

GOF 2141

### **Chapter 2141: The Honor of the Eastern Region**

Zhang Ruochen made a move and sealed Luo Sha once more. He handed her over to Moyin and the Azure Dragon and guarded her tightly, waiting for the Rakshasa to respond.

Zhang Ruochen had Moyin search Luo Sha's body and found all the hidden treasures to prevent any more accidents.

As the Rakshasa Princess, Luo Sha had countless treasures with her. Many Supreme Saints could not compare to her.

With these treasures, even a top-notch cultivator below the first level of the Supreme Saint might not be able to defeat her. Unfortunately, Luo Sha had met her nemesis this time. No matter how many trump cards she had, they would not work.

Sensing that someone was coming, Zhang Ruochen walked out of the dilapidated hall. Then, a tall and graceful figure caught his sight.

Every time he saw Fairy Tianchu, Zhang Ruochen's eyes would light up. He would be unconsciously attracted by her beautiful face and saint temperament.

"I'm sorry for making a mess of Nine Carols Star," Zhang Ruochen said apologetically.

Fairy Tianchu said, "No worries. The Nine Carols Star is protected by the Goddess of Luoshui's divine force. Even if it is damaged, it can recover quickly.

"Besides that, congratulations on completing the cultivation of Sword Path. It seems that your injury has healed."

Recently, she had been guarding outside the training manor to protect Zhang Ruochen. She had never thought that Zhang Ruochen would come out of seclusion in this way.

"A small epiphany after healing is not worth mentioning."

Zhang Ruochen had planned to cultivate Sword Ten to a higher level. It was entirely a surprise that the Precepts of Swordsmanship reached a million.

There were many geniuses in the world. There was no lack of people who could cultivate a certain kind of Path to the maximum. Only one Precept was needed to complete it. However, there were not many people who could actually cross it.

People like Zhang Ruochen who had cultivated for a short time and reached the completion of Sword Path were beyond common sense.

Fairy Tianchu lifted her head and looked at the vast sky. Her eyes were deeply immersed and calm. In a gentle voice, she said, "Will you walk with me on the Nine Carols Star?"

"Sure," Zhang Ruochen replied immediately.

Zhang Ruochen put down all the things he was dealing with and walked side by side with Fairy Tianchu. They walked along the ancient stone path, breathing in the faint fragrance of the air. His state of mind gradually calmed down.

Compared to the previous meetings, this time, Zhang Ruochen and Fairy Tianchu were clearly much closer. They spoke more to each other.

Unknowingly, Zhang Ruochen's heart had gradually opened up and he was closer to Fairy Tianchu.

There were many cultivators of the Tianchu Civilization on the Nine Carols Star. Zhang Ruochen and Fairy Tianchu strolled leisurely, attracting many people's attention.

One was imposing, while the other was incredibly beautiful. Walking together, they were like a pair of immortal couples. It was enviable.

"I've never seen Her Highness and being so close with a man. It seems that Zhang Ruochen has a chance to be the Prince Consort of our Tianchu Civilization," the Butcher analyzed seriously.

The Fool laughed. "Only a heaven-chosen figure like Zhang Ruochen is worthy of the Her Highness. However, if those who pursue Her Highness know this fact, I wonder what will be the looks on their face."

"So what if they knew? Who can compare to Zhang Ruochen? Her Highness is destined to take over the position of Tianzhu in the future. Ordinary people aren't qualified to be her husband," the Butcher snorted.

Obviously, the Butcher and the Fool were happy to see Fairy Tianchu and Zhang Ruochen tying the knot.

With Zhang Ruochen's great strength, Tianchu Civilization would be willing to accept him even if he had provoked many powerful enemies.

After all, Tianchu Civilization was strong and had never been afraid of anyone.

Standing in front of a divine river, Zhang Ruochen took out a brocade box and said softly, "There is a Supreme Saint Fruit in it. If you refine it, you will soon reach the pinnacles of the Saint King realm. When you break through to the Supreme Saint realm, your cultivation will be much easier."

