

## T. Times 61

### Chapter 61: Path Filled With Thorns

Early morning. The night rain finally cleared up.

The entire mountain was wet. Water dripped from the leaves onto Cui Yuanyang's rabbit hat, turning it into a complete mess.

Zhao Changhe held her hand as they raced through the mountain forest. They traversed the entire mountain throughout the night, never taking the mountain roads, and continued running toward another mountain. They specially chose paths that no one took.

Cui Yuanyang never complained once and obediently let him take her by the hand. She allowed the thorns and brambles of the mountain forest to rip her cute clothes into a mess.

She didn't voice any complaint and simply followed Zhao Changhe. However, the choice she wanted to make was apparent from this attitude she took—she was not willing to choose the first option.

She had left her home to seek out Zhao Changhe because she was attracted by the excitement of the jianghu and all its conflicts, and also attracted by the wildness that was so different from the refined and cultured bearing of her clan members; it was the impulsive decision of a young lady in her rebellious phase.

When her impulsiveness vanished, and after she experienced more, she would naturally realize how stupid she was to make that decision. It was good that Zhao Changhe did not disappoint her. Otherwise, if he had really had his way with her in eighteen different positions, she did not know how much she would regret it.

When they were blocked by imperial troops in the city, she realized just what kind of trouble she brought to other people; when Zhao Changhe ruined his own name to protect her reputation, she finally learned how to be grateful.

Now, it was the same. If she were to follow Zhao Changhe to faraway lands, then she would have no other choice but to marry him in this life. But had she thought it over?

Before this moment, it had never even crossed her mind.

Once she began thinking over it, she realized that she did not know. At the very least, she had no way of casually making such a decision right now.

Yangyang wanted to go home. She missed her parents, her brother, that beautiful horse of hers, Black Peony... She did not want to wander the outside for a year, nor did she want him to pull her in bed and have his children.

She was still a child herself.

However, Cui Yuanyang knew that the second option was filled with obstacles. Even if Zhao Changhe spoke indifferently and made light of them, it was far more dangerous than changing their path and heading somewhere else.

She could not possibly say out loud, "I want to go home. Let's brave this danger."

They were practically strangers that had met by chance. Zhao Changhe had done more than enough for her. He hadn't even taken the regular secret martial arts manuals from her, so what justification did she have for asking him to brave such a danger and bring her home? That piece of cake? Zhao Changhe had no need to involve himself in all this and could have long since left to faraway lands.

Zhao Changhe knew what she was thinking and rested throughout the night in silence. The following morning, he immediately led the small rabbit out of the cave.

Cui Yuanyang resigned herself to him and followed him out of the cave. When she realized they were heading in the direction of Qinghe, her heart trembled for a moment, as if a stone had fallen from the sky and created ripples in the Qing river[1].

In reality, with how naturally brave and valiant Zhao Changhe is, he always finishes what he starts. From the start, was he always willing to walk this path filled with thorns?

Han Wubing already knew that Zhao Changhe would bring Yangyang home no matter what.

However, Yangyang still harbored great curiosity.

The morning sunlight pierced through the forest canopy and shone on Zhao Changhe's face. The scene looked beautiful; it was more perfect than a sculpture of a master.

"Tired?" Zhao Changhe suddenly asked. Even he did not know how long they had been running.

Cui Yanyang was gasping for breath but managed to answer, "I'm fine."

"Yes... In any case, you're also at the third layer of the Profound Gate and practice a first-rate movement art. You can endure this." Zhao Changhe said, "Let's take a break. We can't enter the city to rest and eat. This biscuit may be unpalatable, but you'll just have to put up with it."

Cui Yuanyang looked at the coarse biscuit he took out. Not only was it unpalatable, it was even a bit dirty... However, she did not say much about it; she took the biscuit and began nibbling on it.

Zhao Changhe smiled. This girl is way cuter than that rich young lady I imagined her to be.

He strode to a small creek, drank his fill, and plucked a few large leaves to carry some water back. "Here you go."

Cui Yuanyong took the water and was a little curious. "Why aren't you drinking from your wine gourd? Are you out of wine?"

Zhao Changhe smiled. "There's still some wine remaining, but I have to drink it sparingly."

Cui Yuanyang thought that he was saving it for when a craving for wine struck and said no more, lowering her head and continuing to eat her biscuit.

Suddenly, a gust of wind blew over, carrying a stench from the mountains.

Cui Yuanyang did not know what it meant. Aren't mountain winds normal? She continued eating in silence, her head filled with all sorts of thoughts.

Zhao Changhe raised his head, glanced at her, and smiled. "You continue eating. I'm going to the back to pee. Don't turn around."

Cui Yuanyang frowned. “Who’s going to peep at you!?”

Suddenly, her face turned bitter. How am I going to pee... I haven’t peed since last night...

Right, now that he’s gone to pee, shouldn’t I also take the chance to relieve myself? Cui Yuanyang had already forgotten that he told her not to turn around and took a look at where he was.

The next moment, she saw Zhao Changhe leaping forward with his steel saber in hand. In front of him was a fierce tiger that pounced in his direction.

The two of them converged in the air.

The tiger’s roar echoed through the mountain forest and shook the grasses and trees.

Cui Yuanyang had dropped her biscuit and rapidly covered her mouth with her hands.

People who have never gone face to face with a ferocious tiger leaping at its prey come up with all sorts of ways to slide away from its attack. However, once they faced the real thing—a massive beast weighing a few hundred jin pouncing at them with imposing strength—most would blank out and be paralyzed by fear.

At this very moment, Cui Yuanyang’s mind was blank. The sword arts she had practiced since she was a child had all but disappeared.

As Zhao Changhe was in midair, she saw the saber in his hand take on a scarlet luster. A mournful, red glow struck toward the tiger’s forehead.

Scattering the Gods and Buddhas!

From the start, he had never once thought about avoiding the battle. He was afraid that if he dodged away, Cui Yuanyang, who was behind him, would get injured. Thus, he immediately used his ultimate technique to attempt to fell the fierce tiger before him.

Bang!

She did not know if his saber hit its mark. However, blood splattered in all directions and the force of the impact sent Zhao Changhe tumbling through the air. Very quickly, he swayed his hips while falling and kicked off a tree behind him, shooting forward like an arrow.

The tiger was bleeding from its forehead and roared as it turned around, forcefully throwing itself at Zhao Changhe while the latter was still flying.

Zhao Changhe turned in midair. The tiger hit only thin air as a saber streaked across its waist; blood surged and filled the sky.

Thump!

Zhao Changhe landed in front, and slid forward a few steps, carried by the strong inertia, before stabilizing himself. He turned around and saw that the tiger was thoroughly dead.

