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Chapter 85: The Empress's™ Dog, Battle With Astral Infant

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“Someone’s here. Be careful, everyone!”

Xiao Jinghong’s voice came from under the tree nearby.

Zhao Congjian and Beixiao Wangjian turned around. Jiang Xue, who was washing the Dragon Eagles, as well as Huang Lianxin, were both on the alert.

The little black snake was sleeping on the Three-eyed Drought Rodent, but when it heard the voice, it looked up in shock.

“The Emperor said that you have the Mandate of Heaven, but you passed away at two years old and became a joke. It was such a surprise to see you still alive.”

The calm voice of an old man resounded in the valley. No one could sense his emotions flux.

Zhou Xuanji’s heart trembled. *Is he from Great Zhou Empire?*

Before he could speak, Xiao Jinghong asked first, “Who are you? What is your purpose here?”

“Sword Noble Xiao Jinghong? You are really a man of character, but it’s a pity that you followed the wrong person. The future world belongs to the Second Prince. Xuan Zhao’s son must die!”

The old voice resounded again. After that, he lept down and charged toward Zhou Xuanji.

As he charged out from the sunlight, his appearance was revealed. His face was like an eagle, with his white hair danced messily in the wind. He was wearing a loose black robe and looked like a devil.

Zhou Xuanji immediately took out his Hell King Sword and Thunderclap Sword to prepare for battle.

Shwoooooosh!

A cold light flashed. Xiao Jinghong’s sword was like a sharp arrow as it shot toward the old man in black.

“Revered Master, this person is at Astral Infant stage. Let me deal with him!”

Xiao Jinghong shouted. He lept up and took out another sword in mid-air to slash at the old man.

The old man dodged the sword that was shot at him with extreme speed. He flipped his hand, and a black staff appeared. The top of the staff was like a charred claw. It looked terrifying.

The clash between the staff and the sword caused sparks to burst out, along with an ear-piercing sound.

Xiao Jinghong turned around and received with the sword that was returning with his left hand.

With two swords in hand, his body was agile like a swallow. He fought fiercely with the old man in the air.

The two people attacked with extreme speed, even Zhou Xuanji was a little dizzy looking at the fight.

Zhao Congjian watched with burning passion in his eyes. He totally forgot about the dangers but was only excited to learn something.

Xiao Jinghong’s swords were like the wind, his fierce attack looked somewhat like Zhou Xuanji’s.

The old man held onto his staff, and strands of evil aura flowed out from it. It transformed into a skull and surrounded Xiao Jinghong.

Compared to Xiao Jinghong, the old man’s attack was broad and straight to the point. He fought with the might of a war general.

Zhou Xuanji frowned slightly. He could see that Xiao Jinghong did not have the advantage.

It seemed like this person was at the top of the Astral Infant stage.

Jiang Xue walked to Zhou Xuanji and took out her Flaming Fan. “Should we help?” She asked.

“We can’t. Let’s not become his burden.” Zhou Xuanji said.

He was a little moved in his heart. Facing the Great Zhou Empire’s powerful cultivators, Xiao Jinghong was willing to stand up for him.

Coming to think of it, Xiao Jinghong had yet to master the Dual Sword Will that Zhou Xuanji taught him, yet he had already helped him so many times.

It was life's great fortune to have such a disciple.

The battle continued.

The old man's momentum was becoming more and more imposing, Xiao Jinghong could not gain an advantage over him even by switching sword wills consecutively. The two fought along the cliff walls and countless mountain rocks fell from their bombardment.

If the fight continued, the rocks might even fill up the valley.

"Xiao Jinghong! You are good, indeed! But I was ranked fifth on Hero Ranking Board when I was young too. Now, I'm seven levels higher than you. You cannot defeat me!"

The old man snorted. Indifference and killing intent could be sensed from his tone.

After he spoke, he leapt up suddenly and drew some distance from Xiao Jinghong.

Billows of black wind blew out from his sleeves and surrounded him, forming into a Black Dragon that was hundreds of meters long. Its roar shook the sky.

The little black snake saw this and said, trembling, "Dragon soul! This guy is fortunate!"

Next, the old man submerged himself into the Black Dragon's head. The Black Dragon twirled its body and charged at Xiao Jinghong.

Shwoooooosh! Shwoooooosh! Shwoooooosh!

Xiao Jinghong did not mess up his stance. He danced with his sword on the spot, and countless sword shadows appeared out of nowhere. As tens of thousands of sword shadows surrounded, he pierced and the sword shadows shot forward.