"Why do you have a Supreme Saint Fruit?" Fairy Tianchu's eyes showed surprise.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You needn't know about its origin. Just refine it."

Hearing this, Fairy Tianchu couldn't help but look at Zhang Ruochen for a moment. Then she reached out and took the brocade box.

As the fairy of Tianchu Civilization, she knew what the Supreme Saint Fruit was. The fruit could only be condensed after a Supreme Saint buried in a special place for tens of thousands of years. It had all sorts of incredible uses. It was more precious than the Sainthood Source of the Supreme Saint.

Through the brocade box, she could sense that the Supreme Saint Fruit in the box was not simple. It must have condensed the essence and inheritance of an extremely powerful Supreme Saint.

Fairy Tianchu's cultivation was not weak either. After receiving the inheritance from the Goddess of Luoshui, she had already cultivated to Heaven's Reach realm. It was only a matter of time before she broke through to the Precept Dominion realm with her talent.

Now that she had the Supreme Saint Fruit, it would be undoubtedly much easier.

Of course, how many Precepts she could cultivate in the Saint King realm depended on her talent and potential.

"Thank you," Fairy Tianchu said.

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. "Humbleness is not necessary between us."

Hearing this, Fairy Tianchu couldn't help but smile. She hadn't expected Zhang Ruochen to say the exact same thing.

But this was undoubtedly a good thing. It meant that the distance between them was much closer.

Fairy Tianchu stared at Zhang Ruochen's eyes closely. Her red lips moved slightly.

"Do you have anything to say?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Fairy Tianchu shook her head slightly.

In fact, Fairy Tianchu had wanted to remind Zhang Ruochen that the hostile aura from his body was getting heavier. His state of mind had also changed greatly. He seemed to be in a state of going berserk.

However, Fairy Tianchu restrained herself when the words were about to come out of her mouth.

Should Fairy Tianchu persuade Zhang Ruochen to stop killing? That seemed impossible.

Perhaps Fairy Tianchu would also go berserk and would not restrain the killing intent in her heart if what happened in Kunlun Realm happened in the Tianchu Civilization.

After a long while, Fairy Tianchu said, "I know that because of the great pressure from the outside world, you will do whatever it takes to become stronger. However, cultivation should be gradual. If you act too hastily, your state of mind will lack stability, leading to unpredictable consequences."

"I'll bear in mind about it!" Zhang Ruochen said.

For the next ten days, Zhang Ruochen and Fairy Tianchu were together. They chatted and strolled, talked about the comprehension of the fist technique, or discussed the improvement of the state of mind and self-cultivate. They were inseparable. Many cultivators of the Tianchu Civilization stared at them blankly.

Ten days later, Fairy Tianchu entered the golden divine gate and began to seclude herself for cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen left Luoshui along with Moyin and the Azure Dragon.

The Rakshasa had already given an answer. They were willing to trade the Saint Ancient Tea Tree for Luo Sha.

Only that Zhang Ruochen had been with Fairy Tianchu all this while and didn't ask about it.

There was no need to be too anxious about this. As long as Luo Sha was in his hands, Zhang Ruochen could perform the exchange at any time.

In addition, the Saint Ancient Tea Tree was already in the hands of the Rakshasa. Even if he could take it back, he had to prevent the Rakshasa from tampering with it.

To be on the safe side, he had to find someone very familiar with the Saint Ancient Tea Tree to do this.

Zhang Ruochen sent a message to Divine Scripture Maiden.

Divine Scripture Maiden quickly responded. She only needed to use a Confucian Sect's treasure to verify it.

Divine Scripture Maiden sent another message after a while, which made Zhang Ruochen very happy. It was that Luo Xu had reappeared. He would come to the Eastern Region Holy City with the Light Myriad Scroll to meet him.

Because of this, Zhang Ruochen chose to leave Luoshui and return to the Eastern Region Holy City.

With the stability of the Eastern Region Holy City, it was the most suitable place to conduct the exchange with the Rakshasa.

After a period of recuperation, Jiang Yunchong had almost recovered. Zhang Ruochen released him from the microworld's forest and went on the road with him.

