

## Genius 931

### Chapter 931: The Saints' Corpses!

The sudden scene made Ye Chen stop in his tracks.

His gaze was fixed on the corpse that had attacked him earlier, "A saint's corpse?"

Brilliant light shone from the dead body. He was like a god, exuding extreme suppression, as if he wanted everything to submit to him.

If Sect Master Lei Xing and the other supreme leaders were present, they would definitely be crushed to death by the terrifying pressure.

"I'm not afraid even if you were alive, let alone a little bit of your so-called energy remnant after you died!"

Ye Chen scoffed coldly. Subsequently, there was a faint divine radiance surging on his body. His skin and bones turned crystal clear at that moment like a holy body.

Then, he resisted the suppression from the saint's corpse and charged forward. He raised his eyes and studied the entire altar.

On the sacrificial altar that was almost 300 meters tall, the eight dried corpses of saints were chained up by pitch-black chains. Most of them were pierced by the chains on their pelvis.

Other than the chains that pierced through their pelvis and connected to the corpses of the eight saints, there were also eight chains that connected to the center of the altar.

That was the center of the Eight Trigrams Formation. There was a black and white yin-yang fish that was about 300 meters long. The chains were embedded in the depths of the yin-yang fish.

The dense stench of blood and resentment came from the depths of the pit. There were even faint dragon roars.

Crack...

When Ye Chen took a step forward, he seemed to have stepped on some mechanism. The entire altar started shaking violently.

Boom...

With a series of violent tremors, the black and white yin-yang fish in the center of the altar opened.

At the next moment, an extremely dense stench of blood soared into the sky, accompanied by a huge shadow that was almost 60 meters tall.

Focusing his eyes, he saw that it was a giant dragon. However, the dragon's body was currently filled with blood qi. The eight iron chains had cruelly pierced through its body, and one of them had directly nailed it 17 centimeters above its body.

At this moment, the dragon was already at its last breath. It was illusory, and its body was shriveled beyond recognition. Clearly, it had been drained of too much dragon blood.

“It’s a dragon!”

Night Demon was slightly surprised, “Master, it’s actually a dragon!”

“It’s not a dragon!”

Ye Chen shook his head lightly and said while frowning, “It’s a dragon vein. I didn’t expect a dragon vein to be suppressed here!”

The reason why he was sure that it was a dragon was because even though the dragon had blood qi, it had no color at all. Moreover, its body was illusory and did not seem real.

He then looked at the chains that connected the eight dried corpses and the dragon.

“What an amazing move!”

After his eyes flickered for a while, Ye Chen said with a cold smirk, “He actually extracted the dragon vein and suppressed it here. He even set up the Reversal Reincarnation Formation. He wants to change his fate and revive the dead!”

He took a step forward and tapped on the dragon’s forehead. Two seal characters suddenly appeared!

“Maoshan!”

Ye Chen’s expression turned grim when he saw that, “Maoshan, this dragon vein is actually Maoshan’s dragon vein!

“No wonder Maoshan isn’t flourishing now, there has not been a single almighty, they’re even gradually becoming desolate!”

Ye Chen smirked coldly, “From the looks of it now, it’s clearly because Maoshan lost its luck after the dragon vein was extracted!”

“Tsk, tsk!”

Night Demon smacked his lips and laughed, “These people are really ruthless. In order to revive themselves, they actually went to the secular world and forcibly extracted a dragon vein!”

In the eyes of ordinary people, a dragon vein might only be regarded as nonsense, but in history, the emperors had always placed great importance on the dragon vein.

It was because a dragon vein was related to the destiny of a country. The feng shui of a country nurtured its citizens, while the fate of a country could be nurtured by a dragon vein.

During the founding of the Tang Dynasty, when Li Yuan, the great ancestor of the Tang dynasty became the emperor, he invited Yuan Tiangang to search for the dragon vein. However, all the dragon veins that could be found by emperors with different family names were cut off in order to prevent outsiders from stealing the land and allowing the country to prosper for 10,000 years.

In the cultivation world, regardless of whether it was a sect or any forces, they would prioritize the location of the sect in the dragon vein.

There were even some who would use great divinity to gather the four dragon veins in one place to benefit the common people.

Suddenly, there was the sound of metal chains clashing. The eight dried corpses sitting on the Eight Trigrams Formation suddenly moved.

The life force in the eight dried corpses circulated as if they were alive. Even their shriveled flesh had a crystalline luster.

In the next moment, all eight of them suddenly opened their eyes in an extremely strange manner. Their eyes were originally empty and lifeless, but in the next moment, unimaginable killing intent surged out.

“Die, intruder!”

Roars that sounded like the roars of evil spirits interweaved. The eight chains that connected the eight dried corpses to the dragon collided suddenly. They then charged at Ye Chen together.

“I’m not afraid at all even if you guys are alive. Now, you’re only eight spirit remnants!”

“What can you do to me?!”

A cold gleam flashed in Ye Chen’s eyes. He took a step forward and pressed his right hand into the air. Boundless spiritual energy exploded instantly.

Boom...

One palm, and violent energy surged in the air as the eight chains shattered. The eight dried corpses were sent flying, their chains rattling.

Subsequently, the chains on the corpses collapsed at the same time, allowing them to regain their freedom. They charged at Ye Chen like ferocious beasts awakening.

“Suppress!”

Ye Chen held Emperor Brush and crushed the air.

The eight dried corpses fell to their knees with a loud bang, and the killing intent on their bodies dissipated immediately. Their heads dropped heavily, and the shriveled flesh on their bodies dissipated at a speed visible to the naked eye. Before long, only eight skeletons were left, and they finally scattered on the ground.

“These people must have been the saints of the Kunlun Ruins when they were alive!”

Ye Chen looked at the pile of bones on the ground and thought to himself, “But how did they die? Moreover, they used a great divinity to extract the dragon vein from Maoshan before they died!”

“What exactly was the great calamity 500 years ago? That even eight saints have died!”

After a long while, he turned to look at the giant dragon lying on the ground and was about to move forward.

An old voice suddenly sounded in his ear, “Fellow, you must not release the dragon vein!”

“It’s you again!”

Ye Chen’s gaze turned cold, “Since when do I need you to tell me what to do?”

Before that voice could speak, a figure suddenly descended from the pit. It was Wu Tianhou.

“Peak master, something serious happened at the Buddha Sect!”

The man walked to Ye Chen quickly with a grim expression and said in a low voice, “The Corpse Sect’s sect master killed his way into the Buddha Sect when Zen Master Ban Ruo was dead.”

“Wasn’t this man seriously injured by you guys attacking him? Why is he at the Buddha Sect now?” Ye Chen secretly frowned.

“I’m not sure!”

Wu Tianhou shook his head and said, “However, this person is incomparably insane. He controlled a Drought Demon and killed many Buddha Sect disciples. He seems to be looking for something!

“After he found out that I killed quite a few supreme sect masters, not only did he not find a place to hide, he even showed up in such a high-profile manner. The thing he’s looking for must be extraordinary!”

Ye Chen immediately had his interest piqued. After setting up a formation with his hand, he led Wu Tianhou out of the Dao Sect’s secret palace and headed straight to Buddha Sect.

### **Chapter 932: The Corpse Sect’s Sect Master’s Madness!**

In the south of Kunlun Ruins, the place used to be an oasis in the past. However, a fire came from the sky.

In the end, all living things within a thousand kilometers were exterminated, causing this place to be filled with sand all year round, which was why it was called the Kunlun Ruins Desert.

Meanwhile, the Buddha Sect, one of the top ten sects of the Kunlun Ruins, was built in this desert. It ruled over 1,000 kilometers, and they had countless believers in Kunlun Ruins.

...

The Buddha Sect was filled with screams as blood filled the air at the moment. It was as if they had fallen into purgatory.

“Baldy Ming Guang, if you still refuse to open your Buddha Sect’s Thunderclap Pagoda, I will kill ten more of your disciples!”

An old man with a pale face looked at a white-haired old monk with a ferocious expression. His eyes were filled with ruthlessness.

The man was the Corpse Sect’s sect master.

In front of him was a dried-up corpse that was three meters tall.

The corpse's aura soared into the sky. The strangest thing was that there were two spheres of scarlet flames beneath its feet that could melt anything.

Just by standing there, dark clouds covered the sky. It had caused a phenomenon.

"The Thunderclap Pagoda is a forbidden ground of our Buddha Sect. How can we allow you to enter?!"

Faced with the sect master's threat, the white-haired old monk's face was filled with sorrow, "Sect Master Luo, you took advantage of the death of our Buddha Sect's Zen Master Ban Ruo and controlled the Drought Demon to carry out a massacre. Aren't you afraid of incurring the public anger of Kunlun Ruins?"

The moment that was said, the monk looked at the Drought Demon with fear.