Witnessing this scene, Cui Yuanyang thought that Zhao Changhe was really like a god.

How could a fierce tiger match up to him!

“Ah, I told you not to look. I thought I’d be able to kill it in one shot, but I underestimated it. Fucking hell, the tigers here are even more powerful than the ones in Beimang.” Zhao Changhe picked up the tiger’s corpse weighing a few hundred jin and strode back, smiling. “Since we’re running through the wild, we’re bound to encounter some wild beasts. It’s still better than having to deal with masters. We even have meat to eat afterward. Everything’s fine. You continue eating. I’ll see if we can roast some meat.”

Cui Yuanyang asked with utmost curiosity, “Did you hunt tigers often back in Beimang?”

“Eh, I’ve never hunted before. Back then Luo—uh, my good friend was the one who hunted. However, he only rarely bumped into one. It was winter then. Even though tigers don’t hibernate, they don’t really move around much, so you can’t really find them.”

Zhao Changhe smiled with exultation as he cut open the tiger. “When he brought back a tiger, the whole mountain stronghold cheered as if it was the new year. Instructor Sun personally flayed it, tanned the hide, and made it into a seat cushion. The one I sat on in the Hall of Virtuous Rebellion,

actually. I don't know if you've seen it before... Oh, you haven't been in the Hall of Virtuous Rebellion. I only brought you into my room..."

Cui Yuanyang sat by the side, rested her chin on her hand, and listened to him rattle on. She had no idea what he was saying.

"Eh? Why do you keep staring at me?"

"Oh, oh... It's nothing. I—I need to pee. Don't turn around!" Cui Yuanyang hopped away like a rabbit and disappeared like a puff of smoke into the shrubbery behind Zhao Changhe.

Zhao Changhe: "..."

Even though I can't see you behind the shrubbery, can't you take off your pants after you squat down...

Why is it another white tiger[2]... This can't be right. Has she not grown any yet?"

"Ah!!!" Cui Yuanyang suddenly cried out in fear.

Zhao Changhe abruptly stood up. "What happened?"

"There—there's a snake!"

"..." Zhao Changhe grabbed her sword and accurately threw it into her hand. "Show it the Cui Clan's sword arts. You don't expect me to help you right now, do you?"

Cui Yuanyang unsheathed her sword and cut down the snake. Immediately after, she glared suspiciously at Zhao Changhe. "You... How did you know where my hand was?"

"I can hear where you are. I can hear you, damn it!" Zhao Changhe's face was completely red. He was not in the mood to roast tiger meat anymore. "We've rested enough, hurry up and finish your business. Let's go!"

The small white rabbit pulled up her pants and caught up with him. “Zhao Changhe! It turns out you are a scoundrel!”

Zhao Changhe turned around and made tiger claws with his hands. “Any more nonsense and I’ll lay you in eighteen different positions!”

“You’re all talk and no action.”

“Didn’t you just call me a scoundrel? Is your head made of straw?”

“Hmph.” The young lady seemed to have completely forgotten what she was so suspicious about before and very naturally grabbed his hand. The two of them activated their movement arts and continued wildly rushing ahead.

Zhao Changhe’s time leading a beautiful young lady through the mountains while hiding his identity passed just like that—dull and uninteresting.

If he could pick, Zhao Changhe would have preferred to cross paths with snakes and tigers like this everyday. It would have been nice if they only had to deal with such things on their way to Qinghe.

Unfortunately, there were not only mountains leading up to Qinghe. After traversing the mountains for three days, they had to cross a vast plain.

The creek they were following along flowed down from the mountain and gradually converged into a river ahead. There were many ships floating on the river, and the air was filled with the songs of fishermen.

Zhao Changhe took a deep breath.

They would be most easily captured while crossing the river. And from then on, it would be difficult to hide their tracks.

Tigers were dangerous, but humans.... Humans were far more terrifying.

Chapter 62: Horror on Water

“Are you two in need of a ferry? We just caught some fresh fish...” A pretty boatwoman paddled her ship to the shore, smiling.

When she saw the two people on the shore, however, she let out an “eh?” and her smile stiffened. It was clear from her face that they weren’t the kind of customers she was looking for.

Zhao Changhe and Cui Yuanyang looked at each other. Both of their clothes were dirty and worn-out, and their faces were covered in dirt. Cui Yuanyang’s rabbit fur coat, originally snow-white, was now gray and tattered, fur and cotton jutting out of her clothes in disarray. Together with the filth on her skin, no matter how one looked at it, she appeared no different from a beggar.

This was the result of crossing mountains and forests for three or four days straight while braving the rain.

Both of them stood there expressionless, not realizing the sheer stench that wafted to the boats from their bodies.

Cui Yuanyang said in a low voice to Zhao Changhe, “She’s shooing us away. Could she be an ordinary boatwoman?”

Zhao Changhe was relieved that the idiot beside him was actually pondering this rather than crying about people pushing them away. She’s really becoming less and less like an idiot. Has she also lost some of her cuteness?

Zhao Changhe sized up the ship. The boatwoman hesitated as she slowly approached the shore. There was a man at the helm, and he also had a sour expression on his face and did not seem very willing to ferry the two of them.

Whether they were ordinary boatmen, no one could tell. However, their behavior seemed normal; if anything, Zhao Changhe would have been worried if they acted too cordially.

In any case, his experience was limited and he could not see any problems as things stood. He replied, “As long as we need to cross the river, we have to pick a ship.”

He thought for a moment and suddenly laughed. “To be honest, with the way you look right now, not even your father would be able to recognise you...”



Cui Yuanyang harrumphed loudly and shouted, “Hey! You over there, boatwoman, how are we supposed to go up and enjoy the fresh fish if you don’t come over to us?”

The boatwoman hesitated before responding, “Fresh fish is expensive...”

Cui Yuanyang put her hands on her hips, fished out a silver piece from her pocket, and raised it high for all to see. “I have money!”

How imposing. We couldn’t really use this rich loli’s money until now. I’ve been waiting for this moment!

The boatwoman’s eyes brightened and she rowed over with a beaming smile. “We caught a huge carp today. We just knew that honored passengers would be coming!”

Cui Yuanyang giggled. “You really know how to talk.”

The two boarded the ship and entered the cabin. The inside of the cabin was like that of a small house. There were beds and tables—it was perfectly suited for a family that wanted to amuse themselves by seeing a bit of a fisherman’s life.

Even this world had such attractions. From just this scene alone, one could not tell that troubled times were coming.

