

Menu 1421

Chapter 1421: Greedy Malice!

The rich fragrance of medicine suddenly filled Jason's nose.

A very familiar scent.

The scent of the 'Creation Pill'.

But it's much more intense than the 'Minor Creation Pill' and the 'Creation Pill (Imitation)'.

Without a doubt, this is the true 'Creation Pill'!

The rumored pill that can reverse life and death, an elixir of miraculous power!

Jason smelled it.

'Dragon Head' Cui Long also smelled it.

As soon as the disguised 'Knife Monarch' smelled it, his expression changed.

Without any hesitation, the disguised 'Knife Monarch' slashed with his knife.

Clang!

The blade sang.

The sharpness unveiled.

A blade light, forty meters long and perfectly straight, descended upon the rainbow halo.

No holding back.

A full-powered slash.

Because, as an alchemist, 'Knife Monarch' knew all too well what kind of secret medicine the 'Creation Pill' represented.

It truly can 'reverse life and death'!

It truly can 'change the course of fate'!

Simply put, if the 'Carefree King' took this 'Creation Pill' now, not only would his injuries be healed, he would be able to further advance.

This is what he absolutely did not wish to see.

But the result of this slash was beyond the expectations of the 'Knife Monarch'.

The rainbow halo shattered.

As soon as it came into contact with the blade light, it shattered, revealing a round elixir.

However, the shattered rainbow halo did not disappear.

It enveloped the entire manor like a mist.

Praying voices.

Pleading voices.

Wails.

Laments.

All sorts of painful sounds suddenly filled 'Knife Monarch's brain.

He seemed to see one person after another kneeling before him.

Initially, just a few, merely praying.

Each prayer fulfilled.

The people went wild with joy.

The news spread by word of mouth.

The number of praying and kneeling people began to surge.

Hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands.

Ten thousand, twenty thousand, thirty thousand.

In a short time, it reached over a hundred thousand.

Furthermore, this number did not stop, continuing to increase.

Various sounds of prayer filled his ears, driving him to madness.

More importantly, mingled within those prayers was greed.

Endless greed.

Evil greed.

Ignorant greed.

Like an ouroboros devouring its own body, knowing no satisfaction, only consumption.

Ultimately, the one perishing would be himself.

Additionally...

Him!

He who had fused with the 'Heart Devouring Secret Technique,' 'Son of Heaven's Dragon Fist,' and other secret techniques from the other side of the Silver Coin, realized this, hence, he made a choice.

He exhausted the treasury of the royal estate and created a 'container'.

To store that 'greedy malice'.

Initially unsuccessful, but after several failures, he finally succeeded.

Moreover, he found that the shape of this 'container' could serve as a great 'killing move'.

To make this 'killing move' more 'concealed'.

He began to place the last 'Creation Pill' from the royal estate into it.

This arrangement was successful.

Anyone who saw him resurrect assumed it was the 'container' aiding his revival.

In actuality?

He simply relied on the 'Creation Pill' to deceive those fools.

Time and time again.

The effect was truly remarkable.

However, he never revealed the answer.

Because he wanted to keep this 'answer' for that person.

But...

Now it's okay!

Surrounded by numerous 'greedy malice', 'Knife Monarch' instantly perceived this.

Because it was too obvious.

Within the multitude of 'greedy malice', a substantial 'malice' was staring at him, mocking him.

In the illusion.

The 'Knife Monarch' saw the 'Carefree King'.

The 'Carefree King' at this moment lacked the previous dullness.

Had none of his earlier embarrassment.

Clad in regal splendor, with authority, smiling at the 'Knife Monarch'.

"You've been pretending all along?"

The 'Knife Monarch' asked in a deep voice.

"Of course!

Just as you know!

I have numerous enemies, without some secret cards, I wouldn't know how I'd die, just like...
<subtex>.</subtex>

Now!"

The 'Carefree King's smile slightly contracted, his eyes showing killing intent.

The contracted smile turned into a sneer at this moment.

"'Heavenly Monster' that waste, you actually found him, let you impersonate him... no, I should say in your plan, 'Heavenly Monster' is the most crucial part, relying on 'him', you could approach me, delivering a fatal blow.

Thus, you cooperated closely with his disciple.

However, it's astounding you found his hiding place.

I guess you have quite a few Secret Agents in your employ, right?"

The sneering 'Carefree King' praised.

"How could my Secret Agents compare to 'The Six Fan School'?"

Moreover, how could I compare to you who discard heroes after use?"

"Iron Arhat" and Lin Ping'an are your people, right?"

The 'Knife Monarch' asked.

The 'Carefree King' nodded briskly in agreement.

"They are mine, both useful pawns.

But for the greater good, they must die.

Such a pity.”

The ‘Carefree King’ feigned a sigh.

“The greater good?

After killing to silence, you destroyed ‘The Six Fan School’ headquarters as an afterthought, although there are still scattered ‘The Six Fan School’ Secret Agents left, at this moment, they are in such disarray, entirely unable to perform their roles.

Meaning, you effectively destroyed his ‘eyes and ears’.

What... are you ultimately planning?”

The ‘Knife Monarch’ asked.

But this time, the ‘Carefree King’ did not answer.

The ‘Carefree King’ smiled at the ‘Knife Monarch’.

Chapter 1422: Greedy Malice! (part 2)

The smile now was a bit more intense than before.

It was a feeling of triumph.

Indeed!

Of course he should feel triumphant!

After planning for so long, although some twists and turns appeared, the final result would not change.

Everything, everything will not change!

All of it is about to end!

And he is the one who laughs last.

Before the last moment, he doesn't mind enjoying the 'privilege' of the victor.

"You're so clever, why not take a guess?"

'Carefree King' looked at 'Knife Monarch' and asked slowly.

"Overseas."

'Knife Monarch' gave the answer.

Not a question.

But a confirmation.

'Carefree King' was startled, then laughed loudly and clapped his hands.

"Hahaha, should I say, it's truly you?"

You actually guessed it!

Really beyond my imagination!"

'Carefree King' did not hide his praise, along with an increasingly intense killing intent.

A clever person is not feared.

What is feared is that this clever person has considerable strength.

Even more terrifying is when both sides are like water and fire.

It can only be a deadly fight.

Luckily, he hadn't planned to let the person in front live.

"Just borrowed the identity of 'Dragon Head' Cui Long, to have some understanding of overseas."

'Knife Monarch' said coldly.

The coldness was seemingly tangible.

Kill!

He must kill the guy in front!

Not only because of the previous grievances!

But also because this bastard colluded with outsiders to plot against China!

Such a person deserves to die!

A thousand cuts would not be too much!

"Oh?"

But, I still consider your cleverness more important. Since you're so clever, wouldn't you want to guess why I chose 'Feng Feiyu' as the breakthrough?"

'Carefree King' laughed again.

Filled with malice.

"You destroyed the headquarters of 'The Six Fan School' to make that person lose 'ears and eyes', also to attract that person's attention, but that alone is not enough.

Because, you know that person's strength.

