

A Father 881

Chapter 881: Contest of Foundations - Princess Consort Wishes to Leave Dao City, Has the Underworld in the Book of Life and Death Let You Go? (3)

However, reaching level 5 will still take some time.

Li Che was eagerly anticipating the Chess Saint's Dao Fruit reaching level 5.

After all, the Chess Saint's Dao Fruit had always provided immense assistance to Li Che.

Whether it was the Heaven and Earth chessboard's ability to isolate aura, the Flying Thunder Chess Piece's teleportation and escape abilities, or its surveillance capabilities...

They all allowed Li Che to handle dangers with ease.

Standing up, Li Che's Qi-blood surged like a Jiao Long, his physical body swelling to a mountainous size. Colored veins bulged like coiled Qiu Long, and his block-like muscles spanned horizontally.

One martial arts pill spilled from his hand, flicking through the air and swallowed straight into his abdomen.

The powerful stomach walls churned, grinding down the pill coating. A torrent of medicinal energy surged forth, transforming into waves of power that tempered Li Che's flesh and body.

One by one, Divine Seeds began to emerge. Li Che commenced cultivation of his martial path in the courtyard.

The [Myriad Transformations Dragon Elephant] Divine Seed Martial Arts at the Master Realm had now allowed Li Che to condense 108 strands of Innate True Gang, achieving the peak of an Innate Great Grandmaster.

The physical body's meridian nodes had opened one Qi Gate, planting a Divine Seed.

Li Che was, naturally, not satisfied with just this.

Like You Liqing, who had opened two Qi Gate Nodes, Li Che intended to plant even more Divine Seeds, completely maximizing his physical Qi-blood foundation!

Buzz—

Within his left arm, faintly, there seemed to be blades of light roaring.

Li Che stood in place, an explosive aura surging off his body. His five fingers closed tightly like a blade, and with fierce movement, blade light rampantly danced in all directions, splitting air currents and sending shockwaves bursting apart!

It was as though overlapping shadows of vast mountain ranges emerged, with a lone figure traversing amidst them!

Buzz...!!!

Radiant blades of light left afterimages in the air, twisting the currents and carving out a massive, unmistakable blade scar that shimmered and lingered in mid-air, refusing to fade.

Within his chest, the Dragon Elephant Vajra Dao Fruit, unrivalled in Horizontal Refinement, was stimulating the mythical weapon Three-pointed Two-bladed Knife, constantly emanating Divine Power.

Using this Divine Power, Li Che was enhancing the [Thousand Mountains Solo Divine Blade], a Divine Seed Martial Arts technique born from merging the Two-blade Sword!

"Master Realm..."

Li Che stood at the center of the courtyard, his entire body resembling a branding iron. Every inch of muscle and skin glowed with a glass-like scarlet hue, and his clearly visible veins pulsed with translucent blood pearls.

He spread his five fingers wide, with blade light rampant and flowing within his palm.

Li Che was in high spirits. With a single thought, he slowly drew the Divine Seed Martial Arts technique [Thousand Mountains Solo Divine Blade] into the second meridian node Qi Gate along his spine.

This process posed no difficulty, as the Immaculate Heart Dao Fruit's Third Transformation had already cleansed his soul, making Li Che's Primordial Spirit far more robust.

Completing this guiding process carried no risk.

The Eight Extraordinary Meridians in the human body are eight crucial energy gates, where meridian nodes intertwine. The transmission of Qi-blood throughout the physical body relies on these meridians.

His powerful Primordial Spirit seemed to transcend his physical body, gazing down upon it, with every meridian visible in stark clarity.

The second Divine Seed was meticulously transported to the spine resembling a dragon's ridge, where the second Qi Gate Node appeared like a vortex spinning continuously.

Boom—!

When the fusion between the second Divine Seed and the Qi Gate was complete, an overwhelming torrent of energy erupted from within his body, as if Li Che himself had been sublimated.

It was a sensation... of breaking free from the shackles of the human body!

Li Che's forged and unmatched physical form seemed to receive even greater reinforcement at that very moment.

He swiftly consumed another elixir, swallowing it into his stomach as the medicinal essence tempered him, rapidly converting into Innate True Gang energy overflowing outward.

One strand, two strands, three strands...

As the Innate True Gang energy continued to burgeon.

Li Che's eyes opened and closed as his jet-black, powerful hair streamed in the wind.

He expelled a breath of air, a grin forming at the corner of his lips.

"My physical body is extraordinarily formidable, with the Dragon Elephant Vajra Dao Fruit combined with the refinement of the Mythical Weapon. My Unrivaled Refinement... it's precisely because of this that I need to open more Qi Gate Divine Seeds and fully unleash the potential of my physical talents."

"Now I can be certain..."

"If I achieve the full fusion and opening of the Eight Extraordinary Meridians' Divine Seeds... as a One-Open Martial Saint, I can kill solo!"

Li Che exhaled a turbid breath.

His eyes glinted sharply.

Using the time while Innate True Gang energy burgeoned, Li Che did not idle. With a thought, within the Heaven and Earth chessboard... the [Prison Lotus Yin-Yang Divine Sword: The Yin Sword] suddenly buzzed with vibrations.

It directly appeared in Li Che's hand.

Powerful Rank energy burst forth from the ink-black sword artifact saturating the surroundings.

"A Four Imperial Lower Divine Weapon. If combined with the Prison Lotus Yang Divine Sword, the Yin and Yang united could become a Four Imperial Middle Divine Weapon..."

Li Che's eyes flickered with light.

In his current state, he still could not fully wield this Divine Sword. However, if he activated the power of the two Divine Prison Lotus Seeds obtained from Qin Feng Huo back then, he could wield this Yin Divine Sword.

Buzz—!!!

Suddenly.

From within the Prison Lotus Yin Divine Sword, a domineering Martial Dao Will burst out!

"Ji Moli!"

Li Che's gaze sharpened.

Back then, he had used the Heaven and Earth chessboard to intercept Ji Haihui's Prison Lotus Yin Divine Sword, thwarting King Ping Luan Ji Moli's schemes and plans.

"There's still residual Martial Saint's Will..."

He had thought that after being consumed within the Heaven and Earth chessboard for so long, all traces of it should have disappeared.

Yet, to his surprise, remnants still lingered.

Nonetheless, Li Che was no longer daunted by this Martial Saint's Will.

The Myriad Transformations Dragon Elephant roared, the Dragon Elephant Merged Form emerged.

Followed by a radiant, solitary blade light cleaving decisively.

Countless dragon shadows surged forth, and an imposing, faint silhouette was triggered from within the Prison Lotus Yin Divine Sword.

With fingers clenched tightly, Li Che thrust forward with an unrelenting punch.

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This was none other than Ji Moli's renowned Martial Saint martial arts—Ten Thousand Dragons Subduing Gods!

Li Che had a strong feeling that Ji Moli must have already elevated this martial art to the level of Divine Seed Martial Arts.

Just like his Myriad Transformations Dragon Elephant, it had long since undergone transformation.

Boom!!!

In the courtyard, Martial Dao Wills clashed, terrifying currents raged, and turbulent streams howled wildly.

After an unknown amount of time, the chaos gradually subsided and returned to unity.

"Who are you?"

"This King... will find you."

Ji Moli's Martial Saint Will flickered uncertainly, leaving behind this one sentence before finally bursting apart and dissipating.

Li Che gripped the Prison Lotus Yin God Sword. Just activating the sharpness of this blade was already extraordinary.

With a flick of his finger, the sword's body emitted a brilliant hum.

The ink-colored sword matched harmoniously with Li Che's dark robe.

Holding the Sword Artifact, Li Che's aura shifted completely. Within the Inner Scene of his Energy Center, the Sword Qi resounded sharply...