Before the dao was created, all clans cultivated ancient methods, nurturing their essence energy to hide their flesh, defying the heavens to cultivate the tribulation.

There were dead people who would often die and become evil. Their corpses would die but not decay. They would often be buried underground, absorbing the vile energy of heaven and earth to turn into zombies.

Zombies would live, they would not die. They had golden skin and iron bones, and they were not afraid of the divine fire. Wherever they went, they would travel thousands of kilometers, and they would become Drought Demons!

The monster that was three meters tall was a Drought Demon.

Its battle prowess was comparable to a supreme giant. In just an hour, two supreme giants of the Buddha Sect had died at its hands.

"Cause public anger?"

The Corpse Sect's sect master snickered, "How can I compare to Mad Southern Ye when it comes to public anger? That person has almost killed all the peak powerhouses in the Kunlun Ruins. Outsiders can't even take care of themselves, how would they care about your Buddha Sect?!"

At this point, his eyes flashed with resentment.

He was, after all, the leader of a sect, an unparalleled powerhouse. In the end, three of his golden-armored zombies were killed by the Witchcraft Sect and the seven ancient clans.

If it were not for the Drought Demon leading him out of the encirclement, he would have been captured at the very least.

It was all caused by Ye Chen.

He initially wanted to rush to Dao Sect and join forces with Sect Master Lei Xing and the six supreme sect masters to kill Ye Chen.

However, after hearing that Ye Chen had killed five of the six supreme leaders, while only Sect Master Lei Xing's soul escaped, he was horrified and fled thousands of kilometers away.

He knew even more that he only had two choices as Ye Chen became a god after this battle. He could either submit to Ye Chen, or die.

How could he be willing to submit?

Therefore, he took the risk to come to Buddha Sect when Ye Chen was recovering from his injuries after the battle!

He had to enter the Thunderclap Pagoda!

Only then could he fight Ye Chen!

“Master, why are you still wasting your breath on him?”

The Drought Demon suddenly spoke in human language, his eyes red, “The news of us coming to the Buddha Sect must’ve spread long ago. You should make a decision soon!”

As soon as these words were spoken, the expression of the Corpse Sect’s sect master changed slightly, and he seemed to hesitate before he was covered in a ghastly expression, “Since you’re so insensible, then don’t blame me!”

At the next moment, a black bell suddenly appeared in his hand.

“Open up the celestial heaven to make one live forever. Three souls and seven spirits, return to the nascent soul. Three souls stay on the left, seven spirits on the right!

“Listen to the divine order quietly, and you won’t be able to find anything. No one will see what you’re doing, and no one will know what you’re doing. Now hear my command!”

As the sect master shook the bell, black energy suddenly shot from the bell and landed on the corpses on the ground.

Boom...

Under everyone’s shocked gazes, the corpses suddenly stood up as if they had been revived.

“Corpse Reversal Technique!”

The expression of the white-haired old monk changed drastically, “This is the Corpse Reversal Technique. Sect Master Luo, if you use this technique recklessly, you’ll definitely suffer the wrath of heaven!”

“You forced me to do this!”

At this moment, the Corpse Sect’s sect master was bleeding from his seven orifices as if he had turned into a bloody man. However, there was a maniacal look on his face.

“Go!”

The sect master’s body swayed, and he moved the bell rhythmically. Up to a hundred corpses immediately followed.

“Buddha Sect disciples, protect the Thunderclap Pagoda with all of your might!”

The white-haired old monk immediately revealed a tragic expression. Then, the Buddha light on his body shone brightly as he charged toward the Corpse Sect's sect master.

The Thunderclap Pagoda was the place where the Buddha Sect's almighties died in meditation. To the Buddha Sect, it was no different from a sacred ground, so how could they let people enter easily?

Roar!

At that moment, the Drought Demon charged over.

The sect master did not care about that at all. He controlled the corpses to rush toward the pagoda maniacally.

The pagoda was 60 meters tall, and its entire body was dark golden. From afar, it looked like it was shining with golden light, and there was faint lightning surging on the top of it.

Just as the sect master was about to reach the pagoda, it suddenly trembled. Buddha light came pressing down and a golden net appeared out of nowhere.

Zap...

The sect master groaned again and again. Wisps of smoke came out of his body as if he was being burned by a hot iron.

"Break!"

He roared angrily, then opened his mouth and spat a mouthful of blood essence toward the bell in his hand. The bell immediately shot toward the pagoda, accompanied by the up to a hundred corpses.

"Explode!"

The sect master suddenly pointed at the bell. Black energy surged from the bell before it cracked.

The up to a hundred corpses turned into a bloody mist as well, which strangely scattered onto the golden net above the pagoda.

The net shook violently several times before disappearing without a trace, as if it had been contaminated by blood.

"Hahaha!"

The sect master stepped into the pagoda and laughed maniacally, "I've sacrificed 20 years of my life. I don't believe I can't break your Buddha Light Formation."

The Thunderclap Pagoda houses the corpses of many Buddha Sect's almighties. If he tried to force his way in, he would be suppressed by the Buddha light. Therefore, he wanted to force the people of the Buddha Sect to deactivate the Buddha Light Formation.

However, Ming Guang would rather die than submit. He was worried that there would be too much trouble, he could only bite the bullet and performed the Corpse Reversal Technique to break through the Buddha Light Formation forcefully.

Fortunately, the formation's master, Zen Master Ban Ruo, had died. Otherwise, he would not have been able to crack it even if he sacrificed all his lifespan.

At the same time, the Drought Demon arrived while bathed in blood.

The sect master immediately looked at him with doubt in his eyes, "Corpse puppet, are you sure the thing you said is in the pagoda?"

"Of course!"

The Drought Demon revealed a strange smile, "That person is on the nineteenth floor of the Thunderclap Pagoda. If you obtain it, master, you won't be scared of anything even if you encounter a saint!"

### **Chapter 933: The Man in the Coffin!**

"Hmph, I hope you're not lying to me!"

Corpse Sect's sect master scoffed and rushed towards the 19th level with greed in his eyes.

He had once heard from the Drought Demon that a Corpse King was suppressed in the Thunderclap Pagoda. It was an omnipotent existence before the great calamity of the Kunlun Ruins.

Later on, he was suppressed by the many saints of Kunlun Ruins and sealed in the Thunderclap Pagoda of Buddha Sect. For thousands of years, he was purified by dharma day and night.

Corpse King!

Such an existence had already surpassed the Drought Demon. Its battle prowess was comparable to a saint, and it could even tear a saint apart with its bare hands.

Once he obtained it, what was a mere Mad Southern Ye to him? Even that old b\*stard from Purple Cap Mountain would be wary of him.

Right at this moment, the sect master suddenly felt a bone-piercing chill behind him.

At the next moment, a withered hand pierced through his back!

He lowered his head in a daze and looked at the bloody hand. Then, he turned around with great difficulty to look at the Drought Demon behind him. His eyes were filled with disbelief, "You..."

He had never thought that the corpse puppet he had cultivated would suddenly ambush him.

The corpse puppet took out his heart and licked the blood on it with the tip of its tongue. It chuckled, "How can a trash like you be my master?"

The sect master roared, "Have you forgotten that I saved you from the Buddha Sect and spent 200 years turning you into a Drought Demon?!"

"So what?"

The Drought Demon sneered, "Haven't I risked my life for you over the past 200 years? I was the one who saved you when the Witchcraft Sect and the seven ancient clans almost killed you."



“Why? Why?!” The sect master fell to the ground, his face filled with regret and resentment.

“Because I’ve waited for this day for 200 years!”

The Drought Demon chuckled, “If I don’t gain your trust, if I don’t tell you that there’s a Corpse King in the Thunderclap Pagoda, how can I get close to my lord?”

“Your lord?”

The sect master was at a loss. He then seemed to have thought of something and gritted his teeth, “So the reason why you told me there’s Corpse King in the Thunderclap Pagoda was because you wanted to use me to break the Buddha Light Formation”

“Not only so!”

Drought Demon said in a sharp voice, “It’s indeed a Corpse King that was suppressed inside the Thunderclap Pagoda, and he’s my lord!”

When the sect master heard that, he was thunderstruck.

“Two thousand and 200 years ago, that group of shameless people used a trick to suppress my Lord for 2,000 years!”

At this point, the Drought Demon’s corpse qi exploded and his eyes were filled with hatred, “And now, it’s time for my lord to come into being!

“As a greeting gift for my lord!”

It lowered its head and sized up the Corpse Sect’s sect master, its eyes filled with excitement, “Your flesh, blood and your soul, I’ll take them with me!”

“No!”

The sect master roared.

...

Within just half an hour, Ye Chen arrived at the outskirts of the Kunlun Ruins Desert under the guidance of the Witchcraft Sect’s sect master.

Ye Chen stood on a desolate mountain peak.

“Peak master, the center of the desert is where the Buddha Sect is!” Wu Tianhou introduced respectfully.