Although Luoshui was very far from the Eastern Region Holy City, with Zhang Ruochen's current dimensional attainments, he did not break a sweat to rush there.

Previously, when Zhang Ruochen was comprehending the sword technique at Nine Carols Star. Not only he had cultivated the Sword path to completion but also greatly improved the Path of Dimension. After all, the key to comprehending the sixth level of Sword Ten was dimension.

The Eastern Region Holy City was very special. Although it was called the Holy City, it was actually a precious star with a diameter of more than 10,000 miles. In ancient times, it descended from the sky and stood on the land of the Eastern Region.

Even before Kunlun Realm was revived, the cultivation environment of the Eastern Region Holy City was excellent. It produced many spiritual crystals, saint stones, and all kinds of refining materials.

After Kunlun Realm was revived, the Eastern Region Holy City was able to produce a 100,000-year-old ancient sacred medicine every day. It attracted many powerhouses from the Celestial Court and Infernal Court to compete for it.

Unfortunately, Kunlun Realm lacked top-notch powerhouses, so most of the 100,000-year-old sacred medicine was obtained by powerhouses from Celestial Court and Infernal Court.

Otherwise, with so many cultivation resources, Kunlun Realm's strength would have increased by a lot.

Because of Yan Wushen's attack, the Eastern Region Holy City was already in a state of high alert. The border check for the eight ferries was much stricter than in the past.

Because of this, many Saint-level cultivators who wanted to enter the Eastern Region Holy City were very dissatisfied.

If the ancient inscriptions of the Eastern Region Holy City hadn't been repaired and the protection hadn't increased, these people wouldn't have registered at all. Instead, they'd forced their way in.

Zhang Ruochen had arrived at the Tiankun Crossing, one of the eight crossings, after a while.

It was as lively as the last time he was here. A large number of Saint-level cultivators were coming and going at all times. The White Dragon Ferry wasn't enough, so there was a long queue.

"I'm from the Cloudthunder Realm and a direct descendant of the Thunder Clan. Arrange the White Dragon Ferry immediately and let me enter Eastern Region Holy City."

"How dare you make me wait here for so long? Do you think that I'll not destroy the Tiankun Ferry?"

"It's so troublesome every time we enter the city. How do the cultivators of Kunlun Realm do their job here?"

...

Before they actually arrived at the Tiankun Crossing, Zhang Ruochen heard many impatient voices.

Kunlun Realm's cultivators in charge of registration all broke out in cold sweat and trembled with fear, faced with the terrifying pressure from so many Saint-level cultivators.

*Swoosh*

A silver-haired Saint King took action and lifted a half-saint of Kunlun Realm who was in charge of registration. It was as if he was lifting a chick.

"Do you take my words for granted? You have delayed my important matters. Ten deaths are not enough to atone for your sins," the silver-haired Saint King shouted coldly.

This person dared to attack at the ferry. He could be said to be extremely overbearing.

However, at this moment, the silver-haired Saint King suddenly felt his hair stand on end. He felt a huge threat.

His eyes moved. The silver-haired Saint King quickly locked onto the source of the threat.

"Zhang... Zhang Ruochen."

The silver-haired Saint King opened his eyes wide. His eyes were filled with fear.

All the cultivators gathered at the Tiankun Crossing couldn't help but look in the same direction.

As the saying goes, the more fearful a person's name, the more protection you could get.

Not long ago, Zhang Ruochen had fought with Nether Demon and Nether Buddha in Luoshui, and then he had defeated Yan Wushen. His battle was glorious. Who wouldn't be afraid?

Seeing Zhang Ruochen walk over, everyone quickly parted to make way for him. No one dared to stop him.

With Zhang Ruochen's strength, he could probably kill all of them with a flick of his finger.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was getting closer and closer to him, the silver-haired Saint King could not help but become more nervous. He quickly put down the half-saint of Kunlun Realm in his hand.

Zhang Ruochen appeared very calm. He walked forward slowly but did not even glance at silver-haired Saint King.