The Six Desires Evil Extermination Pure Yang Sword Technique!

Li Che began cultivating this supreme Divine Seed Martial Art!

To realize the planting of Divine Seed Martial Arts in all Eight Extraordinary Meridians, Li Che could not afford to slack.

Buzzing—

Suddenly.

Li Che's sword practice movements slowly came to a halt, Sword Qi wreaking havoc, shredding the air in the courtyard.

Before him, a mass of shadows crept forth, slowly emerging from the ground.

"Greetings, my lord."

It was none other than the Shadow Guard Master Jushen, who had devoured Martial Saint Su Wenxi, elevating his aura to the Supreme Grandmaster realm of Three Flowers Atop.

This Shadow Guard Master Jushen had been tasked by Li Che to surveil the Dragon Queen Consort Ao Yuxin.

For this Dragon Queen Consort, Li Che harbored an unwavering intent to kill.

No matter her ambiguous relationship with You Liqing, Li Che was unfazed.

If You Liqing's Jushen were to plead for mercy, at most... he could grant the Dragon Queen Consort one opportunity for Jushen. Whether she could grasp it or not would be up to her.

"What is it?"

Li Che loosely held the Prison Lotus Yin God Sword and asked indifferently.

The Shadow Guard Master Jushen bowed deeply in reverence, "My lord... the Chaos King's Princess Consort plans to leave Qianyuan Dao City with the Little Dragon Girl, Ao Qingqing, on the day of the Qianyuan Divine Sect Master's Direct Disciple Examination's third stage, Temple Guardian Trial."

Li Che's fingers brushed the blade of the Prison Lotus Yin God Sword.

The long sword let out a piercing wail.

The Sword Qi radiated a murderous aura!

"They wish to use the Temple Guardian Trial as cover to secretly escape..."

"However..."

"Their names are already on the Book of Life and Death."

"Has the Underworld permitted their departure?"

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After long rains, the skies cleared, revealing a new and invigorating world. The wind, mist, grass, and trees now brimmed with vitality.

Starting from the Qingming Festival, there had been three days of continuous rain, which finally ceased. The azure sky was pristine, and white clouds drifted lazily.

Radiant sunlight poured down from above, illuminating the freshly washed willows, their tips sparkling clean.

Qianyuan Dao City, southern district.

An area that had been sealed off was now opened to the public.

One of the two Four Royal Mysterious Temples of Qianyuan Dao City, the [Nine-Foot Slay Evil and Subdue Demons Tianpeng Mysterious Temple], was located here.

The Daoist Master Mansion, the Temple Control Bureau, the Qintian Observatory, as well as the four great thousand-year-old noble families—Su, Yun, Zhou, and Zhong—each sent powerful figures to guard this place.

On most days, this area within a ten-mile radius of the Mysterious Temple was restricted, strictly off-limits to ordinary individuals.

However, today, because the third stage of the Temple Guardian Trial was being held here, the area was temporarily opened, drawing much of Qianyuan Dao City's martial world toward the southern district in a frenzy.

The main roads of Qianyuan Dao City were immediately congested with carriages, leaving no space for movement.

The Four Royal Mysterious Temples—there were those who might never even catch a glimpse of one in their lifetime.

Thus, many rushed here, not for the Temple Guardian Trial, but simply for a chance to glimpse the Four Royal Mysterious Temples.

Three miles away from the Tianpeng Mysterious Temple, Divine Envoys from the Temple Control Bureau were stationed to cordon off the area. Three miles inwards was the closest anyone from the martial world or noble families could approach.

Two generals from the four great camps of the Divine Guard Army were present: East Camp General Yuan Wuji and South Camp General She Longdao.

The two commanded roughly a thousand men from the Divine Guard Army, tasked with maintaining order and security.

Yun Family Mansion.

The Yun Family Patriarch, Yun Sanxiao, an elderly matriarch, held Yun E's hand as they slowly stepped out and boarded the luxurious carriage the Family Head, Yun He, had prepared early before the mansion.

Yun He did not share the same carriage with them but instead followed in a Flood Dragon Horse-drawn carriage behind, moving with the procession.

They headed toward the Tianpeng Temple in the southern part of the city.

Inside the carriage, the Yun Family Patriarch, Divine Fetus Practitioner Yun Sanxiao, gently rubbed Yun E's head and smiled: "Do not put too much pressure on yourself. Reaching this point and joining the third stage of the Taibai God's Direct Disciple Examination already proves your excellence..."

"Even if you fail, the Inner Sect Elders of the Divine Sect will compete to take you as their disciple..."

"You have already seized control of your own destiny..."

Yun E, upon hearing these words, stared blankly upward.

"But grandmother still hopes you can give it your all. After all, this is about the Yun Family's fate. Since you've come this far, take the chance and gamble on it. Have you thoroughly practiced everything I've taught you over the past three days?"

Yun E nodded, her lips pressed tightly together.

Learning that she had now gained control over her destiny, her heart couldn't help but be overwhelmed with mixed emotions.

Mother...

Yun E... has not let you down.

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Spring Pavilion.

Outside the inn, a cultivator from Wushen Mountain, shrouded entirely in a black robe, slowly stood up.

The door creaked open.

Jin Taixui had changed into an extremely loose ceremonial robe, the Junior Witch robe of Wushen Mountain, adorned with a variety of patterns.

Another aged cultivator from Wushen Mountain took a bowl filled with white paint. Dipping two fingers into the paint, this Divine Fetus Practitioner began chanting under his breath.

As he chanted, he painted patterns upon Jin Taixui's face.

Chapter 883: Princess Consort Wants to Leave Dao City, Has the Underworld Let You Go as Per the Book of Life and Death? (5)

Jin Taixui clasped his palms together, holding the divine seal of Wushen Mountain, his eyes shut tight, radiating pure devotion.

A Purple Gold Bell hung around his neck jingled incessantly.

"Young Witch Lord, it's ready."

The elderly cultivator took a step back and spoke gently.

Jin Taixui opened his eyes, raising his palms high, as if embracing the sun hanging above the vast heavens.

"For the bet against that girl, for the honor of Wushen Mountain..."

"I must win!"

Jin Taixui's gaze burned with fierce determination. Barefoot, his loose Young Witch God Robe billowed wildly in the gale as he strode fearlessly down the long street.

Two aged cultivators holding golden bells trailed behind Jin Taixui, also walking on foot.

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Qian Yuan Dao City.

Inner City.

Liuxiang Lane.

Zhang Ya helped Xi Xi change into a training outfit she had personally tailored. It fit snugly, though Xi Xi's little tummy couldn't be fully hidden—otherwise, it was perfect.

From the neckline of the training outfit, the furry head of a big black dog, currently disguised as a puppy, poked out.

Zhang Ya reached out to ruffle the puppy's head. The little dog was about to growl but, recalling that Zhang Ya was Xi Xi's mother who had carried her for ten months, it held back its temper.

A gentle mother, starkly unlike the imposing Li Che.

"Time to go."

Li Che called from outside the door.

Xi Xi dashed out with quick, eager steps, throwing herself into Li Che's arms. "Let's go! Xi Xi can't wait to beat that Jin Taixui!"

Li Che placed Xi Xi on the carriage shaft, and she squatted next to Li Chengzhou, declaring, "Little Chengzhou, watch Xi Xi's performance carefully!"

Li Chengzhou, mimicking Nie Yang's way of holding a sword, gazed seriously at Xi Xi. "Sister Xi Xi, good luck!"

Buoyed by the encouragement from her favorite Chengzhou, Xi Xi's mood soared, and she burrowed into the carriage.

Li Che wrapped his arm around Zhang Ya's waist, and the married couple climbed into the carriage as well.