However, whether this was because this area was close to the Cui Clan’s sphere of influence, and so was more orderly and peaceful—Zhao Changhe had no clue.

“Does this ship head to the opposite shore?” Zhao Changhe asked the boatwoman.

“That depends on the passenger. We can sail to the opposite shore. We can also sail with the current. However far is no issue, as long as you have the money!” The boatwoman laughed heartily.

Cui Yuanyang passed over the silver. “Then is this enough for you to follow the current and take us to Wei County?”

The boatwoman answered happily, “It’s enough. I’ll go and braise the fish for you two.”

As they watched the boatwoman leave the cabin and close the curtains to its entrance, the two of them heaved a sigh.

Once they reached Wei County, they would be within the Cui Clan’s territory. Cui Yuanyang could approach anyone there and immediately receive three layers of protection on the outside and three layers on the inside. There would not be any more problems.

Furthermore, the closer they got to the Cui Clan’s territory, the safer they were. It was normal for the Cui Clan to be unaware of the current situation at the start. However, three to four days had passed while Zhao Changhe and Cui Yuanyang sped along through the mountains. More and more bounty hunters would have caught their scent in the meantime. It was impossible for the Cui Clan to not hear about this.

As long as the people of the Cui Clan were not complete idiots, they would definitely send elite troops everywhere to each and every road to clear them of any barriers and usher their princess back. They would have also started investigating spies in the family.

Of course, their sphere of influence was utterly massive. Even though they were a big family, they would not necessarily be able to accurately pinpoint where to send their troops, nor did they have the time to set up their forces outside their territory. With that said, the closer the two of them got to the Cui Clan, the safer it would be. This was certain.

This current leg was the most dangerous part of their journey. As long as they could ferry over without any issue, everything would be settled.

Cui Yuanyang felt that there should be no problems. She tilted her head toward the window and looked at the scenery outside while waiting for the fish to arrive. On the other hand, Zhao Changhe was getting more and more strung up by the minute.

It was in moments like this that one could not let their guard down.

The sky gradually got darker. The light from the setting sun shone on the river; its waters, clear and crystalline, glimmered—the entire scene was breathtaking. Cui Yuanyang looked at the carp in the river jump out and fall back into the water. She clapped her hands in delight. The fragrance of braised fish then wafted in from outside the cabin; the boatwoman sang leisurely; there were horse riders passing by the shore; the clapping of horse hooves could be heard; the winds caressed the

willow trees; the waters bubbled gently; and behind them, there were other ships unhurriedly riding the stream.

The sounds and images of the surroundings passed by in frames.

Then came the sound of footsteps.

Zhao Changhe grasped the hilt of his saber.

The boatwoman lifted the curtains and entered. She put on the iconic salesperson smile and said, "Dear passengers, your fish soup is here!"

She served the fish soup on the table, and it swayed along with the ship. Cui Yuanyang stuck her head closer and took a whiff. "How fresh!"

The boatwoman laughed, "There's still red braised fish. I'll serve it right away. Enjoy your soup."

The boatwoman once again lifted the curtains and exited the cabin. Cui Yuanyang really did not think anything was amiss and excitedly scooped up the soup with a spoon. She was about to have a taste.

However, Zhao Changhe reached out lightning-fast and grabbed her wrist.

Cui Yuanyang looked at him, confused at what he was doing. Zhao Changhe only shook his head slightly and did not say a word.

Cui Yuanyang did not understand, frowned and put down her spoon without a noise.

This fish soup is so fresh... Once it gets cold, it won't be nice to eat anymore...

While Cui Yuanyang was drooling, holding back from eating, the boatwoman finally returned to serve the red braised fish. When she saw that they had not touched the soup, she was rather shocked. "Why haven't you two touched your soup? It's going to get cold."

“There’s no problem. We enjoy eating things cold.” Zhao Changhe smiled. “Put the red braised fish over there to cool down.”

The boatwoman looked at Zhao Changhe with a perplexed expression and muttered, “How weird.”

She did not urge them to eat and placed the red braised fish down with a bewildered expression before leaving.

No matter how she looked at it, Cui Yuanyang could not tell what was wrong. She thought to herself that Zhao Changhe was overly suspicious. As she was about to say something, the glare of a saber flashed before her eyes. Zhao Changhe, to her surprise, inexplicably drew his saber and charged toward the boatwoman’s delicate neck.

Cui Yuanyang was dumbstruck, and her eyes went wide.

Then, what she saw next almost made them pop out of their sockets.

The boatwoman made a graceful pirouette. Her steps were light, as if she was stepping on blooming lotuses, and she nimbly evaded Zhao Changhe’s attack from behind. When she turned around, there was already a dagger in her hand heading for Cui Yuanyang’s heart.

Clang!

Zhao Changhe blocked with his saber and pulled Cui Yuanyang away. At the same time, he kicked the table away and the fish soup spilled outside. As if on cue, as the fish soup spilled out, the wind lifted the curtains and Zhao Changhe saw that the helmsman’s bamboo pole had been adorned with a spear tip at some point. It glittered like snow and frost as it pierced inside the cabin.

That scene of fishermen singing through the night, of boats leisurely streaming down the river, had suddenly changed into a scene from a tiger’s den. Every step they took was filled with peril.

Cui Yuanyong had no time to adjust to the sudden change in their characters. She unsheathed her sword and unleashed Green Waters Faraway, a technique from the Cui Clan’s sword art, thrusting her sword toward the boatwoman’s face.

The boatwoman chuckled. “Lord Zhao is clever and Young Lady Cui’s sword art isn’t bad at all.”

Zhao Changhe's saber struck the tip of the helmsman's spear, which made a crisp metallic sound as it was hit. The speartip, which was forked like a snake's tongue, went straight for Zhao Changhe's throat!

Zhao Changhe took a small step to the side and dodged the spear, grabbing it afterward and locking it under his armpit. Then, he furiously swung his sword once more toward the boatwoman's head.

The boatwoman: “?”

As she was about to open her mouth and ridicule him, she felt a sharp aura coming from behind. She was being pincerred by Zhao Changhe and Cui Yuanyang!

The boatwoman could not understand what Zhao Changhe was thinking. Catching your opponent's spear like that and then striking to the side with your saber is one of the typical ways to leave yourself open. Once your opponent kicks your dantian, you'll be half dead. You want to take me down with you like this? Or is it that Cui Yuanyang's safety is more important to you than your life?

Just as she thought that, the helmsman kicked Zhao Changhe in the stomach. As for the boatwoman, with no way of avoiding attacks to her face from both directions, she dangerously dodged to the side, broke the window, and jumped into the water.