He looked into the distance and saw that in the middle of the desert, there were endless temples and Buddha statues.

The temples and Buddha statue were made of huge rocks. They looked like pyramids, but they looked extremely magnificent.

However, above the Buddhist temples that were initially solemn and quiet, there was an extreme black energy that shot into the sky.

The black energy was like a demonized black dragon as it recklessly swept through the void, emitting a thick stench of death and blood.

“That’s corpse qi!”

Wu Tianhou’s expression changed slightly as if he was afraid, “Looks like the Buddha Sect has already suffered a calamity. I wonder if Old Luo has succeeded!”

The Old Luo that he was referring to was the Corpse Sect’s sect master.

“Let’s go and take a look!”

Ye Chen chuckled softly. He waved his sleeve and turned into a gale that shot straight at the Buddha Sect.

He was not here to help Buddha Sect. Instead, he was suddenly interested in the Corpse Sect’s sect master.

...

On the 19th level of the Thunderclap Pagoda, it was a forbidden area of Buddha Sect for generations. It was called the 19th level, but it did not exist. Unless one’s cultivation base was at the level of a saint, they would not be able to see it.

Therefore, over the years, no one knew of the existence of the 19th level. Even Zen Master Buo Ran was no exception.

Within the 19th level, similarly, there were eight saints’ corpses guarding in an Eight Trigrams Formation. The chains in their hands extended, and at the center hung a purple jade coffin!

Inside the coffin lay a pale man in a black dragon robe.

The man was handsome. His brows were majestic, his eyes were like stars, his face was pale like jade, and he faintly emanated a condescending aura.

The corpse seemed to have died long ago.

If one took a closer look, they would discover that there was a hole about the thickness of a finger on his forehead. Nobody knew what had injured him, but they could see the coffin beneath him from the wound.

Endless formations were inscribed around the coffin. There were even talismans pasted on it. However, as time passed, the formations had become dull.

The Drought Demon knelt before the purple jade coffin and kowtowed a few times. Then, a red stream of blood appeared in his hand.

The red stream slowly flowed into the man’s mouth.

The man’s slightly shriveled body instantly became plump at a speed visible to the naked eye. It was like the grass in the desert being revived.

The Drought Demon swallowed the Corpse Sect's sect master's soul again before looking at the man nervously.

Huff...

After an unknown period of time, a weak breathing sound came from the coffin. It was intermittent, like the breath of a baby.

Following this sound, the weather outside the pagoda suddenly changed. Dark clouds covered the sun, lightning flashed and thunder rumbled.

...

At the same time, two figures dashed into the temple.

Wu Tianhou looked at the corpses on the ground in shock, "Peak master, many people have died!"

"Corpse qi!"

Ye Chen frowned slightly and said, "I sensed a very dense corpse qi. It seems like these people were really killed by the Corpse Sect's sect master!"

Just as Wu Tianhou was about to examine the surroundings, he suddenly noticed a dim light above his head. He raised his head subconsciously and his expression instantly changed.

The world had changed!

Earlier, the sun was shining brightly. However, it was covered by dark clouds and lightnings now. It was as if heaven was punishing the people.

Ye Chen's eyes focused as he looked at the sky above the Thunderclap Pagoda. It was the center of the thunderclouds.

He looked slightly serious.

He sensed that a hint of danger was gradually awakening there. Even the saint of Purple Cap Mountain had never given him such a feeling.

"This is a divine retribution!"

Ye Chen took a deep breath in and fixed his gaze on the place where the thunderclouds were. He said slowly, "A demon must've come into being to have triggered the divine retribution!"

### **Chapter 934: Resurrected from Death, The Wind and the Clouds Changed!**

Heavenly tribulation was different from divine retribution!

The former was merely a test of the Heaven Dao for cultivators. Ordinary people said that the Heaven Dao was heartless, but it had imperceptibly given life to all living beings.

On the other hand, the latter was much more serious. Most of them were lightning-like methods that the Heaven Dao used to eliminate and kill the anomalies.

It was also known as the so-called wrath of the heavens.

For instance, the rumors said that evil people would be struck by lightning. Of course, a mere mortal would not be punished by the heavens.

Wu Tianhou could not help but feel nervous when he sensed the seriousness in Ye Chen's tone.

He was afraid that all of this was caused by the Corpse Sect's sect master.

"What's happening?"

"A strange phenomenon has appeared in the sky. A demon must've descended!"

"Why has the Kunlun Ruins been experiencing frequent changes recently?!"

Almost at that moment, the entire Kunlun Ruins was alarmed by the phenomenon. Countless people looked in the direction of the Buddha Sect in shock.

Huff...

On the 19th level of the Thunderclap Pagoda, the weak breathing grew louder and louder until it was like a violent storm, causing the entire pagoda to tremble.

At the next moment, the black-robed man in the purple jade coffin suddenly opened his strange eyes. His eyes were like mountains of corpses and seas of blood, and he looked like a king who had descended upon the world.

The thunderclouds outside the pagoda became more and more concentrated, as if they were accumulating power, waiting for the best opportunity to strike.

Roar...

The man in the purple jade coffin suddenly opened his mouth, and a furious roar that shook the heavens came from his mouth.

Two fangs were revealed!

The entire Thunderclap Pagoda began to shake violently while the ears of some Buddhist disciples outside were bleeding. Some even died on the spot.

Boom...

The man suddenly stood up from the coffin. Behind the black dragon robe, two huge pitch-black wings suddenly emerged. They were like huge bat wings, and they were filled with dragon scales.

When he saw that, the Drought Demon, who was silently guarding by the side, immediately knelt on one knee and said with extreme excitement, "This humble one Qin Jian greets His Majesty!"

"Qin Jian!"

The man in the black dragon robe studied the Drought Demon with a complicated expression. His red eyes finally returned to normal, "You've done a great job to revive me!"

“I won’t hesitate even if I have to sacrifice my life and go through fire for you!” Qin Jian kowtowed heavily, his eyes brimming with tears.

The man moved his stiff neck, and he looked confused, “What era is it now? Is it still the Great Qin? Are the nine schools’ old farts here?”

“My lord, the Great Qin has fallen!”

Qin Jian leaned his head against the ground and said sorrowfully, “It has been 2,000 years since then. After the old farts from the nine schools suppressed you, they predicted that the great calamity of heaven and earth would arrive, so they had already stepped onto the heavenly path!”

“Hmph!”

“My Great Qin is dead, my Great Qin is dead! Xu Junfang, you lied to me, you lied to me!”

The man laughed from extreme anger, and his killing intent soared to the sky, “The old farts of the nine schools. Back then, you and the nine saints worked together to set up a trap to pierce through my blood sea and suppressed me for 2,000 years. I didn’t expect that you would step into the heavenly path in advance!”

“My lord, you’ve just woken up. Please take care of yourself!”

Qin Jian kowtowed again, “Even though Great Qin has fallen, you still have 3,000 loyal iron-armored followers. Once you rise from the ashes, you can kill your way into the heavenly path, destroy the nine schools, and revive the Great Qin!”

Boom...

At that moment, the eight saints’ corpses on the Eight Trigrams Formation moved. They seemed to have been awakened by the corpse qi on the man’s body.

Eight corpses leaped out at the same time. With a merciless gaze, they activated the power of heaven and earth. Endless lightning bolts transformed from the void and charged toward the black-robed man.

“They’re really the descendants of that bunch of old farts from the nine schools!”

The man in the black dragon robe seemed to be disdainful, “Even if you and your ancestors joined forces, you can’t kill me. How can you eight dead trash like you do to me?!”

Roar!

As the two fangs appeared, an earth-shaking roar came from his mouth.

Rumble...

With a roar, the world seemed to tremble. The eight corpses could not resist at all, and they crumbled to dust.

Boom...

At that moment, bolts of lightning fell from the sky like a surging sea of lightning.

The black dragon-robed man's gaze turned cold as he stepped forward with a flash. A pair of bone wings that blotted out the sky spread across the sky as he took the initiative to attack the sea of lightning.

Almost at that moment, Wu Tianhou could not help but cry out in shock when he saw that, "Peak master, who is that?"

Following the appearance of the man in the black dragon robe, a supreme giant like him felt a hint of fear from the depths of his soul.

"It's not human!"

Ye Chen looked at the figure in the sky who was charging at the lightning. His pupils constricted as he said, "It's the Corpse King. I didn't expect such a heaven-defying thing to exist on Earth. No wonder it attracted the wrath of heaven!"

"Demon! Demon!"

The supreme giant from the Buddha Sect, Ming Guang, who had been severely injured by Qin Jian, trembled non-stop. His eyes were filled with disbelief, "Our Buddha Sect has actually been suppressing a demon!"

Boom...

Numerous pillars of lightning shot towards the man. Each of them contained an aura that could destroy the world.

