

Swordsman 1051

Chapter 1051: Blood Asura Clan

The Blood Asura Clan was located on towering mountains dotted with numerous palace lofts.

It was a pleasing sight that displayed just how majestic the clan was.

“Is this the home to one of four great clans-Blood Asura Clan?”

Jian Wushuang followed Su Rou into the clan, his gaze darting around to take in his surroundings.

This clan, along with the Ancient Demon Clan, was the strongest out of the four great clans.

“Asura Lord!”

“Greetings, Asura Lord!”

They stumbled across numerous clansmen along the way, all of whom possessed great physical strength. But when they saw Su Rou, they would salute her, their absolute deference coming from the bottom of their hearts.

Asura Lord was essentially an existence equivalent to an Emperor in the Blood Asura Clan.

When Jian Wushuang arrived in front of a tall mountain, he heard a whooshing sound as multiple silhouettes flitted before him in a straight line. The leader was an elderly woman dressed in a grey robe. The woman had a wizened face and graying hair on the temples, but her eyes were bright and energetic.

“Celestial Master?” Jian Wushuang’s heart jolted. He thought to himself that this was indeed one of the great clans. Their strength as a clan was truly commendable.

It must be known that Su Rou relied on the Eye of Asura to get a Celestial Master expert under her control. The existence of this elderly woman meant the clan had at least two Celestial Master experts and might even have more.

“Asura Lord.” The elderly woman made a subtle salute at Su Rou.

“Great Elder Lin Li, did something happen?” Su Rou stared at her dully.

“I heard that you left with a group of experts earlier. I wonder what’s so important that you must personally make your move,” the elderly woman, Great Elder Lin Li, inquired.

“Something happened earlier but it’s already resolved. You can rest assured, Great Elder,” Su Rou replied emotionlessly.

“Oh?” Lin Li gave a small nod and refrained from asking any further. She couldn’t help glancing at Jian Wushuang behind Su Rou. “Asura Lord, who is this person next to you?”

“He’s my brother, Jian Wushuang,” Su Rou replied.

“Greetings, Great Elder Jin Li,” Jian Wushuang said with a smile.

“Jian Wushuang?” Lin Li’s pupils shrunk. “You’re Jian Wushuang? You’re the one whom Patriarch of Empyrean Glory offered a huge reward for and offended the entire Ancient Demon Clan not long after?”

“That’s me.” Jian Wushuang gave a helpless smile.

Lin Li’s face turned grave. “Asura Lord, Jian Wushuang’s head is wanted by Patriarch of Empyrean Glory and the Ancient Demon Clan. It won’t do our clan any favors to bring him here.”

“You worry too much, Great Elder,” Su Rou replied. “The grudge between Third Brother and Patriarch of Empyrean Glory has already been solved. Third Brother has also confronted the Ancient Demon Clan and the situation isn’t as bad as you describe it to be.”

“Is that so?” Lin Li frowned.

She had only heard about Patriarch of Empyrean Glory hunting Jian Wushuang down, but not what happened afterward.

“If you don’t have anything to add, I’ll be leaving.”

Without bothering to engage in idle chatter with Lin Li, Su Rou continued moving forward with Jian Wushuang behind her.

The two of them trod upon the Void above the Blood Asura Clan side by side. The experts under Su Rou’s control had been dismissed.

“Fourth Sister, what’s up with that woman Lin Li? There’s something odd about the way she looked at you earlier,” Jian Wushuang asked.

Lin Li appeared to be harboring complex emotions while talking to Su Rou earlier. Though she hid it well, Jian Wushuang was still able to notice it.

“It’s normal.” Su Rou laughed, looking as if she was used to it.

“Third Brother, there’s something you don’t know about our clan. Here, there are three people with the top positions and influences.”

“The first is my Master, the Supreme Elder as well as the top expert of our clan. His word carries enormous weight here and no one dares go against him.”

“The second is the woman you met earlier, Great Elder Lin Li. Being a Great Elder, she naturally commands significant authority. Moreover, my Master typically doesn’t show interest in the clan’s affairs and she’s the one who’s responsible for most things.”

“The third and last one is me.”

Su Rou smiled faintly as she continued, “Our clan attaches greater importance to bloodline purity than other clans in the Samsara Continent. In fact, at our clan’s peak many years ago, our influence envelops the entire Green Fire World and even many parts of the Ancient World. This results in the Blood Asura bloodline being found in every corner of the Green Fire World.”

“Our clan typically doesn’t concern itself with those who inherited our bloodline, allowing them to live and die as they please. They’ve even forgotten that they’re our clansmen as well. But should there

someone among them who has awakened an exceptionally pure bloodline, our clan will have a way of detecting it. We will then immediately retrieve this pure-blooded clansman.”

“I’m one of those people who live in the branch families of the clan. Back when I first awakened my bloodline in the Ancient World and the Eye of Asura, the clan had also immediately detected my existence.”

“Thus, my Master came personally to retrieve me.”

“The purity level of my awakened bloodline is so high that I’m considered the one and only with such bloodline in the clan. Coupled with the Eye of Asura, my Master easily made up his mind to make me Asura Lord.”

“Asura Lord is equivalent to the position of the Emperor of the Blood Asura Clan. Under ordinary circumstances, even my Master has to listen to my orders. Naturally, Lin Li has to follow my command as well.”

Su Rou hesitated momentarily before continuing, “Before this, Lin Li basically commanded an absolute authority over the clan. However, my existence robbed her off all of her power. Of course, she wouldn’t feel happy about it and bear grievances against me.”

“I see.” Jian Wushuang nodded.

He finally understood why Su Rou had left all those years ago and why she had become Asura Lord in just a short span of two thousand years.

“Fourth Sister, it’s been two thousand years ago since we last met. Now you’re doing far better than us three older brothers,” he said, sighing with emotion.

“Did Eldest Brother and Second Brother come to the Green Fire World as well?” Su Rou asked.

“Yes,” Jian Wushuang said, nodding. He then chuckled. “They’re now in the Tang of the East of the Void Continent. Once I’ve clarified some of my personal affairs, I’ll take you there and we can finally reunite.”

“Great.” Su Rou smiled. “Oh right! Why did you come to the Samsara Continent and even get yourself into trouble with Patriarch of Empyrean Glory and the Ancient Demon Clan?”

“Well... Here is the thing...” Jian Wushuang gave her a brief and simple explanation.

Chapter 1052: Special Person

Su Rou couldn’t help sighing after hearing Jian Wushuang’s story.

“So that’s what happened. Your father became a Reincarnator?”

She knew how cruel the cultivation of a Reincarnator was.

“I’ve already requested the help of Elder Ding Mo of the Samsara Temple to find my father several days ago. I think I’ll get an answer in a few days,” Jian Wushuang said.

"I'm sure an Elder of the Inner Hall of the temple would definitely help you find your father," Su Rou replied.

"Let's hope so."

Inside a large courtyard halfway up the mountain housed the Blood Asura Clan.

"Third Brother, please make this your home for the moment and take your time to recuperate. If you need anything, feel free to call for me," Su Rou said.

"Alright." Jian Wushuang made a small nod. He wouldn't be overly courteous to her.

Su Rou soon took leave.

Now Jian Wushuang alone sat upright beside a stone table.

"Jian Wushuang, as for Jiu Xiu... What do you plan to do with him?" Gu King's voice suddenly resounded.

"Jiu Xiu?" Jian Wushuang narrowed his eyes, his gaze landing on Jiu Xiu who was being suppressed inside his Sword Mountain.

"Jiu Xiu sure is stubborn. I triggered all the restrictions within the sword and tormenting him for so long, but he's still refusing to talk." Jian Wushuang's gaze was steely.

"That's only natural. The current restrictions are useless and I've no way of triggering anything stronger at the moment. Moreover, Celestial Master Dong Ming said that it'll do Mother good to keep Jiu Xiu alive. I don't know if he's telling the truth but then again, I'm not in a hurry to kill him."