In spite of her quick judgement and movement, she still sustained a long and deep cut on her back from Zhao Changhe's saber. A trail of blood stained the gurgling waters of the river. Zhao Changhe did not know if she was dead or not.

Zhao Changhe did not feel like he was injured from the helmsman's kick. After driving the boatwoman into the river, his saber did not stop, and swung toward the helmsman's neck.

When the helmsman saw the boatwoman flee, he decisively let go of his spear and backflipped out of the cabin, disappearing into the water the same way the boatwoman had.

It was only now that Zhao Changhe had to kneel down and support himself with his saber. He covered his stomach with his hand and began gasping for air. Of course that kick would have injured him.

Cui Yuanyang urgently went to support him. “Big Brother Zhao!”

Just a few days back, she would have puked at the thought, but now she didn’t feel anything weird calling him that. She was extremely panicked. “What’s wrong? I—I have medicine for internal injuries.”

“Yeah. I chose this course of action because I knew you had good medicines.”

“Why did you need to let yourself be injured? I—I could also hold her off for some time...”

Zhao Changhe swallowed the medicine, shook his head, and looked outside the window at the river water. “Do you know why I suspected that there was something wrong with them?”

Cui Yuanyang shook her head in ignorance. They didn’t reveal anything suspicious at all.

“Because I realized our ship was moving slower than the rest... While they were cooking the fish, more and more ships appeared behind us. I needed to use the quickest way possible to deal with the two of them. If we’re heavily surrounded in the middle of the river, we’ll die for sure. I couldn’t afford to worry about getting injured.”

Zhao Changhe adjusted his breathing while he spoke and noticed that the medicinal effects of the Cui Clan’s medicines were indeed superb. After just a few short moments, only a little bit of pain remained. He supported himself with his saber and stood up. “Do you know how to row a boat?”

“There’s a river near my home. I know a bit.”

“Good. You row the boat toward the shore. I have to go underwater. If not, with those two sharks under the ship, once they drill a hole in the hull, we’ll be swimming with the fishes.”

## Chapter 63: River Crossed!

“Do you have anything like a hairpin with you? You’re not wearing one right now,” Zhao Changhe suddenly said.

“I do. It’s in my bag.” Cui Yuanyong did not know what he wanted to do and took out a golden hairpin from her small bag. “Will this do?”

As expected, this was a woman's bag. It was the same in this world and the real world. Though they looked small, they contained all sorts of items, like Doraemon's pocket.

"That'll do." Zhao Changhe grabbed the hairpin, used his saber to carve out a sharp point at the tip, then bolted out of the cabin. After thinking for a moment, he felt that his hefty saber would be too unwieldy underwater and left it on the ship. Instead, he grabbed the knife used to butcher fish and stuffed it in his belt before jumping into the water in one smooth motion.

Cui Yuanyang hurried off to steer the ship, and it was only then that she saw the scene Zhao Changhe had described—behind them were a considerable number of indistinct ships approaching them. In just a few moments, a calm and peaceful river had been invaded by the oppressive atmosphere of a naval battlefield. No matter how one looked at it, this was not normal in the slightest.

There were a few ships that were already rather close, and the sailors were preparing to shoot arrows.

It did not matter if the fish was poisoned. Even if it was safe to eat, if they were to sit there and leisurely enjoy their meal, that fish's family would be enjoying a feast in no time...

Cui Yuanyang anxiously rowed the ship towards the shore. From time to time, she glanced at the ripples on the water's surface. She did not know how Zhao Changhe was faring in the water...

No, wait. Can—can he even swim!?

From what she knew of Zhao Changhe's life, he was born in some backcountry place called the Zhao House, then he went to the Luo Family Village, and from there to Beimang. All these places only had small creeks and pools.

No one knew that Zhao Changhe could swim, but he could, and pretty well at that...

The first thing he saw as he wildly dove into the water was, as expected, the helmsman trying to drill a hole on the bottom of the boat. It was difficult to work underwater, so he had only opened a small cavity. The sound of Zhao Changhe entering the water frightened him. When he turned to look at him, he was incomparably stunned.

This Zhao Changhe's instincts are too keen. Has he really only just begun traveling the jianghu not too long ago? If he isn't a veteran, then there's only one possibility: he's a natural-born man of the jianghu.

As he thought this, the helmsman grinned sinisterly. He gave up his position under the boat, took out an Emei piercer, and swam in Zhao Changhe's direction.[1]

Whether one knew how to swim had little to do with how effective they were when fighting underwater. First and foremost, being able to open one's eyes underwater was a skill that needed to be trained. How could Zhao Changhe have ever practiced this skill, let alone holding his breath and maneuvering underwater? These were skills that only certain people in the jianghu practiced, people who made their living around water. They could hold their breath longer and exploit the currents to move smoothly through the water. Even if a land god entered the water, they would have to hide in front of these people!

The helmsman reached Zhao Changhe and thrust his piercer forward, while Zhao Changhe took out his knife to deflect the attack. From his movements, the helmsman could clearly tell that Zhao Changhe was not used to being underwater. He had to struggle to even keep his eyes half-open, and his movements were nowhere near as strong as on land.

The helmsman thought to himself, If this is the extent of your skill underwater, then you can die here. I'm also at the third layer of the Profound Gate. I wonder if I'll take your place on the Tome of Troubled Times after this.

As the thought floated in his mind, he kicked slightly and drove himself toward Zhao Changhe. Zhao Changhe clumsily swung his knife over, but his hand was deftly caught by the helmsman under his armpit—a mirror image of what had transpired inside the cabin of the ship.

The helmsman grinned and fiercely thrust his Emei piercer at Zhao Changhe's chest.

However, the moment the helmsman approached, Zhao Changhe tightly pursed his lips and suddenly spat out something.

The broken tip of a golden hairpin suffused with his internal force shot out!

At such a close distance, the helmsman did not have time to dodge. Even if the projectile was slowed down quite a bit in the water, all the same, it sounded his death knell.



Overwhelmed with shock, he wanted to dodge away, but at such a close distance, he could not do so in time. The hairpin pierced through his eye and into his brain.

Blood squirted out. The helmsman screamed in pain on instinct, and the river water rushed in his mouth in an instant; he could not make a sound.

Are we the murderers playing dirty or are you the murderer playing dirty? How are your tricks even more sinister than ours!?

This was the last thing the helmsman thought.

In reality, his piercer had pierced Zhao Changhe's chest before he died. However, he had lost all his strength. His wrist had also been caught by Zhao Changhe's left hand, and so he had only barely scratched Zhao Changhe.

Unfortunately, the tip was poisoned.

It was not just Zhao Changhe who could play dirty...