"The Heaven Dao has long ceased to exist. What right does a fake Heaven Dao like you have to destroy me?!"

A pair of bone wings rose from the black dragon-robed man's back. His hands flew through the air as he suddenly grabbed onto a bolt of lightning that was coming his way, revealing his fangs.

Zap...

He had forcefully swallowed the bolt of lightning into his stomach. Lightning surged around his body, but it was unable to cause any harm to his body.

"Destroy!"

After the black dragon-robed man swallowed several bolts of lightning, he let out a long roar that shook the nine heavens. The thunderclouds in the sky were scattered by his roar.

At the next moment, when the black-robed man landed on the ground, numerous powerful Buddha Sect's powerhouses were sucked dry of their blood, including Monk Ming Guang.

At the same time, his flesh and blood had completely recovered. Other than the pair of bone wings that covered the sky, he was no different from a normal person.

Boom...

Suddenly, a huge hand reached out from the void and pressed down on the black-robed man domineeringly. It seemed to imprison the space he was in.

“A saint?”

A wisp of surprise flashed through the black robed man’s eyes, and then he smirked coldly, “So it’s just a quasi-saint!

“Get lost!”

A dense corpse qi swept out from his body, before condensing into a large hand in front of him. It whistled out and clashed with the huge hand heavily.

Rumble...

Along with the explosion in space, the hand that appeared first was actually forcefully crushed and dispersed.

On Purple Cap Mountain, a trace of blood dripped from the corner of the boy’s mouth, and his face aged ten years again. His eyes were filled with sorrow, “This world is going to be in chaos...”

...

Qin Jian noticed Ye Chen and Wu Tianhou the moment he landed.

His eyes suddenly turned extremely red, “My lord, there are two more people here!”

### **Chapter 935: The Kunlun Ruins’ Secret!**

“My lord, there are two more people here!”

Following Drought Demon Qin Jian’s words, the black-robed man in the distance casted a cold gaze at Ye Chen and Wu Tianhou.

At that moment, Wu Tianhou of the Witchcraft Sect, who was next to Ye Chen, felt a bone-chilling coldness charging at his back. It was as if he was being targeted by some primordial beast.

He was scared. If Ye Chen was not by his side, he would have fallen to the ground.

He did not know who this black-robed man was, but he had personally witnessed him resist the wrath of heaven. He had even broken through the attack of the old saint of Purple Cap Mountain.

Such a person was definitely a saint.

However, Ye Chen’s expression did not change at all. He only looked at the black-robed man quietly.

Other than the person from the Purple Cap Mountain, he was the most powerful being Ye Chen had seen in the Kunlun Ruins.

So what?!

Mad Southern Ye had never been shy away from fights!

For a moment, the atmosphere was a little strange!

Ye Chen looked straight at the black-robed man!

The other man looked straight at him.

Neither of them said anything, as if there was no one else in this world that could catch their attention.

Wu Tianhou was trembling with fear and did not dare speak.

“Go!”

In the end, it was the black-robed man who withdrew his gaze first. Then, he flapped his wings and rose into the sky, transforming into a giant beast that could hold up the sky and disappearing into the horizon in the blink of an eye.

“My lord, why didn’t you absorb those two earlier?”

Qin Jian, the Drought Demon, caught up to him and could not help but ask, “One of them is Mad Southern Ye. He’s the most famous person in the Kunlun Ruins now. Perhaps you’ll be able to recover to your peak after absorbing his blood essence!”

“Mad Southern Ye?”

The black dragon-robed man’s eyes lit up, and he muttered, “This person is extraordinary. I can sense dragon energy from him. This person will definitely be an enemy of the nine schools in the future!”

Dragon energy?

Qin Jian’s heart trembled when he heard that!

He knew very well what his lord meant by that. It meant that Ye Chen and his lord were born with royal fate. Such an existence was not tolerated by the nine families.

...

Until the two of them left completely, Wu Tianhou finally heaved a sigh of relief as if a heavy burden had been lifted from his shoulders, “Peak master, I don’t understand why this Corpse King was suppressed in the Buddha Sect?”

“Based on his attire, he should be from the Qin dynasty!”

Ye Chen’s eyes flickered non-stop as he thought to himself, ‘The Qin dynasty was more than 2,000 years old ago. Moreover, this person has dragon energy in him. Could he be...’

A thought suddenly flashed across his mind, but it was quickly extinguished.

‘According to historical records, 210 years ago, that person died of illness in the Dune Palace during the fifth eastern expedition and was buried in the Mausoleum of the First Qin Emperor...

‘How could he appear in the Kunlun Ruins...’

Ye Chen shook his head in amusement, “It seems like I’ll have to pay a visit to the Mausoleum of the First Qin Emperor when I return to the secular world.”

Then, he looked in the direction that the black dragon-robed man left, and his brows furrowed, “Qin dynasty, just how many secrets do you have?”



Not to mention the ancient Teleportation Formation he had discovered in the Ancient Desolate Realm, which had been left behind by the Pre-qin energy refinery cultivator.

Just that dragon robed Corpse King from the Qin dynasty was enough to give the Qin dynasty a hint of mystery.

Ye Chen lifted his head and took a good look at the chaotic Buddha Sect's temple before him. He then said, "Let's head back too!"

...

At the same time, the Kunlun Ruins shook again!

The Buddha Sect had been destroyed!

One had to know that in the past few hundred years, apart from the Blood God Sect, no other supreme sect had been destroyed.

Even Ye Chen had only killed five ancient clans. Although he killed his way into the Sword Sect and killed countless people from the six high sects, he did not destroy any supreme sect.

However, the Buddha Sect had been destroyed!

The news spread through the entire Kunlun Ruins at an earth-shattering speed. It could be said that it stirred up a thousand waves with a single stone, and everyone was shocked.

A powerhouse exclaimed, "Who killed the Buddha Sect? Could it be Mad Southern Ye?"

"That's right. It must be Mad Southern Ye. Right now, in our Kunlun Ruins, apart from that person from Purple Cap Mountain, only Mad Southern Ye has such power!"

"Who else could it be other than him? This man must've destroyed Buddha Sect in order to take revenge on Zen Master Ban Ruo for attacking him!"

"Everyone, do you know who Mad Southern Ye is now? The Buddha Sect has been destroyed. Who's next? Dao Sect? Devil Sect?"

Just when the outside world was pointing their fingers at Ye Chen and were about to stop the coalition forces from attacking him, a heavy piece of news came from Purple Cap Mountain. The messenger had even been instructed by the old saint.

"The Buddha Sect wasn't destroyed by Mad Southern Ye. Instead, a Corpse King was suppressed in the Thunderclap Pagoda of Buddha Sect. The Corpse King escaped and started a massacre. Even the old saint couldn't kill him..."

The entire world fell silent.

Corpse King!

Countless people were shocked by these two words!

They had never imagined that there would actually be a Corpse King suppressed within the Buddha Sect. The most frightening thing was that even the old saint was unable to capture it!

Did that not mean that this Corpse King's battle prowess was comparable to a saint's? To become a saint as a corpse? If that was the case, who in the entire Kunlun Ruins could be his match?

At that moment, one piece of shocking news after another flooded the entire Kunlun Ruins.

"The Corpse King has descended to the far west and awakened the three drought demons and the 3,000 bronze-armored corpses from the Wasteland of Death!"

"The Corpse King led four Drought Demons and 3,000 bronze-armored corpses to destroy 30 sects and countless Martial Dao families consecutively..."

"The Corpse King went to the Purple Cap Mountain and forced the old saint to attack. A great battle broke out between the two, and the old saint retreated with heavy injuries..."

"..."

When everyone finally digested this series of news, they paled in shock and almost fell into despair.

Meanwhile, Ye Chen was inside the Devil Sect.

He stood with his hands behind his back as he stared at the suppressed dragon vein. The shock in his eyes could not be erased.

The scene before him was exactly the same as what he had seen in the Dao Sect's secret palace. Similarly, there was a saint's dried corpse suppressing the dragon vein.

Not only that, the other sects, such as the Corpse Sect, Witchcraft Sect, Star Sect, and other supreme sects, were all suppressing dragon veins.

The dragon veins covered Maoshan, Mount Longhu, Mount Tai, Mount Huang, Mount Wutai, Qingcheng Shan and Zhongnan Shan...

All the famous mountains and dragon veins in the mortal world were extracted and formed into nine dragon veins to suppress the nine supreme sects of the Kunlun Ruins.

"A total of nine dragon veins decide the rise and fall of China's secular world. However, they've been extracted and suppressed here!

Ye Chen was secretly furious, "Is this the plan that you guys have for the secular world? Do you think you guys deserve to be called saints?!"

He finally understood why the spiritual energy in the secular world was scarce and the cultivation of the heart was almost cut off, but the spiritual energy in the Kunlun Ruins was extremely abundant...