Therefore, you had to make the opponent overwhelmed for your plan to succeed.

So, is 'Feng Feiyu' related to that person?"

'Knife Monarch' responded.

Clap, clap, clap!

'Carefree King' clapped again.

This time, truly admiring expression appeared on 'Carefree King's' face.

"I thought I had done it discreetly enough.

But, is it so obvious?

No, others definitely can't notice.

But you're different.

You're a clever person!

A clever person like me!

So, do you think I wouldn't have noticed what you've done?"

'Carefree King' raised a hand as he spoke.

The 'Greedy Malice' gathered by hundreds of thousands of followers once again washed over 'Knife Monarch's' mind.

'Knife Monarch' privately gathered Qi-Blood his body slightly swayed.

The Qi-Blood that had just been gathered, scattered instantly.

But this already surprised 'Carefree King' secretly.

He had attacked with 'Greedy Malice', normal people would turn into fools upon slight contact, even martial arts masters couldn't fare much better, only able to hold on for one or two breaths at best.

Even a 'Martial Arts Divinity' expert could only barely withstand it for a short while.

Look at that so-called 'Heavenly Sword' Mu Bai.

At this moment, he had become silly, drooling, spinning around on the spot.

Facing the 'Malice' formed by hundreds of thousands of people, even being a 'Martial Arts Divinity' amounts to what?

'Martial Arts Divinity' is just 'Divinity', after all.

Not truly a 'God'!

"Such tenacity in 'Spirit'!

Is it because of Rou Rou's hatred?

Or is it your obsession with the 'knife'?"

'Carefree King' inquired.

To better utilize 'Greedy Malice', this 'Carefree King' had conducted experiments more than once.

Among them, people with perseverance are far stronger than average people, including martial artists.

Especially hatred.

If there is hatred, the 'potential' that erupts is truly astonishing.

Look at this moment.

When the 'Carefree King' mentioned the name 'Rou Rou', the aura of the 'Blade Lord' before him lurched upward significantly, and his body regained its freedom once more.

The influence brought by 'Greedy Malice' almost disappeared in an instant.

However, the 'Carefree King' merely sneered disdainfully.

He raised his hand and pointed once more.

The 'Greedy Malice' condensed from hundreds of thousands of followers once again engulfed the 'Blade Lord'.

"It's useless.

I prepared this move for that guy.

Dealing with you, his defeated subordinate, is more than enough."

The 'Carefree King' provoked the 'Blade Lord' once again.

The feeling of wanton manipulation over his opponent was simply exhilarating.

To the extent that the 'Carefree King' became somewhat carried away, hardly noticing the seemingly foolish Jason drooling, meandering around until he reached the 'Creation Pill'.

Or rather, the 'Carefree King' did notice.

But he didn't care.

He was too confident in himself.

Confident to the point where he believed that the 'Heavenly Sword' Mu Bai had already become a fool at this moment.

Compared to this 'Heavenly Sword' which he had intentionally exaggerated, he was more concerned with the 'Blade Lord' who had been hiding himself all along.

The opponent was his true enemy.

As for the 'Heavenly Sword' Mu Bai?

He was merely a joke.

A very laughable joke.

However, in the next moment, the 'Carefree King' could no longer laugh.

Because that fool-like 'Heavenly Sword' suddenly picked up the 'Creation Pill' floating there and put it straight into his mouth.

The 'Carefree King's expression froze instantly.

"Spit it out!"

He roared fiercely, and the 'Greedy Malice' surrounding them shot towards Jason like arrows in an instant.

This was a more powerful attack than before.

Previously it was drowning.

This was cutting!

Not only could it kill the opponent, but it could also make them feel pain.

For this 'Heavenly Sword' who repeatedly sabotaged his plans, the 'Carefree King' truly hated him to the extreme.

Don't mention earlier times.

Now, even after becoming a fool, he still ruined his plans.

He wanted to make the other feel pain.

If he could, he would want to thoroughly torment him.

However, time did not allow it.

He was unwilling to see anything happen to that 'Creation Pill'.

This 'Creation Pill' was not only the only one in the royal estate but also the last one in this world.

Because the 'Creation Pill' is something that the alchemists of today can no longer produce.

It's not just due to an issue of capability but also because the main ingredients of the 'Creation Pill' have long disappeared.

Back in the day, that guy found a ruin fortunately and discovered three 'Creation Pills' in it.

And why was that guy so strong?

It was because he directly consumed two 'Creation Pills'.

If given to him, he could also achieve such power.

What's more infuriating was that guy pretended to be generous by giving him the remaining 'Creation Pill', even though that ruin was on his territory!

Even if he didn't discover it at that time, he surely would have later.

That damned bastard snatched his opportunity.

Leaving him one step behind.

Step by step.

The title of the best in the world should have been his.

But now?

He was still beneath another.

This was not something he should endure.

He should be resplendent, worshiped by the world.

He should be a high and mighty deity.

The rest?

Were mere ants bowing to him.

And this 'Creation Pill' was one of the keys.

Why did he cooperate with those overseas barbarians?

Apart from borrowing their power to deal with that bastard,

It was because their barbarian sanctuaries contained something called the 'Sage's Stone'.

It's a miraculous item with the power of 'fundamental change'.

It was also something he has long desired.

Upon hearing of its existence, he decisively chose to form an 'Alliance' with those barbarians.

He wanted that item.

But, he heard that the cost of using it was great.

It could even lead to his own death.

Therefore, 'Creation Pill' was essential.

With the 'Creation Pill', then using the 'Sage's Stone', he could truly stand atop the clouds.

Hence, nothing could be allowed to happen to the 'Creation Pill'!

"Go die!"

The 'Carefree King' was filled with murderous intent.

But following that, he was dumbfounded.

Chapter 1423: Restraint!

The 'Greed and Malice' gathered by hundreds of thousands of followers roared and surged out, at this moment it completely transformed into an ocean of malice.

When it surged towards Jason, a black wave directly erupted.

In an instant, it submerged Jason.

There was no difference from before.

Jason, like those opponents, was submerged just like that.

As for the 'Heavenly Sword' Mu Bai who possessed formidable 'Horizontal Training'?

Once, a great master who touched the 'Acupoints' with 'Horizontal Training,' under his attack, could only hold for less than ten breaths.

Perhaps his physical body was incredibly strong, seemingly immune to knives and firearms.

But his attack targeted the human spirit.

Moreover,

He ignored the body's defenses.

So he wasn't worried at all.

And precisely because of this, the next moment, the 'Carefree King' was dumbfounded.

In the black tide of 'Greed and Malice', a deeper darkness appeared.

'He' swam in the black tide.

Like a beast in the deep sea slowly surfacing.

Splash!

In the special wave, the monster rushed out of the sea of evil thoughts.

The Dark Behemoth roared, opening its 'bloody maw'.

Then!

It was like a dragon drinking water.

The sea of evil thoughts, gathering the 'Greed and Malice' of hundreds of thousands of followers, was sucked into that 'bloody maw'.