Zhang Ruochen said calmly, "From this day forth, only 800 non-cultivators of Kunlun Realm will enter Eastern Region Holy City every day. There will be 100 quotas for each crossing. This is a ban from me, Zhang Ruochen, and I will not repeat it again."

His voice was very soft, but it clearly entered everyone's ears.

"What right do you have to restrict us from entering Eastern Region Holy City?" A cultivator immediately questioned.

Zhang Ruochen turned his gaze and said forcefully, "I am the Prince of the Eastern Region, everything in the Eastern Region is under my ruling."

Now that Zhang Ruochen was powerful enough, he should really take on the responsibility of the Prince of the Eastern Region.

Especially now that Zhang Ruochen was in the limelight and everyone was afraid of him, he could take the opportunity to make some rules.

"Zhang Ruochen, you are too overbearing. The Eastern Region Holy City is not entirely yours."

"Don't go too far in everything. If you offend the public, you, Zhang Ruochen, can not bear it."

"We must enter the Eastern Region Holy City. Do you really think you could stop us?"

...

Many cultivators spoke with dissatisfaction.

There were many opportunities in the Eastern Region Holy City. There was sacred medicine everywhere. How could they give up?

Many of them had great origins. Even though Zhang Ruochen was in the limelight, they weren't afraid.

The Celestial Palace had already issued a rule forbidding internal strife. No matter how strong Zhang Ruochen was, he had to abide by it. Otherwise, he would be severely punished by the Celestial Palace.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You think there are too few spots, right? Then I'll give you a chance. As long as you pay 10,000 Saint Stones, you can also enter Eastern Region Holy City."

Hearing this, many cultivators became even more agitated.

As Saint-level cultivators, they indeed didn't lack saint stones. Taking out 10,000 was nothing to them.

But with their status, how could they be willing to be subject to such rules?

Not to mention 10,000 saint stones, they would not even be willing to give one.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen set the rules so forcefully, the cultivators of Kunlun Realm were very excited. They had long been fed up with the bossy outsiders, but they did not have enough strength. No matter how unwilling they were, they could only endure it.

Zhang Ruochen did not care about the opposing voices. He told the Azure Dragon, "Azure, you are in charge. Anyone who dares to cause trouble, suppress them, and they are not allowed to enter Eastern Region Holy City again."

"Yes, Master."

The Azure Dragon immediately bowed and accepted the order.

Then, the Azure Dragon swept a disdainful gaze across everyone present. His body emitted vast dragon might.

Many cultivators stepped back. Their eyes were filled with fear.

They naturally recognized the Azure Dragon. They knew that he had the strength of the first level below the Supreme Saint. He could suppress the heavily injured Great Prince Mara.

Many people realized that Zhang Ruochen wasn't joking. He really wanted to set a rule and announce his dominance in the Eastern Region.

It was impossible for cultivators from each of Celestial Court's realm to wantonly seize the sacred medicine born in the Eastern Region Holy City.

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The powerhouses of the Middle Ages gradually woke up. Would Zhang Ruochen's leadership in Kunlun Realm be replaced?

### **Chapter 2142: Return to Saint Court**

The Azure Dragon took out seven Dragon Pearls. Each of them was left behind by the fallen Supreme Saint of the dragons. They contained the dragon soul and possessed the Neverwither power of the Supreme Saint.

The Azure Dragon dripped seven drops of sacred blood into the Dragon Pearls and fused seven wisps of its Saint Soul into them. It formed seven shadow clones and headed to the other seven ferries. His true body was stationed at the Tiankun Crossing.

It was enough to suppress most Nine-Step Saint Kings after activating its Neverwither power with Azure Dragon's current cultivation. Even if it was just a Dragon Pearl shadow clone.

If he really encountered a top-notch cultivator, he could just let his true body rush over.

Zhang Ruochen didn't stay long at the Tiankun Crossing. He took Jiang Yunchong and Moyin and headed to the Eastern Region Holy City on the White Dragon Ferry.

The Eastern Region Holy City was protected by ancient wards. Thus, no one could force their way in. Instead, they had to take this special ferry.