One by one, carriages rolled out of Liuxiang Lane, heading slowly toward the strange temple of Tianpeng in the southern city.

When everyone arrived, a clearing had been made in front of the Mysterious Temple.

A wooden stage had been erected, rows of chairs set in place, and the elders of the Qian Yuan Divine Sect were already seated early.

The elders of Divine Carving Ridge were all present except Li Che, who had yet to arrive.

The Yun Family's carriage entered, and Yun E, along with the Yun Family Patriarch Yun Sanxiao, stepped out.

The bells jingled incessantly as Jin Taixui, flanked by two Wushen Mountain cultivators, walked in on foot.

Li Che emerged from his carriage holding Xi Xi's hand and leading Zhang Ya. The family stepped out together.

Xi Xi, carrying the puppy in her arms, bounced her way toward Inner Sect Elder Fang Hanshu, who was responsible for hosting the event.

After greeting the other elders, Li Che took his seat among the elders of Divine Carving Ridge.

However, within Li Che's eyes, a faint trace of inky darkness began to stir.

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Qian Yuan Dao City.

Dao Master Mansion.

The gates of the Dao Master Mansion opened slowly, and a luxurious Jiao Ma Carriage sped out, the Flood Dragon Horse's hooves pounding fiercely, the wheels whirring rapidly as it raced toward the outskirts of the city.

The curtain was lifted.

Dragon Queen Consort Ao Yuxin's breathtakingly beautiful face bore an icy expression of hate as she gazed back toward the southern city.

That wretched girl...

She had made it to the final stage of Lv Taibai's direct disciple assessment.

Ao Yuxin's face was awash with sorrow.

Beside her, Ao Qingqing sat in silent unease, not daring to speak. She had truly done her best, but alas... it still wasn't enough.

During the Heart Test, Ao Qingqing had even sympathized with Ao Yuxin, her emotions unusually subdued.

The curtain was slowly lowered.

Ao Yuxin leaned back against the soft cushions of the carriage.

She gradually closed her eyes, her long lashes trembling as faint, almost imperceptible pain flickered across her face.

Qian Yuan Dao City...

A city that had caused her nothing but sorrow and humiliation.

This city had taken far too much away from her.

Suddenly, Ao Yuxin's eyes snapped open, her azure Dragon God's pupils glinting with cold resolve.

"Li Nuanxi... Xuan Qisha... and the Underworld..."

"I, Ao Yuxin, will not let this go!"

Her fingers clenched tightly into a fist, the knuckles distinct, her teeth grinding together.

Ji Haihui, Su Huaili, You Liqing... one was Ji Moli's son, the other two were his disciples.

Ao Yuxin refused to believe that Ji Moli would idly stand by if both his son and disciples perished!

Rumble—!!!

The carriage bolted out of Qian Yuan Dao City, galloping onto the official road, trailing a storm of dust.

Beside the official road.

The willows swayed in the breeze.

Perched on a flourishing tree draped with catkins, a figure clad in ebony robes stood tall and motionless.

Arms crossed, his gaze was as dark and profound as an inkstorm, his jet-black hair raging like a tempest.

He stood silently, as straight and unyielding as a spear.

Chapter 884: Li Yanluo Marks a Name on the Book of Life and Death, The Netherworld Ox Demon Slaughters the Dragon Today

After the rain clears, the clouds recede and the sky turns a vivid blue, faint mist lingers, and the mountains glow with verdant moisture.

The radiant sun shines high, pouring forth its brilliance over the world from a heavenly dome that looks as if it has been freshly washed.

The rain that persisted for many days has scattered, and the scent of fallen, decaying leaves in the air has significantly faded.

Nine-toothed Evil-suppressing Demon-suppressing Tianpeng Mysterious Temple.

Three miles outside the Mysterious Temple, the atmosphere bustled with activity. The Divine Guard Army formed barriers, blocking the martial guests rushing from Qianyuan Daoist City from entering.

Many small noble families and second- or third-tier factions, those with no backing who could not obtain entry tickets, could only gaze inward from three miles away.

Fortunately, for cultivators and martial artists, three miles was not a great distance, allowing them glimpses of shadows within the Mysterious Temple, the wooden stage erected before the temple, and the experts of significant forces present.

The young Divine Children who had advanced to the final three stages of the personal disciple assessments conducted by the Qianyuan Divine Sect Master were all present.

Li Nuanxi, ranked third on the Outer Sect Chulong List of the Qianyuan Divine Sect.

Yun E, a direct descendant of the Yun Family's bloodline.

And Jin Taixui, the Young Witch from Wushen Mountain belonging to the Da Li Royal Court, endowed with the Great Witch God's bloodline.

All eyes were drawn to these three youths.

Jin Taixui and Yun E, already in their adolescence, displayed budding physique and maturity, while Xi Xi... the five-year-old girl still appeared as a small bean sprout, with an untouched baby fat adding innocence to her form, her tiny belly yet unflattened.

Nearby, Divine Children who had participated in the first two stages of assessment were gathered together.

Among them, Gongshu Wentian, nicknamed Tofu Dao Heart, eyed the scene with despondent resentment.

He still brooded over the heart-testing visions unveiled in the second stage, unable to comprehend why Xi Xi had abruptly transformed into such an overpowering and terrifying figure in that moment.

Luckily...

Xi Xi's form in that state was too formidable. Though Gongshu Wentian's Dao Heart fractured because of it, within three mere days, he felt his broken heart nearly mended.

This recovery was far quicker than the anticipated month-long regimen to restore it.

Other Divine Children, such as Xuan Yue from the Xuanfu Divine Sect and Gu He from the Heavenly Pill Divine Sect, also found places to sit on the open ground before the Mysterious Temple, eager to learn who would ultimately take the mantle of Taibai God's direct disciple.

The stakes of this personal disciple assessment were extraordinarily high, naturally drawing countless attention.

Jin Taixui's unique status as a Young Witch from Wushen Mountain positioned him to shake the entire Dajing Dynasty should he attain the role of Taibai God's direct disciple and become the Young Sect Master of the Qianyuan Divine Sect.

Xi Xi, clutching a puppy in her arms, obediently stood beneath the wooden stage.

Yun E's makeup, refined and coolly detached, endowed her with an icy elegance, evoking an image of someone dwelling in secluded isolation from heaven and earth.

Jin Taixui, garbed in the robe of the Young Witch God, bore facial markings, exuding raw and untamed wildness. His flowing purple hair fluttered fiercely in the wind, his pupils radiating self-assured confidence under the sunlight.

Zhang Ya, being Xi Xi's mother, was naturally qualified to enter the inner field, seated within the Divine Sect's section.

Jiao Shaoqiu personally escorted Zhang Ya to her seat, while Nurse Momo had also come. This was a pivotal moment for Xi Xi; having watched over her growing up, Nurse Momo naturally wanted to bear witness.

Nonetheless, Nurse Momo scanned her surroundings, only to find Li Qingshan's absence.

"That old rascal Li Qingshan... wonder where he's run off to this time..."

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Dong!

The sound of an ancient bell echoed far and wide from unknown origins, mighty and sweeping.

The previously raucous gathering at the open ground before the Mysterious Temple instantly fell silent, as everyone held their breath and focused their gaze on Fang Hanshu, cloaked in a Confucian robe.

Radiating scholarly air, Fang Hanshu closed the book he held in his hands slowly.

A faint glimmer in his gaze swept across the assembled crowd, compelling silence wherever it landed.

"The Sect Master has entered the Mysterious Temple and suppressed its forces, completing the preparations for the Third Stage Temple Guardian Challenge. Therefore, he has not returned yet. As such, I, Fang Hanshu, will preside over this third-stage assessment for the Sect Master's direct disciples."