The 'Greed and Malice' that eroded the spirit like corpse liquid was swallowed by the Dark Behemoth just like that.

As if drinking a carbonated drink.

Burp!

After a loud belch, the Dark Behemoth devoured even more gleefully.

Moreover, the Dark Behemoth's size began to rapidly expand.

At first, it was only about ten meters. <subtex>.</subtex>

In a brief instant, it reached twenty meters.

At this moment, standing in the sea of evil thoughts, it was like Godzilla emerging from the water to overturn ships.

Menacing and unstoppable.

The 'Carefree King' panicked.

He had seen this Dark Behemoth before.

Back then, he only thought it was the aura of 'Heavenly Sword' Mu Bai.

He didn't pay much attention.

Those great masters who could touch the 'Acupoints' all had similar abilities.

Just because different cultivation techniques or personalities resulted in different condensed phantoms.

Even though it 'startled' him a bit, it wasn't worth worrying about.

Because at that time, he hadn't used his full strength.

But, it's different at this moment.

He's gone all out!

Not only did he go all out, wanting to command the 'Greed and Malice' condensed by tens of thousands of followers as if it were an extension of his limb, it wasn't a simple task. To truly drive the 'Greed and Malice.'

He infused the 'Heart Devouring Secret Technique' into it.

The 'Heart Devouring Secret Technique' let him completely control the 'Greed and Malice', also increasing its power once more.

But at the same time, the 'Greed and Malice' became closely related to him.

Simply put, they shared glory and loss.

At this time, as the 'Greed and Malice' was being massively devoured, the 'Carefree King' could feel his spirit becoming dazed, and his Qi-Blood consuming at an alarming rate.

Even though with 'Martial Arts Divinity', the sixty-six 'Acupoints' he condensed could automatically absorb the world's energies, at this moment, it was of no use.

"Shut up!"

The 'Carefree King' shouted, throwing a punch.

But it wasn't aimed at the Dark Behemoth.

But, at Jason beneath the Dark Behemoth.

Until now, the 'Carefree King' didn't understand why Jason knew such a spiritual secret technique.

However, as someone also proficient in spiritual secret techniques, the 'Carefree King' knew well that at this moment, one should not attack the seemingly invincible Dark Behemoth, but attack the real body.

That is, 'Heavenly Sword' Mu Bai.

As long as that so-called 'Heavenly Sword' Mu Bai is injured or killed.

That fearsome Dark Behemoth would collapse without attack.

Whoo!

The punch's force roared.

Suddenly, on the ocean of black malice, waves surged violently.

A similarly black figure leaped out from the sea of evil thoughts, rushing straight at Jason.

"Son of Heaven's Dragon Fist'!"

The 'Knife Monarch' murmured softly.

As someone once defeated by this punch, he knew all too well the terror of the 'Son of Heaven's Dragon Fist'.

It was an unstoppable force.

It was a terrifying crushing force.

Even his knife would become dull under that punch.

However, soon the 'Knife Monarch' regained his composure.

The 'Son of Heaven's Dragon Fist' in front of him was not the same as the one in his memory.

The figure was slender, with four limbs, scales distinct, radiating a deep luster, but the dragon's head had no horns, only a fleshy growth between the eyes.

Dragon-shaped, but hornless.

It was a Jiaolong.

Not a true dragon.

Immediately, the 'Knife Monarch' sighed in relief.

Though Jiaolong and true dragons differ only by one syllable.

The situations are completely different.

This 'Knife Monarch' adjusted his breathing, quickly adjusting his spirit tormented by 'Greed and Malice'.

At this time, he might not be able to cut down the Jiaolong in one strike.

But he could at least buy Jason some time.

Although unsure of what secret technique his brother Mu was using, it was clear, this technique just happened to restrain the 'Carefree King'.

Knowing this was enough.

Clang!

A flash of knife light shimmered over the ocean of black malice.

The flying black Jiaolong was directly cut by the knife light.

Ah!

With a roar, a huge scar appeared on the black Jiaolong's body.

The black Jiaolong was nearly severed in half.

Humph!

The 'Carefree King' who threw the punch couldn't suppress a groan, his face showing an abnormal flush, but the blocked punch was immediately infused with strength again, frantically pushing forward.

Chapter 1424: Restraint! (part 2)

Ang!

Another roar echoed.

The black dragon rolled over the sea of malice.

Rip!

In the sound like fabric tearing, a brand new head emerged on the body that had just been slashed.

This head not only bit down on the blade once again cleaving towards it.

It also held the blade firmly.

The other head crashed heavily towards Jason.

At this moment, under the phantom of the dragon, the 'Carefree King', who originally had only two arms, suddenly had a new arm grow out from the crook of his right arm. This arm, like the original two of the 'Carefree King', was sturdy and muscular, so much so that the skin tone was identical. Taken alone, anyone would think it had always been there, just that the position was a bit odd.

However, witnessing all this, the 'Knife Monarch' had a murderous look in his eyes.

“‘Heart Devouring Secret Technique’! You actually cultivated the ‘Heart Devouring Secret Technique’!”

The bizarre and unparalleled nature of the 'Heart Devouring Secret Technique' was known to the 'Knife Monarch'.

But the 'Knife Monarch' was also acutely aware of how one cultivates the 'Heart Devouring Secret Technique'.

Eat human hearts, drink human blood.

It must be while the person is alive.

Open the chest and belly while alive, pluck out the heart, along with a mouthful of blood from the heart, and consume it whole.

It's rumored that some bizarre rituals are also required.

Completely contrary to human decency.

"Ha, what's the difference between killing and eating someone?"

The former just wastes the bodies!

I'm merely recycling waste!"

The 'Carefree King' sneered, completely ignoring the blade slash from the 'Knife Monarch'.

If it were the 'Knife Monarch' in his prime, he certainly wouldn't dare to be so careless.

But after the assault of his 'Greedy Malice', the 'Knife Monarch' at this moment was a paper tiger, able to exert thirty percent of his power at best.

When he dealt with this 'Heavenly Sword' Mu Bai.

He could kill him with a punch.

So, at this moment, the 'Carefree King' focused most of his attention on Jason.

Facing the constantly slashing blade, he barely defended before rushing in front of Jason.

Ang!

The black two-headed dragon clawed vehemently, as if it would devour Jason in the next moment.

At this moment, Jason squinted slightly.

The text before his eyes continued to flash——

[Consume Creation Pill (Incomplete)]

[Physical strength, stamina, injuries exceedingly restored!]

[Satiety +2000]

[Satiety: 6123]

[Excitement of Feast +20]

[Excitement of Feast: 170]

[Constitution +1]

[Strength +0.5]

[Agility +0.5]

...

The sweet taste of sugarcane juice and pear juice mixed with mint still lingered on Jason's taste buds.

The flavor was truly exquisite.

Far surpassing the 'imitation' of the 'Creation Pill'.

Similarly, the effect was incomparable to the imitated 'Creation Pill'.