As he thought to this point, he could not help but smirked coldly, "I want to ask this old saint, who is the only one left in the world in Purple Cap Mountain..."

### **Chapter 936: A War That Gets Worldwide Attention!**

Ye Chen had already learned about the commotion caused by the Corpse King from Elder Qing Xuan and the rest.

Elder Qing Xuan was worried, "Peak master, this ferocious beast is incomparable. If he kills his way into the Ninth Peak..."

Witchcraft Sect's sect master and the new Corpse Sect's sect master, Wei Yun, and the rest nodded.

Too many things had happened in Kunlun Ruins over the past few days. After the corpse from the Qing dynasty broke out of seclusion, he had brought a lot of fear to the Kunlun Ruins.

"He won't!"

However, Ye Chen only replied with two words and sent Elder Qing Xuan and the rest away. He then went to the repository of the supreme sects.

In just two days, he had almost read all the ancient books in Kunlun Ruins, but he realized that the records were only about 400 years old.

However, there was no information about the era before that. It was as if it had been forcefully erased.

"What exactly happened in the Kunlun Ruins 500 years ago? Why did all the saints disappear?!"

Ye Chen was very persistent.

In the past two days, the Corpse King had caused countless shocks in the Kunlun Ruins. However, strangely, he did not attack Ye Chen's sects, nor did he intend to interact with Ye Chen.

It was as if there was some sort of unspoken agreement between the two of them, or perhaps they had reached some sort of agreement. They would not attack each other.

Elder Qing Xuan and the rest were suspicious. They almost thought that Ye Chen had released the Corpse King.

...

On the 27th day of the 12th lunar month, 2018 in the Kunlun Ruins' calendar, Ye Chen led the people from the Ninth Peak to the Purple Cap Mountain. He wanted to complete the battle that they had agreed on three days ago!

Countless people were furious when they heard the news. All of them called Ye Chen shameless.

"Hmph, Mad Southern Ye is really a man of his word. The old saint is already injured, yet he still went to meet him shamelessly!"

"Damn Mad Southern Ye, why didn't that Corpse King come to suck his blood?!"

"Mad Southern Ye only knows how to bully the weak and fear the strong. If you're capable, go and fight that Corpse King one-on-one. It's best if the two of them perish together!"

"..."

Instantly, countless people complained and cursed.

Even so, the Kunlun Ruins was stirred by Ye Chen. Countless people headed to Purple Cap Mountain on their own, wanting to watch the battle up close.

Less than a hundred kilometers away from the Purple Cap Mountain, a black armor that was as long as a black dragon surrounded a huge carriage.

They were silent and lifeless, like undead that had returned from hell. Their eyes were cold, empty, and frightening...

On the other hand, brilliant lights shot out in all directions from the edges of the carriage, and the strangest thing was that there were nine enormous beings pulling it.

When one took a closer look, they were the skeletons of nine warhorses. There was not a single bit of flesh on their bodies. Their entire body was emitting endless yin energy, and their hollow eyes were flickering with ghost flames.

On the carriage, there was a man wearing a black dragon robe. He wore a flat crown and had a dignified appearance. His body was emitting endless corpse qi, causing the surrounding space to tremble.

Around the carriage, there were four hummer guards with monstrous corpse qi. The four Drought Demons were wearing battle armor, including Qin Jian.

At that moment, one of the Drought Demons looked around and said slowly, "My lord, why are we watching the battle?"

"Just wait!"

Inside the carriage, the black-robed man was resting with his eyes closed. His expression was like a thousand-year-old glacier.

That Drought Demon could only restrain his suspicion and not ask any further.

...

On the Purple Cap Mountain, in the depths of the largest mountain range in the Kunlun Ruins, the Broken Soul Mountain Range, one's whereabouts had always been mysterious, and no one could find them.

And today, all the formations that led to the Broken Soul Mountain Range had been connected. The path to the Purple Cap Mountain was extremely flat.

On the Purple Cap Peak that was the entrance to Purple Cap Mountain, countless people had already gathered at the moment. They had come from various parts of the Kunlun Ruins to watch the battle. Regardless of whether they were supreme sects or aristocratic families, they have all gathered.

Whoosh...

With the sounds of space being ripped apart and the shocking cry of swords, streaks of light broke through the thick clouds.

"He's here. Mad Southern Ye is here!"

Everyone was shocked.

The countless sword gleams in the sky lined up and released powerful auras that tore through the void.

When they were less than 60 meters away from Purple Cap Mountain, all the sword gleams paused before retreating to the side.

Under the numerous gazes, a thin figure slowly walked over as if he was taking a leisure stroll.

“Mad Southern Ye!”

At this moment, countless people felt their hearts tremble.

It was especially true for supreme sects like the Dao Sect.

“He’s Mad Southern Ye!”

However, there were still some youngsters who were traveling for the first time. They curled their lips secretly, “He doesn’t look that good. Is he really as brave as the rumors say?”

The moment that was said, the senior behind them was shocked. He covered his mouth immediately.

“Brat, do you want to die? Mad Southern Ye is an existence comparable to a saint. He even dared to kill Sect Master Lei Xing and the rest. He could kill me a hundred times with a sneeze...”

He looked at Ye Chen nervously after reprimanding the junior. He only heaved a sigh of relief when he saw that Ye Chen had no reaction.

Under the attention of everyone, Ye Chen looked into the depths of Purple Cap Mountain and spoke slowly. His voice was like thunder, “Mad Southern Ye from the secular world is here today to fulfill the three-day promise. Old saint, please get out and fight me!”

When he said the first word, it sounded normal, but he raised the decibel level on the second word. When he said the fifth word, everyone felt a sharp pain in their ears.

When the last word fell, it was as if the sky and the earth had collapsed. Thunder exploded in everyone’s ears.

It was as if countless bolts of lightning had struck down from the clear sky.

At that moment, everyone’s expression changed. Even the young people who looked down on Ye Chen earlier were no exception. They were bleeding from their seven orifices and their faces were filled with fear.

‘So this is Mad Southern Ye?’

‘How scary!’

After a few seconds of silence, a beautiful figure shot over. It was Zi Zhuier.

She bit her red lips bitterly and said, “Mr. Ye, my patriarch is injured. Can we fight another day?”

“Sorry!”

Ye Chen remained calm.

Anger accumulated inside of him!

Many of the dragon veins in the secular world of China had been extracted and suppressed by the saints of Shang Santian. These people were like thieves who had stolen someone else's things and treated them like ants!

He had to ask today!

'What right do you have to do that?!

He wanted to seek justice for Old Chen, Niu Qingshan, and the rest who had sacrificed their lives to protect the Chinese cultivation world!

"Mr. Ye, I'm begging you!"

Zi Zhuier's face turned pale and she wanted to kneel, "My patriarch has dedicated his entire life to the Kunlun Ruins. He has no enmity toward you..."

At that moment, a weak force spread out from the void and stopped Zi Zhuier from kneeling.

"Fellow, since you want to fight, let's fight!"

### **Chapter 937: Invincible Physical Body, Shocking Fist Force!**

A faint sigh came from the void. It seemed to be mixed with helplessness and vicissitudes.

Suddenly, layers of vitality clouds covered the sky and earth, sweeping with an endless pressure.

The clouds seemed to stir heaven and earth as a dazzling light soared into the sky from the depths of Purple Cap Mountain, penetrating everything in the world.

Then, under everyone's gaze, a figure sat cross-legged in the clouds. He sat there like a god, refining and opening on his own, and strange phenomena kept appearing.

It was this seemingly ordinary figure that made everyone present feel a terrifying power.

He was Purple Cap Mountain's patriarch—Zi Qingcang!

He was also the only remaining saint in the Kunlun Ruins since the great calamity 500 years ago. If Ye Chen had not killed the five supreme sect masters consecutively, he would probably not have known about this existence until now.

"Is this the power of a saint?"

Countless people held their breath.

However, Ye Chen's expression remained the same. He stepped into the clouds with a flash and looked at the figure 300 meters away.

The figure was dressed in white. He looked like a fourteen-year-old boy, but he had white hair and wrinkles. His eyes were deep, as if they could pierce through the world.

"Fellow, you came after all!"

A deep helplessness appeared in Zi Qingcang's eyes as he said, "I know why you're here!"

“Do you?”

Ye Chen was slightly stunned. He then came to a realization, “Since you know why I’m here, how dare you show yourself and fight me? Do you think I can’t kill you even if you’re injured?!”

“After this battle, I will give you an explanation!” Zi Qingcang sighed softly. A trace of blood dripped from the corner of his lips, and the wrinkles on his face deepened.

“In that case, let’s fight!”

Ye Chen stomped the ground and threw a punch.

His terrifying punch scattered the clouds in all directions. With a flash of his body, like a plane flying past, he created a white stream that was 300 meters long.

