

Bai Xiaochun moved so incredibly fast that Chen Heng didn't have time to react. Punches and kicks instantly turned into a maddening storm of attacks.

Chen Heng's expression was extremely unsightly as he performed incantation gestures to summon protective shields. Rain pelted down in the jungle, and booms echoed out as he fought with Bai Xiaochun. The battle so far left Chen Heng dumbfounded. Earlier, he had already acknowledged that this particular Outer Sect disciple of the Spirit Stream Sect was formidable, but it wasn't until actually fighting that it became clear how much he had underestimated him. To be able to slaughter over ten of his fellow clan members, including cultivators in the eighth level of Qi Condensation, with seeming ease, indicated he had a high level of skill. That was not something that an ordinary Qi Condensation disciple could do. The Spirit Stream Sect was one of the great sects, so it was expected that their disciples would surpass the local cultivator clans in terms of latent talent, but he had never imagined that the disparity would be like this. "His fleshly body is too resilient. What body refinement technique does he use? Don't tell me that his power and speed are both a result of body refinement?!" Chen Heng flicked his sleeve, sending a fog rolling out to defend against Bai Xiaochun. Bai Xiaochun ignored any potential injuries as he attacked again. At the same time, Chen Heng's face grew more and more pale. "Most terrifying are his powers of recovery! If his cultivation base were at the eighth level of Qi Condensation... I wouldn't be a match for him at all!" Chen Heng couldn't imagine how someone could receive so many injuries, and yet still be able to unleash such explosive power. Virtually anyone else who was on the receiving end of such punishment would have long since passed out. Unfortunately, Bai Xiaochun was like an oil lamp running out of oil, just barely holding on. "I need to get this battle done with and kill him," Chen Heng thought, eyes glittering coldly. "That way no other complications will arise!" However, it was at this point that Bai Xiaochun's eyes also glittered, and he suddenly fell back, performing a double-handed incantation gesture; Violet Qi Cauldron Summoning sent a huge cauldron rumbling toward Chen Heng. Chen Heng's eyes narrowed as the fog which surrounded him transformed into a huge hand that shot toward the cauldron. The two collided, and the cauldron instantly collapsed, as if it hadn't been backed by even the smallest bit of power. Chen Heng instantly realized that he had been fooled, but he didn't seem fazed at all, and in fact his eyes glinted sharply. "Red Devil Grand Magic!" he said coolly. Immediately, massive amounts of red light shone out, and his skin turned crimson. Even as that happened, Bai Xiaochun leaped into the air and swung his left leg toward Chen Heng in a powerful arcing kick which kicked up a huge wind. Chen Heng chuckled coldly, thrusting his right forearm out to block the kick. BOOM! A sound like thunder rang out, accompanied by cracking sounds. Tears streamed down Bai Xiaochun's face as he staggered back, heart thumping. "How did this guy get so strong so fast?" he thought. "Red Devil Grand Magic? His skin is red, and now he's way more powerful!" Bai Xiaochun was in so much pain that his heart was shaking. His left leg was twisted at an odd angle, and although his skin remained intact, the flesh underneath was mangled, and bones were broken. His breathing was ragged, and he was exhausted. Each time his injuries worsened. Bai Xiaochun felt as if he couldn't go on any further. By this point he had come to the realization that his body was constantly fixing itself. The strange regenerative power ensured that even the most serious of injuries were slowly healed. He wasn't sure, but guessed that it might be an outworking of the Undying Live Forever Technique. Chen Heng's right arm seemed to be fine, but closer examination would reveal that it was shaking. His skin was even redder than before, and the bones inside were broken. "You have your body refinement technique, and so does my Luo Chen Clan!" Chen Heng began to advance with speed that seemed even greater than Bai Xiaochun's; it was almost like he was a different person, a person with boundless power at his disposal. In the blink of an eye, fierce fighting was once again underway within the jungle. Booms rang out constantly. Bai Xiaochun's right leg was seriously hurt, and the bones of his left leg were broken. He could barely stand straight, and was suffering setback after setback. The sensation of imminent death grew stronger. This Chen