"I'll just keep him suppressed in the Sword Mountain then."

Jian Wushuang was feeling helpless as well.

He had planned to force Jiu Xiu to reveal his mother's whereabouts. However, the latter refused to speak. There was nothing he could do about it.

"Now, all I can do is wait for Elder Ding Mo's news." Jian Wushuang immediately started healing his injuries while waiting for news from Elder Ding Mo.

Several days later, Ding Mo finally contacted him.

"Jian Wushuang, I heard you escape unscathed after Patriarch of Emyrean Glory and Celestial Master Dong Ming of the Ancient Demon Clan teamed up to hunt you. How powerful!"

He had already caused such a great commotion after being pursued in the first place. Later on, he made a bet with Patriarch of Emyrean Glory and survived three of his attacks head-on in front of such a large audience. Naturally, the news spread far and wide.

Of course Ding Mo, as an Elder of the Inner Hall of the Samsara Temple, would hear about it.

"Just a stroke of good luck. Moreover, Asura Lord showed up and helped me tide over this crisis. Otherwise..." Jian Wushuang said, imagining the possible outcome.

"Asura Lord of the Blood Asura Clan? Tsk, tsk. I never thought you'd share such a friendship with her," Ding Mo said.

"Elder Ding Mo, I'm sure you're contacting me because you've made progress in my request?" Jian Wushuang went straight to the point, giving Ding Mo no chance to waste time on idle chatter.

"You're right. Moreover, I'm sure it ought to be good news to you," Ding Mo replied.

"Good news?" Jian Wushuang was initially overjoyed but a frown colored his expression just as quickly. "What do you mean 'ought to'?"

"I used my authority to begin investigating, starting from your next of kin's origins and the time period in which he became a Reincarnator. I did find someone matching the description," Ding Mo began to explain.

"Did you find him?" Jian Wushuang's heart tightened.

"Calm down," Ding Mo said. "I did discover the existence of such a person. But the odd thing is that I only found the information on him before he became the Rank Five Reincarnator and below but not those above. Yet my investigation reveals that he isn't one of the current Rank Five Reincarnators of the Samsara Temple."

"What do you mean?" Jian Wushuang frowned.

"What did it mean that he could only find the information before this man became Rank Five Reincarnators and below but not those above?"

"Did this mean that my father failed in the Rank Five Reincarnator test and die?"

"He's not dead. If he hadn't survived the test, his information would've been completely obliterated. He currently has information available to Rank Five Reincarnators but not those above, yet he himself isn't among the Rank Five Reincarnators of the Samsara Temple. If this happens in the Samsara Continent, there's only one explanation for it," Ding Mo said solemnly.

"What is it?" Jian Wushuang immediately asked.

"He's a special person who means a great deal or poses a great function for the Samsara Temple!" Ding Mo said.

"Special person?" Jian Wushuang was stunned.

"There is a very rare group of people in the Samsara Temple. They're so special that the temple holds them in the highest of regards. So information about them is top secret. Not even an Elder of the Inner Hall like me has the right to read it. As far as I know, there are currently no more than ten of such special persons in the Samsara Temple!"

"It serves to reason that your family member should be one of them!" Ding Mo's voice was rather solemn.

"Each special person of the Samsara Temple is equivalent to a precious treasure. In terms of status, they were much more important than a mere Elder of the Inner Hall like me."

"I see," Jian Wushuang said, his expression also becoming strange.

"So my father is a special person whom the Samsara Temple attaches much importance to?"

"Jian Wushuang, the reason why I say that it's a good news to you is that such special persons would be very well-protected. Under ordinary circumstances, they'd never die. Since your family member is a special person, he ought to be living well and even has a higher status than me in the Samsara Temple," Ding Mo continued.

"I understand. Thank you very much, Elder Ding Mo." Jian Wushuang heaved a sigh, a smile finally emerging on his face.

Even though Ding Mo didn't manage to find his father's whereabouts, the former nevertheless still told him one piece of good news.

"If Father truly holds a high status in the Samsara Temple, he must be fairly influential. I caused such a great commotion in the Divine Demon Domain, so maybe he has already heard of it. Who knows if he's already making plans to come and find me?" Jian Wushuang said with a smile, joy buoying his heart.

Once the communication was over, Jian Wushuang went to look for Su Rou.

"Fourth Sister, I need your help," he said.

"Your business is my business. Don't be so polite." Su Rou smiled at him. She had always considered him as her biological brother.

He chuckled and no longer tried to be courteous. "I need you to use your influence to keep an eye on the top experts of the Samsara Temple and see if any of them resemble my father."

"Moreover, there's the Ancient Demon Clan as well. Since their clan and yours are the two top clans among the four great clans, I'm sure there are a lot of explicit and covert fights going on each day, so much so that both clans know each other well. I need you to help me investigate my mother's whereabouts in the Ancient Demon Clan."

Chapter 1053: 120 Years

"That is simple." Su Rou agreed heartily.

The tasks of keeping an eye for any high-leveled warriors of the Samsara Temple or seeking out information of Jian Wushuang's mother from the Ancient Demon clan were hardly difficult for the Blood Asura Clan.

"There is another matter." A thin smile lined across Jian Wushuang's face. "As one of the greatest tribes of the Samsara Continent, the Blood Asura Clan must have birthed a great many experts skilled in using the sword. Surely there are plenty of manuscripts or manuals left by these powerful forefathers of your clan?"

"That is true. We do indeed have many manuscripts and manuals on swordplay." Su Rou nodded.

“With your permission, I would like to borrow them for my study. They will all be returned safely before I leave. I shall gladly pay the price of this favor.” Jian Wushuang said.

Focused intently only in the study of wielding the sword, Jian Wushuang has yet only reached the Universe Level despite having being inspired to create three new Sword Principles of his own.

The three Sword Principles of his own creation still has a great room for improvement. A flaw which could only be improved by conducting more research with the manuscripts left by the powerful swordsmen of old.

“That will not matter. These are but old and dusty books. I will have them brought to you if you have need of them. There shall be no need for any repayment for the favor.” Su Rou remarked with a smile.

With a twitch of his eyebrows, Jian Wushuang nodded graciously.

Su Rou then took her leave to make the arrangements.

“Does this mean that you intend to stay here, for now, Jian Wushuang?” The Gu King asked.

“Indeed.” Jian Wushuang nodded. “I have done all I could for now. With no need for hastiness, I might as well stay here to find ways to improve myself. I would have not had to worry so much and I would never have to try by means of Jiu Xiu if only I have greater strength. I could have easily gotten all answer to my questions by going directly to the lair of the Ancient Demon Clan.”

“That is true. Power is everything in this domain. Your present strength puts you at merely a hair’s breadth away from most Holy Masters. And when you have found ways to enhance any one of your Sword Principles to the Creation Level and heighten your Ancient God Power, you will possess the true battle strength of a Holy Master. And then, you will reign supreme throughout the Green Fire World.” The Gu King illustrated smilingly.

“That is so.” Jiang Wushuang remarked, smiling himself.

Before long, the manuscripts about various Sword Principles reached Jian Wushuang’s doorsteps. They have been delivered as charged by Su Rou.

With a long and illustrious history, the Blood Asura Clan has an extensive collection of manuscripts left behind by the many swordsmen of the past. There were some which were of foreign origins, procured and kept by the Clan till now.

The Sword Principle manuals were mostly on the newly-created disciplines devised by the swordsmen of the Clan. The disciplines were hardly complex nor powerful yet they each have their own distinctive features.

These were, nonetheless, painstaking and meticulous creations by the hands of their authors.

“Damn. There are one hundred and eighty-eight types of Sword Principles here in amongst the manuscripts which have been delivered to me, all fully-recorded in detail.” The eyes of Jian Wushuang blushed with surprise and joy.

Despite seemingly ordinary and yet diverse in nature, the one hundred and eighty-eight Sword Principles was, in fact, the very thing required by Jian Wushuang to perfect his mastery in Coalescence Sword Principle.