Fang Hanshu declared solemnly.

Fear and reverence abounded for this inner sect Great Elder of the Qianyuan Divine Sect.

Fang Hanshu's cultivation depth was unfathomable—when Yellow Sword Wine erupted in desperation, massacring the Su Family, Fang Hanshu stepped in and effortlessly subdued the Su Family's patriarch, Su Leibao.

Su Leibao, a Second Opening Martial Saint with profound martial cultivation, remained powerless against Fang Hanshu's overwhelming suppression, showcasing the latter's fearsome abilities.

This event was a defining moment for Fang Hanshu's renown.

Though Fang Hanshu, the so-called scholarly elder, had a reputation, few had ever witnessed him wield power before that day when he acted on behalf of Yellow Sword Wine, astonishing all of Dao City.

"Great Elder, may I ask if the rules for this third-stage assessment can now be disclosed?"

Yun Sanxiao, the Yun Family Patriarch, posed the question softly.

In an instant, countless gazes turned toward Fang Hanshu, though his expression remained composed.

"The rules are actually quite simple."

Fang Hanshu made no attempt to prolong suspense, for the time to commence the third-stage trial had arrived, and withholding details now would serve no purpose.

"Within this Tianpeng Four Imperial Mysterious Temple, the Sect Master has established three paths. Each of the three applicants for direct discipleship must choose one path and proceed."

Fang Hanshu stood with his hands clasped behind his back, his Confucian robe fluttering.

Behind him, ominous fog churned and swirled within the confines of the Nine-toothed Exorcism Demon Temple, its mysterious vapor dense and tumultuous, drastically reducing visibility.

The fog seemed to enshroud an enigmatic realm, isolating itself from the world; passing through it was akin to entering an entirely new dimension.

Chapter 885: Li Yanluo Marks a Name on the Book of Life and Death, The Netherworld Ox Demon Slaughters the Dragon Today (2)

Fang Hanshu flicked his fingers, and divinity burst forth, as if dark ink spilled across the heavenly dome, meticulously inscribing the rules into existence.

"Because this is the Four Royal Mysterious Temples, the rank-based suppression they possess is extremely terrifying. Your task is to use your own means to overcome the rank-based pressure emitted by the Mysterious Temple and proceed forward on the path."

"Along the way, you will encounter Temple Guardian Cursed Corpses, demons, and evil creatures, among other challenges... Your task is to slay these Temple Guardian Cursed Corpses and evil beings."

"The Temple Guardian Cursed Corpses and evil beings on the three paths have all been subdued and controlled by the Sect Master, leaving them for your trial, simulating the Temple Suppressing Road. Moreover, each Temple Guardian Cursed Corpse and evil creature harbors the Dao Yun of the Grandmaster. In the process of slaying them, you will accumulate Dao Yun

"Additionally, the first candidate to reach the Deceit Temple will earn five feet of Dao Yun, the second will earn three feet, and the last will receive no Dao Yun

"The time limit is within three incense sticks. Once they're burned out, the trial ends, and the ultimate scale of Dao Yun earned will determine who becomes the Direct Disciple."

As they watched Fang Hanshu boldly inscribe the rules with divinity, all present brightened slightly and took a deep breath.

"Rest assured, those Temple Guardian Cursed Corpses and evil creatures have all been carefully selected by the Sect Master. The strongest among them... is no more powerful than a Temple Guardian Cursed Silver Corpse of the Silver Gang level."

"For you, the pressure may be significant, but... since you've dared to choose the Temple Suppressing Road, you must have some aces and hidden strategies."

"Therefore... on your own path of breaking the temple, show your foundation and fighting spirit."

Fang Hanshu's faint voice resounded.

"Any objections?"

Fang Hanshu looked at Xi Xi, Yun E, and Jin Taixui.

Xi Xi cupped her fists in an exaggerated manner: "Nope."

Jin Taixui and Yun E responded in unison: "No objections."

"Then choose your respective paths into the Deceit Temple. The Temple Suppressing Road is one that both Martial Artists and Divine Cultivators must traverse eventually; consider this an early training session."

Fang Hanshu spoke lightly.

Xi Xi nodded repeatedly, thinking it made a lot of sense. The Temple Suppressing Road... wasn't it just a path of combat?

The Temple Suppressing Road of Emperor Xi Xi would undoubtedly push through invincibly!

"Regardless of the trump cards you showcase on this Temple Suppressing Road, we care only about the ultimate Dao Yun results."

"Currently, Yun E's Dao Yun is twelve feet, Li Nuanxi's is eleven feet, and Jin Taixui's is five feet... These are your starting Dao Yun amounts. When the three incense sticks burn out, we will see your final Dao Yun tally. The one with the highest will be the victor."

Fang Hanshu said solemnly.

When his words concluded, he flicked his fingers again.

In an instant, three streams of light shot into the air, spinning rapidly above.

"Make your choices," Fang Hanshu said.

Almost simultaneously, Xi Xi, Yun E, and Jin Taixui extended their hands to select the light clusters.

Xi Xi crushed her light cluster, and a small slip of paper unfolded to reveal the character "2."

The small paper slip Yun E unfolded revealed the character "3."

Jin Taixui's slip revealed the character "1," representing the specific paths assigned to their entry into the Mysterious Temple.

Once Jin Taixui confirmed his Temple Suppressing Road, he did not hesitate further. His gaze swept past Yun E, landing on Xi Xi. The corner of his mouth lifted, revealing white teeth.

"Little girl... remember our wager!"

Jin Taixui's eyes shone with brilliance, and his laughter carried a hint of madness.

He wouldn't lose!

As long as the Sect Master Lv Taibai of the Qian Yuan Divine Sect didn't intervene, the backup plan set by the Great Witch God guaranteed that he wouldn't possibly lose!

Xi Xi placed her hands on her hips, puffed out her little belly. The puppy hidden under her robe was momentarily pushed out by her little belly, its black, beady eyes staring coldly at Jin Taixui. Its dog nose wriggled as it let out a disparaging snort.

Jin Taixui's gaze fell on the black puppy, his eyebrows furrowing.

"A spiritual Divine Beast? This is your trump card?" Jin Taixui sneered, for he couldn't sense any terrifying divinity from this little dog.

Jin Taixui shook his head as his voluminous Young Witch Robe fluttered and surged upward.

With his Qi-Blood bursting forth, he took a step and transformed into a straight arrow, shooting toward the dense Mysterious Fog that marked the entrance to Path One of the Deceit Temple.

"Xi Xi, good luck

"But today... we are rivals. Hold nothing back and give it your all."

Yun E's voice was cold, yet despite her detachment, she still patiently addressed Xi Xi.

Xi Xi nodded earnestly, whereupon Yun E floated gracefully toward her chosen path as well.

Xi Xi cast her eyes upon the path marked as the second Temple Suppressing Road leading toward the Deceit Temple. Her small figure, plump and brimming with enthusiasm, trembled with excitement.

"Gouza, let's set off!"

Overcome with excitement, Xi Xi clenched her five fingers into a fist. Suddenly... a pink Immortal Blood Fire Bodhi Gatling materialized in her hands. The petite figure hopped and skipped ahead, propelling herself into the Mysterious Fog.

The Mysterious Fog billowed momentarily before swallowing the silhouettes of the three children.

And with that...

The atmosphere in front of the Daping finally became lively.

Li Che, seated upon the Taishi Chair representing the Divine Eagle Ridge Elder, half-closed his eyes. When addressed by other elders, he responded with a warm smile.

For at this moment, the Li Che seated in this chair was merely the [Fairy in the Painting] Li Che.

This [Fairy in the Painting] embodiment of Li Che carried significant divinity, ensuring its stability.