Unfortunately, Zhao Changhe did not have the luxury to worry about his injuries or the poison. He circulated his qi according to his internal art to suppress the effects of the poison and forcefully freed his right hand from the helmsman's grip. Then, suddenly, he threw his knife behind him.

The thin blade spun as it flew and just nicely managed to streak across the throat of the boatwoman who was about to strike him from behind.

Her eyes went wide. She could not understand.

With the rather serious injury on her back, she had originally intended to leave. However, upon seeing that Zhao Changhe was in a tangle, she thought that she could just as well exploit the opportunity and ambush him. He had his back facing me and he was fighting! Just how did he know I was making my way over to ambush him? How did he manage to pick out where I was and hit so accurately?

How on earth did he know...

No one would ever tell the helmsman just who the real person playing dirty tricks was, nor the boatwoman how Zhao Changhe was able to see what was happening behind him.

Zhao Changhe covered the wound on his chest and anxiously swam to the surface, taking big breaths.

Though what he had done underwater seemed like a short moment to him and he had not expended much energy, in reality, he had spent a considerable amount of time there, a good few minutes. If he was a normal person, he would have drowned by now. If it was not for Xia Longyuan's internal force supporting his circulation, there was no way he could have fought so effectively in that battle.

The thought then came to Zhao Changhe: if he practiced this internal art to a high level, could it completely replace his breath? Would he no longer need to breathe?

The current situation did not allow him to ponder such a problem. Zhao Changhe endured the pain from the wound and the thrashing of the poison inside of him, and assessed the situation.

When Cui Yuanyang said she knew a bit about rowing, she clearly meant just a little bit. At most, she had learned how to do it for fun. Normally, who would let a young lady take on such a crude job? The rate at which the boat approached the shore with her rowing was not that much faster than drifting along with the current. She also did not know how to turn the ship.

The river was quite wide and there was still some distance between the ship and the shore. From behind, the enemy ships were fast approaching. Zhao Changhe could see some people readying their bows and nocking their arrows.

At this moment, it just so happened that he was between the ship Cui Yuanyang was on and the one behind them. The distance from Zhao Changhe to both ships was about the same. Without much thought, Zhao Changhe swam over, treading across the waves and boarding the ship behind in just a few moments.

The people onboard, who were gauging whether they were close enough to start shooting arrows, were all shocked as a person suddenly popped out of the water.

Zhao Changhe was unarmed. Without saying a word, he smashed his fist into one of the archers' temple, snatched away his bow and arrows, and immediately backflipped into the water.

It was only after the fact that the crew managed to react, and they shouted simultaneously, "It's Zhao Changhe! What the hell, did he take down River Child and Water Hawk?"

"His movement art isn't enough for him to cross back to his ship! Hurry and find out where he's swimming! Shoot him!"

Unfortunately, in the chaos, they were a step too late. By the time someone had aimed their bow at Zhao Changhe, he had already swam over half the distance, hopped out of the water, leaped up high in the air, and hastily yelled at Cui Yuanyang, who was steering the ship ashore, "Yangyang! The mooring rope by your feet! Throw it to me!"

Cui Yuanyang decisively let go of her oar, bent down to pick up the thick hawser used to secure the boat to the dock, and forcefully threw it over.

Zhao Changhe caught it in the air and used to speedily pull himself back to the ship. From behind came a rain of arrows, but not a single one managed to land even one zhang near him.

Cui Yuanyang only had a single thought: If he isn't a god, then what is he!?

However, the moment her god stepped onto the bow of the ship, he staggered and almost fell over. His face was pale.

Cui Yuanyang looked at the bloodstains on his chest. They were black.

"You've been poisoned!"

"No shit. If I play dirty, so will other people. And they'll be even more sinister." Zhao Changhe leaned against the side of the ship, still smiling. "It's up to you now, rich loli of many treasures. You won't let me down, will you?"

Cui Yuanyang was not in the mood to joke with him. She anxiously opened her small bag, took out a medicinal pill and quickly stuffed it in his mouth. "You need different medicines to deal with different poisons! The Cui Clan doesn't have any miracle drugs!"

“It’s enough as long as it can help suppress the poison.” Zhao Changhe stopped to feel the effects of the medicine for a moment. Its medicinal effects really did help to stop the spread of the poison. He was satisfied and chuckled as he picked up his saber. He made circles around his wound, cutting out all of the flesh that had rotted from the poison.

Blood gushed out, but there was nothing to bind his wounds with. The rags he had around were all filthy. If he used those to wrap up his injuries, they would get infected.

Zhao Changhe did not concern himself with this too much. He just poured some wine from his gourd onto his wound, and stood up once more.

He turned around to look at what the others were doing. From behind, the ship closest to theirs was almost within range. There were a whole lot of bows ready to shoot.

Zhao Changhe grabbed the bow and arrows he just snatched and drew back the bowstring fully. The arrow he shot out flew like a shooting star.

Beng!

The enemy ship’s sails suddenly fell and the speed they were getting from the wind was abruptly lowered. The next moment, arrows descended from the sky like locusts. However, Zhao Changhe’s boat was just that little bit out of range. Only a few arrows struck the back of the boat.

Zhao Changhe took the chance to retrieve his saber, sling the bow across his shoulders, and fasten the quiver to his waist. After securing all his equipment, he let out a small sigh of relief. As he glanced at the shore and estimated the distance, he finally ginned.

The little rabbit’s entire head was drenched in sweat from rowing the boat for so long. With this, even if the ship was moving at a snail’s pace, it would soon arrive at the shore!

Finally, a few minutes later, Zhao Changhe pulled Cui Yuanyang over and leapt to the shore. The howling river winds carried his loud voice. “Thank you for ferrying us! I’m sure we’ll meet again!”

#### Chapter 64: A Tiger Falls on the Plains

It felt great to shove it in their faces. However, they would eventually also reach the shore. For all Zhao Changhe knew, even those riders riding along the shore from before could be killers.

Zhao Changhe did not dare to stay where he was. He grabbed Cui Yuanyang's hand and they ran for their lives.

They rushed down the road, saw a plantation, and fled straight down the footpath between the paddy fields. After a short while, they slipped away into a small forest. They were more hurried than rabbits.

There were no more mountains to hide in. It was a good thing that there were at least plenty of forests. There was no way for people to pursue them on horseback, and even if they were chased by enemies on foot, they could make use of the terrain around them and rest for a few moments.

It was already evening when they boarded the ship. After that intense battle and crossing the river, the sky was actually not yet completely dark. It seemed that not much time had passed.