It is through the multitudes of diverse styles of the sword, he has to learn the ability to assimilate them all into one unified style!

The artistry of coalescing different and varying Sword Principles into one, single entity.

It was from henceforth, Jian Wushuang began his stay amongst the Clan of Blood Asura, studying on his own in the courtyard of his lodgings; delving intently into the secrets and teachings of swordsmanship and the many Sword Principles before him.

None of the Blood Asura Clan would be hostile towards him, for he was a guest of the Asura Lord of the Clan. Su Rou would come occasionally to visit. But at most times, life was quiet and tranquil there.

And from the peace and quiet, Jiang Wushuang was able to enjoy himself as he focused all his thoughts on improving his own skills.

Time passed swiftly and unnoticed. In a mere blink of an eye, a hundred and twenty years have fled by.

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In a chamber of the palace of the Blood Asura Clan drenched in darkness and held by a restrictive magical barrier, a large, circular table sat in the middle of the hall. The dark silhouettes of figures could be seen sitting at the table. Perched in the main seat, was the Great Elder Lin Li of the Blood Asura Clan.

"Tomorrow is the Supreme Council of our Clan; the Council which is held every one thousand years. The girl would most certainly be present, and she will demand that I relinquish my control of the Asura Guards." Lin Li's eyes flashed dangerously with malice in the darkness.

"The girl's presence has slowly been smothering what is left of our powers all these years. We have almost nothing now. The command of the Asura Guards is the strongest card in my hand. To surrender it would only render us weak and helpless before her!"

The darkened figures of the elders of the Clan stirred uneasily at her words, obviously displeased with the envisaged outcome.

These were the closest associates of Lin Li. All of whom looked up to him as their chief and captain.

Even now, despite his diminishing authority, they have and would remain steadfast by his side.

They knew well, with the emergence of Asura Lord, the Lord now has assumed command and control of the affairs of the Clan. This had culminated in the unmistakable pruning and trimming which have usurped Lin Li of much of her authority. This was hardly debatable as Asura Lord has been showered with love by the people of the Clan.

Yet, there remained certain cliques, namely Lin Li's, within Asura Lord's court which have been displeased by this.

"That is but a mere sapling that has not even reach the age of two thousand. I only fear that our Clan may one day be hunted and slaughtered by the Ancient Demon Clan or the other two greater clans if this decadence continues. I really have not the foggiest of what the old Su Qian is thinking of." Lin Li said frostily.

Su Qian was the teacher of Su Rou, who was also the most powerful Upper Elder of the Blood Asura; one whose words bore great weight within the clan.

But he had left the Clan more than a thousand years ago, embarking on a pilgrimage that has yet to see its end.

But if Su Qian has been at the side of Su Rou, Lin Li would never dare to voice her discontent nor would she dare to devise any devious schemes for a coup. But as Su Qian remained elusive, Lin Li's insolence grew, as had her thirst for power.

"I have been able to ward off the extending tendrils of her ambition when she had demanded for the control of the Asura Guards in the Supreme Council one thousand years ago. I had cited her inexperience in the affairs of the Clan and her unfamiliarity with the state of the Samsara Continent as reasons for my refusal. I am afraid it may not be easy now to avert her away." Lin Li remarked darkly. "I will need a good and solid reason to deny her again."

"Did we not have a guest amongst us; an outsider who has been invited here by Asura Lord, Great Elder?" One of the elder champions of the clan asked.

"You mean Jian Wushuang?" Lin Li's eyes twinkled suddenly. "Indeed, I have almost forgotten about him."

"It is known that Jian Wushuang has a great many enemies, including the Empyrean Patriarch and the Ancient Demon Clan who had once tried to hunt him down. I believe we may use this as a pretense since we of the Blood Asura Clan have always been at odds with the Ancient Demon Clan."

"With pretenses such as this, coupled with a few comments about the failings of the girl, I will refuse her request to surrender the control of the Asura Guards!"

Chapter 1054: The Summons

The Supreme Council of the Blood Asura Clan, the most important council which convened every one thousand years, began the following day.

Sitting the courtyard of the lodging perched at the middle of a hill, Jian Wushuang was alone, enjoying his wine as a smile broke out on his face.

"Never have I thought that the Chaos Gold Bead would have such powers! It is not even two hundred years, and yet, I have already achieved the peak strength of the Three-star Ancient God!" Jian Wushuang reveled jubilantly.

"Hmph! That is a Chaos Gold Bead, an extremely invaluable treasure even in the Eternal Chaotic World. And even that alone could not fully illustrate its greatness. Then again, I myself did not expect that you could reach the pinnacle of the Three-star in just two centuries! It must have something to do with the

methods in which you trained.” The Gu King muttered. “The methods of Inverse Cultivation is really unique indeed that it is completely of another level.”

“Most other Three-star Ancient Gods would have needed at least one millennium to fully consume a Chaos Gold Bead. To think that you took only two centuries and you are almost at the end of your undertaking.”

Jian Wushuang smiled without saying anything.

Out of the few treasures that he had acquired from Dao Yuanzi, the Chaos Gold Bead was the most effective item that has been a great boon to his improvements.

In the past century, Jian Wushuang has been absorbing the essence of the Chaos Gold Bead to enhance his Ancient God Power.

Now, Jian Wushuang has absorbed two thirds of all essence of the Chaos Gold Bead. His Ancient God Power has risen to the pinnacle of Three-stars.

The level of the Three-star Ancient God ranked atop common man and Ancient Gods, wielding strength greater than even that of the Dao Masters at the peak of Rank Three.

“I have been meticulously studying the Sword Principle manuscripts of the Blood Asura Clan for the past century. There have been breakthroughs in my mastery of swordsmanship. Added with the improvements of my Ancient God Power, my overall strength is a lot greater now.”

“Despite still being of the level of the Eternal Realm, I believe I might even have the strength to compete with a Holy Master.” Jian Wushuang added with a smile.

“You jest. Although I can only speak for myself, but you can hardly be viewed as one of the Eternal Realm any more. Even in the Eternal Chaotic World, you will also be treated as a Dao Master. Then again, there are many more practitioners and warriors whose powers could easily dwarf yours in the wide domain of the Eternal Chaotic World.” The Gu King remarked indignantly.

“That I know too. Surely there is no need for such harsh words,” Jian Wushuang smiled and replied.

Leeching himself into Jian Wushuang’s body, the Gu King and Jian Wushuang had become the best of friends. Thus their conversations discussed many things, bringing them closer than ever.

“Ah, yes. I know that I have to discover a path of my own to reach the level of Dao Master and I now possess the necessary requirements to achieve the breakthrough whenever I want to. But what are the differences between the levels of Dao Master and Holy Master, Gu King?” Jian Wushuang asked his companion.

With only enemies of the Holy Master level wielding enough strength that would pose as threats to him now, Jian Wushuang would definitely want to know as much as he could about the level of the Holy Master.

“Holy Masters are also Dao Masters in essence. But Holy Masters have to apply their each individual paths of awareness into the shaping of their very own Dharmic Bodies of true invincibility.”

“To apply one’s own singular path unto oneself to shape one’s own Dharmic Body of true invincibility?” The revelation had Jian Wushuang taken aback by surprise as he remembered of the two Holy Masters he once fought against.

During his battle against the Patriarch of the Xia Clan, Xia Yong, and the Empyrean Patriarch, they had employed the use of two distinctly varying types of energies. Yet the two energies were able to fuse and coalesce perfectly together.

That might have been the effects that had followed after one had embodied two different paths of martial awareness.

“Everything will have to return to the initial when you have reached the level of Holy Master. The many Sword Principles which you have devised on your own and the two Original Bodies of yours will all be embodied as one singular existence of you.” The Gu King said to him.

“What?” Jian Wushuang uttered in surprise.

“Even my two Original Bodies will have to be fused together?”