Unless a Primordial Spirit-level Shen Yuan Golden Elixir cultivator unleashed the might of a Fetal Breath Transformation, causing this avatar to be annihilated and scattered into dark ink mist, there would be no issues at all.

Chapter 886: Li Yanluo Marks Names in the Book of Life and Death, Netherworld Ox Demon Slaughters Dragons Today (3)

Li Che watched as Xi Xi entered the Strange Que to begin the third and final trial.

He slowly withdrew his gaze.

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Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh—

On the official road, the spring breeze rustled with an unusual intensity.

The sunlight was dazzling, and the hills were alive with the vibrancy of spring.

Li Che slowly opened his eyes. Standing tall and straight like a spear, he perched atop a poplar tree newly adorned with budding green leaves. The flowers bloomed, and a cuckoo softly called.

The spring wind brushed his face, whipping his black hair into a wild frenzy, lashing against the air with a sharp sound.

In his pupils, the scene of Xi Xi stepping into the Mysterious Fog within the Strange Que appeared and simultaneously dissipated.

Even though he had come to assassinate the Princess Consort, Li Che still kept an eye on his daughter's situation.

A parent-child event for his daughter? Li Che would never want to miss that.

If not for his [Fairy in the Painting] clone, Li Che truly wouldn't have been able to simultaneously attend the parent-child activity and intercept the Peaceful Princess on the official road.

As for Xi Xi entering the Strange Que and setting foot on the Temple Suppressing Road...

Li Che had given her all the trump cards he could offer. And with the Big Black Dog transformed into a Puppy guarding her, Li Che was completely unworried about Xi Xi's circumstances.

Li Che imagined that with the Big Black Dog stepping in, there was unlikely to be any mishap.

This gamble—it would almost be impossible to lose.

His gaze was deep, like a lifeless pool of stagnant water.

Icy killing intent began to seep slowly from Li Che's body. Toward the Dragon Queen Consort, Li Che harbored an intense murderous rage.

After arriving at Qianyuan Daoist City, the Dragon Queen Consort had targeted Xi Xi, even brazenly declaring her intent to force Xi Xi into a ghost marriage for her deceased son, Ji Haihui...

This was a direct strike at Li Che's reverse scale.

Your son was no better than yellow trash when alive; in death, he wants to remain yellow trash?!

But...

Li Che's eyes narrowed in thought. Upon learning of You Liqing's assassination, the Peaceful Princess had cautiously and efficiently sought refuge in the Daoist Master Mansion.

Within the Daoist Master Mansion was Dao Master Yue Huanglong overseeing it—a man of immense power. Previously, when the Princess Consort had been injured, Li Che had used the “Slumbering Dragon Elephant” to conceal his presence and wandered outside the City Lord's Mansion.

In the end, he chose to abandon the attempt—never going through with the assassination of the Princess Consort.

Yue Huanglong's strength... Li Che felt was no weaker than Feng Zhiqi, the Three-Opening Martial Saint of the Temple Control Bureau!

Such an expert...

Li Che did not wish to provoke for the time being.

But now, the Peaceful Princess had chosen to leave the Daoist Master Mansion, intending to secretly flee.

"Now truly is an opportune moment to leave—after all, everyone's attention is occupied by the third trial of the Sect Master's direct disciple selection. Leaving at this time would indeed lower the danger to its absolute minimum... But within these circumstances, there might be hidden traps, pits dug specifically for me to fall into."

"The Peaceful Princess... could indeed be using herself as bait to fish."

Li Che's robes flapped sharply in the wind.

"Yet

"Even if it's a trap, even if you're fishing... I will kill you."

"The sole regret... Mo City has yet to be restored, meaning it cannot be used for now

"Otherwise, dragging you into Mo City and unleashing Yellow Sword Wine, You Liqing, and the Vajra Ape Mechanical Beast in a coordinated attack—no matter how much scheming you attempt, you would surely die."

Li Che raised his head, his black hair wildly surging, his eyes brimming with murderous rage that raged like a storm.

From the moment the Princess Consort demanded Xi Xi marry Ji Haihui in death, the Peaceful Princess had already been written into the earthly Netherworld's Book of Life and Death, awaiting her name to be mercilessly crossed out by Netherworld's Li Yanluo!

Whoosh, whoosh—

The fierce wind howled.

Li Che lifted his hand, his two fingers pressed together, slashing fiercely through the air. A cute Bull Demon Mask instantly flew into his grasp.

His five fingers spread wide, pressing the mask onto his face.

As his fingertips brushed across the mask, golden currents crackled and jumped, bursting from his eyes with sizzling energy.

Snap, crackle—

The sound of bones creaking and muscles contracting erupted, tendons snapping taut, and his muscles bulged as though inflated. Mountains of muscle layered together, exuding explosive strength!

The elastic shirt tightened to the point of bursting!

He placed a finger at the center of his brow.

The Heaven and Earth chessboard instantly unfurled, expanding outward to envelop the surroundings.

"Hmm?"

"Indeed, there is an ambush

"Hunting God Pavilion and... Corpse God Cult?!"

"And... the Su Family."

Within the Heaven and Earth chessboard's expanding perception, dense plumes of black mist unfurled, revealing all hidden silhouettes lurking within the forest flanking the official road.

It was the manifestation of killing intent, and once exposed, Li Che could locate them with pinpoint accuracy.

"One Hunting God Pavilion Star Constellation-level assassin, and one... demigod corpse?!"

This amounted to two Martial Saint-level combat powers lying in ambush.

Both had unique means of concealing their presence, but their killing intent had betrayed their positions.

"They're really taking me seriously

"Perhaps they've speculated that Yellow Sword Wine has joined the Netherworld too? That's why, when facing the Netherworld, they've deployed two First-Level Martial Saint combatants."

Behind the Bull Demon Mask, Li Che let out a faint chuckle.

A First-Level Martial Saint—the apex power of any force.

Such individuals represented the pinnacle of combat strength within those regions; many cultivators spending their lives in states or mansion cities might never encounter a Martial Saint-level being.

Beyond the two Martial Saint combatants, Li Che detected numerous Three Flowers-level experts lurking...

Among them were generals from the Divine Guard Army, those on par with the late You Liqing.

Moreover...

Members of the Su Family!

Indeed, the number of ambushers... was truly remarkable!

Given these forces, Li Che could confirm that the Peaceful Princess was undeniably using herself as bait to lure the Netherworld.

Chapter 887: Li Yanluo Marks a Name on the Book of Life and Death, The Netherworld Ox Demon Slaughters the Dragon Today (4)

"How audacious

"In that case, your life... the Underworld will claim it."

Li Che snapped his fingers.

In an instant, black chess pieces exploded one after another around the towering figure as imposing as Tower Mountain. Black mist surged, twisted, and writhed.

One figure, two, three...

The disheveled Underworld Wine Sword Immortal Huang Jianjiu, clad in golden armor after devouring the Martial Saint Soul Capturing and stepping into the Martial Saint Realm, You Liqing, along with Green Bird, Long Tai, Black and White Impermanence Xue Dufu, Shadow Guard True Person and Niu Shisan, all Soul Capturing entities, appeared one after another.

Each had a unique demeanor, flocking around Li Che.

"Lord!"

The seven Soul Capturing figures manifested and respectfully cupped their hands toward Li Che.

Li Che nodded slightly, transmitting his command through thought.

In the next moment, several dark silhouettes twisted and dispersed.

Behind the towering frame of Bull Demon, the gaunt Horse Face, disguised as a Fairy in the Painting avatar, hoisted an enormous Blood Fire Bodhi Barrett, his toes lightly landing on a leaf.

Silently, he disappeared into the distance.