Heng was by far the most powerful opponent Bai Xiaochun had ever fought. Bai Xiaochun eyes were bloodshot as his right hand shot out. Black light shone as the Throat Crushing Grasp was unleashed, like a bolt of black lightning that shot toward Chen Heng's throat. Chen Heng's eyes shone with an intense light when he realized that this was a move he had seen before, and was prepared to face. Red light flashed around him as Bai Xiaochun's right hand closed in. Chen Heng reached out casually, grabbed Bai Xiaochun's right hand, then crushed it hard. Cracking sounds rang out as Bai Xiaochun's hand was completely shattered. Chen Heng frowned; he hadn't expected things to be this simple. But then his heart seized as he thought about the vicious tactics Bai Xiaochun had already used in the fighting, and how he would even allow himself to be injured in order to unleash a devastating attack. Chen Heng instantly pushed back, and especially tried to move his neck out of the way. At the same time, Bai Xiaochun's left hand shone with black light, shooting past Chen Heng's neck and latching onto his shoulder. The power of the Throat Crushing Grasp erupted, and a cracking sound rang out! Chen Heng's face was ashen, and sweat was pouring down his face. The bones of his left shoulder instantly shattered, and the intense pain caused him to let out a bellow of rage. Red light shimmered around him as he unleashed massive power, grabbing Bai Xiaochun's left hand. Although Bai Xiaochun was inclined to pull his hand back, Chen Heng was too fast, and in an instant, his hand locked onto Bai Xiaochun's. "Die!" he howled, eyes bloodshot as he performed an incantation gesture with his left hand and then reached out to tap Bai Xiaochun's forehead. Bai Xiaochun's eyes flickered with a vicious gleam as he suddenly leaned to the side, allowing the bones in his left hand to snap as his right leg shot through the air and slammed into Chen Heng's body. Blood sprayed out of Chen Heng's mouth, and he was sent tumbling backward, with no choice other than to release his grip on Bai Xiaochun. That in turn allowed Bai Xiaochun to fall back at high speed. Within an instant, roughly thirty meters of space opened up between the two of them. Bai Xiaochun's hands were both crippled. His right arm was mangled, and although the left one was intact, his twisted fingers were incapable of unleashing the Throat Crushing Grasp. Both of his legs were shaking. The left one was distorted into an odd shape, and blood soaked his right leg. The kick he had just unleashed had come with a terrible price. He could barely stand up, and was in fact forced to lean back against one of the towering trees. He bit down on his tongue to force himself from lapsing into unconsciousness. He was now at his very limit. The only limb he could actually move was his left arm. Everything was numb. And yet, he still looked like he wanted to fight. As for Chen Heng, his eyes were bright red. His left shoulder felt like it was on fire, and he couldn't even lift his right hand. Several of his ribs were broken, and blood oozed constantly out of his mouth. "I underestimated you!" he said hoarsely, glaring at Bai Xiaochun. He could never have imagined that with a cultivation base like his own, it would be so difficult to kill the injured Bai Xiaochun. From the look of it, Bai Xiaochun's body refinement practices had led to some sort of undying secret magic that kept him alive despite such serious injuries. In fact, to deal with him, Chen Heng had used almost every magical technique at his disposal, even the Red Devil Grand Magic. "Alright, it's time to end this fight!" Chen Heng took a deep breath. Suddenly, all of the redness in his skin seemed to evaporate, transforming into a mist that rose up into the air. Normal color rapidly returned to Chen Heng's skin, and he seemed to weaken dramatically. The fight had been a difficult one even for Chen Heng; his opponent's tenacious desire to stay alive, his shocking restorative powers, and his willingness to sustain damage to inflict fatalities was completely shocking. "Red Devil Secret Magic, Blood Saber... Attack!" Chen Heng bit down on his tongue and spit out a mouthful of blood. The blood merged into the blood mist from moments ago, which then roiled and, in the blink of an eye, transformed into a long, blood-colored saber! The illusory saber was over three meters long and, shockingly, was covered with innumerable faces, all of which were emitting torturous screams. Chen Heng waved his finger, and the blood-colored saber began to move toward Bai Xiaochun! Utilizing this secret magic caused Chen Heng to sag again in weakness, and he was forced to reach out and support himself on a nearby tree. His face was ashen, and some of his hair had even turned white. "Die!" he growled, giving Bai Xiaochun an enraged stare. An unprecedented sensation of crisis exploded up within Bai Xiaochun as he realized that no matter what he tried to do, he would not be able to dodge or evade this blow. He was stuck. A crevice snaked toward him on the ground, and the tree behind him withered as the long, blood-colored saber rose up high... and then slashed down toward him! Bai Xiaochun trembled, and his pupils constricted. He didn't want to die, and in fact was terrified of