His two Original Bodies have been a great help to him all these while.

It was hardly a surprise that Jian Wushuang would feel sorry for not having them both anymore.

“This is a step both necessary and unavoidable.” The Gu King commented dryly.

Jian Wushuang gave a bitter laugh for he himself was also aware of that.

There was no other option for him. He would have to embody both of his Original Bodies as one in order to achieve greater heights.

Just then...

“Whoosh! Whoosh!”

Two shadowy figures appeared out of nowhere, landing within the courtyard.

“Jian Wushuang.”

The strangers were fully cloaked in grey. From their aura, Jian Wushuang could sense that they have reached the level of Dao Master. Clearly, they were amongst the greatest warriors of the Blood Asura Clan.

“How can I help you, Masters?” Jian Wushuang turned and looked at them.

“The Great Elder of our Clan, Lin Li has summoned for your presence at once.” A cold, masculine voice came from one of the two disguised strangers.

“Oh?” Jian Wushuang’s brows raised quizzically.

For a hundred and twenty years, Jian Wushuang has resided quietly and undisturbed in this abode of peace. No one has ever come to disrupt that peace, save for Su Rou who has been coming to visit him occasionally. But suddenly today, the Great Elder Lin Li has sent for him?

Despite his suspicions, Jian Wushuang rose to his feet nevertheless.

“Lead the way, gentlemen.” Jian Wushuang assented with a smile.

Led by the two cloaked figures, Jian Wushuang began walking towards a hill which sat at the center of the city of the Blood Asura Clan.

Roosted upon the great mound of the hill was a great hall. At its top alighted a handsome and richly chamber which was black in color and oval in shape. This chamber was the venue where the Supreme Council convened.

The two cloaked strangers led Jian Wushuang into the expanse of the black chamber.

“We have Jian Wushuang, Great Elder.” The male voice came again and the two strangers retreated out of sight.

Jian Wushuang stood alone in the middle of the space, as he took in the sight before him with interest.

There was a huge round table before him. About twenty figures, obscured by shadows, seated at the table, each of them wielded strong and powerful auras.

Yet, it was evident to him that the figures were separated into three different cliques.

One of them was led by Su Rou, the Asura Lord of the Clan. It was a group of six to seven people.

There was another faction, led by the Great Elder Lin Li with also the same number of supporters.

The final clique of people would appear to be a faction not aligned to either side. But they had the most number of members at close to ten.

Having extensive experiences himself, Jian Wushuang could immediately see that this was an internal strife between different factions of the Blood Asura Clan.

“Third Brother,” Su Rou glanced at Jian Wushuang.

He gave her a smile and walked towards her. In a hushed voice, he then asked her, “What is happening?”

Su Rou gave him no verbal answer, instead, she indicated to Lin Li with her head.

Lin Li had been observing Jian Wushuang, the ends of her lips curling into a wicked smile. In an icy tone, her voice rumbled, “That is Jian Wushuang beside you, Your Majesty? I believe you are aware of his identity?”

“Of course.” Su Rou nodded.

“Hmph! And why have you kept him here in the Clan when you have been aware of his identity?” Lin Li growled menacingly. “For all these years, the Ancient Demon Clan have been hostile towards us of the Blood Asura Clan. That is all because he is here! Moreover, there is also the Empyrean Patriarch...”

Chapter 1055: Blinding Speed

"We have never had any animosity with the Empyrean Patriarch, nor have we sought revenge or retribution against each other."

"Yet not long ago, a Dao Master of our Clan had inadvertently offended one of his Protectors. A most trivial issue. In most cases, the matter would at most be resolved with a minor penalty. But they have immediately executed that Dao Master, showing no ounce of leniency nor mercy. It is evident that the Empyrean Patriarch harbors intense hate towards our Clan!"

"And all these came because of Jian Wushuang."

Lin Li's voice rose like a thunder, her nostrils flaring with fury.

"Knowing that Jian Wushuang has a great many enemies thirsty for his blood, you have ill-advisedly decided to bring him here and have brought danger to our Clan!"

"And to shovel coal into the fire, I have had word that you have almost fought against the Empyrean Patriarch and the Ancient Demon Clan! All for the sake of Jian Wushuang! This is nothing but folly and ignorance to endanger the fate of our Clan for an alien!"

Her rousing words stirred even many elders of the Clan, many of them who had been neutral. They frowned with dismay.

"I believe you have no authority towards me, Lin Li?" Su Rou snarled ominously.

"My respects, Your Majesty. You are the Holy Emperor of the Asuras, the sacred imperator of our Clan whom we all rever and obey. I, of course, have no authority over your conduct. But with respects, I am afraid that your methods are still boorish, Your Majesty. You still have much to learn." Lin Li sneered.

"Much you have blathered, only to conceal the fact that you refuse to relinquish control of the Asura Guards." Su Rou taunted.

Lin Li only snorted indignantly and said no more.

Standing beside Su Rou, the exchange between her and Lin Li had not escaped Jian Wushuang's ears as he scoffed to himself with disgust.

The Ancient Demon Clan's animosity towards the Blood Asura Clan stemmed from their rivalry as the two greatest tribes in the land. There has always been conspiracies and deceits between the two clans. Thus, it was of no surprise to him that the Ancient Demon Clan had been preying on the Blood Asura Clan.

The Empyrean Patriarch and his men have always been known to be cruel and sadistic. It was also hardly surprising that anyone of the Blood Asura Clan would have been slain by them, more so for one who had incurred their wrath.

These were incidents as common as the melting of snow. But the cunning Lin Li was trying to hang the blame of both misfortunes over his head.

It would be apparent that she was trying to use this as a pretense to aggravate and inconvenience Su Rou.

Understanding the true intentions of Lin Li, Jian Wushuang rose to his feet at once.

“Great Elder Lin Li, I confess that I have greatly inconvenienced the Blood Asura Clan in the duration of my stay here. Hence, I am willing to repay the kindness shown to me and consider it as a recompensation for the pains that you have endured.” Jian Wushuang declared as he produced an Interspatial Ring with a flick of his wrist.

“There are thirty Chaos Gems in this Ring. I believe this should be adequate remuneration.”

“Thirty Chaos Gems?”

Jian Wushuang could feel himself transfixed by dozens of stares upon him. An examination into the contents of the Ring was done and immediately the chilly stares and glances he felt turned softened.

“Thirty Chaos Gems. I must say I am impressed with your generosity, Master Jian.” One of the elders muttered.

Even the unfriendly eyes of Lin Li could not help but flash with a gleam of astonishment. But the Great Elder tried her best to maintain her composure and her frosty tone, “Thirty Chaos Gems. This, indeed, is a most valuable gift. But do you honestly believe that this compensation is fitting for the hardships you have caused to our Clan, more notably the hatred of the Empyrean Patriarch and his minions?”

“Oh?” The twinkle in Jian Wushuang’s eyes swiftly faded, only to be replaced by a cold fury suppressed within himself. “I see. If the thirty Gems are hardly enough, you say. What about this?”

“And what may that be?” The words escaped the lips of Lin Li before she could rein herself.

But sitting beside Jian Wushuang, Su Rou shifted in her seat uneasily.

None of the elders and warriors present in the chamber had expected that Jian Wushuang would dare unleash his powers in a convention so high and sacred.

“Boom!”

A huge and terrifying aura surged from within Jian Wushuang, pouring out with the force of a broken dam that the enormous round table broke asunder.

Jian Wushuang hurled himself forward with blinding speed like a fleeting apparition.

This had caught the entire congregation of elders unawares that they were frozen with shock.

“Third Brother!”

Caught also by surprise, the colors left Su Rou’s face. Never had she expected that Jian Wushuang would strike suddenly.

The terrifying aura tore through the air, stabbing straight at Lin Li.

But Lin Li was instead overcome by shock and anger, “You insolent pup! How dare you!”

As a powerful Holy Master himself, Lin Li possessed quick reflexes, allowing her to react swiftly.