Not only was the satiety expended recently due to challenging the last acupuncture point of the 'Five Poisons Godly Annihilation Palm' fully restored, but it also exceeded quite a bit.

The increase in Excitement of Feast was also delightful.

But more importantly, the attributes!

Constitution +1, Strength +0.5, Agility +0.5.

Even for Jason now, a direct increase of two points in attributes is a substantial boost.

And this was just an incomplete 'Creation Pill'.

If it were a complete one?

How many attributes would it increase?

Or, would there be any special extra features?

It's worth noting that the 'Creation Pill' is said to reverse life and death, being a miracle of creation.

Almost instinctively, Jason was pondering these.

As a gourmet, he wasn't afraid of not eating delicacies.

What he feared was only eating half.

Moreover, there was a good chance it was the half without the 'essence'.

Suddenly, Jason became angry.

He glared at the 'Carefree King' who was within reach and roared——

"Let you eat my 'Creation Pill'!"

His roar was like thunder.

His fist struck like lightning.

Boom!

A lightning bolt as thick as a barrel followed his fist.

Directly colliding with the black dragon.

Thunder roared, lightning flashed.

The black dragon let out a miserable howl, its body trembling continuously, a visible 'color' spread over the black double-headed dragon.

That color, indescribable.

But indeed, it was a 'color'.

In an instant, the black two-headed dragon turned into a 'multicolored black'.

Along with it, the 'Carefree King' himself also changed.

He could clearly feel the ferocity of the 'poison'.

The power of Qi-Blood was mobilized to block such 'poison'.

As a master of 'Martial Arts Divinity', he knew very well what this kind of 'poison' would do to his body.

He absolutely couldn't let it erode his body.

But before his power of Qi-Blood touched the 'poison', it was cut by a sharp vigor. <subtex>.</subtex>

The 'Carefree King's Qi-Blood trembled, but more Qi-Blood surged, directly engulfing this sharp vigor.

But just as it engulfed the sharp vigor, a shockwave intertwined with an even sharper force appeared.

The Qi-Blood he mobilized to block was immediately dispersed.

Enduring the tremor of his internal organs and the urge to vomit, the 'Carefree King' forcibly mobilized the power of Qi-Blood to intercept the hidden 'poison'.

Yet this Qi-Blood he had just mustered was swallowed by a cold and a hot breath.

The cold breath, like the deep-sea ice of extremities in the north, froze him into a shiver.

The hot breath, like the hot wind rushing out of a volcano, scorching and burning non-stop.

This time, the 'Carefree King' couldn't withstand it.

The two breaths, cold and hot, not only dispersed his hard-gathered power of Qi-Blood but also carried the 'poison' straight into his internal organs.

Chapter 1425: Restraint! (3)

Puh!

A mouthful of fresh blood was spat out.

"Poison?!"

Dual Absolute?!"

You're the heir of the Dual Absolute?!"

The body of the 'Carefree King' flew straight backward.

Heavily crashing onto the ground.

The 'Greedy Malice' condensed by hundreds of thousands of believers was completely out of control.

Without the 'Carefree King's control, the sea of malice began to churn endlessly.

No matter how it struggled.

Facing the Dark Behemoth's consumption was futile.

Roar!

The rumbling from Jason's stomach represented the Dark Behemoth's roar; it had never feasted like this before.

Eat!

Eat eat!

Eat eat eat!

The body of the Dark Behemoth began to inflate like a balloon.

Thirty meters.

Forty meters.

...

Consuming the sea of malice, the Dark Behemoth grew larger and larger.

Until near a hundred meters when it paused slightly.

Not because it wanted to stop.

But because Jason made it stop.

At this moment, scarlet eyes as large as two rooms stared at Jason.

Jason raised his head and confronted it without backing down.

Jason knew, this was his desire.

His gluttonous desire.

It was the source of his hunger.

Also the root he had always restrained.

Previously, he had been influenced by it, acted irrationally, and now the presence of the entity still affected him. The thought to 'eat eat eat' exploded in his mind.

Stimulating his stomach.

Stimulating his mouth.

Making him long to devour everything right now.

But he knew it couldn't be done.

Indulgence is joyful.

But also fleeting.

Once surrendering himself to desire, he would completely fall into it.

Become a puppet driven by desire.

Perhaps he might still have thoughts.

But a puppet is a puppet.

At most, it's a thinking flesh puppet.

Jason doesn't want that.

He hopes to be a 'person' with independent thought.

This is the belief he's always held firm.

He, is human.

Not a monster!

Born as a human, one must have persistence.

He loves to eat, truly, he doesn't hide it, nor will he hide it.

But persistence also exists.

Now and in the future.

So—

"Stop."

Jason raised his head coldly staring at that Dark Behemoth.

The Dark Behemoth was unwilling, angered, continuously roaring.

Jason's mouth, esophagus, stomach started spasming in waves.

Pain began to spread from within his body.

Even for Jason, accustomed to pain, his face turned deathly pale at this moment.

He felt as if countless knives were slicing his insides.

Pain!

Agony!

Blood seeped from the corner of his mouth.

Yet Jason still raised his head, gritted his teeth, did not give an inch.

"Stop."

Again a cold shout.

The Dark Behemoth remained unwilling, angry, roaring even louder, yet its body continued shrinking, gradually merging into Jason's bottomless stomach.

In the manor, the sea of malice disappeared.

The Dark Behemoth also vanished.

Only the 'Knife Monarch' remained, gasping continuously due to injuries.

Only Jason remained, spasming continuously due to pain.

And the 'Carefree King' remained, seemingly drained of vitality, face shriveled, old, hair gray.

At this moment, the 'Carefree King' stared with clouded eyes at Jason and the 'Knife Monarch' —

"You think you've won? Those barbarian fleets will appear on the sea soon; even if you can stop them, so what? Enough people will accompany me in my grave!

Hahaha!

I really want to see your expressions at that time!

Also, guess whether I've prepared a second move or not..."

Puh!

The 'Carefree King's words abruptly ceased.

His head was stomped and exploded by Jason's foot.

Then, still twitching due to pain, Jason charged unstopped toward the Northern Capital.

The 'Knife Monarch' followed closely.

Chapter 1426: Surprised or Not!

In the low and continuous chanting, a faint golden light appeared on the body of the young monk.

It wasn't purely golden.

It was mixed with pink.

Contradiction.

Bizarre.

Even a bit absurd.

The 'Rebirth Mantra' that should be solemn gave Feng Feiyu a sense of enchantment, as if Su Niang was embracing him, whispering gently in his ear.

What was being said, he couldn't hear clearly.

But he felt, very good.

Really good.

It was a heart-to-heart, deep exchange of affections.

Involuntarily, Feng Feiyu's mind was stirred.

He tried hard to hear what Su Niang was saying again.

He even wanted to turn his head to look at Su Niang.

Thinking so, Feng Feiyu did just that.

But as soon as he turned his head, he felt a coldness on his nose tip.

It was a piece of sauced elbow meat.

Somehow, it had stuck to his nose tip.