...

...

Late spring, March. In Jiangnan, grass grew lush, speckled flowers adorned trees, and flocks of orioles flitted chaotically.

On the official road outside Qianyuan Dao City, the wheels of a carriage crushed the dust, kicking up clouds that billowed across the verdant scenery on both sides. Life overflowed with vitality after the Qingming rain had passed, and everything was rejuvenating.

A luxurious carriage sped along the official road recklessly, moving at an extraordinary pace. Beneath it, the Treasure Blood Flood Dragon Horse's scales shimmered faintly, Divinity radiating from them, propelling its speed to ever greater heights as it dashed like a streak of lightning.

Its hooves struck the ground rhythmically, the sound echoing continuously.

Inside the carriage, however, silence reigned, insulated from the noise outside.

Dragon Queen Consort Ao Yuxin leaned against the soft interior, her eyes slightly closed. Nearby, a carbon stove boiled water, bubbles rising steadily. Little Dragon Girl Ao Qingqing skillfully tossed a few tender tea leaves of early spring into the boiling water, causing them to swirl and tumble.

The fragrance of tea wafted throughout the carriage.

"Aunt... are we really just leaving like this?"

"Yes."

The Dragon Queen Consort responded faintly without opening her eyes.

Moments later, she opened her eyes and gazed at Ao Qingqing, her expression softening with a trace of pity, guilt, and affection.

Ao Qingqing's hand paused as she poured tea, and a moment of realization dawned on her.

"Aunt

Ao Qingqing pressed her lips together.

Having endured the Heart Test, she seemed to have grown perceptive and wise. Yet for Ao Yuxin, this realization had come too late.

Ao Qingqing had failed to become a direct disciple of the Sect Master and Great God. For Ao Yuxin, staying in Qianyuan Dao City had completely lost its meaning.

"Later, if a battle breaks out... escape if you can. Surviving would be best."

"Aunt must take you out of the city. Only then will it seem incidental and compel those cautious creatures of the Underworld to act

The Queen Consort gently brushed Ao Qingqing's cheek.

"Aunt... it will be fine Ao Qingqing shook her head.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh—

From outside the carriage windows, the wind roared and howled.

Suddenly.

The Dragon Queen Consort's sapphire blue eyes reflected shimmering brilliance as she stared at Ao Qingqing's freshly poured cup of tea.

The tea...

Began rippling violently, circle after circle emanating outward.

"As expected

"They're here!"

The Dragon Queen Consort's eyes widened, veins seeming to stretch from the corners of her eyes, spreading blood-red tendrils across her skin.

At the same time.

A terrifying, overwhelming killing intent swept in from all directions, shrouding the carriage entirely.

All sound disappeared. The world fell silent, leaving only the eruption of murderous intent cascading like surging Earth Bursting Golden Lotus!

Ao Qingqing sat frozen within the carriage, trembling uncontrollably. The oppressive killing intent felt as though it had solidified her blood and flesh.

So strong... so suffocating...

She found herself unable to even breathe properly under the intense pressure.

The Underworld...

The Underworld!

Could it truly possess such terrifying and concentrated killing intent?!

It felt as though there was some deep-seated blood feud, an unyielding vendetta!

Did the Underworld crave her aunt's death this badly?

Ao Qingqing's heart grew cold, but as she turned to look at her aunt's equally crimson and frenzied gaze, she felt a faint shock in her heart.

No doubt about it—Aunt had left Qianyuan Dao City precisely to lure the Underworld into making a move?

The previous attempt to feign severe injury hadn't drawn out the Underworld. This time, secretly leaving the city, pretending to take advantage of everyone's distraction with the direct disciple selection, was meant to slip away unnoticed.

But in truth, it was an even more ingenious ploy to attract scores of assassins from the Underworld!

Using herself as bait...

But this was far too dangerous!

BANG—!

Just as Ao Qingqing was still paralyzed by the terrifying killing intent, the carriage wall suddenly exploded, shards of wood flying, fragments hurtling wildly!

The winds from the carriage's high-speed journey rushed through the shattered breach!

And then, in an instant, a streak of crimson lightning appeared before the Dragon Queen Consort!

It was...

A slender, teardrop-shaped mechanical bullet!

Exquisitely crafted, as if it were the pinnacle of mechanical artistry!

Mechanical sniping!

The Underworld—Horse Face!

So fast!

So terrifying!

This sniping couldn't be dodged, utterly inescapable!

Ao Qingqing's mind barely had time to process the situation. The Blood Fire Bodhi Bullet had already arrived. If its target had been her, her head would've been pierced, her lifeforce extinguished by now!

Time seemed to freeze at this very moment!

BOOM—!!!

The Dragon Queen Consort's flawless face contorted with fury.

Her fingers curled sharply, as though enveloping something. They gleamed with intricate blue dragon scales like crystals, radiating brilliant luster.

Her Dragon Claw extended forward, reaching for the deadly, piercing bullet fired by the Underworld's Horse Face!

CRUNCH, CRUNCH...

The bullet spun relentlessly in the palm of the Dragon Queen's claw!

The screeching friction and shattering sounds of dragon scales sent chills coursing through Ao Qingqing's body. She remained frozen, unable to move at all.

Chapter 888: Li Yanluo Marks Names in the Book of Life and Death, Netherworld Ox Demon Slaughters Dragons Today (5)

In an instant!

A terrifying surge of Qi-Blood exploded with a sharp shriek!

Fierce winds rose, driving the Qi-Blood like raging flames!

Ao Qingqing felt her body struck by the violent blast of Qi, slamming hard against the carriage wall, which promptly shattered into pieces. She was swept away by the irresistible force of Qi-Blood, tumbling out of the carriage, rolling onto the ground—a scene of complete disarray!

A towering explosion of flame reached the skies!

Rolling thunder rumbled, like monstrous waves surging forth. The displaced currents, the shattered fragments of the carriage, flew out in all directions like deadly bolts!

Ao Qingqing coughed up blood, but disregarding the pain in her body, she scrambled to her feet, only to see the opulent carriage completely obliterated.

A mighty wave of Spiritual Power rapidly rippled outward, rendering the air like a disturbed lake, undulating violently!

"Aaaargh—!!!"

A piercing, wrathful Dragon's Chant detonated!

Countless resplendent Dragon Scales shimmered brilliantly. A dragon shadow, ten zhang long, coiled upward, resembling a mythical True Dragon manifested into reality!

"Bull Demon—!"

"Come and meet your death!!!"

The Dragon Queen Consort Ao Yuxin ascended with unparalleled momentum, her hair cascading down as if inverted, her sapphire eyes brimming with killing intent. Her cry mirrored the Dragon's Chant, resonating like thunder behind the clouds!

At the precise moment her howling cry detonated.

Boom—!!!

The ground seemed to quake!

On one side of the official road, an intense blast of blood-red light erupted!

Like wolf smoke reaching the heavens, Qi-Blood surged, resembling an infernal furnace burning in furious rage!

A towering figure, solid as Tower Mountain, as formidable as a bull, burst forth like lightning, wearing the whimsical Cute Bull Mask!

In midair, he stomped ferociously!

Lingxu Baqi Step!

Three consecutive steps, their domineering afterimages tracing a parabola through the air!

Spring's serenity was shattered!

Roar—!!!

The blood-red light shone like sun and moon blooming in brilliance. The Bull Demon's form elevated, his eyes erupting with golden lightning and sandalwood hues. In the Ascending Stance, his waist-length hair cascaded down like a waterfall, flaring like a cloak.

Like a God Demon unleashed from its cage, his fist manifested Dragon Elephant power!

Myriad Transformations Dragon Elephant!

Divine Seed Martial Arts!