However, within this brief time, Zhao Changhe had received the worst injuries of his life. He had been kicked hard in the stomach and poisoned underwater, and even now, his chest was still bleeding. There was a huge bloodstain on his ragged clothes, and his face was pale.

Long story short, Zhao Changhe was in an extremely bad state.

But it's good we've crossed the river. Have we passed the most troublesome obstacle?

Zhao Changhe sat against a tree, exhausted and gasping for breath. "Fucking hell. This is so unscientific. How did the poison on the weapon not get washed away in the water? Was that guy not afraid he'd drink some poisoned water?"

Cui Yuanyang shook her head. She was not familiar with these methods of the jianghu, nor was she in the mood to get to the bottom of things like Zhao Changhe. Seeing Zhao Changhe bleeding so much with nothing to bandage himself with, she kept feeling like he would lose too much blood. Once that happened, their enemies would not even need to kill him.

She stamped her feet. "You... Even though you're messed up, you're still thinking about these weird things... Anyway, with your injuries, you should speak less. Speaking can affect your wounds, and you actually went and shouted such a loud farewell..."

Zhao Changhe coughed dryly. “I can refrain from doing anything but showing off. Showing off is a must. You wouldn’t get it.”

Cui Yuanyang: “...”

“Hey, do you think with my bow shot just now, I can give myself a name like Zilong?[1] I’m even surnamed Zhao, y’know?”

“What are you talking about!? Rest properly!” Cui Yuanyang angrily stamped her feet.

Zhao Changhe merely laughed in response.

There was no way she could get him to listen, and seeing him in his current state really made her heart ache.

Just thinking about how he had cut off his flesh and poured wine on his wound just now—even a random bystander would have felt pain looking at Zhao Changhe, yet his expression didn’t even change. Cui Yuanyang really felt that even the seniors from her clan on the Rankings of Heaven, Earth, and Man could not compare to Zhao Changhe in terms of manliness and valiance; they were simply not on the same level.

Is this the difference between bandits and aristocrats? No... In this whole world, only Zhao Changhe is like this.

Zhao Changhe put himself in such a sorry state so that he could protect and send her back home... What could Cui Yuanyang do for him?

Cui Yuanyang bit her lower lip and thought for a while before entering the forest behind them.

Zhao Changhe did not concern himself much with what she was doing. While he was joking, he was, in reality, also circulating his qi to suppress the poison.

The medicine Cui Yuanyang had given him a few minutes back only stopped the spread of the poison; it did nothing to remove it. The good thing about internal arts, on the other hand, was that they were able to help one drive out poison. If actors on TV could do it, there was no reason why he himself could not. After all, Xia Longyuan’s internal art was truly a miraculous one!

Actually, after careful examination, Zhao Changhe knew that this poison was not anything that special. At the very least, it was no Deadly Nightshade. This poison was mainly used to corrode or soften flesh. Its ability to spread through his body was mediocre and, as a result, it was comparatively easy to manage. The moment he began circulating his qi according to his internal art, he could visibly see his blood pushing out the poison in the direction of his wound, where it leaked out.

In fact, he could even feel that some of the poison was dissolved by his internal art and no longer had any effect on him.

From this, he could ascertain another unique trait of Xia Longyuan's internal art: it was highly effective against poisons. This would definitely be a boon to Zhao Changhe as he traveled the jianghu in the future.

He felt like this internal art was more and more similar to the Nine Yang Manual[2] It was unfortunate that he could not use this internal art as his main cultivation method because of his age—Zhang Wuji[3] began building up his foundation for the Nine Yang Manual as a young child in the Wudang Sect.

Whatever. Now's not the time to think about these things.

The poison was driven out of his body without a hitch, but Zhao Changhe could feel himself getting more and more exhausted.

Zhao Changhe was not able to bravely withstand such pain as if he did not feel it because he was a great man. It had something to do with the special characteristics of the Vicious Blood Art. Everyone knew that in an intoxicated state, one could overlook a great deal of things. One of the special properties of the Vicious Blood Art was that it allowed people to enter such a state.

However, at the same time, after one exited this state, they would be extremely tired, and Zhao Changhe was experiencing this exact aftereffect right now.

Not only was he exhausted, but the pain from the wound he had endured like it was nothing just moments before was now starting to creep back. The kick that he had brushed away as minor also made his stomach faintly throb with pain.

In addition, he hadn't taken even a moment to dry himself after getting out of the water. The evening was chilly, and the cold was seeping into his bones.

All sorts of symptoms were arising at the same time.

The worst thing was that Zhao Changhe had relied heavily on the Vicious Blood Art; due to this heavy use, the pain he experienced when cultivating struck him, and it struck him hard.

When he was in a good state, he could endure this pain, but what about now, when he was weak?

It was as if he had been hit by every debuff in the game, all at once.

When Cui Yuanyang returned from the woods, she saw that the god among men that Zhao Changhe was had slid to the ground and was now curled up into a fetal position, groaning.

"Big Brother Zhao!" Cui Yuanyang rushed to support him. "What's wrong? I—I still have medicine..."

She lowered her head and stared into Zhao Changhe's eyes. This only served to frighten her even more—they were blood-red and filled with a wild malevolence. It was like he was about to pounce on her and rip her to shreds.

Zhao Changhe, who was experiencing the full negative effects of the Vicious Blood art, for the first time, was about to lose control of the vicious qi that chipped away at his mind. To put it in another way, subconsciously, he no longer wanted to suppress it. If I'm no longer awake, will the pain go away?

"You..." He held on to his final sliver of willpower and spoke with great difficulty, in a low voice. "Get away from me. The further, the better... I'm...really dangerous to be around right now..."

"No!" Cui Yuanyang replied urgently. "You're in such a sorry state and you're still bleeding from your wounds! How can I just leave you here!?"

"The problem isn't leaving me here... It's that my martial art might make me lose my mind. I can't control it... Once that happens, I won't be myself anymore... Get away from me... Qui—"



Cui Yuanyang suddenly struck a few of Zhao Changhe's acupoints with her finger and silenced him before he could say the rest.

"You really think I'm stupid!?" Cui Yuanyang muttered. "Now you're the one who's got his brain fried. Didn't you think that I could just paralyze you for a bit?"

Zhao Changhe: "..."

Cui Yuanyang bit her lower lip and began taking off Zhao Changhe's tattered clothes.

Zhao Changhe: "...?"

He was almost frightened out of his muddled state. W-w-w-what the hell are you doing!

This white rabbit arduously peeled off his clothes, with a face as red as a fresh tomato, then pulled out a piece of crimson silk fabric.

Looking at the mandarin ducks embroidered on it, Zhao Changhe was dumbstruck.