A powerhouse on the ground was shocked, “Physical strength? Mad Southern Ye is fighting the old saint with his physical strength alone?!”

“Look, Mad Southern Ye’s body is crystal clear. Could it be that he has become a saint?” Someone exclaimed.

Everyone took a closer look and saw that Ye Chen’s body was pure gold in color. There was divine radiance surging all over his body. They could not help but look shocked.

“Interesting!”

The black-robed man on the carriage a hundred kilometers away suddenly opened his eyes, “This body is comparable to a saint’s body!”

“What? A saint’s body?!”

The four Drought Demons around him were shocked, “My lord, didn’t the nine schools destroy the saint’s body?”

“This person might be the only saint’s body left!”

The black dragon-robed man’s eyes moved slightly, as if he could see through the void, “But why don’t I sense a familiar aura from this person? Could consciousness have been born from the body of a dead saint’s body?”

...

Zi Qingcang was calm as he watched Ye Chen punch him directly. He extended his arm and grabbed at the air.

In the next moment, endless origin energy turned into a dazzling sword shadow in his hand as he directly faced Ye Chen’s punch.

Boom...

The two collided.

Ye Chen's golden fist shook the air. It was extremely fast and ferocious as it landed on the dazzling sword shadow. The sound shook dozens of kilometers away.

"What a powerful body!"

Seeing this, many people gasped.

Relying on his physical body to resist the sword of the saint!

It was something that they had never seen or dared to imagine before.

Even Zi Qingcang frowned. He did not expect Ye Chen's body to be so powerful.

It was as if any supreme giant would instantly die if they were brushed by his sword.

Buzz!

Zi Qingcang retreated tens of meters in a flash. Then, he waved his sleeve and a black palm fell from the sky. It was like the sky had been destroyed.

Boom...

Ye Chen attacked again. He turned into a dazzling light beam and shot out of his own accord. The golden fist force shattered the air and produced a violent sound.

Rumble...

Everyone felt a sharp pain in their ears, as if a bolt of lightning had exploded.

After that, a golden and black energy converged in the air, and the explosive energy waves swept out like a tide.

Bang, bang, bang...

The shockwaves from the collision alone were enough to split the Purple Cap Peak in half. The giant mountain broke, and a crater was formed in the ground.

"Too scary, too scary!"

Someone mumbled to himself. No one knew if he was talking about how terrifying the saint Zi Qingcang was or if he was talking about how Ye Chen could fight Zi Qingcang to this extent.

"Cough, cough, cough..."

Zi Qingcang coughed softly as his face turned a little pale. He had been seriously injured by the Corpse King before this, and he had exhausted too much energy fighting Ye Chen now.

"The old saint vomited blood?"

"Heavens, how is this possible?!"

However, the people on the ground did not think so. Some of them thought that Ye Chen had injured him.

In the face of such gossip, Zi Qingcang grabbed at the broken half of the Purple Cap Peak.



The sixty-meter-tall peak was forcibly sucked into the air. It was like a giant mountain, towering and majestic, blotting out the sky.

Zi Qingcang shouted, "Suppress!"

Boom!

The giant mountain descended from the sky and turned the world upside down. It suppressed Ye Chen directly as if it had locked onto him.

Everyone's expression changed.

After Ye Chen roared, the light in his eyes shone brightly. He charged forward. "I'll break it with one punch no matter how powerful you are!"

The golden fist was like a small sun that breathed fire, making people unable to open their eyes.

Rumble...

The second collision between the two shattered the space on the spot. The energy waves that erupted were incomparably violent, like a tsunami.

Crack...

In the end, that mountain peak still could not endure his fist. A corner of it first cracked, and then it released a deafening noise, shattering with a sound, turning into rocks that scattered in all directions.

At the next moment, Ye Chen closed in and attacked in an extremely domineering manner. The air rumbled as he attacked. The space collapsed with every step he took.

Zi Qingcang's expression changed slightly. Then, he performed a hand seal and formed an illusory golden shield in front of his chest.

Bang...

Ye Chen's divinity was overwhelming. The vital energy and blood in his entire body surged as he cracked the sky with his bare hands. He punched the golden shield forcefully.

A crack appeared on the golden shield before it shattered. The remaining force landed accurately on Zi Qingcang's body.

Under everyone's gaze, Zi Qingcang retreated several steps before finally spitting a mouthful of blood.

His face looked even older, and a hint of vicissitude flashed across his deep eyes, "I lost, I've lost..."

The world fell silent after hearing that!

### **Chapter 938: My Name Is Mad Southern Immortal!**

The entire Purple Cap Peak became silent at this moment.

No one made a sound as they looked at the old figure in the sky. Their gazes were focused on the old figure.

Defeated!

The old saint had been defeated!

Initially, they thought that the fight between the two of them would be hard to break apart or Ye Chen would be easily suppressed by the old saint.

However, it had only been a quarter of an hour since the two of them had exchanged blows and the old saint had been defeated.

“How is that possible? I don’t believe it!”

“That’s right. The old saint was severely wounded by that Corpse King earlier. Otherwise, how could he have lost?!”

Many people could not accept this at all!

Before this, the old saint was the legend in the hearts of everyone in the Kunlun Ruins. However, the legend had been destroyed now!

However, most people were silent.

Powerful!

Too powerful!

At that moment, everyone could not help but stare at the thin figure in the sky, their hearts trembling.

Only the powerhouses present felt bitter inside.

Although they were not saints, they could still tell a lot from the fight between Ye Chen and Zi Qingcang.

From the beginning to the end, the old saint was helpless while Ye Chen was extremely ferocious. Anyone would be in trouble with such a terrifying physical body.

“Patriarch!”

At this moment, a beautiful figure shot straight into the clouds. Zi Zhuier held onto Zi Qingcang tightly, looking extremely nervous.

“I’m fine!”

Zi Qingcang smiled frankly. Subsequently, he looked at Ye Chen slowly with his deep eyes, “Fellow, you’ve won. If you’d like to clear your doubts, please follow me!”

As soon as he finished speaking, he turned into a rainbow and shot straight into Purple Cap Mountain, leaving the people behind.

“Wait for me here!”

Ye Chen turned around and looked at Elder Qing Xuan and the rest. He then led Ye Wushuang, who was carrying Mengmeng, into Purple Cap Mountain.

He had originally thought that Purple Cap Mountain was the most mysterious supreme sect in the Kunlun Ruins, and its extravagance was definitely nothing inferior to the Dao Sect and other supreme sects.

However, to his surprise, it did not seem like a sect, but more like a village.

As far as the eye could see, the mountains were filled with grass huts and fields. There were people working in the fields.

These people were ordinary people. They did not seem to care about the battle between him and Zi Qingcang.

Even though they saw them enter, they still bowed politely and remained calm. They then lowered their heads and continued with their work.

Everything gave off an otherworldly feeling. There was nothing like a supreme sect.

Ye Chen nodded secretly, 'This is the great dao of nature!'

...

Within the mountain peak in Purple Cap Mountain that normal people could not see, it was incomparably simple. On the ground, there were only a few meditation cushions.

"Fellow, please sit!"

Zi Qingcang waved his sleeve, and a meditation cushion flew over from the ground.

After Ye Chen sat down, he said slowly, "Before that, may I ask your name in your previous life?"

Until now, he still thought that Ye Chen was the reincarnation of an ancient saint. Moreover, he was certain of it.

Ye Chen said coldly, "My name is Mad Southern Immortal!"

"Mad Southern Immortal?!"

Zi Qingcang was stunned for a moment before he said in admiration, "The word immortal is enough to show that you must've been extraordinary in your previous life. I deserve to be defeated by you!"

Although he was a saint, in the end, he was still an Earthling and a powerful man from ancient times. Although people from ancient time sought immortality to learn the dao, they had never had a clear understanding of immortal cultivation.

Therefore, he thought that the reason why Ye Chen named himself immortal was because he wanted to become an immortal. He wanted to be one and become the ultimate immortal among immortals!

At the next moment, a golden soul slowly appeared in his hand, "I'll leave Lei Xing to you. I just hope that you will let him live, even if it means letting him enter the cycle of reincarnation!"

It was Sect Master Lei Xing's soul!

Despair filled Sect Master Lei Xing's face at that moment. He did not expect that Ye Chen would really defeat his greatest reliance.

Before Ye Chen could speak, a golden lotus appeared out of nowhere from the ground as he formed hand seals with both hands, "As a compensation, I'll give you a big gift!"

The golden lotus moved to Ye Chen's side, emitting extremely dense spiritual energy and life-force energy waves.

'Soul-shaping Golden Lotus?'

Surprise flashed through Ye Chen's eyes. Subsequently, he fixed his gaze on the closed lotus pod at the center of the golden lotus. There was excitement in his eyes.

"Master, it's the aura of Emperor Brush's weapon spirit!"

The Night Demon Armor's excited voice sounded.