The gleaming flash of an emerald-green blade flickered dangerously like a serpent striking at its prey. Silhouettes of falling petals rained around her with a frigid coldness that blanketed her surroundings as her sword pierced at Jian Wushuang charging towards him, the flow of Time being suspended in stasis as she unleashed her retaliation.

Whereas the Blood Mountain Sword struck forth with the force and intensity of a lightning bolt hammering down from the sky.

"Clank!"

The two swords clashed and gnashed furiously, emitting a huge explosion of force that released fiery sparkles and ripped even the fabric of Space.

"Such powers he wields..."?Lin Li regarded her foe with disbelief.

She could feel the sheer strength contained within the strike unleashed by Jian Wushuang; a strength that would hardly pale in comparison even to her, a Holy Master.

"You have commendable power and strength, but your skills are still lacking." Lin Li taunted.

"Really?" Jian Wushuang replied nonchalantly with an eerie grin. There was an anger flaring in his eyes.

"BURST!"

Jian Wushuang roared loudly, his voice echoing loudly within the entire chamber.

And immediately at his command, Jian Wushuang's blade released the vast and terrifying power contained within it at once!

A huge force swept like a tide towards Lin Li without warning.

"What?" Lin Li's expression turned into one of shock and fear. "He had imbued a secondary charge of raw power in his stroke! And a huge and powerful force at that!"

Lin Li's eyes widened with panic as she could feel the reverberations of the explosive force within Jian Wushuang's sword. The raw energy transmitted from the blade of her sword, passing into her arm. With horrifying cracking of bursting flesh and viscera, Lin Li's arm was blown in to bits and pieces.

Her limb exploded in the blink of an eye, throwing shreds and bits of sinewy flesh and bones into the air as her emerald-green sword flew out of her grasp and clattered harmlessly onto the floor.

And Jian Wushuang had wasted no time, appearing beside Lin Li abruptly.

"OFF WITH YOU!"

With a rumbling growl filled with rage, Jian Wushuang landed a strong kick onto Lin Li.

Heavily traumatized and dazed, Lin Li was no longer able to defend herself as she was thrown off her feet and crashed forcefully into the floor.

"Bang!"

The floor cracked and shattered under her. Another strike came, hitting her so hard that she fell out of the building and rolled down the hill. Then came another strike, sending her off the middle of the hill down towards the foot of the hill. She crashed into a scarlet-colored palace, smashing the building that it too tumbled and collapsed.

"Whoosh!"

As Lin Li tumbled down the hill, Jian Wushuang followed closely behind, appearing at the fallen ruins of the scarlet-colored palace.

Lin Li was caught under the rubbles of the ruins, clambering to rise to her feet.

"Boom!"

A huge boulder, weighing at least hundreds of kilograms slammed mercilessly into her chest, pinning her down on the ground.

"Urgh!"

Lin Li vomited a huge mouthful of blood. With most of her bones broken and shattered, she could no longer move and free herself from under the boulder.

And a figure, clad in a blood-crimson robe, stood imperiously atop the boulder. The figure raised his feet which glowed in gold, ready to end the suffering of Lin Li who was writhing with agonizing pain.

Chapter 1056: Terror

"Stop! Stay your hand!"

Angry cries and shoutings arose all around him. The experts of the Council have caught up to them.

All of them could hardly believe the sight of carnage and destruction laid out before them.

"Too fast!"

Everything, from the beginning of Jian Wushuang's sudden assault to the end of the skirmish when Lin Li was incapacitated beneath the huge boulder, had happened so quickly as the blink of an eye.

Even Lin Li herself had not been able to fully respond to the abrupt onslaught of devastation beset upon her.

Especially when Lin Li, in particular, was a true Holy Master who wielded immense strength herself.

How could a Holy Master of such power and stature fall so easily?

Even though one could factor in the haste of Jian Wushuang's sudden attack and Lin Li's overestimation of her own powers, one matter was invariably definitive: Jian Wushuang's skills and prowess!

"How could it be possible!"

"Preposterous!"

Despite being crushed under the rock and her life hanging on a thread, Lin Li roared and bellowed vainly. She had not expected Jian Wushuang would dare strike so swiftly, nor had she knew that Jian Wushuang had such strengths!

Most exclusively that particular stroke...

Not only was the stroke earlier exceptionally powerful, but it also held a secondary charge hidden within.

The hidden charge had surged forth as a secondary force, erupting towards her without any sign or warning and had annihilated her entire arm, crippling her instantly.

And it was that hidden charge that was the actual terror that had been her undoing.

“With a hundred and twenty years and the abundance of materials for my research, I have finally improved my powers greatly, most notably my mastery of the Coalescence Sword Principle. With all the many different styles of Sword Principles unified as one, I have passed the Universe Level to reach the Creation Level!”

“The powers of the Creation Level is indeed so much more powerful than that of the Universe Level!”

“And as I assimilated the various Sword Principles laid out before me, I have also been searching for any suitable techniques for the Swordplay of Coalescence.”

“The Ruthlessness technique which I had created is strong. But it is too simple and direct. And now, I have this... My new creation, the Bladed Surge!”

“This newly-designed stroke of mine is not only strong. There is a second charge, powerful and destructive in force, hidden in the first stroke!”

“Then again, I have only the Empyrean Patriarch to thank for. It was he who had inspired me to create this technique.” Jian Wushuang smiled.

Despite having only endured three blows from the Patriarch himself, Jian Wushuang had vividly remembered all three blows unleashed upon him, especially the second technique.

It was the second technique used by the Patriarch which had held a hidden charge within. It was the hidden charge which had injured him heavily.

And it was this devastating stroke by the Patriarch that had spurred him to create the Bladed Surge technique.

It was a stroke most savage and yet mystifying. With his mighty strength and Lin Li's own misjudgment, Jian Wushuang was able to soundly defeat Lin Li.

“What have you more to say, Great Elder Lin Li?” Jian Wushuang looked down at her coldly from atop the huge boulder.

But Lin Li was hardly able to answer as she spewed mouthful after mouthful of blood as she remained trapped under the boulder.

“Release the Great Elder, Jian Wushuang!”

“Please, Jian Wushuang. The Great Elder has no intentions of offending nor infuriating you. Please, stay your hand.”

The Council elders and warriors of the Blood Asura Clan implored him.

“Third Brother.” Su Rou called to him as well. But she had not pleaded mercy from him.

Looking at the surrounding people around him, a thin smile broke upon Jian Wushuang’s face.

He had anticipated that these people would behave and react so.

“It is always the fist that does the talking. No matter where I am in this realm.” Jian Wushuang remarked to himself with an amused expression.

He full well knew that Lin Li was only using him as a pretext to subvert Su Rou’s rule.

But Jian Wushuang himself has no interest to bandy words with Lin Li. Thus he had elected to directly pummel Lin Li into submission.

Action, after all, has always spoken louder than words.

And with his might fully impressed into the minds of the elders of the Council and Lin Li’s life at his fingertips, none of them dared rashly provoke more vengeance from him, staying only at where they stood and urged for clemency. None of them dared to bare their fangs at him no more.

This was the reign of terror upheld by Jian Wushuang.

“I confess that my stay here has indeed given you great dilemma and trouble. Moreover, I have borrowed the use of the resources of your clan. I am willing to repay your kindness with Chaos Gems.”

“But there will be no tolerance towards anyone who intends to use me as a means of realizing their devious schemes.”

Jian Wushuang cast his fiery stare on to the people encompassing around the scene.

“This is, after all, a matter of your own Clan. An internal strife between different factions which, in truth, concerns me not. But now that I have been involved, I will not sit quietly. More so, since the affair matters also my Fourth Sister.”

“Lin Li.”

Jian Wushuang’s icy glare descended upon Lin Li. “By the pleas of my Fourth Sister and the rest of the Blood Asura Clan, I have respectfully addressed you as Great Elder. But do not ever think that any impudence from you will be tolerated when the Upper Elder, Su Qian, who is also the esteemed teacher of my Fourth Sister is absent from the Clan.”