Isn't this your dudou?

Cui Yuanyang threw him a glance—Zhao Changhe did not know if her eyes harbored anger or resentment in them. She lowered her head bashfully and scattered some medicinal powder on his wound before wrapping her dudou like a bandage around him.

This was the only thing they could use as a bandage right now.

"Does it still hurt?" Cui Yuanyang arranged his clothes and lightly rubbed his forehead, which was filled with sweat from him enduring the pain. She said gently, "You don't need to do everything by yourself... I'm not an idiot that only knows how to drag down others."

Zhao Changhe's mouth twitched.

You're right. In any case, you knew how to row a boat... You're also pretty cooperative. The moment I told you to throw me a rope, you didn't ask stupid questions. Fine, you have more potential than I thought.

"Now it's my turn to look after you." Cui Yuanyang picked out another medicine and stuffed it in his mouth. "I have no idea how to deal with the side effects of the Vicious Blood Art... This is medicine to restore your vitality and replenish your blood and qi. After you take it and rest for a while, you should feel a lot better..."

As she said this, she scratched her head. "I'm not sure myself. It's just a guess. Could it be that you might be too weak to take all these strong medicines?"

Zhao Changhe: "..."

I can feel the powerful yang element in the medicine... Actually, you can unblock my Ya acupoint. [4] Seriously now. Well, whatever. I'll try and try and unblock it with my internal art.

The sky was already completely black and the forest was a whole patch of darkness. Cui Yuanyang was feeling a little dispirited; the pillar she relied on most in her heart had collapsed. In the darkness of night, amidst the strong winds, she saw danger in every direction she looked. However, she knew that there were people searching for them all around and did not dare to light a fire.

Forget it. I'll find some water for Big Brother Zhao to drink first.

As Cui Yuanyang turned and left, she tripped.

"Aiya!"

She fell face first into the dirt. Her rabbit ear hat fell forward as she laid on the ground with her limbs spread out, crying. Her will to take care of others with all her strength crumbled in a moment.

We're both at the third layer of the Profound Gate, but I'm so useless.

I shouldn't have let him walk this thorny path. It would have been so much better if we went to see the mist at Jiangnan... Oh well...

From elsewhere, she could faintly hear people talking. “You guys look over there! Zhao Changhe is injured, he can’t have run that far!”

The search party was getting close!

Cui Yuanyang suddenly sprung up and rushed over to Zhao Changhe. She attempted to pick him up and run, but he was heavier than she thought. She was unable to get him on her back no matter how she tried.

From her back, Zhao Changhe sighed. “Fuck. The damn acupoint finally opened. Damn girl, stop trying to be cute. Hurry up and unblock my acupoints. It’s time to battle!”

#### Chapter 65: Beware the Deceived

Cui Yuanyang was filled with pleasant surprise as she unblocked his acupoints, “A—are you okay now?”

Zhao Changhe relaxed his body and smiled as bright as the sun.

Thank god that you learnt how to unblock acupoints, not just block them.

Even though Zhao Changhe had not returned to his normal state, that feeling of having all sorts of debuffs suddenly stacked on him had indeed faded away. This was especially so for his wound after it was taken care of properly—between the pill and his cultivation art, the poison had been expelled, and with the medicine and bandage, he felt considerably better. Cui Yuanyang’s medicine, which replenished his qi and blood along with his tonifying yang, just so happened to be appropriate for his current situation: the pain from the vicious blood qi running amuck in his body slowly dissipated, and his exhaustion had also went away a fair bit.

Even though he was still not feeling amazing, it was not a big problem for him as long as the opponents were not far above him in strength; he would be able to display much more of his strength. This was exactly the outcome he had hoped for when they had darted for the forest earlier.

“Yangyang, you’re certainly not deadweight. You’re a comrade in battle.” Zhao Changhe could not help but ruffle her hair and smile. “Let me handle it now.”

Seeing his smile, Cui Yuanyang suddenly felt like the anxiousness she had felt earlier entirely disappeared. Now, even if she were to trip on something, she would not fall down.

I forgot I could use movement arts...

The footsteps got closer to them, and they could see the faint lights of torches. Someone could find their position at any time.

Cui Yuanyang felt like her heart was stuck in her throat. Zhao Changhe, on the other hand, was not in a hurry to leave. After scanning the area, he took a stone, jumped up a tree branch, and placed it at a small incline on a fork in the branch. The stone looked like it was on the verge of falling.

Then, he climbed down the tree, pulled Cui Yuanyang along and stealthily headed in the direction of Qinghe.

About fifteen minutes after their escape, the stone finally fell to the ground with a thump.

“They’re there!” numerous people clamored in the chaos.

From faraway, Zhao Changhe led Cui Yuanyang and hid behind some shrubbery. They watched the troops that were pursuing them make a ruckus as they rushed to where the two of them had been.

“Let’s go.” Zhao Changhe pulled Cui Yuanyang along and hastily escaped. No one paid attention to the rustling of their footsteps as they ran away; with all the people running around, two more people made no difference.

Cui Yuanyang really felt in her heart that she was incomparably safe. As long as he was here, there would be no issue.

“Don’t get careless.” Zhao Changhe said softly. “Now, most of them have been attracted there but there are still some people scattered around the pla—oh, there they are.”

He immediately pulled Cui Yuanyang back and quickly fled away to hide in the shrubbery.

Three people holding torches had come over.

Zhao Changhe brought himself close to Cui Yuanyang's ear. "On a count of three, we move out together. I'll cut down the two taller ones. You kill the shortest one. Pinch my hand if you understand."

Cui Yuanyang's ear felt ticklish. Her face had long since flushed red, but it did not mean anything. She pinched his palm to indicate she understood his plan, then immediately let go.

The both of them held their breath in hiding, silently waiting for the three people to approach.

"Three... Two... One!"

The glare of a saber rose violently and the blur of a sword suddenly appeared beneath.

The three men fell silently, not even with a single groan.

Zhao Changhe swiftly ran to where their torches had dropped and picked one up, then continued to strut forward with Cui Yuanyang.

Not long after, they bumped into another group of torches, but rather than stopping, Zhao Changhe simply swaggered forward and suddenly shouted, "Have you guys discovered anything?"

"No, just now they went in that direction. Now there's not a sound. It must have been a wild beast. I don't know...this guy Zhao Changhe really knows how to hide, doesn't he? Hey, wait, you—"

Swoosh!

The saber rose once more and the sword revealed itself again.

It was the same arrangement. Three more people died here.

"Let's go." They were about to leave the forest and Zhao Changhe immediately abandoned the torch. He spared no effort concealing their tracks as he brought Cui Yuanyang along and, using all of his strength, flew away with his movement art.