Ye Chen took a good look at Zi Qingcang and grabbed the golden lotus.

Through his Divine Consciousness, he discovered that Emperor Brush's weapon spirit was currently in the lotus pod. It was wrapped by the Soul-shaping Golden Lotus, sealing off its six senses. It was obviously trying to recover its spirit body.

"Half a year ago, a spiritual light pierced through Kunlun Ruins' barrier and landed in the Kunlun Ruins. After Lei Xing discovered it, he followed the trail and found a spiritual brush..."

Zi Qingcang said slowly, "He realized that this brush was extraordinary, so he wanted to give it to me. I discovered that there was a damaged spirit body in the brush, so I extracted it and nurtured it with the only Soul Forming Golden Lotus in my Purple Cap Mountain.

"Then, I returned the brush to Lei Xing!"

As he explained, Ye Chen gradually came to a realization. He then roughly understood the details of Emperor Brush landing in the Kunlun Ruins.

"Fellow, if I'm not wrong, this brush should be a dao artifact from your previous life, right?" Zi Qingcang said calmly.

He had a vague guess after learning that Ye Chen had snatched Emperor Brush from Sect Master Lei Xing and killed everyone.

"That's right!"

Ye Chen nodded lightly and looked at Sect Master Lei Xing's soul, "At the end of the day, you're part of the reason why I'm able to reunite with my weapon. Since that's the case, I'll spare your life!"

"Thank you, Immortal Ye!"

Sect Master Lei Xing kowtowed excitedly.

Ye Chen's voice gradually turned cold, "Of course, if you're unhappy with me in the future, you can take revenge on me. However, by then..."

"No, no!"

Sect Master Lei Xing's body trembled and he hurriedly said, "I can take a dao oath. If I have any dissatisfaction with you in the future, I'm willing to have my soul destroyed!"

After what happened, he was terrified of Ye Chen to his core. How would he dare to have any ill intentions?

"You may leave!"

Zi Qingcang waved his sleeve and chased his soul out without any hesitation.

"Thank you, Fellow Zi!"

Ye Chen clasped his fists at Zi Qingcang, "If you hadn't nourished my weapon spirit with the Soul-shaping Golden Lotus, I'm afraid he wouldn't have survived until now!"

After he said that, three medicinal pills shot out from his hand and landed in Zi Qingcang's hand, "These are Longevity Pills. One pill can increase your lifespan by ten years!"

Zi Qingcang was shocked. Clearly, he did not expect Ye Chen to be able to refine the Longevity Pill. After all, he could only refine ordinary pills.

"I, Ye, will repay your kindness with kindness, and take revenge if you crossed me!"

Ye Chen changed the topic and looked at him coldly, "Why did your Kunlun Ruins extract the nine dragon veins of the secular world in China? Will you give me an explanation?!"

### **Chapter 939: The Three Pure Ones!**

Within Purple Cap Mountain in Kunlun Ruins, Zi Qingcang and Ye Chen sat across each other. A pot of sandalwood incense was enshrouded in smoke at the side. The smoke was like a dragon, it was refreshing.

Ye Chen questioned Zi Qingcang as soon as he opened his mouth.

"Why did the Kunlun Ruins extract all the nine dragon veins of the secular world and suppress them mercilessly?"

As soon as he said that, he stared at Zi Qingcang. His tone was unquestionable, almost commanding.

Zi Qingcang sighed faintly when he heard that, as if he had already guessed it. Then, he slowly said, "Before I answer your question, can you answer one of my mine first?"

Ye Chen nodded lightly.

Zi Qingcang's gaze was deep as he said with fear, "Fellow should've seen that Corpse King, right?"

"Of course!"

Ye Chen nodded.

The Corpse King he was referring to was naturally the qin corpse that had escaped from the Thunderclap Pagoda.

Zi Qingcang asked again, "Do you know who this person is?"

Ye Chen went straight to the point, "Is he the first emperor?"

He had guessed about the qin corpse a long time ago. Although he was not certain, he could only tell the truth since Zi Qingcang had asked.

Zi Qingcang smiled when he heard that.

"Is he not?" Ye Chen was surprised.

"You're right!"

Zi Qingcang shook his head with an unfathomable expression, "To be precise, that Corpse King is only the first emperor's evil body!"

'Evil body?'

Ye Chen was stunned at first before his pupils constricted.

In Daoism, using the concept of cultivation, a person needed to break through the physical shackles to become more powerful. In other words, the body was the greatest treasure trove of a person.

Therefore, Daoism divided human bodies into three categories—the jade body, dharma body, and evil body.

The jade body was the body of a mortal. Although the jade body could not cultivate any techniques, it could be used to accumulate good karma to become an immortal. Of course, this process often required tens of thousands of cycles.

As for the dharma body, after mortals stepped into the realm of cultivation, their bodies would undergo changes in the spiritual energy of heaven and earth, allowing them to breathe True Origin Energy and supernatural power.

As for the evil body, it relied on evil ways to obtain the body of the Art of Longevity. As the evil ways were not tolerated by the righteous path, it was called evil body.

Seeing Ye Chen's reaction, Zi Qingcang knew that he understood what it meant to have an evil body, so he said, "Before the Qin dynasty, China already had a cultivation system. Hence, there was the Battle of Yan Chiyu chasing the deer, the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors, King Yu ruled the water, and King Zhou's take over..."

"This system developed to great success during the Spring and Autumn War. At that time, Laozi, Confucius, and the other philosophers rose together, and the legalists, Mohism, and other schools of thought contended. It was a prosperous era!"

Ye Chen nodded secretly when he heard that.

He had never underestimated the wisdom of the ancients. For example, King Wen wrote the Book of Changes and created the King Wen Eight Trigrams. It could be said that he had created a clear precedent for the cultivation civilization of China.

“At that time, I mentioned the Saint Dao!”

Zi Qingcang continued, “The leader of the group, Confucius, advocates to educate the people and collect good karma with his jade body. The path of Confucianism was the most sacred!

“The people led by Huang Shicong, Lao Zi, and the others emphasized on the practice of living in seclusion, refining outer core at night, and practicing talisman inscription to become saints!

“The School of Naturalists, School of Diplomacy and others promoted wars, absorbing the aura of death, resentment, and other ways of cultivating the evil body to become saints!

“The king of Wu An, Baiqi, or the overlord of Chu, Xiang Yu, and the others focused on refining their bodies, making Martial Dao the most sacred...”

“...”

Zi Qingcang continued, “This event lasted until the Qin unified the six kingdoms. At that time, among the nine schools of thoughts, Confucianism, Daoism, Mohism, Legalism, School of Names, School of Naturalists, School of Diplomacy, and School of Agrarianism, were the most prosperous!

“There were saints in all nine schools of thoughts?” Ye Chen’s eyes flickered.

“That’s right!”

Zi Qingcang nodded slightly and then sighed softly, “However, after the first emperor unified the six kingdoms, he suppressed the Hundred Schools of Thoughts and committed crimes such as burning books to trap scholars and expelling scholars, causing the relationship between him and the nine schools of thought to be quite tense.”

Ye Chen secretly nodded.

The first emperor unified the six kingdoms, encompassing the four seas and eight wastelands. He built the Great Wall, took Baiyue from the south, and rejected the barbarians from the north. He was the ruler of a generation.

It was just that later on, he continuously rejected the six kingdoms and hated the Hundred Schools of Thoughts, especially true for the Confucian scholars. He also applied the Qin law that was too strict, causing internal conflicts to be extremely tense. In the end, it was only passed down to his second generation after his death.

Of course, it was also related to the past emperors of the Qin.

Previously, Qin was only a small country in a corner of the country. It was far from being as powerful as the Chu.

Later on, it was Qin Xiao Gong who placed great importance on Shang Yang and used the Legalism theory to rule the country. After six lifetimes of hard work, the Qin became stronger and stronger, eventually swallowing up the six kingdoms.

In history, Prime Minister of the Qin dynasty, Li Si, was a member of Legalism.

In other words, for the past six generations, the Qin had been advocating Legalism and treated them harshly.

As a result, after it was passed down to the first emperor's generation, the first emperor was naturally deeply affected, and he did not like people who only knew how to boast.

"The first emperor knew that people were easy to kill, but the mind was the hardest to destroy. He was worried that after he died, no one would be able to suppress the nine schools, so he developed the desire to live forever."

Zi Qingcang said slowly, "Hence, he sent Fang Shi Xu Fu to the legendary three Great Immortal Mountains to seek the art of immortality!"

At this point, he paused, "Three years later, Xu Fu returned. Although he did not find the three legendary immortal mountains, he found an immortal ruins."

"Immortal ruins?" Ye Chen frowned.

"That's right!"

Zi Qingcang nodded and said, "At that time, the first emperor dismissed everyone and summoned Xu Fu alone. No one knew what they talked about. They only knew that half a month later, Qin Jian secretly led his troops to dig up the tomb of Yellow Emperor Xuanyuan.