Underneath the Bull Demon Mask, Li Che remained icy calm. As the Qi-Blood surged, one hundred and eight True Gang threads unleashed in violent storms, instantly igniting the Dragon Elephant Sky Gang, hidden amidst the True Gang. He coalesced the Gang Wind within his five fingers!

The Dragon Queen Consort's sapphire mirror-bright gaze locked onto the Bull Demon with an unyielding focus!

She was waiting—waiting for the Bull Demon to take the remaining five steps!

But as the Bull Demon took his fourth step, his fingers clenched...

And he vanished.

Reappearing, he shot up from the explosive remnants of the carriage, swapping positions mid-air with the sniper shot of the Flying Thunder Chess Piece that Horse Face had fired from within!

A single knee bent in a spring-like leap—Qi-Blood lightning flashed—as he appeared directly before the Dragon Queen Consort, enveloped within the dragon shadow!

One hundred and eight True Gang threads instantly multiplied into two hundred and sixteen!

And amidst them emerged a fully unleashed Divine Skill power—Dragon Elephant Sky Gang!

Silently, it manifested into an overwhelmingly murderous punch!

It was like spring thunder unexpectedly erupting behind the clouds—a world-shaking strike!

He smashed downward, hammering fiercely!

Ao Yuxin's heart froze in terror—this Bull Demon was truly... deceitful!

A blow so upright and formidable, yet somehow it turned into a sneak attack!

She roared furiously, her myriad Dragon Scales unfurling simultaneously. Heat gushed forth from beneath the scales in violent bursts, their brilliance shining as her Dragon God Bloodline fully ignited!

But the Bull Demon's speed was too fast!

Before the sound of the punch could even detonate, the fist had already landed!

Like a heavy hammer striking a taut drum!

Invisible shockwaves rippled out instantly, cascading in all directions!

Boom—!!!

The Dragon Queen Consort, along with her ten zhang long azure dragon shadow, was hammered ferociously into the mud-soaked official road soaked by days of Spring Rain!

The earth churned, waves of mud surged upward; the entire ground quaked like a trembling carpet, with circular waves of mud spreading outward!

The Treasure Blood Flood Dragon Horse, in a split second, didn't even let out a scream before it was utterly obliterated by the residual shockwave.

Amidst the violent storm of mud and the splattering debris.

A hoarse and low voice emerged, carrying an overpowering, murderous intent.

"Bull Demon

"Today... I slaughter dragons!"

Chapter 889: With the Body of a Great Grandmaster Battling a Martial Saint, Slaying a Dragon Head and Bringing it Down to the Human World

Boom!!!

The earth trembled, shifting sands and soil!

Moist mud mixed with rainwater erupted from the ground under a terrifying force. It rose like a massive curtain, soaring ten zhang high before cascading down rapidly and scattering across the land!

"Underworld Bull Demon

"Today, I shall slay the dragon!"

A low voice, reverberating between heaven and earth, exploded like thunder, deafeningly loud.

The horrifying Qi-blood surged like an intensely burning furnace, emitting scorching heat that seemed to twist the air itself.

A piercing roar!

The Bull Demon landed, stomping fiercely with a footfall. His five fingers, as if divine spears piercing heaven and earth, suddenly clenched, tearing five shocking air currents from thin air!

Unparalleled strength erupted, surging into the earth as if intending to overturn the ground with each step.

In the distance, Ao Qingqing staggered, failing to stay upright. Her pupils contracted as miniature dragon scales bristled across her skin, shimmering sharply. Amidst the swirling dust and flying debris, the Bull Demon launched himself yet again like a cannonball, charging toward the Dragon Queen Consort.

The earth quaked, fissures spidered outward like webs, radiating violently. Waves rippled visibly through the air, expanding ten zhang and more. Grass and trees lining the official road bent and collapsed as though bowed under fierce winds!

Roar!!!

A terrifying and resplendent dragon's chant erupted from the crushed wasteland, shattering the sky with its high-pitched, vigorous resonance!

The sound waves exploded, unleashing unseen vibrations. The single dragon roar dominated the landscape, suppressing every sound within scores of li, obliterating everything beneath its primal presence!

The surging currents of air flattened swirling sand and shredded clouds of dust through sheer force!

The Bull Demon's tower-like form surged forth, driving a fist. Around the punch's shadow, Qi-blood spiraled like a coiled Jiao Long; the Divine Dragon and Giant Elephant merged, creating a rippling shockwave. A blood-red vortex spun in the background, haunting yet monumental!

A Master Realm Divine Seed Martial Art!

Bang!

From within the ruins, a dragon claw, etched with scars and covered in vivid scales, suddenly emerged, smashing against the Bull Demon's devastating punch brimming with murderous intent!

The collision of claw and fist created a vertical shockwave that blasted the ground, shaking it to its core!

Explosive Qi reverberated like thunder, roaring endlessly as flames burned fiercely. The scene resembled the rage of an earth dragon rolling violently beneath the surface.

Beneath the Bull Demon mask, Li Che's eyes burned with amber golden smoke. Lightning crackled incessantly between them, while within his chest, the Dragon Elephant Vajra Dao Fruit roared with unrelenting fury, fully unleashed!

In this clash of fists, Li Che sensed something fundamentally different—the Dragon Queen Consort's punch contained power that had undergone a world-altering transformation.

It felt like... an ultimate sublimation—an irreversible metamorphosis!

That transformation reminded him of the moment Yellow Sword Wine had unleashed the Ninth Sword Style—a desperate ascension born from surrendering life itself and sacrificing everything for transcendence!

Rumble

A colossal pressure swept over the land, engulfing everything. It merged seamlessly with heaven and earth, pressing down mercilessly, crashing against the heart, freezing blood within veins, stifling its flow!

Boom!!

Li Che's body trembled intensely; his foot slammed the ground as he retreated quickly, leaping several steps back. He stomped heavily, leaving behind a deep crater in the earth.

At a distance, the Dragon Queen Consort's body shimmered, now entirely draped in azure-blue scales. Deep within the roots of each scale, crimson blood spread outward like a brushstroke dissolving into water, resembling delicate red ink bleeding through a fine painting.

Sizzle

Countless rolling, boiling torrents of Qi-blood erupted wildly. Princess Consort Ao Yuxin's eyes burned scarlet. Her once peerless beauty had vanished, now disfigured and grotesque.

On her forehead, two dragon horns had grown three inches longer, razor-sharp like twin divine spearheads.

Her face, now covered in countless scales, radiated chaotic, electrifying energy.

A Martial Saint!

In this moment, the Dragon Queen Consort had completely ignited the Dragon God Bloodline, forcibly elevating her cultivation from Half-step Martial Saint to the Martial Saint Realm. For a short time, she achieved Heavenly Person Sensing, merging with the essence of the universe!

"Bull Demon!!!"

"Slay a dragon?"

"Come, try slaying me!"

The Dragon Queen Consort's jet-black hair danced wildly as streaks of blood streamed from her crimson-red eyes.

Hate consumed her—hatred for the Underworld, hatred for the Bull Demon before her!

She was certain now. Ji Haihui had undoubtedly died at the hands of the Underworld—this Bull Demon executed him!

But most painfully, You Liqing had perished by the Bull Demon's hands as well.

You Liqing...

The Dragon Queen Consort hunched forward; behind her, the Dragon Ridge swelled grotesquely. It expanded like an inflating balloon, emerging violently from her bloodied flesh, thrashing uncontrollably!

One by one, jagged azure bones outstretched, breaking through her bloodied flesh. They resembled exquisite armor of regality, encasing her mangled body.

Her appearance was no longer human, transformed into something twisted and monstrous!

Bang!

Her body jerked midair, twisting sharply at the waist, igniting waves of turbulent energy!