The sauced elbow meat slid down, and Feng Feiyu instinctively opened his mouth and chewed twice.

Fragrant and tender, yet chewy.

It was made by Su Niang herself.

Su Niang?

Hmm?!

Feng Feiyu blinked, instantly coming to his senses.

He didn't turn around, instead waving his hands consecutively.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A series of Splitting Palm strikes covered the young monk behind him like a tightly knit net.

But as before.

Useless.

Or to be precise, even less effective than before.

Previous attacks at least made the monk robe 'move', whereas now, it was motionless.

Bathed in the mixed golden-pink hue, the young monk looked at Feng Feiyu with surprise, then sighed softly.

"Isn't dying in happiness good?"

The tone was full of compassion, but it sent a chill through Feng Feiyu.

Because, at this moment, beside the young monk clad in the moonwhite monk robe, phantoms began to appear.

They were figures of graceful women.

Faces were pure, sweet, seductive, each different.

But each one was enough to make one sigh at the beauty of time.

Just when such thoughts arose, those faces suddenly turned into skinless skulls, and the graceful figures reduced to slowly swaying bones.

Terror rose from the heart.

Yet as if to soothe your terror, those skeletons once again became beautiful women.

But the next moment, the skeletons reappeared.

Despair is not terrifying.

What's terrifying is, seeing hope in despair, and then, falling into despair again.

There's nothing more terrifying than this in the world.

And the scene before was exactly that.

The only fortunate thing was, Feng Feiyu was resolute, apart from being initially bewitched by Su Niang, he remained normal otherwise.

He frowned as he looked at the young monk surrounded by phantoms.

The opponent remained ethereal.

But a layer of blackness filled the monk's eyes, encompassing the entire eyeball.

Not to mention the blackness was sinister.

It also captivated people.

The whispers around Feng Feiyu's ears were no longer gentle but turned into a strange roar akin to thunder.

Roar!

A sound erupted.

Feng Feiyu took a step back.

Roar!

The second sound erupted.

Blood trickled from the corner of Feng Feiyu's mouth.

Roar!

The third sound erupted.

Feng Feiyu collapsed to the ground, clinging tightly to a stool with his hands to avoid truly hitting the floor.

At this moment, Feng Feiyu's face was pale.

He realized he had a gap between himself and a true 'Martial Arts Divinity' expert.

But he never thought, the gap would be so vast.

So vast that his opponent hadn't actually made a real move, and he was already defeated.

Perhaps noticing what Feng Feiyu was thinking, the young monk shook his head.

"Head arrest officer Feng, don't belittle yourself, I did make a move just now, it was the 'Lion's Roar Skill' I learned from 'Dalin Temple', then incorporated into my own 'Joy Zen', divided into 'Heavenly Maiden's Question' and 'Rakshasa's Answer'.

Head arrest officer Feng, managing to endure 'Heavenly Maiden's Question', ranks you among the top of those who have tapped into the 'acupuncture point'."

The tone was sincere, and the demeanor held an unspeakable admiration.

Even as an enemy, Feng Feiyu had felt 'sincerity' from the young monk.

Very bizarre.

Evidently an enemy, yet you can feel sincerity from him.

However, immediately, malice surged.

The young monk, with pitch-black eyes, stared at Feng Feiyu, shaking his head.

"Unfortunately, head arrest officer Feng, you are still going to die."

Saying this, the young monk raised his hand.

Whoosh!

The wind stirred.

Dust and leaves flew around.

A five-meter-tall phantom appeared behind the monk.

The phantom was golden on the left and pink on the right.

The golden side had a benevolent face, hair slightly curled.

The pink side was skeletal, with a sinister horn.

Like half Buddha, half demon.

The left hand of the Buddha part was placed before the chest, while the right hand of the demon part raised to smash towards Feng Feiyu.

The massive palm seemed to obscure the sun and moon, enveloping Feng Feiyu who had fallen to the ground.

Feng Feiyu did not sit idly by.

He raised a hand to strike his own heart.

Bang!

With a muffled sound, the hot blood in his heart completely boiled.

Qi-Blood throughout his body ignited like gasoline.

Whoosh!

The energy radiated, creating a layer of white mist around Feng Feiyu's body.

Falling to the ground, Feng Feiyu performed a nimble flip to stand up, continuously waving his hands.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A continuous stream of Splitting Palm strength burst from his hands.

That massive palm descending upon him slowed down accordingly.

The young monk looked at Feng Feiyu with surprise.

"'Burning Blood Technique'?"

Sigh.

What's the point.

The outcome won't change."

The monk sighed.

'Burning Blood Technique' was once the exclusive secret technique of 'Blood Demon', but when defeated by 'The Emperor', 'Blood Demon' had used this secret technique to escape, then 'The Emperor' reverse-engineered it based on what he saw and heard.

Chapter 1427: Surprised or Not! (part 2)

Perhaps not as powerful as the original "Burning Blood Technique," but it has become one of the trump cards for ordinary people.

As the eyes and arms of "The Emperor."

Both “The Six Fan School” and “the Grand Interior” have obtained this secret technique.

Many people choose to cultivate this secret technique.

After all, no one knows when it might be needed.

Although the cost of using this secret technique is immense, one must gamble to survive.

What if you survive?

"The ending is not determined by you!

It is what I strive for!"

Feng Feiyu said this.

Upon hearing this, the young monk smiled.

It was not a sarcastic smile, nor a mocking one.

It was merely a helpless smile when seeing an ant trying to challenge an elephant.

With this smile, the monk, exerting just one measure of strength, added another measure.

Buzz!

With a resonating sound, the giant skeletal palm pressed straight down.

Feng Feiyu, appearing to resist the descending palm, blanched once more, nearly spitting another mouthful of fresh blood.

However, Feng Feiyu forcefully swallowed it back down.

Then—

Bang!

He pounded his chest again.

The “Burning Blood Technique” was unleashed for the second time.

The young monk froze, staring directly at Feng Feiyu with pitch-black eyes.

Even one use of the “Burning Blood Technique,” touching the “aperture” of a master, would require bed rest and reliance on great medicine to recuperate, replenishing the Qi-Blood.

A slight misstep would lead to irreversible injuries.

And to use the “Burning Blood Technique” twice in a short period?

It guarantees death.

The essence blood completely burns, with muscles, bones, and skin serving as fuel.

Not only will you die, but you will die miserably.

The whole process is extremely painful.

A typical person would never choose this.

In fact, the “Burning Blood Technique” is meant for escape.

Very few would risk life genuinely.

The young monk had never seen this.

This was his first time witnessing it.

Feeling the pressure from the palm, the young monk added another measure of strength.

"Chief arrest officer Feng truly surprises this humble monk.

For such a surprise, this humble monk is willing to let the lady patron in the tavern be buried with Chief arrest officer Feng.

Of course.

After the monk enjoys her.”

The young monk spoke slowly.

It seemed like a great reward.

By the young monk’s usual conduct, this was indeed a great reward.

Because he usually tortured to kill.

Even the corpses were incomplete.

