheaded.” The voice still reported the statistics in the void.

“Yang Chen, over here!” Someone called out behind him, and Yang Chen followed without thinking twice. The other executioners who were unable to behead the beautiful woman still stood there stupidly as if not understanding anything.

Soon reaching another execution ground, but here Yang Chen was the only executioner, and the convict was a middle aged man with disheveled hair wearing dragon robes. Strangely, he didn’t have any restraints, and there were no sergeants attending. Standing in place, with prestige rather than fury, he looked coldly at the approaching Yang Chen.

The soldier guiding him had already disappeared somewhere, and only Yang Chen confronted this middle aged man by himself. But Yang Chen didn’t say anything, only quietly standing in place.

“Yang Chen, behead!” The supervising official’s voice resounded once again, and a death sentence plate landed in front of Yang Chen.

Yang Chen raised the executioner’s blade and stepped forward without a second word. When the middle aged man saw the circumstances, his eyes opened wide, his expression displaying the aura of a ruler, shouting at Yang Chen: “I am the reigning son of Heaven, the king of yesterday and tomorrow, you dare be rude?”

This voice was like the clang of metal, like gold and jade, deafening to the ears. Cowardly people might go limp and unconsciously kneel when shouted at by this voice.

Boom, Yang Chen didn’t care, walking up and kicking. How would the soul of a great primary golden immortal care about a tiny human emperor? Kicking the middle aged man to the ground with one foot, firmly stepping on him, he swung the blood colored executioner’s blade.

“Every debt has a debtor, you and I have no past grudges, nor recent hatred, this is my place of duty, executing orders, please pardon me!” Speaking his catchphrase, Yang Chen’s large blade cut down, and the head of that fellow who called himself emperor rolled away.

Ding, with a brittle sound, a tiny white jade pendant was revealed under the emperor’s corpse. The jade was rich and smooth, and one could tell it was a quality item with a glance.

Yang Chen looked around him, there was nobody there, laughing coldly in his heart, he reached out and grabbed the pendant, putting it in his belt. He stood quietly, waiting for the next instructions.

“Two people beheaded, one did not glance sideways, one took the jade pendant.” Yang Chen couldn’t hear the voice in the void recounting the final statistics.

“Good! Yang Chen, the heavenly court’s immortal execution stage needs an executioner like you, are you willing?” This time the never seen supervising official stood in front of Yang Chen, asking kindly, holding a white ring in his hand, slowly offering it.