“Anger me, and I will not stay my blade anymore. I have dared to incur the wrath of the Empyrean Patriarch and the Ancient Demon Clan and I will not shy away from infuriating one more. Especially when you hardly wield the strength to subdue me.”

Filled with ominous threats, Jian Wushuang's thunderous declaration echoed across the skies above the city of the Blood Asura Clan.

Silence lingered dismally over the group of surrounding elders and warriors, as well as the growing band of curious onlookers who have come over to watch.

Every one of them knew full well that Jian Wushuang has spoken nothing but the cold and hard truth.

Crushed under the boulder, Lin Li could neither raise any objections nor could she fight back.

The strength of Jian Wushuang had frightened and tamed her.

A strength that could easily smother the life out of her body.

Jian Wushuang looked once more and studied the crowd around him. A thin smile broke upon his face at the realization that his tactic has succeeding in making a strong impression. He threw a look at Su Rou.

"Fourth Sister." He called out to her and gave her a knowing look.

Su Rou returned with a faint nod and walked up. "Great Elder Lin Li. With your consent, I will assume control of the Asura Guards."

With a painful twitch of her mouth, Lin Li opened her mouth to speak. Yet, no sound came from her.

"Does anyone else have anything to say?" Su Rou turned to the rest of the Council.

The rest of the Council shared a look amongst them and ultimately yielded, all of them rushing to bow with respects to Su Rou. "As you command, Your Majesty."

With that, Su Rou beamed delightedly.

Jian Wushuang released Lin Li from under the huge boulder. The Council was then adjourned and the crowd dispersed.

Peace returned once more to the city of the Blood Asura Clan.

Chapter 1057: The Indigo-robed Man

Jian Wushuang sat across from Su Rou in the front courtyard of his residence.

"Brother, thank you for that." Su Rou said.

"You're welcome. Besides, if I didn't get you in trouble with the Blood Asura Clan, Lin Li wouldn't have been compelled to target you." Jian Wushuang replied smilingly.

"Humph, Lin Li... She held me in humble reverence when master was here, but ever since Master left, she has been making things difficult for me in all respects. I wasn't strong enough or confident enough to offend her openly. However, with your help today, the Asura Guards are now in my hands, and with my significant increase in power, she's not going to make any more trouble." Su Rou said with confidence.

Jiang Wushuang saw a spark of ruthlessness in her eyes as she spoke.

"Sister, you've grown a lot over the years." Jian Wushuang proudly answered with a smile.

He still remembered when he met Su Rou in the Ancient World. Back then, she was a shy little girl who was afraid to talk to strangers.

But now, her aura of her confidence filled the courtyard.

"Everyone has to grow up, but regardless of what changes, our relationship will always be the same." Su Rou said solemnly.

"That's good." Jian Wushuang answered, grinning.

"Oh, Brother. You had asked me to check the whereabouts of your mother in the Ancient Demon Clan, and I sent someone to investigate. Not long ago, he returned a message with some information." Su Rou said.

"Information?" Jian Wushuang looked anxious.

"Yes, but it hasn't been confirmed yet. I think he will send me more exact information in a few days." Su Rou replied.

"Okay, as long as there is news." Jian Wushuang replied. He couldn't help but clench his hands, at the expectations that were stirring deep within his heart.

In anticipation of more information from Su Rou, Jian Wushen continued his stay in the Blood Asura Clan, filling his time with meditation on the Sword Principle.

Hundreds of miles away...

There was an isolated mountain in the Divine Monster Territory.

The mountain was enormous, but otherwise seemed to be completely normal at first glance. Even common Dao Masters flying over might fail to detect anything out of the ordinary. However, masters who were skilled in Formation would undoubtedly realize its power.

The mountain was encircled in a huge Psychedelic Formation.

And inside it lay a smattering of palaces.

This was the Samsara Temple, known as the most important branch in the Divine Monster Territory.

At present, a bright light shone from the center a huge wormhole in the middle of the temple, followed by a figure.

The figure who walked out was a handsome man dressed in a simple indigo-robe. He had a little stubble and silvery long hair flowed over his shoulder. He was somewhat haggard, but his eyes still managed to be striking.

They were as dark as gems and seemed to hold the endless Void.

There was no aura surrounding him, causing him to look quite ordinary. But with a closer look, every move he made caused a ripple in the world around him.

As he appeared, many experts in the temple rushed over.

Dozens of them were experts who held high positions in the temple, and the rest also held positions of influence.

Among them were ten Gold-clothed Deacons and there were even two Inner Elders who were strong enough to be Reincarnators of Rank Eight.

These experts looked to the indigo-robed man with reverence and awe before greeting him together.

“Greetings, Your Highness.”

The indigo-robed man nodded with indifference and continued on into one of the towering palaces around them.

Inside the palace, he sat on the largest throne, with the Inner Elders and Gold-clothed Deacons standing below him, respectfully. Occasionally, some of them would glance at him with admiration in their eyes.

They all knew the greatness of the man in front of them.

In the past one thousand years, his actions had created one myth after another, each of which thrilled everyone present.

Sitting on the throne, the indigo-robed man was thumbing through some papers.

The papers held records of the events of the Divine Monster Territory in recent years, the most detailed of which contained what befell the Ancient Demon Clan.

“Hmm?”

The indigo-robed man’s expression shifted as he read about how the Ancient Demon Clan worked with the Patriarch of Empyrean Glory to hunt down Jian Wushuang.

“Jian Wushuang?”

A strange expression appeared on his face before he demanded, “Bring me all the files on Jian Wushuang.”

“Yes.” One of the Inner Elders answered and was gone for just a moment before he returned with more papers.

Jian Wushuang had stirred up the Samsara Continent, and his talent and strength were things to behold. The Samsara Temple had investigated him thoroughly already and kept the subsequent files on hand.

As he read the files on Jian Wushuang, the corners of the indigo-robed man’s mouth turned up.

“It was him...”

“The Ancient Demon Clan and the Patriarch of Empyrean Glory failed to hurt him even when they worked together. Even better, he survived three attacks from the Patriarch. Well, that’s impressive.

“This is perfect timing for my next action; it would be great if he could lend a hand.

“The Ancient Demon Clan! Humph!”

He sneered, but then turned serious. He waved his hand, pulling out a gilded letter.

“Go and send this letter to all the populations in the Divine Monster Territory, all the lone warriors, and anyone who has the ability to fight as fast as possible.” He ordered in a loud voice.

Below him, one Inner Elder took this letter immediately. As he opened the letter and read, his pupils dilated.

“The... the inauguration ceremony for New Supervisor?”

Everyone in the palace gasped at his words. Shocked, they all looked to the indigo-robed man.

They knew what great power the Supervisor of the Samsara Temple held, and the extent of the abilities needed to claim the title.

The indigo-robed man in front of them would be the new Supervisor? So soon?

Chapter 1058: The Heaven-ceasing Peak

Deep within the Blood Asura Clan,

Whoosh!

A white shadow flashed by as Jian Wushuang stood still. The tall tree in front of him had been sliced through.

“No, no, this isn’t right.” Jian Wushuang frowned.

He had achieved the peak of his speed, but it was limited by the Sword Principle of Universe Level.

It was far slower than the speed a Sword Principle of Creation Level could reach. In his sad attempts, he often even felt there was no purpose to his practice at all.

“I deciphered the essence of the Swordplay of Coalescence a long time ago, and to improve it, I only need to continue to assimilate new techniques. However, the Swordplay of Aurora and the Swordplay of Heat are quite different. I have to dig deeper and learn more for both.” Jian Wushuang murmured.

“Brother.”

Su Rou entered the yard as she spoke.

“You have something?” Jian Wushuang invited her to sit at the table.

“Yes,” Su Rou answered and nodded. “The expert of ours who infiltrated the Ancient Demon Clan sent me a message saying he figured out where your mother is. He isn’t completely sure, but he says there’s a good chance.”