Feng Feiyu had seen those records and knew this fact.

Knowing the young monk was speaking the truth made Feng Feiyu even angrier.

What could anger a man more than failing to protect his own woman?

Nothing.

For a man, being unable to protect his woman is not just simple anger but life's greatest humiliation.

No hesitation!

Bang!

Feng Feiyu pounded his chest once more.

The "Burning Blood Technique" was activated for the third time.

This activation ignited Feng Feiyu's skin.

Not ordinary flames.

But essence blood flames.

The young monk shook his head again.

"Two 'Burning Blood Techniques,' you might manage to hold on for a while, but with three 'Burning Blood Techniques,' you'd be burnt alive by the essence blood now."

"Before dying! I will make sure you suffer!"

With this roar, Feng Feiyu charged at the young monk, delivering a palm strike.

Bang!

A palm filled with vigor caused the golden shimmering light beside the young monk to flicker.

Bang!

Another palm, the golden shimmering light trembled continuously.

If there was a third palm, there would certainly be greater results.

But there would be no third palm.

After two palms, Feng Feiyu's skin and muscles were already burned, leaving only a skeleton and some organs standing tall, showcasing Feng Feiyu's tenacious will.

Inside the small tavern, Su Niang looked at the fiery figure and gently picked up the scissors from the drawer.

She was already prepared.

Feng Feiyu dies.

She follows suit.

There would be no change.

There would be no hesitation.

Su Niang gazed at the flames at the doorway, pressing the scissors to her neck.

She lingered a moment at the fiery silhouette, ready to thrust into her neck.

But at this moment, something unexpected happened—

With only a skeleton and a few organs, Feng Feiyu's muscles and skin regrew in a breath.

As if by magic.

No.

It was, a miracle.

Su Niang looked on incredulously at this scene.

The young monk was dumbfounded.

Feng Feiyu himself was a bit puzzled; he felt a continuous surge of vitality flooding from his heart, pouring into his exhausted body like rivers to the ocean.

In a breath, the surging vitality filled his entire body.

The burned-out Qi-Blood instantly regained its peak.

In fact,

It even surpassed it slightly.

What happened?

Feng Feiyu asked himself.

But no one told him what happened.

One thing he knew.

He wanted to kill the monk in front of him!

Bang!

Another palm strike.

This strike was more effective than the previous two.

The golden shimmering light flickered continuously, not to mention the monk retreated a step.

For the first time!

After battling with Feng Feiyu, the young monk retreated.

Not only did he retreat, but he also looked at Feng Feiyu with uncertainty.

The young monk rapidly distanced himself from Feng Feiyu, and the phantom behind him directly delivered a palm strike.

This palm was not merely three measures.

But a full ten measures of strength.

The scene before him left the young monk feeling like everything had surpassed his imagination.

Chapter 1428: Surprised or Not! (part 3)

Of course, we must give it our all.

Boom!

A massive palm descended.

Feng Feiyu only had time to make a supporting gesture before he was smashed to pieces, the immense force turning his flesh into a cloud of blood mist.

Watching this scene, the young monk exhaled slightly.

"Although I don't know what backup plan you left, Chief Arrest Officer Feng, the difference in strength cannot be bridged by a few trump cards. It's a pity, I was planning to leave you a complete corpse..."

The young monk's sigh suddenly stopped.

In his pitch-black eyes, surprise emerged.

He saw Feng Feiyu, who had turned into a cloud of blood mist, restore himself once again.

Standing there alive.

Exactly the same as before.

No!

The thickness of the Qi-Blood was even stronger.

“Blood Demon’!”

Seeing this, the young monk blurted out a title.

But then he started shaking his head.

The scene before his eyes, although it resembled the ‘Blood Demon’s ‘Blood Demon Rebirth Technique’, lacked even a trace of Blood Fiend Aura, nor was there any evil aura.

There was only abundant vitality!

What’s happening?

The young monk was puzzled.

Then came another palm strike.

Facing this strike, Feng Feiyu didn’t dodge.

He knew he simply couldn’t escape.

Decisively, he struck his own chest with a palm.

The fourth 'Burning Blood Technique'.

Simultaneously, the giant palm descended, and Feng Feiyu was once again smashed into blood mist.

However, just like before, Feng Feiyu restored himself in the blink of an eye.

Moreover, the fourth 'Burning Blood Technique' was effective.

The abundant Qi-Blood was directly ignited, causing Feng Feiyu's strength to skyrocket. The former 'Six Fan School' Purple-Clothed Chief Arrest Officer, who touched the 'Acupoint', could clearly feel the surging vitality continuously generating Qi-Blood, infusing into his 'Acupoint'.

If given enough time, he was confident he could fill the 'Acupoint'.

Then, become another pinnacle 'Martial Arts Divinity'.

But at this moment, Feng Feiyu wasn't thinking about any of this at all.

His thought had never changed.

It's to kill the monk before him, and protect Su Niang.

Boom!

The massive palm descended, and Feng Feiyu, after a brief resistance, was killed.

Then, he revived.

Struck the chest, the fifth 'Burning Blood Technique'.

But it could only block for a moment.

Unhesitatingly, the sixth 'Burning Blood Technique'!

Then, the seventh!

The eighth!

The ninth!

After nine 'Burning Blood Techniques', Feng Feiyu's strength was pushed to an extreme.

The surging vitality continuously transformed into Qi-Blood.

One part burned.

The other part infused the 'Acupoint'.

Gurgle!

He heard the sound of flowing water beside his ears.

It was the sound of Qi-Blood turning into rivers, filling the acupoint.

It was the sound of the acupoint about to be filled.

The young monk sensed this change, his previously calm face instantly became tense.

He shouted loudly—

"Why aren't you taking action?!"

With a loud shout, ten figures emerged from hidden corners, charging straight at Feng Feiyu.

At the same time, a cloud of blood mist suddenly descended from the sky.

Not in the front yard.

But...

The backyard.

The silently appearing blood mist was about to cover the backyard.

At this moment, two lights appeared.

A cold gleam.

A radiant brilliance.

The former sorrowful, pure, seemingly with endless longing and pain, yet sharp and cold, completely merging its emotion into a sword intent, a blade of sword light.

The latter was much simpler.

Dominance!

One strike, death.

A domineering that demands life.

No room for maneuver.

There was only death.

Under their pincer attack, the newly appeared blood mist was directly torn apart, leaving only a sound—

"Ah!"

Chapter 1429: Blades and Swords Laugh

The cries of agony continued unabated, interspersed with curses—

"Double Kills!"

"Sword Immortal!"

"And you, you treacherous Monk!"

The pulverized blood mist churned under the night sky, reformed once again, but didn't linger for a second, instead flying towards the distance.

However, it had only flown less than a hundred meters.

A flash of blade light descended from the sky.

The blood mist was once again slashed apart.

Cleanly divided in two.

A figure fell from the sky, but before touching the ground, it transformed back into blood mist again, flying towards the distance at an even faster speed.

"Knife Monarch!"