It was like a tidal wave crashing on to the Black Dragon.

Boooooom!"

The mountains that surrounded the valley shook violently, the trees swayed by a violent gale that was swept up.

Zhou Xuanji looked up and squinted to see what happened.

Although he looked calm, he was worried about Xiao Jinghong.

At the same time, he was also finding an opportunity to deal a fatal blow to the old man.

Soon, Xiao Jinghong's sword shadow was torn apart by the Black Dragon. The Black Dragon crashed into him squarely and the horrifying power caused Xiao Jinghong to vomit blood in an instant. His body was like the shell of a cannon, smashed into the mountain wall. Everyone neither could see him, nor know whether he was still alive.

The old man looked down at Zhou Xuanji loftily and said, "Prince Xuanji, remember, the one who captured you is called Qin Qicun. Come with me to meet the Empress!"

He charged at Zhou Xuanji suddenly, along with the Black Dragon. The 300-meter long body was breathtakingly dominating.

Clang! Clang!

Xiao Jinghong suddenly appeared in front of the Black Dragon and pierced with both swords. His swords penetrated the Black Dragon's head and stabbed into Qin Qicun's shoulders.

"Such speed!"

Zhao Congjian cried in disbelief with wide-opened eyes.

He totally did not see the Xiao Jinghong's trajectory of movement.

Qin Qicun was shocked too. He saw that Xiao Jinghong was surrounded by two Sword Wills, one green and the other was white. They occupied half of Xiao Jinghong's body each, with sword Qi whirling around him like a hurricane, visible to the eyes.

His eyes stared at Qin Qicun with fearsome eyes, as though he was looking at someone dead.

"This is a two Sword Wills? Impossible!"

Qi Qicun cried in astonishment. He suddenly remembered that Sword God Zhou was the one who mastered the Dual Sword Will.

Xiao Jinghong followed Sword God Zhou and learned Dual sword Will too?

Before he could think further, Xiao Jinghong, with the Dual Sword Will, exploded into a new wave of attacks like never before, forcing him backward.

"He mastered Dual Sword Will!"

Beixiao Wangjian muttered to himself. He sounded a little bitter.

Such talent.

Comparing with one another made one angry.

Zhou Xuanji shook his head slightly. He could see that Xiao Jinghong had such a breakthrough merely because of the dangers he was in. His Dual Sword Will was still not stable yet.

After Xiao Jinghong dealt dozens of blows to him, Qin Qicun was covered with blood and became frenzied. With a great roar, the Black Dragon returned to form and became even bigger.

Xiao Jinghong took a step back, with his right sword in front and the left sword at his back in a reverse grip.

With the blade between his brows, his eyes looked fearsome. He was prepared to deal with a fatal blow to Qin Qicun.

The two Sword Wills formed into two flames, green and white, and his aura became more imposing.

Shwooosh!

He transformed into a beam of light of both green and white and charged toward Qin Qicun.

Boooooom!

The Black Dragon dissipated. Xiao Jinghong's swords penetrated Qin Qicun's abdomen, and blood spurted out.

The old man struck Xiao Jinghong's back with his wand, and the sounds of bones fracturing could be heard.

Then, Qin Qicun smashed into the mountain wall, while Xiao Jinghong fell to the bottom of the valley, and the impact swept up a wave of dust.

Zhou Xuanji and the rest quickly rushed over.

Xiao Jinghong was coughing out blood from his mouth and he no longer had the strength to stand up.

“A little bit more! Damn!”

Xiao Jinghong said regretfully and with much difficulty.

“You have already done well.” Zhou Xuanji said, squatting in front of him.

His opponent was no ordinary person. It was not easy for Xiao Jinghong to severely injure him like this.

At this moment, a horrifying aura exploded from the mountain wall.

A Black Dragon appeared from the cave in the mountain wall, Qin Qicun, who was covered in blood, flew out slowly.

His face was sinister. Although his hand was covering his abdomen, blood was flowing out in between his fingers.

“Xiao Jinghong! I'm going to make you suffer so much that you can neither live or die!”

Qin Qicun roared as he gnashed his teeth with frenzied eyes.

The group was appalled and got ready for battle.

Zhou Xuanji stepped forward and said, “Take good care of him.”

After he spoke, the waves of black smoke flowed from Hell King Sword, forming into the Hell King that possessed his body.

The Thunderclap Sword released bolts of lightning that surrounded the Hell King's exterior. He looked like a lightning god.

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