

A Father 299

Chapter 299: The Furious Crown Prince Roars in the Temple, Tallying the Gains, the Sword Immortal Surnamed Lü

Around the deep pit, thick Death Qi and Corpse Qi permeated and intertwined.

It seemed to make the already deep night even denser, with one black vortex after another, like swirls of thick smoke, suspended around the pit.

In front of each black vortex stood a figure in a white robe, wearing a white mask with the blood-red character "Eight" written on it.

All of them were Eight Extremes Corpse God Envoys of the Corpse God Cult!

There were as many as six!

Terror and suppressing might spread and rolled in waves.

"Great Grandmaster?!"

"It can't be the Great Grandmasters..."

After a while, a Corpse God Envoy spoke, breaking the silence.

"Great Grandmasters aren't interested in the Mysterious Temple. They're a group obsessed with pushing the physical body to its limits, breaking through the void, ranking among the Rank of Immortals..."

"The only thing of value in Golden Light Mansion City is the Mysterious Temple of the Eight-Armed Wrathful Third Prince at the Four Imperials Level..."

"It's impossible to attract Great Grandmasters here."

Several Corpse God Envoys spoke in succession.

"But..."

"This terrifying power, the dying strength of vital blood and the overwhelming and domineering presence hidden within..."

"It really resembles a Great Grandmaster!"

An Corpse God Envoy crouched down and broke off a piece of rock crystal that had melted and solidified.

Suddenly.

The air vibrated violently as a black dot appeared out of nowhere, slowly turning more turbulent.

It was like a black dragon dancing through the void.

Turning into a huge black smoke vortex with a diameter of three meters.

Out of the vortex, a figure stepped out, and the powerful rank pressure instantly swept through the area.

This caused all the Eight Extremes Corpse God Envoys to feel immensely suppressed.

"Esteemed Envoy!"

It was a terrifying presence in a white robe, but with a blood-red "Seven" written on the mask.

It was a Septenary Corpse God Envoy of the Corpse God Cult!

Each Septenary Corpse God Envoy was a powerhouse at the Yuanxiang Realm!

Moreover, they had perfected the Cursed Copper Corpse, birthed a wisp of Silver Gang, and were just one step away from the Cursed Silver Corpse, the top powerhouses!

"Is the one who died Xu Jiuqing?"

"Waste..."

"Planted within the Golden Light Sub-sect for so long, fed with so many resources to cultivate a Cursed Copper Corpse, and then to have something go wrong just before the most important 'Temple God Resonance' of this session."

"Was the Seven Elements Mother and Child Corpse Curse Seal recovered?"

The cold and suppressive rank pressure rolled and surged, making several Eight Extremes Corpse God Envoys dare not speak.

Within the Corpse God Cult, rank pressure was even more terrifying.

Because everyone cultivated the Corpse Curse Technique, the rank pressure imposed by a Cursed Copper Corpse on a Cursed Iron Corpse was more than ten times that of the Divine Hierarchy...

Basically, once you cultivate the Corpse Curse Technique, the distinction between ranks becomes very clear!

Although the Septenary Corpse God Envoy was also a Cursed Copper Corpse, that strand of Silver Gang on them...

It held an unsolvable pressure over the others.

"Not yet... Xu Jiuqing's soul was attached to the Corpse Curse Mark until here, encountering a strong being suspected to be a Great Grandmaster along with Huang Shiyi... Both have died."

An Eight Extremes Corpse God Envoy reported in a low voice.

"Xu Jiuqing's soul came through our sect's Divine Secret Technique 'Space-Time Corpse Technique,' and the coordinate position was random..."

"How did we get targeted?"

"Was it Huang Shiyi who exposed our location?"

The Septenary Corpse God Envoy said coldly.

Under the mask, a pair of eyes stared at the mud-like Huang Shiyi in the pit of ruins, not bothering to hide their disgust.

"Useless trash!"

"Great Grandmaster? All the Great Grandmasters of the Grand Prospect Dynasty are under surveillance by our sect's informants... Golden Light Prefecture has no Great Grandmaster!"

"Besides, do you think a Great Grandmaster is of such caliber?"

"Absolutely fake."

The Septenary Corpse God Envoy said icily, "Investigate! I must have the ringleader found!"

"The Temple God Resonance is about to begin... Now Golden Light Mansion City is gathering strong figures from all quarters, even from Dao City, so keep a low profile."

"Conduct investigations in secret."

"Moreover... many Divine Youths have arrived, find an opportunity to infect them."

"Even if only one Divine Child joins our sect... it will be a lucrative gain for us!"

The Septenary Corpse God Envoy gave orders and assignments.

"Further..."

"That Bull Demon who specifically hunts our sect's followers... I just returned from Flying Thunder City, Cao Guang's Sacrificial City plan was thwarted, and it involved the trail of this Bull Demon!"

"This beast has spoiled my good deed... Sooner or later, I will meet him and slaughter him, feast on beef!"

"Dismiss!"

The white robe suddenly flicked up, stirring the air, and a streak of Silver Gang instantly shot out, landing on the mud-like corpse of Huang Shiyi.

Instantly, the corpse vaporized into gas!

Then, the figure turned and stepped into a black vortex, disappearing without a trace.

"Here!"

Six Eight Extremes Corpse God Envoys bowed respectfully.

They too each stepped into the black vortex.

...

...

Snowflakes flew in, bringing boundless sorrow.

Unable to cleanse the mountains and rivers, they only stirred the chill of the river and sky at dusk.

In the chilly dusk, a flurry of crows fell like rain.

The boiling Nine Dragons River, hotter and fiercer than ever, bore a huge and towering Mysterious Temple upon it, causing ripples to undulate across the water!

A thousand zhang from the perimeter of the Mysterious Temple.

Agents of the Temple Control Bureau, dressed in black and red, stood like sentinels, each forming seals with their hands.

Their Divinity burst forth from within them wantonly, interconnecting and spreading, weaving together into a vast celestial net, ensnaring the temple within it.

Boom, boom, boom—!

The river water kept forming bulges, like boiling water in a pot, rising and falling.

And the Mysterious Temple rocked amidst the turbulence, as if a roaring fury, trapped beneath the temple, yearned to break free!

"Ahhhh—!"

The sound of fury, like a thunderclap in winter, exploded across the heavens!

Crash, crash...

It sounded as though chains were being snapped, a grating noise so shrill, like a recalcitrant child grinding his teeth against chains made of metal.