Even Yan Wushen had sneaked into the Eastern Region Holy City and attacked. After being attacked by the ancient wards, he had no choice but to retreat.

In a short time, Zhang Ruochen's order had spread across the eight ferries. It was written in holy prose. As long as one entered the eight ferries, they could see it.

"Zhang Ruochen is too overbearing. He actually restricted us from entering the Eastern Region Holy City and enforced on taking Saint Stones. Does he think that cultivators from all realms are easy to bully?"

"We can not compromise on this matter. We can not let Zhang Ruochen do whatever he wants. I don't believe that no one can suppress him."

"We cultivators from all realms have come to participate in the War of Merit. There is no place in Kunlun Realm that we can not enter. Even the so-called Central Imperial City, we can still enter. No matter how strong Zhang Ruochen is, his tyranny has its limit."

...

When the news spread, it immediately caused a huge fuss. Cultivators from all realms of the Celestial Court were resisting and putting pressure on Zhang Ruochen.

Although these people roared very loudly, no one dared to act recklessly because of the Azure Dragon guarding the eight ferries.

Standing on the White Dragon Ferry, Jiang Yunchong sighed and said, "The Eastern Region Holy City is one of the most mystical places in the Eastern Region. It is a naturally precious planet. A large number of sacred medicine are born every day. There are also all kinds of rare treasures.

"Not long ago, the Yuanhui Tribulation sacred herb was found, which attracted a lot of top cultivators.

"The cultivation resources that have been born are mostly taken away by outsiders. Our local cultivators of Kunlun Realm have received very little, and we are being bullied everywhere. It is very gratifying that you have issued such a ban.

"However, this will definitely cause dissatisfaction from all sides. There might be a lot of trouble."

Jiang Yunchong had been staying in Eastern Region Holy City and was very familiar with the situation. However, because he was a Re-Awakener, he kept a low profile and would not attack unless it was necessary.

Otherwise, with Jiang Yunchong's strength, he could have taken the treasures.

Zhang Ruochen said calmly, "If I was afraid of trouble, I wouldn't have agreed to be the Prince of the Eastern Region, and provoked the cultivators of the Heavenly Realm."

No matter how big the trouble was, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't back down.

Sensing Zhang Ruochen's calmness, Jiang Yunchong didn't say anything more. Instead, he said, "With your current spiritual power, you can control the Seal of Flames. Let's go to the Tower of Flames first and get the Seal of Flames from Yanruo."



Zhang Ruochen had gotten the Seal of Flames from Chen Yuhua and became the new Prince of the Eastern Region. However, since his spiritual power hadn't reached the 59th level, he couldn't control it. Therefore, he asked Jiang Yunchong's partner, Yanruo, to hold on to it.

While Zhang Ruochen was away from the Eastern Region Holy City, Yanruo was also in charge of restoring the ancient wards. Otherwise, the city wouldn't have been able to resist Yan Wushen's attack.

"I may not stay in the Eastern Region Holy City for too long. I'll keep the Seal of Flames with Yanruo. Thank you for guarding the Eastern Region Holy City," Zhang Ruochen said.

The current situation in Kunlun Realm was pretty grim. There had to be a top cultivator whose spiritual power had reached the 59th level. One had to be in charge of the Seal of Flames and stay in the Eastern Region all the time. Zhang Ruochen obviously could not do that.

Jiang Yunchong shook his head helplessly. "As the Prince of the Eastern Region, you have done it so easily. Well, since you have more important things to do, we will help you guard the rear."

Not long after, the White Dragon Ferry flew over the inscribed ward above the Eastern Region Holy City and landed on the most prosperous Jinhong Continent.

Once off the ferry, Jiang Yunchong part ways from Zhang Ruochen and hurried to the Tower of Flames.

Zhang Ruochen had thoroughly sensed that Jiang Yunchong's cultivation should have been fully restored. He did not have the special aura of a Re-Awakener, so he did not give him the spring water of the Sun-Moon Dragon Spring.

As Jiang Yunchong said, because the ancient ward was activated in time, Yan Wushen did not cause too much damage to the Eastern Region Holy City. Only one or two urban areas on the Jinhong continent were affected, and during this time, the restoration was almost complete.