“Tell me.” Jian Wushuang said hurriedly.

"Here is the thing," Su Rou started to explain, "When he was first ordered to look for your mother, he investigated some experts of the Ancient Demon Clan. Since your mother was captured by Ninth-Sword Dao Master himself more than 2,000 years ago. It should have been easy to find more clues."

"Except after more than 100 years in the Demon Clan, he still has not managed to find anything."

"It seems that your mother never appeared in the Ancient Demon Clan. He asked many other experts secretly, and they didn't even know that Ninth-Sword Dao Master had been to the Ancient World, much less capture anyone."

"The investigation was a dead end until he overheard some people talking about the Heaven-ceasing Peak!"

"The Heaven-ceasing Peak?" Jiang Wushuang asked in confusion, "What is it?"

"It's a strange, isolated place that terrifies most of the Ancient Demon Clan. As a result, the clansmen are forbidden to enter it. Even if they were to try enter, many experts of the clan can't even approach it."

"Only the clansmen who committed terrible crimes or brought endless losses to the Ancient Demon Clan can be imprisoned in the Heaven-ceasing Peak. Ordinary criminals don't deserve such terrible punishment." Su Rou explained seriously.

"In all the years that The Ancient Demon Clan has been in the Samsara Continent, only two have been imprisoned in the Heaven-ceasing Peak.

"One is the second Clan Leader of the Ancient Demon Clan. He made a wrong decision, which resulted in the clan almost being driven from the Samsara mainland. After the crisis, he felt so guilty that he went to the Heaven-ceasing Peak of his own will for a hundred years!

"The other is the most famous traitor in the history of the Ancient Demon Clan. He fled after killing his Master and his parents, and many of the experts who were sent to capture him were also slaughtered. He was an insane Great Demon. It wasn't until the strongest expert of the clan defeated him that they imprisoned him in the Heaven-ceasing Peak.

"He eventually died from the endless torture of the Heaven-ceasing Peak."

Hearing this, Jian Wushuang became extremely serious.

According to what Su Rou's account, the Heaven-ceasing Peak would be a grave challenge.

"Sister, you mentioned the Heaven-ceasing Peak. Is my mother..." Jian Wushuang asked worriedly.

"I was getting there," Su Rou replied gravely. "Our expert heard that a woman was imprisoned in the Heaven-ceasing Peak. No one knows who she is, where she came from or why she is imprisoned there. The only thing he managed to find out is that the woman was imprisoned in the Heaven-ceasing Peak about two thousand years ago."

Jian Wushuang's pupils shrank in his astonishment.

Su Rou added, "I know you said that mother should be special in the Ancient Demon Clan, except not many of them know about her. Even though the origins of the woman locked in the Heaven-ceasing

Peak are unknown, she was captured about two thousand years ago, which matches the timeframe you gave. That's why I think she may be your mother!"

Jian Wushuang stilled.

He agreed with Su Rou's guess.

The woman locked in the Heaven-ceasing Peak was most likely his mother.

"The Heaven-ceasing Peak, the Heaven-ceasing Peak!" Jian Wushuang shouted, clenching his fists with an angry look.

"Brother. I have already checked on the Heaven-ceasing Peak for you. The Ancient Demon Clan won't release her from their forbidden ground alive unless she entered it voluntarily." Su Rou said, her words heavy.

"However, what matters in this world is strength. When you're strong enough to overwhelm the Ancient Demon Clan, they will release her at your simple demand. You're strong now, but not strong enough. You must improve yourself until you are the most powerful man in the realm."

"I know." Jian Wushuang answered and nodded, unclenching his hands at the same time.

He was angry and agitated when he thought of the Heaven-ceasing Peak, but he could not allow himself to be distracted.

So he calmed himself down.

He was powerful enough to hold his own against the ordinary Holy Masters, and he could defeat some of the lower level ones such as Lin Li. However, he wasn't strong enough yet to fight against the entirety of the Ancient Demon Clan.

After all, they had three Holy Masters in total.

The strongest of them had reached the highest level of cultivation and was even stronger than the Patriarch of Empyrean Glory.

"At least I know where my mother is now. Now I just have to put more effort into becoming stronger!"

"Only when I'm as strong as the Void Temple Master, the Samsara Temple Master or the Sunrise Sword Emperor can I attack the Ancient Demon Clan and find my mother!"

"All it takes is power!"

Jian Wushuang's eyes gleamed.

Chapter 1059: A Shocking Invitation

Whoosh!

A figure suddenly landed in the courtyard. It was an Elder of the Blood Asura Clan.

"Your Highness."

He approached Su Rou and handed her a gilded invitation. He said respectfully, "An invitation from the Samsara Temple."

"An Invitation from the Samsara Temple?"

Confused, Su Rou took the letter and opened it. As she was reading, an expression of surprise flashed across her face.

"Sister, what does it say?" Jian Wushuang asked.

"Leave us."

Su Rou sent the Elder away and turned to Jian Wushuang, saying, "It is an invitation from the Samsara Temple, asking us to send an representative for the inauguration ceremony of its new supervisor."

"Supervisor?" Jian Wushuang asked in confusion, "What is that?"

"The Supervisor of the Samsara Temple is a superb expert who has great power and influence, second only to the Samsara Temple Master. Reincarnators of Rank Eight that are powerful enough to serve as influential Inner Elders must listen to the Supervisor."

"The Supervisor of the Samsara Temple, in a manner of speaking, is their leader."

"A Supervisor must also be extremely powerful. Only Reincarnators of Rank Nine who have passed the final test are qualified to serve as a the Supervisor. As a result, qualified individuals are extremely rare."

"The Samsara Temple's test for Reincarnators becomes more and more difficult as the rank grows. It is already extremely difficult for Reincarnators of Rank Eight, and even Holy Masters are anxious at the tests for Reincarnators of Rank Nine. Only superb Holy Masters are qualified for Rank Nine!"

"The Samsara Temple has been developing in the Samsara Continent for many years and so have its Reincarnators. They've been competing with each other on the principle of survival of the fittest. So far, less than five people have become Reincarnators of Rank Nine. The Samsara Temple has only two such Reincarnators, known as its supervisors."

"So the Samsara Temple is going to have a third supervisor." Su Rou explained.

After she finished, Jian Wushuang nodded to himself. He recognized the vast strength and power needed to become a supervisor immediately.

In the past, the Samsara Temple had only two Supervisors, both of whom were also superb Holy Masters. Top clans like the Ancient Demon Clan and the Blood Asura Clan held great respect for both in fear of offending them.

None of the experts who recieved an invitation from the third Supervisor would dare refuse.

"The inauguration ceremony for the new supervisor will be held in three days. Brother, you should come with me." Su Rou said.

"Me?" Jian Wushuang answered and nodded slightly. "The Supevisor is so powerful in the Samsara Temple. When I meet him, perhaps I can ask him the price to help me find my father."

His father's position within the Samsara Temple was quite strange. Even Elders like Ding Mo weren't qualified to know about him, but a Supervisor, who was second only to the Void Temple Master, might have the authority to search for more information.

If the Supervisor agreed to help, he might have a chance of finding his father.

Su Rou also knew of this possibility, which was why she had offered to take him with her.

"I'll be here in three days." Jian Wushuang answered with a smile.

"Sounds good." Su Rou affirmed, nodding her head. "We can't be the only clan invited to the inauguration ceremony. There will most likely be others and perhaps a few solitary experts as well. I suppose the Ancient Demon Clan and the Patriarch of Empyrean Glory will also be there. You must prepare yourself for that."

"The Ancient Demon Clan? The Patriarch of Empyrean Glory?" Jian Wushuang smiled wickedly. "The latter had an agreement with me, and with so much attention on us, he wouldn't dare to break his promise. Even if not willing to let me off, I don't think he'll fight me if I don't provoke him. As for the Ancient Demon Clan... Well, I'll take anything they throw at me."