Amidst the blood mist, the roar grew even more anguished.

However, the speed increased nonetheless.

'Knife Monarch' looked up, and in the end, shook his head.

The speed was too fast.

Couldn't catch up.

If among the world's top nine experts, who was the most unpredictable, it was undoubtedly the 'Heavenly Monster'.

But the most troublesome of them was the 'Blood Demon'.

This 'Blood Shadow Magic Skill' was bizarre and elusive, a completely different path, not requiring muscle and bone training, only the strengthening of Qi-Blood, and moreover, it was rumored that 'Blood Shadow Magic Skill' had no upper limit.

As long as the body could contain Qi-Blood, one could keep getting stronger.

But that was the complete 'Blood Shadow Magic Skill'. When the Blood Demon of several generations ago wreaked havoc in the martial world and was besieged by numerous martial artists, it was lost.

The last generation Blood Demon, the current one's teacher, tried to complete the 'Blood Shadow Magic Skill', but failed, killed by 'The Emperor', who had just appeared in the martial world, at an unnamed mountain peak.

And that unnamed mountain peak was also called Emperor's Steppe by the martial world.

It could be said that the last Blood Demon completely established the fame of 'The Emperor'.

As for the current Blood Demon?

He once sought revenge on 'The Emperor'.

However, it's rumored that upon just a glance, he turned and fled.

Among the world's top nine experts, apart from 'The Emperor', there was virtually no distinction of superiority.

But faintly, Blood Demon and Heavenly Monster were at the bottom.

As for which of them was weaker?

That would be known only if the two fought.

However, with the characteristics of 'Blood Shadow Magic Skill' and 'Immortal Wandering Scripture of a Thousand Faces and Thousands of Lives', it was truly difficult for the two to battle to the death.

Even the 'Knife Monarch' had to exert all his strength to temporarily confine 'Heavenly Monster'.

To kill the other?

Very difficult.

Without heavy arrangements, it couldn't be done.

And now?

Such an opportunity was not available.

'Heavenly Monster' was like that.

'Blood Demon' was also the same.

'Knife Monarch', having quickly made a judgment, looked towards 'Joyful Buddha'.

'Joyful Buddha' also saw 'Knife Monarch'.

He looked delighted, his hands clasped in prayer.

"'Knife Monarch', you haven't changed?"

His demeanor seemed as if he had seen a friend he hadn't met for a long time, his face filled with the joy of reunion, but his pitch-black eyes made you feel awkward and uncomfortable no matter how you looked at him.

Even brought with them a slight tremble.

'Knife Monarch' snorted coldly.

The Sharpness aura suddenly slashed ahead.

Invisible, soundless, and without shadow.

The young monk stepped aside.

On the hard shattered stone ground, a fine slash immediately appeared.

Looking at the slash beside his foot, the young monk shook his head.

"Knife Monarch, why do you do this?

I greeted you kindly, is this slash what I get in return?"

The young monk seemed very displeased.

"A good 'Lion's Roar' of Dalin Temple was turned by you into this eerie thing; the high monk who created this secret technique would not die in peace, and your neither-human-nor-ghost appearance is truly disgusting."

'Knife Monarch' clenched the knife handle, ready to attack again.

The paths didn't agree, nothing more to discuss.

If among the world's top nine experts, who did he hate the most, this 'Joyful Buddha' in front of him was definitely the first.

If he hadn't hidden himself for so many years, he would have already found this opponent and fought him.

"'Dalín Temple'?"

'Dalín Temple' has long ceased to exist.

All the sixteen hundred people in the temple were killed by me!

I also toppled the Relic Pagoda, and the whole temple was burnt to the ground by me.

I erased it."

The young monk said cheerfully.

What?

'Knife Monarch' was stunned.

'Dalín Temple' wasn't some small sect; passed down for a thousand years, not to mention having produced several true 'Arhats', such a long-standing and profoundly-rooted sect had been annihilated?

Moreover, how did he not know?

In fact, he hadn't heard a bit of news?

'Knife Monarch' was astounded, but the young monk wouldn't miss the opportunity.

He raised his hand for a palm strike.

A virtual image of half-Buddha-half-Demon directly struck down with a palm.

Bang!

Amidst the loud noise, the palm wind howled, and the knife aura was rampant.

The young monk's face showed delight once again.

"Knife Monarch, you're injured? That's great!

Seems like 'Carefree King', despite his fall, didn't die in vain!

This life of yours, I, the monk, will accept it."

Saying such words, the young monk's hands slapped continuously, the hand of the Demon shadow beside him, palm after palm, brought explosive sounds, shaking the ground endlessly.

'Knife Monarch' struggled to cope, gradually falling behind.

But 'Knife Monarch' did not feel a bit anxious.

On the contrary, with the long knife in hand, 'Knife Monarch' fully defended himself using the Eight Directions Hidden Blade Style, his eyes fixated on 'Joyful Buddha'.

The situation before his eyes was already beyond his control.

Not only were enemies appearing one after another.

The ones present now might be all.

But it's more likely that the greatest enemies still lurked behind the scenes.

The only solace was, he wasn't alone.

Chapter 1430: Blades and Swords Laugh (part 2)

Thinking of this, the 'Knife Monarch' turned his gaze toward Feng Feiyu.

There, Feng Feiyu was completely immersed in a state of profound and dangerous meditation.

The 'acupuncture points' were filled.

Naturally, it was to achieve 'Martial Arts Divinity.'

But achieving 'Martial Arts Divinity' also had some hurdles, related to one's own cultivation technique and secret technique.

And when breaking through these hurdles, some conditions were the same.

For example: one must not move casually.

It's best to sit cross-legged.

Feng Feiyu was no exception.

Feng Feiyu excelled at the Splitting Palm.

This was a Martial Arts passed down through the Feng Family, with a complete heritage.

Within it, there was a ‘visualization diagram.’

And Feng Feiyu had long remembered the Feng Family’s ‘Splitting Palm’ visualization diagram in his heart. At this moment, following the method, under the premise that the ‘acupuncture points’ were filled, it could be completed in a short while.

But this short while was too long!

A short while in ordinary times was just the time for a meal.

And now, this short while?

It was really life-threatening.

Looking at the ten figures full of killing intent approaching him, Feng Feiyu couldn’t help but grit his teeth.

He prepared to give up this opportunity.

Although ‘Martial Arts Divinity’ had always been his goal, standing here motionless and being slaughtered was not what he wanted.

Even if, after this interruption, he might never reach the realm of ‘Martial Arts Divinity’ in this life, it was still better than standing here waiting to die.

Feng Feiyu wasn’t someone who hesitated.

Once he thought of something, he acted.

But just at this moment—

"Cough, cough."

Two coughs echoed in his ears.

The mad old man who had been crouching in the corner stood up, slowly walked over, and then blocked in front of him.

Feng Feiyu was greatly alarmed.

These ten people were specially arranged by 'Joyous Buddha.'

The weakest among them was a top expert who had reshaped their 'Bone Marrow.'

How could a mad old man possibly resist?