Compared to before Kunlun Realm became the Battlefield of Merits, the population of the Eastern Region Holy City had increased tenfold. Apart from the local cultivators who came to take refuge, there were also a large number of Saint-level cultivators from other realms. It was chaotic and very complicated to manage.

If anything went wrong, the casualties would undoubtedly be shocking.

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Xu had agreed to meet at the Saint Court, so he did not delay any longer and went straight to the seventh district where the Saint Court was located.

The cultivation environment of the Saint Court was excellent. With the revival of the Eastern Region Holy City, it became more of sacred ground for cultivation.

Speaking of which, it had been a long time since Zhang Ruochen had returned to the Saint Court. He wondered if there were any old friends in the Saint Court?'

Without alerting anyone, Zhang Ruochen quietly arrived at the heart of the Saint Court, the sacred mountain.

Then, he entered a valley full of pear trees.

Because of the revival of the sacred mountain, the 3,600 Spiritual Crane Pears grew more luxuriously. The trees were full of fruits, and the bottom of the trees was covered with snow-white pear flowers.

After passing through the pear garden, Zhang Ruochen came to a steep black cliff. He glanced at the waterfall that was falling vertically and finally locked his eyes on an irregular stone platform at the bottom of the cliff.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen saw an old man with a white beard and hair, dressed in a white robe smiling at him.

This was where he apprenticed to Elder Xuanji. It could be said that his path as a Sword Saint began here.

Zhang Ruochen was full of respect and gratitude for Elder Xuanji. Not only did he teach him the Sword Path, but he also saved him when Empress Chi Yao ordered him to be captured. After that, he even fought to the death with Sword Saint Jiuyou in Zhang Ruochen's place.

'I wonder where Master is now? What important things is he doing?' Zhang Ruochen whispered.

The so-called Nether Realm was a part of the Infernal Court and it's full of dangers. Zhang Ruochen was really worried that Elder Xuanji would be in danger.

Unfortunately, he still had many things to do in Kunlun Realm, so he could not rush to the Nether Realm.

Zhang Ruochen walked slowly towards the stone platform, his eyes were gloomy.

There was no news of his master, and only he and Qing Xiao were left among his fellow apprentices.

Thinking of Zhu Hongtao, Wan Ke, and Lingshu, Zhang Ruochen's heart ached. He was filled with guilt and endless anger.

Zhang Ruochen would never forget that Zhu Hongtao and the others' heads were hung on the gate of Yin-yang palace hall and exploded in front of him, but he could do nothing.

If Zhang Ruochen was strong enough, the tragedy might not have happened.

After a while, Zhang Ruochen walked out of the valley and came to the outside of the sacred mountain.

Zhang Ruochen still remembered that he apprenticed to Elder Xuanji here. He had fought with Ao Xinyan, who refused to accept him as captain here as well.

Ao Xinyan was the proud daughter of the Divine Dragon Halfling clan. She had the battle soul of a Divine Dragon, so she was very cocky.

Ao Xinyan had been defeated by Zhang Ruochen in that battle. From then on, she had been obedient to him.

Even though Ao Xinyan had become Princess Shenlong, she still addressed Zhang Ruochen as captain, just like before.

Some things had changed, but some things never.

Zhang Ruochen stood there for a long time. Images clearly appeared in his mind, as if it had just happened yesterday.

After many twists and turns, Zhang Ruochen arrived at the starting point of entering the Saint Court, the Stairway to Heaven.

Back then, Zhang Ruochen was only a warrior in the Tianji Realm. Half-saints and saints were unattainable in his eyes, and he needed to look up to them.

Many years passed in the blink of an eye, Zhang Ruochen now stood at the pinnacles below the Supreme Saint. Only he knew how much effort he had put in.

Zhang Ruochen stepped onto the Stairway to Heaven. Images of his past flashed through his mind. With his current cultivation and strength, the Saint Aura of the Stairway to Heaven couldn't affect him at all.

Before he knew it, Zhang Ruochen had reached the end of the Stairway to Heaven and entered the palace hall.