Jian Wushuang was very confident in himself.

120 years ago, he had managed to survive when the Patriarch of Empyrean Glory and the Ancient Demon Clan hunted him down.

120 years later, he was stronger and naturally more confident as well.

Just as Su Rou said, the invitation to the inauguration ceremony in Samsara Temple was sent to many other clans including the Ancient Demon Clan, the Python Clan, the Xue Feng Clan, and other huge forces in the Samsara Continent as well as a number of solitary experts.

All the clans and experts were stunned when they received the invitation.

The Supervisor of the Samsara Temple was extraordinary.

The clans and solitary experts had hardly received their invitations before they were already rushing to prepare.

In the Python Clan, one of the four Peak Populations,

"There's going to be another Supervisor of the Samsara Temple?"

The Clan Leader of the Python Clan demanded of a crowd of experts.

"A Supervisor! That's much more powerful than an Elder!"

"The Samsara Temple has at least twenty Inner Elders, some of whom were replaced. The two supervisors have remained unchanged for so many years. Now there is going to be the third one. This must be something big!"

"Get prepare some lavish gifts to bring to the ceremony in three days."

...

In the Xue Feng Clan, another of the four Peak Populations.

“The Supervisors of the Samsara Temple have great power. Even though they often stay out of the concerns of the masses and fights between different clans, their influence is still unparalleled.”

“They can ruin things we’ve worked toward for years with a single word. But, they can also improve us at a snap of their fingers.”

“Now that our clan is the weakest among four the Peak Populations and we failed to create a friendship with the first two Supervisors of the Samsara Temple, we must build a strong relationship with the new Supervisor. Even if we fail to make him like us, we shouldn’t make him angry with us.”

“Three Great Elders and I will set out in three days.”

“A Supervisor?”

The Patriarch of Empyrean Glory also received the invitation from Samsara Temple.

And even he, who is used to being unruly and unrestrained, left for the Divine Monster Territory with two of his Protectors.

Chapter 1060: Tit for Tat

In the Starless City of the Divine Monster Territory.

The inauguration ceremony for the third supervisor of the Samsara Temple would be held in the Starless City, the busiest city in Divine Monster Territory.

The city was filled to the brim with travelling experts, and was heavily guarded.

More than half of the top experts throughout the Samsara Continent had gathered in the city.

Everyone who had received an invitation had to come to show pay their respects, even some uncivilized ones such as the Patriarch of Empyrean Glory.

Experts from all parties had gathered, in the large camp at the center of The Starless City.

Among them were experts from the four top Clans, including the Ancient Demon Clan, the Python Clan and the Xue Feng Clan. Most of the representative that came were the best in their clans.

In addition, the Clan Leaders of the Python Clan and the Blood Phenix Clan brought with them lavish gifts.

The strongest expert of the Ancient Demon Clan didn’t come, but two of their Holy Masters were present.

The two were Holy Master Dong Ming and Holy Master Lei Yi!

“The Ancient Demon Clan actually sent two Holy Masters for this?”

Experts from all parties in the camp couldn’t help staring.

Among all the clans in the Samsara Continent, only the Ancient Demon Clan and the Blood Asura Clan had two Holy Masters. The Python Clan and the Xu Feng Clan had only one Holy Master each, even though they were both top clans. This difference was huge.

“Holy Master Lei Yi, the madman...”

“Holy Master Lei Yi willingly wandered in the Impasse for thousands of years. I didn’t expect to see him here.”

The experts were all gossiping to each other, and the focus of some of the whispering was on the red-haired elder of the Ancient Demon Clan, whose gaze was sharp as an eagle’s.

He was Holy Master Lei Yin, who became a famous top expert many years ago.

In terms of strength, Holy Master Lei Yi was more powerful than Holy Master Dong Ming, and among the three Holy Masters of the Ancient Demon Clan, he ranked the second.

Suddenly...

Whoosh!

Three men fell from the sky and landed in the camp.

Their sudden appearance captured everyone’s attention.

There was a young red-robed man with a longsword strapped to his back, a black-robed girl with a gorgeous face and a large man with a figure like a bear.

As a Holy Master, the strong man was the most powerful of the three. He, however, walked in the back respectfully. The young man with the longsword and the black-robed girl walked ahead of him, shoulder to shoulder.

“They’re with the Blood Asura Clan. The girl is the Holy Emperor of the Asuras!”

“Holy Emperor of the Asuras rules the Blood Asura Clan. She isn’t very powerful, but she has awakened the Eye of Asura which allows her to control many experts. The Holy Master behind her, is under her control.”

“She controls the Holy Master? That’s impressive!”

“Who is the man by her side?”

“He, he can’t be... Jian Wushuang?”

“Yes! Yes! It is Jian Wushuang!!!”

Everyone’s gaze turned to the red-robed man with the longsword at those cries.

Their interest in the mysterious Jian Wushuang was so strong that they even ignored Su Rou, the Holy Emperor of the Asuras.

“That’s Jian Wushuang? The man who shook the entire Divine Monster Territory?”

“He’s said to be of merely Eternal Realm, but he managed to survive a joint attack by the Patriarch of Empyrean Glory and Holy Master Dong Ming of the Ancient Demon Clan. Holy Emperor of the Asuras helped him, true, but he was still alive after being hit by the Patriarch of Empyrean Glory three times!”

“Do you know the Ninth-Sword Dao Master of the Ancient Demon Clan? He was captured alive by Jian Wushaung and hasn’t been released yet.”

A heated discussion continued.

Jian Wushaung and Su Rou heard them and smiled secretly, but otherwise, they had no reaction.

“Jian Wushuang!!!”

In a corner of the camp, the Patriarch of Empyrean Glory, dressed in a black robe, clenched his fists and glared at Jian Wushuang, veins throbbing on his forehead.

He was desperate to avenge his son. If he was strong enough, he would kill Jian Wushuang.

Unfortunately, he tried to kill Jian Wushaung 120 years ago and failed. He knew killing Jian Wushuang would be too much to hope for now.

Also, due to their agreement, he had no choice but to let go of his hatred.

So now, even though every bone in his body told him to, he didn’t attack Jian Wushuang.

On the other side of the camp, Holy Master Lei Yi and Holy Master Dong Ming from the Ancient Demon Clan spied Jian Wushuang. Holy Master Lei Yi strode toward him first.

Holy Master Dong Ming frowned and followed.

“You are Jian Wushuang?”

Holy Master Lei Yi asked in a cold and deep voice. He wasn’t asking loudly, but his dangerous tone cut through all the other voices in the camp. The whole place fell silent.

Everyone turned to look at him.

Jian Wushuang and Su Rou, stopped in their tracks. Jian Wushuang looked up at the man standing in front of him.

A red-haired man stared at him coldly with burning eyes.

“Brother, he’s Holy Master Lei Yi from the Ancient Demon Clan. Speaking of strength, he’s more powerful than Holy Master Dong Ming and Lin Li. He also has a violent temper.” Su Rou said in a low voice.

“Are you from the Ancient Demon Clan?” Jian Wushuang said smilingly.

Experts on the looked on at the scene with confused expressions.

“It’s Holy Master Lei Yi!”

“I know it’s him!”

“He’s famous for his violent temper. He is the most irritable among three Holy Masters of the Ancient Demon Clan. When I saw him here, I knew things were going to get interesting.”

“Jian Wushuang has kept Ninth-Sword Dao Master in captivity for over a hundred years, but the Ancient Demon Clan hasn’t responded yet. Based on Holy Master Lei Yi’s temper, I don’t he’ll do nothing.”

“Let’s just watch.”

Other experts watched this with amusement as well, and no one had any plans to step in.

“Boy, I’m asking you something!”

The Holy Master glared at Jian Wushuang and demanded, “Aren’t you that lowborn bastard, Jian Wushuang, with a dirty bloodline. Are you the son of an insignificant slut from the Ancient World?”