Pushed forcefully into the Martial Saint Realm, Ao Yuxin felt an exhilarating sense of unfettered freedom—as if the vast seas stretched endlessly beneath her leaps!

Even if fleeting, the sensation alone was enough. As long as she could eliminate this Underworld Bull Demon... it would be enough!

At last, she understood. This was the Martial Saint Realm...

A bitter smile appeared on the Dragon Queen Consort's twisted face. She had struggled endlessly at Half-step Martial Saint, unable to break the shackle because her character was unworthy.

Now, with her resolve sealed in despair, she had forced herself into this step. But unfortunately, beyond this step...

She was already ruined.

Perhaps, she would die.

Boiling dragon blood surged, shattering the Dragon Pill, Yuan Qi flooded outward, merging with her Three Flowers Gang Qi. It transformed into Martial Saint Yuan Gang—a force of unparalleled aggression, capable of destruction with every motion!

A dragon-shaped shadow coiled behind the Princess Consort, who let out a resonant cry. Clad in azure dragon bone armor and engulfed in raging Qi-blood that resembled flames, her figure soared like a divine dragon. Her five fingers curved into claws, razor-sharp like deadly spears, slashing toward the Bull Demon!

Chapter 890: With the Body of a Great Grandmaster Battling a Martial Saint, Slaying a Dragon Head and Bringing it Down to the Human World (2)

"Martial Saint

Li Che's eyes held neither joy nor sorrow, only flickering electric light and condensed golden smoke.

No one anticipated that the Dragon Queen Consort would be able to break through to the Martial Saint Realm at this moment, nor imagined her fierce resolve—to forsake life and death—and boldly step forward like Yellow Sword Wine.

Life and death hinge on a single thought, often enough to hinder countless people.

What delusion drives her?

Because of You Liqing?

Fair enough.

Martial Saint...

Li Che's gaze burned brightly, a surge of battle intent erupted within him, yet he harbored little fear. His five fingers clenched, his physical strength pushed to the extreme.

Refining Furnace Body, Vajra Dragon Elephant!

Bang—!!!

Facing the Dragon Queen Consort who had momentarily transcended into the Martial Saint Realm by shattering her limitations.

The Bull Demon unleashed an earth-shaking roar.

If you want to kill me, why wouldn't I want to slaughter you?

Wanting to force my daughter into a ghost marriage—how vile is your intent?

If you don't die, who will?

Without hesitation, the Bull Demon's body exploded, countless clouds of Qi-blood surged like wolf smoke billowing upward as he disregarded the Consort now elevated to the Martial Saint Realm.

In the instant the sound wave detonated, the ground crumbled as though covered by overlapping layers. The Bull Demon took the Lingxu Baqi Step, executing a Martial Saint Ultimate Study, pushed to Transformation Realm!

Eight steps shattered the void, eight overlapping Bull Demon phantoms!

These were traces of him lingering—it was afterimages. After the eighth step, he stomped heavily down, his momentum overwhelming, 216 streams of True Gang exploded simultaneously, and the two Divine Seeds roaring furiously behind him unleashed the power of Divine Skills, fully activating Dragon Elephant Sky Gang!

The Bull Demon soared several tens of feet in an instant, his velocity explosive, each step fell faster than the pace of the sound explosion itself.

The Dragon Queen Consort's dragon bone armor, washed in azure light, shuddered visibly.

"A Great Grandmaster... dares battle a Martial Saint?!"

"Ignorant of life and death!"

The Consort roared, her dragon claw punched violently through the void, her Heavenly Person Sensing pushed to the limit. It nearly depleted all the air around her, gripping every streak of airflow within dozens of feet tightly into her fist.

The Bull Demon's shoulders swung, fists cleaving mountains like blades, the fist strength unleashed rushing forth like the breach of a heavenly river, furiously torrenting outward.

Dragon Maiden versus Bull Demon!

A clash of fists!

...

...

In the dense forest, wild winds stirred madly.

A figure wearing a mask carved of Star Wood stood under the tree shade. The sunlight was brilliant, but he cared not for the brightness.

He was one of the Star Constellation Killers of the Hunting God Pavilion, holding a lofty status within it. Inviting him to act required an extraordinary price, for his cultivation had already reached the Martial Saint level.

Though only Martial Saint First Level, he still ranked among the top-tier combat powers of Qianyuan Dao City.

And him...

He was not invited by the Dragon Queen Consort but by Su Daoling, the Divine Talisman Half-Saint of the Su Family, who paid the price to summon him.

Before, he was invited by Yellow Sword Wine to hinder Su Daoling, and now Su Daoling summoned him anew. It could only be said...the Su Family's Divine Talisman Saint was truly easygoing.

Yet this is the nature of the Hunting God Pavilion, valuing only profit. As long as one can afford the cost, they can hire the Pavilion's assassins.

Of course, the higher the assassin's rank and strength, the higher the cost.

Assassins of their caliber, Star Constellation Killers, would even stand among the elite in Divine Capital, let alone Dao City.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh—

The spiraling gust swept through and morphed into a sudden storm, shaking the surrounding trees violently.

Beneath the Star Mask, his narrow eyes squinted; the Star Constellation Killer had yet to sense the impact brought forth from the clash between the Consort and the Netherworld Bull Demon in the distance.

"Unique sound-sealing and aura-isolating techniques of the Netherworld

"Yet, they can't deceive the heavens and earth."

A Martial Saint's Martial Dao Will merges with heaven and earth, achieving an extraordinary Heavenly Person Sensing—a perception rivaling that of the Divine Embryo Heaven and Earth Soul.

He immediately sensed changes in the airflow and discovered within it the fiery Qi-blood and Gang Wind energy laced throughout.

His five fingers clenched, and a sheathed long blade dropped into his hands, its surface emanating ferocious divinity, clearly a high-grade Divine Weapon.

"Netherworld Bull Demon

"The mysterious Netherworld—the culprit behind the obliteration of Golden Light Prefecture's Hunting God Pavilion—today, I shall claim your life."

As the words fell.

The ground beneath the Star Constellation Killer abruptly sank, his immense power sought to erupt and ascend into the sky.

Yet...

His body, in the end, failed to ascend.

For...

Unnoticed, a figure had appeared above his head.

A man sat cross-legged overhead, hanging a sword-scarred wine gourd at his waist and carrying a sword box on his back.

"Brother, we meet again."

Yellow Sword Wine leisurely sealed the stopper of his wine gourd, smiling as he looked down toward the Star Constellation Killer of Hunting God Pavilion.

Beneath the Star Mask, the killer's eyes slightly contracted.

The Star Constellation Killer's gaze revealed a trace of gravitas and bewilderment.

"Yellow Sword Wine?"

In an instant, it was as though something had dawned upon him.

"You joined the Netherworld?"

Yellow Sword Wine burst into hearty laughter.

"Riding the blade and wind to strike, slaying demons across heaven and earth, with wine I revel, without wine I go mad

"Under the name of Netherworld Wine Sword Immortal, greetings."

As the words fell.

The sword box opened.

An overwhelming brilliance of sword light surged skyward.

"Your Excellency...stay for a chat."

...

...

Dense deathly aura and corpse qi slowly seeped outward bit by bit. The spring-nourished weeds teeming with vitality on the ground instantly wilted, all life extinguished, utterly dying.

A towering figure clad in a black robe and veiled hat stood still, his form imposing like a small mountain. Within a ten-foot radius surrounding him, the air seemed frozen like a glacier, the temperature plunging directly to the freezing point.

The veiled hat lifted, the curtain fluttered with the wind, faintly revealing a jet-black complexion beneath, as smooth as jade, crisscrossed with blood-colored patterns intertwined.