it. Unfortunately, the regenerative properties of his Undying Live Forever Technique weren't so heaven-defying that they could keep up with his current injuries. However, even as the blade descended, a sudden bit of inspiration flashed in his mind. Without the slightest hesitation, he waved his left hand, and a black beam of light shot out. In the blink of an eye, it grew larger, right there in front of him, forming into the shape of... a wok! It was none other than the turtle-wok! As soon as the wok appeared, the blood-colored blade slashed down onto it, and a deafening boom rang out. The blood-colored blade began to vibrate violently... and then shattered into countless pieces! As for the turtle-wok, not even the slightest crack appeared on its surface, although the force of the attack transformed it into a black beam of light that shot back inside of Bai Xiaochun. "Impossible!!" A tremor ran through Chen Heng, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood, an incredulous look on his face. He had already been in a weakened state when unleashing the magic, and now that it was broken, the backlash power slammed into him, instantly evaporating his spiritual power and turning his vision dim. "What... what is that thing!?!?" "A turtle shell, you bastard!" Bai Xiaochun growled as he stood there, clinging onto life. Blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth, and he rocked back and forth as he stood there. He stepped back, sliding down the trunk of the tree into a sitting position, and began to laugh bitterly. "Too bad I don't have any weapons...." He could sense his life force fading away, and his vision was swimming. He thought of summoning his wooden sword, but simply didn't have the energy. Calling forth the turtle-wok had taken the last scrap of spiritual power he had. He couldn't even open his bag of holding. "I don't care what secrets you hold, once you're dead, everything you have will belong to me." Chen Heng said, breathing raggedly. He was also like an oil lamp on the verge of sputtering out, although he was in a slightly better position than Bai Xiaochun. After a few breaths of time passed, he struggled to his feet and produced a long sword from his bag of holding, hefted it, and began to walk toward Bai Xiaochun. Bai Xiaochun looked at him silently, eyes somewhat blank. He thought back to life in his village, and then he thought about Big Fatty Zhang. He recalled Li Qinghou, the Spirit Stream Sect, and the other amazing people he knew. Du Lingfei. Hou Yunfei. Hou Xiaomei.... Chen Heng slowly approached, then looked down at Bai Xiaochun, who was already emanating a powerful aura of death. He could see that Bai Xiaochun was riddled with wounds, and that he didn't even have enough spiritual energy to open his bag of holding. "Remember my name. I'm the person who killed you... Chen Heng of the Luo Chen Clan." He raised the sword, which he normally could send flying out with the flick of a sleeve, but now seemed extraordinarily heavy. "It's a wonderful feeling being able to kill a Chosen." Chen Heng was so tired that he was on the verge of passing out, but his eyes glinted with cruelty as he stabbed the sword down toward Bai Xiaochun's chest. However, even as he did that, Bai Xiaochun suddenly swung his left arm, slamming it into the ground. The bones snapped, and one of them even pierced out through his skin by about three inches. Then he lurched to his feet, propelling his left arm with the last bit of energy he had. Even as the sword stabbed into his chest, his arm slammed into Chen Heng's neck, and the bone... pierced directly into his throat. Then Bai Xiaochun fell to the ground and, energy completely spent, lapsed into total unconsciousness. A tremor ran through Chen Heng. Everything had happened too quickly, giving him no time to prepare or react, and he had been too exhausted to dodge. Once the bone stabbed into his neck, blood began to pour out onto the ground. He tried to cover the wound, but it did no good. He stared down at his own blood on the jagged bones which protruded from Bai Xiaochun's arm, and couldn't help but marvel at how ridiculous the situation was. It didn't even seem possible. Eyes flickering with an unyielding gleam, he thought about all of his goals and pursuits in life, and then laughed a bitter laugh. "That was your dying blow, huh...." He staggered back and toppled to the ground, dead, his eyes staring up into the sky.