Just moments ago, immersed in his semi-real, semi-illusory world, Feng Feiyu had not noticed those two flashes of light.

He only knew that if the mad old man blocked in front of him, he would truly die.

But at this time, he couldn't speak.

He could only stare blankly.

Then, he prepared to hasten the termination of his breakthrough to regain mobility.

"Don't move recklessly."

Suddenly, the mad old man spoke up.

Turning around, facing Feng Feiyu, he said solemnly: "I've been eating and drinking here at your house for days. Although you secretly wish I'd leave soon, there is a reason why this old man must stay. Although it's my own business, I've still benefited from your hospitality. So, this old man will help you out."

Although the elder's face was dirty, his eyes were incomparably bright and clear, showing no trace of madness.

What surprised Feng Feiyu even more was that the elder stood still, just looking at him, then raised his hand and waved backward.

Swish, swish, swish!

The invisible Sword Qi swept through like an autumn breeze, and ten figures, who were regarded as top experts, were like falling leaves in the wind.

Then, they vanished without a trace.

Or rather...

Were sliced into dust.

A sudden fall of scarlet autumn rain added a sense of desolation and loneliness to the street alley.

Feng Feiyu stared at this scene, dumbfounded.

The eyes of this former Zi-clad chief arrest officer were filled with disbelief.

Not only disbelief about the scene before him.

But even more so disbelief about the identity of the elder before him.

Upon seeing the Sword Qi tinged with autumn's essence, Feng Feiyu immediately confirmed the elder's identity, the patriarch of the Northern Li Family, 'Sword Immortal' Li Youzhi.

The 'Withered Lotus Sword Technique' that the other person created was too recognizable.

But precisely because he recognized it, Feng Feiyu found it even harder to believe.

Because he had just recently seen 'Sword Immortal' Li Youzhi, holding a long sword, with the demeanor of a great master.

He wasn't at all this filthy figure.

Moreover, the other person should be in seclusion at the 'Sword Hut.'

Why would he appear here?

And then there was the 'Joyous Buddha' who just appeared.

This martial artist who used a knife must be the 'Knife Monarch.'

Adding in the 'Carefree King' and...

That person!

Over half of the world's nine top martial artists unexpectedly appeared in the Northern Capital?

Feng Feiyu, who always considered himself smart, found his mind somewhat overwhelmed at this moment.

But what puzzled Feng Feiyu even more was the attitude of these three among the world's nine top experts in front of him—

“‘Sword Immortal,’ how have you been? Seeing the ‘Sword Immortal,’ I’m truly overjoyed.”

It was almost an exact replay of encountering the ‘Knife Monarch.’

The young monk was attacking the ‘Knife Monarch’ while greeting the ‘Sword Immortal.’

And the ‘Sword Immortal’ remained silent.

Not acquiescing.

But being vigilant.

Vigilant?

Could there be something else around?

Feng Feiyu instinctively looked around.

"Swordsman, how are you?

Have you been knocked silly?

I saw you acting crazy earlier.”

The 'Knife Monarch' drew his knife for protection and asked.

Among the nine greatest fighters in the world, if anyone was closest to the 'Knife Monarch', it was undoubtedly the 'Sword Immortal'.

Twenty years ago, the two even traveled together in the Northern Land, their combined sword and blade techniques unrivaled.

However, when that couple gained fame, their combined sword and blade prowess was replaced by the title 'Double Absolute'.

"You're the one who's been knocked silly, you XXX amateur!"

The 'Sword Immortal' retorted fluently.

At this moment, the 'Sword Immortal' showed none of the demeanor of a top-tier master or grandmaster, appearing more like a common ruffian, yet this revealed a sense of authenticity.

"You shouldn't have come."

Suddenly, the 'Sword Immortal' spoke.

"I didn't want to come."

The 'Knife Monarch' sighed.

"But you came anyway."

The 'Sword Immortal' also sighed.

"In this world, one often finds it hard to follow one's own will—I thought it was a situation I could completely control, but who knew it would turn into a life-and-death battle hanging by a thread."

The 'Knife Monarch' was filled with helplessness.

"I used to be as nave as you, and that's why I ended up like this."

A look of sorrow appeared in the 'Sword Immortal's' eyes.

"Is the Li Family finished?"

The 'Knife Monarch' was stunned.

"Yes, all gone."

The 'Sword Immortal' nodded.

The 'Knife Monarch' fell silent.

After a few seconds, the 'Knife Monarch' unleashed a ten-meter-long blade light, forcing back the Rakshasa shadow of the 'Joyful Buddha' before retreating back to the side of the 'Sword Immortal'.

"Sorry, I'm late."

The 'Knife Monarch' said as blood began to trickle from the corner of his mouth.

It was clear that the recent strike had worsened the 'Knife Monarch's' injury.

Originally, he didn't need to do this.

But the 'Knife Monarch' felt he had to do it.

He had to immediately come to his friend and apologize.

Otherwise, his heart wouldn't be at ease.

So, he did it.

Even if it meant aggravating his injuries at this moment.

"It's not your fault, there's no need to apologize, and besides...

You're here now.

It's not too late!"

The 'Sword Immortal' said with mild annoyance, then his expression turned serious, looking at the 'Joyful Buddha', the light in his eyes became incomparably sharp at that moment.

The 'Knife Monarch' sensed his friend's intention and immediately stood by his side with his knife.

"Hahaha!

'Sword Immortal', 'Knife Monarch' both present.

How delightful, how joyous."

The young monk laughed loudly, no longer maintaining the transcendence and extraordinary nature from before; all that remained was a madness brought to the extreme by delight, laughing heartily.

Laughing so hard he leaned forward and back.

Laughing while clutching his belly.

Laughing until tears streamed from his eyes.

As if just laughing like a madman.

But the laughter abruptly stopped.

The young monk stood up again.

He looked at the 'Knife Monarch' and 'Sword Immortal', and in an extremely cold tone, said: "Just as that person predicted, you will surely die together.

I lost the bet.

For the first time, I lost a bet and served him for twenty years.

This time I lost the bet again, and must serve him for another twenty years.

Do you find it laughable?"

In the midst of his questioning.

The bodies of the Bodhisattva and Rakshasa grew taller again.

From over five meters, they kept growing until they reached ten meters, only then did they slowly stop.

Moreover, the half-Bodhisattva, half-Rakshasa image seemed to solidify as if turned into reality.

No longer a mere shadow.

But a living presence.

At the same time, the Bodhisattva with the fingers pinched and eyes closed slightly opened its eyes, looking at the 'Knife Monarch' and 'Sword Immortal', those eyes which should have been merciful were filled with intense anger.

Not to mention the other half being the Rakshasa.

"Kill!"

Different voices emerged from this massive presence.

Two enormous palms struck down.

The 'Knife Monarch' and 'Sword Immortal' burst into laughter.

Then, blade and sword were drawn simultaneously.

In the flash of blades and shadows, sword and blade united, unleashing unprecedented power.

Instantly!

The enormous figure was split apart!