There were few stars amidst the moonlight. A cold breeze gently blew over.

Only now that they were speeding away could Cui Yuanyang truly taste the thrill of adventure.

However, at this moment, the young lady did not feel any of the exhilaration she had felt when she had just left her home. This was because this adventure was thrilling in both the good sense and the bad; it was exciting, but it was also accompanied by cruelty, both directed to others and to herself.

There's no telling if I'll be the one dead the next moment.

As she thought this, a voice traveled over unhurriedly from the side. "Zhao Changhe, you are indeed worthy of being ranked in the top one hundred on the Tome of Hidden Dragons. Even with a deadweight brat with you, you managed to cut your way out of an encirclement and get past who knows how many criminals on the river. It's a real pity that all this ends here."

Zhao Changhe stopped and, with his face as tranquil as still water, looked at the demonic figure that had drifted over from the side.

Cui Yuanyang also stopped and sighed in her heart.

A master had finally arrived.

In reality, it wasn't that no masters had appeared before. Both the helmsman and boatwoman were at the third layer of the Profound Gate, but they waited for the ships at the back to arrive before making a move. It was clear that there were strong cultivators at the fourth or fifth layer or even higher on other ships or on the roads by the shore. It was just that Zhao Changhe's plan had worked. After attacking, they immediately ran. Even his arrows' only purpose was to slow down the ships. Thus, they hadn't met with any masters.

However, at the end of the day, masters were not random vegetables, and Zhao Changhe and Cui Yuanyang were bound to meet one at some point.

This was their final test.

The demonic figure drifted over. He was a skinny man with a pale face. His sinister gaze passed by Zhao Changhe before landing on Cui Yuanyang's face; an instant later, his bloodthirsty expression turned into one of lust. "Young lady of the Cui Clan, why do you torment and dirty yourself like this? It's unnecessary. Unnecessary. If you return with me, get yourself washed nice and clean, and serve me well, I might not go after that bounty on your head."

Cui Yuanyang realized she was not angry in the slightest. Her heart was filled to the brim with contempt. "Who are you?"

The skinny man replied unhurriedly, "The Unnecessary, Qi Bubi. Have you heard of me, little girl?"

Cui Yuanyang had no idea who he was. Where did this low-level bandit appear from?

On the other hand, Zhao Changhe had heard about him from his brothers in the stronghold. When bandits gathered together, it was easy for the topic of murderers and rapists to come up. Qi Bubi was one of the more famous ones. Once one of his victims started to struggle, he would laughingly say "no need," "don't bother," or "this will feel good". This was how he got his nickname. He even changed his name to suit it[1].

This was Zhao Changhe's first encounter with someone who had a formal title. It could be said that Qi Bubi was a titled master.

To receive a title, his cultivation was, of course, not low. Otherwise, he would have been killed by someone before his name spread.

Qi Bubi had long since reached the fourth layer of the Profound Gate. Zhao Changhe did not know if the man had broken through to the fifth layer, but even if he had not, he would still be an obstacle.

Actually, Fang Buping was also at about the same level. If Qi Bubi was not at the fifth layer of the Profound Gate, then his strength in battle was probably not even at Fang Buping's level. After all, Fang Buping was the branch master of a sect, and his position was far higher than Qi Bubi's. However, back then, Zhao Changhe had ample time to prepare before enacting his plan to take down Fang Buping. Moreover, what kind of state was Zhao Changhe in right now?

He was covered in wounds; his strength was spent, and he had to resort to ambushes to take care of small fry. He did not even have any limestone powder with him anymore.

In Qi Bubi's eyes, Zhao Changhe was now like a plate of fresh fish waiting to be devoured. As for Cui Yuanyang, who was also at the third layer, she did not even count as a person to him.

Qi Bubi tapped his fan against his palm as he strolled toward the both of them. His gaze constantly shifted around Cui Yuanyang's face. Zhao Changhe had no idea how he could find her appealing in her filthy state.

Cui Yuanyang gripped her sword tightly. She was not very confident and snuck a glance at Zhao Changhe who had not made a sound so far.

She almost dropped her blade from fear.

Zhao Changhe, who had a beaming smile all the way since they had started fleeing once more, now had a gloomy and fierce expression plastered on his face. His eyes were already blood red. This was not metaphorical, nor was it like how his irises reddened from using the Vicious Blood Art. The whites of his eyes had literally turned red, and he looked terrifying.

Cui Yuanyang immediately knew what he was doing.

Zhao Changhe had purposefully stopped suppressing his vicious blood qi and let it rush to his head. He intentionally let himself enter a crazed, berserk state!

This was the first time since Zhao Changhe had begun cultivating the Vicious Blood Art that he had lost control.

And he let himself do it.

In this berserk state, he could ignore all injuries and every bit of pain he felt. In addition, he could drive the vicious blood qi in his whole body to its limit and flatten away all the wear and tear he had accumulated on his body prior to this. Strictly speaking, this berserk state was the complete form of the Vicious Blood Art.

The only problem was that the user would lose their capacity to think clearly and strategize. He was not sure how much more or less effective he would be in a fight. However, this was the only way he could deal with their current predicament.



Cui Yuanyang was incomparably worried, but she knew what to do. When Big Brother Zhao had been about to lose control, he had repeatedly ordered her to stay far away from him.

She suddenly sheathed her sword and ran off to the side.

Qi Bubi thought that she wanted to run away and sneered. “Don’t be so in a hurry, little girl. After I cut off your boyfriend’s head, the two of us will enjoy some nice, slow time toge—.”

His sentence was cut off by a very, very bad feeling.

It was like he was being stared down by a pack of wolves in a forest, as if there were countless oily, jade-green eyes fixed on him. He felt his entire body go numb.

From the side of his ear suddenly came a raspy voice. “I, Zhao Changhe, may be a good person. But that doesn’t mean you can take whatever you want from me...”

Qi Bubi stiffened up as he turned his head. He saw a pair of scarlet eyes. That bright, unblemished saber had taken on a blood-red color. It was like a demonic blade had emerged into the world from the depths of hell.

The hooked, waning moon hung slanted in the sky. Under its light, Zhao Changhe looked like a blood god that had descended to the mortal realm.

He had not yet swung his saber, but he already looked like he was possessed.

Zhao Changhe roared. He could no longer tell who the person in front of him was. At this moment, any and every living thing in his path amounted to nothing more than an obstacle.

Following that bestial roar, a wild saber whistled through the air. The winds and clouds roiled; heaven and earth wailed!

With a swing of his saber, the gods and buddhas scattered!