"The first emperor is with us!"

Ye Chen asked immediately, "What happened later on?"

"Later on, it was rumored that the first emperor was deeply infected with a malignant disease and could not see anyone. He hid in his bedroom with the doors and windows tightly shut. Every day, the bodies of palace maids and eunuchs were secretly carried out and burned."

Ye Chen's eyes focused when he heard that, "In other words, the first emperor turned into a zombie at that time? Or rather, he was poisoned by corpse poison?"

The first emperor's series of reactions and actions were either because he cultivated a demonic technique or he was poisoned by corpse poison.

"That's right. Even though the first emperor was extremely secretive, he was still discovered by the nine schools. Some say that the first emperor was cursed in the tomb of Yellow Emperor Xuanyuan!"

Zi Qingcang nodded lightly, "Someone said that the first emperor found an expired immortal pill in the immortal ruins. After eating it, his body mutated."

Ye Chen found it funny when he heard that.



Could immortal pills expire?

“The mighty ruler of the Qin dynasty, the existence that suppressed myriad territories, has actually been reduced to a monster. If the people of the world were to find out, I’m afraid they wouldn’t be able to accept it!”

Zi Qingcang said, “Because of that, it was rumored that the first emperor found a way to separate two bodies from his original body before the corpse poison attacked his heart. They were the evil body with corpse poison and the dharma body!”

‘Three Pure Ones?!’

Ye Chen was about to blurt out when he realized that the first emperor’s move was the Three Pures Technique!

### **Chapter 940: The Secret from 2,000 Years Ago!**

The so-called Three Pure Ones was originally referring to how Lao Zi could transform into three mountains with one qi. Later on, it was referred to the omnipresent dao, encompassing all things.

However, the Three Pure Ones that Ye Chen was referring to was a divinity. Three clones would be formed after one mastering it. Each clone would possess the same power as the main body. Moreover, they would still have the potential to cultivate and evolve.

Ye Chen was dumbfounded as he thought to this point, “The first emperor is well-versed in the Three Pure Ones Technique?!”

After that, he forcefully suppressed the shock inside of him and asked once more, “You mean to say that the first emperor wanted to separate the evil body, dharma body, and use the jade body to oversee the world while the evil body and dharma body embark on the path of eternal life?”

“That’s right!”

Zi Qingcang looked at him in surprise. Clearly, he did not expect Ye Chen to realize the first emperor’s real objective.

“What happened then?”

Ye Chen said, “He succeeded?”

“He did, but there seems to be a flaw!”

Zi Qingcang nodded slightly, “The first emperor only separated his evil body but not his dharma body. Therefore, he only had an evil body in the form of a corpse!”

“Anywayt, the Qin’s strength skyrocketed, and many secret weapons appeared. For instance, the battle spears with talisman inscribed on them, bows that had been consecrated, and even medicinal pills that were secretly produced!”

He sucked in a breath of cold air and said, "In just three short months, he has nurtured an army of tigers and wolves that can wipe out the six kingdoms in one day!"

"In other words, the immortal ruins that Xu Fu found is real. The first emperor got a lot of good stuff from it?" Ye Chen's eyes flickered.

Zi Qingcang nodded gently and said, "However, the paper could not contain the fire. After the news spread, the remnants of the six kingdoms and the nine schools also discovered the immortal ruins.

"The first emperor was worried that the remaining forces of the six kingdoms and the nine schools would be too strong for him to control, so he initiated the war!"

At this point, he enunciated each and every word clearly, "In that battle, the first emperor guarded the palace with his jade body, and his evil body appeared in the world. With the battle prowess of a Corpse King, he engaged in an earth-shattering battle with the nine saints!"

"The saints of the nine schools were not their match. At the crucial moment, the people from the six kingdoms sneaked into the palace. The Chu set fire to Epang Palace and caused a commotion!"

As Zi Qingcang spoke, he shook his head, "The rest attacked the first emperor's jade body. As a result, something went wrong with the first emperor's evil body. In the end, he was suppressed by the nine saints!"

"Then why is the first emperor's evil body suppressed in the Kunlun Ruins?" Ye Chen frowned secretly and asked in confusion.

Zi Qingcang glanced at him and said, "Fellow, you might not know this, but after the nine saints and the remaining survivors of the six kingdoms obtained the inheritance in the immortal ruins, they combined their powers to create the Kunlun Ruins."

Ye Chen understood immediately.

Zi Qingcang continued, "Because the first emperor's evil body was suppressed, his jade body suffered a backlash and got worse by the day. In the end, he died in the sand dune!"

"In other words, the person buried in the Mausoleum of the First Qin Emperor is the first emperor's jade body," Ye Chen smiled lightly.

When he first saw the Corpse King, he thought that the Mausoleum of the First Qin Emperor in Shaanxi Province was fake.

Unexpectedly, the first emperor had cultivated the Three Pure Ones as an incomparably talented genius, creating an evil body.

Thinking to this point, he could not help but ask, "Did the first emperor, the nine schools, and the remaining survivors of the six kingdoms really obtain the immortal ruins?"

"I'm not sure if it's an immortal ruins!"

Zi Qingcang shook his head slightly, "However, one thing is certain. The Kunlun Ruins and your cultivation heritage in the mortal world are all related to the so-called immortal ruins."

“What happened after that?” Ye Chen asked.

“Later on, the immortal ruins were discovered one after another. Even the remnants of the nine schools and the six kingdoms were unable to conceal it!”

Zi Qingcang continued, “The nine schools had no choice but to work together with the survivors of the six kingdoms to create the Kunlun Ruins and migrate their entire schools!

“To prevent the mortal world from threatening our Kunlun Ruins!”

At this point, he seemed to hesitate. In the end, he said, “The nine saints used a great divinity to extract the dragon veins from the secular world. They didn’t even let go of the dragon vein of Kunlun Mountains. Their goal was to cut off the possibility of cultivation in the secular world.”

“Of course, this is only one aspect!”

Zi Qingcang forced a smile, “The most important thing is that the first emperor’s evil body and jade body both belong to the emperor and possess dragon energy. Only the dragon veins can suppress it, and it must be infused by the nine dragons!”

Ye Chen sneered when he heard that.

Now he finally understood why the secular world lacked spiritual energy and had almost no cultivation. It was all because of the nine schools.

Ye Chen asked again, “I’ve heard that there was a great calamity in the Kunlun Ruins that severed the path of a saint. Even saints have vanished. Is that true?”

“Indeed!”

Zi Qingcang said in a deep voice, “As for what kind of calamity it is, I’m not sure either. I only know from a few ancient books that this calamity seems to be related to the great changes in the world.”

“Great changes in the world?” Ye Chen frowned.

“I’ve investigated it before, but with the disappearance of the saints, many ancient books and legacies are gone!”

Zi Qingcang shook his head and said, “However, I speculate that it has something to do with the disappearance of the spiritual opportunity in this world.”

He paused for a moment and explained, “The so-called spiritual opportunity is a necessary item to become a saint. It can only be understood but not explained. Without a spiritual opportunity, mortals cannot become a saint, and even saints would rot.

“And it’s precisely because I don’t have a spiritual opportunity that I’m still stuck at the Quasi-saint Stage, unable to step into the Saint Stage!”

“Also, without any spiritual opportunity, I wouldn’t have dared to fight for the past few hundred years. Once I do, my life force will be consumed.”

His face was filled with bitterness.

Even the Kunlun Ruins called him a saint. In reality, he was only a quasi-saint who had just touched the threshold of a saint.

Ye Chen secretly nodded.

No wonder he had been unwilling to fight him from the very beginning. It was clearly a fight with his life on the line. Unless it was absolutely necessary, no one would do something like that.

After that, his gaze flickered as he said, "I once heard Ling Xuanzi from the Sword Sect say that the stage above the Emperor Stage is Destiny. So what's above Destiny? A saint?"

"Above the Emperor Stage is Destiny!"

Zi Qingcang said confidently, "The so-called Destiny is the destiny of a technique and the beginning of the power of heaven and earth. Above the Nirvana Stage is the Aspect Stage. The Aspect Stage is no different from the Destiny Stage.

"And I'm only at the mid Destiny Stage."

He took a deep breath in, "Be it the Destiny Stage or the Aspect Stage, they can only be called quasi-saints. Only those above them who can completely control the power of heaven and earth are true saints."

Ye Chen squinted.

He had not come to Purple Cap Mountain in vain this time. He found out many things that Earth did not know, especially the reason why Earth lacked spiritual energy.

A hint of doubt flashed through Ye Chen's eyes when he thought about that, 'I wonder if the Great Qin of the Ancient Desolate Realm is related to the Qin dynasty of the secular world? Also, Qianqian, the princess of the Ancient Desolate Realm...'