This palace hall was a special place. It held stone statues of saints who had walked out of the Saint Court for generations to be worship for eternity.

Only those who had become half-saints were qualified to enter.

There were many stone statues in the palace hall. They were densely packed and lifelike, exuding Saint Aura that was both strong and weak. In front of these stone statues, there was a stone platform. Some had tributes, while others were empty.

This was also a tradition of the Saint Court. Every saint would leave a treasure in the palace hall.

Zhang Ruochen looked around and saw a stone statue that belonged to him. However, this stone statue was ordinary and didn't have any saint power.

It was normal to think about it. After all, when the Saint Court carved this stone statue for him, his true body wasn't there.

*Whoosh*

Suddenly, as if there was some sort of feeling, Zhang Ruochen and the stone statue formed a miraculous connection. The heavenly and earthly precepts in the entire palace hall became active at this moment.

The ordinary stone statue suddenly added a sacred charm and gave off a powerful Saint Aura.

At this moment, the stone statue finally reached saint level.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the stone statue that looked exactly like him as if he was looking in a mirror. However, the aura that the stone statue gave off made him feel a bit unfamiliar. It was as if he didn't even know who he was anymore.

'It's just a stone statue.'

Zhang Ruochen dispelled the distracting thoughts in his mind. He took out a sacred artifact and placed it on the stone platform in front of the stone statue.

No matter what, he was still a member of the Saint Court. He could never forget his roots.

'Since ancient times, the number of Saint-level cultivators born in the Saint Court must be enormous. There must be more than a few hundred of them.'

Glancing at the hundreds of stone statues in the hall, Zhang Ruochen could not help but whisper.

Zhang Ruochen had an idea. He released his spiritual power and carefully examined them.

This inspection really made him discover something. It turned out that there was a folded space in the palace hall. It was very hidden. Even ordinary dimensional cultivators could not find it.

"What a strong dimensional barrier. Even with my current dimensional attainments, I can't break through it forcefully. It seems that this folded space is not simple. There must be a big secret hidden," Zhang Ruochen said.

The Saint Court had a deep foundation. It was common for them to have secrets. Although Zhang Ruochen was curious, he didn't investigate rashly.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen turned around and looked at the entrance of Saint Hall.

There was a middle-aged man in his fifties with broad arms, bronze skin, and was full of power.

Zhang Ruochen moved and came in front of him. He bowed and said, "Greetings, Master."

He was none other than Zhang Ruochen's first master, Lei Jing.

As the saying went, once a master, always a master. Especially since Lei Jing had helped him a lot, Zhang Ruochen would never forget it.

When he first returned to Kunlun Realm, Zhang Ruochen had met Lei Jing once. At that time, Lei Jing was only a half-saint in the branch of the Martial Market Bank in Qianshui Commandery.

He did not expect to see him in the Saint Court this time. Moreover, Lei Jing had already condensed the Sainthood Source and become a real saint.

Perhaps that was why Lei Jing could return to the Saint Court from Qianshui Commandery.

Lei Jing quickly helped Zhang Ruochen up and teased him, "You are now the strongest cultivator below the Supreme Saint. I can't afford to have you bow to me."

"No matter how strong I am, I am still your disciple. Or is Master still not satisfied with me?" Zhang Ruochen stood up and teased.

Lei Jing couldn't help but laugh. "Yes, how can I not be satisfied? Having you as my disciple is the proudest thing in my life. Besides, what do you mean? Still think of yourself as the disciple years ago?"

Zhang Ruochen laughed.

"The people who used to look down on me have completely changed their attitude. I went to the Martial Market Bank in Qianshui Commandery because I couldn't stand them. It was not until I broke through to the Saint-level that I returned to the Saint Court."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen could not help but laugh. "If not, how could I meet you in the Saint Court? I'd like to congratulate you on becoming a Saint."

"It's all thanks to the Sainthood Source you left last time. Otherwise, I don't know how long it would have taken me to become a saint. I couldn't ask for more after becoming a saint." Lei Jing's eyes were full of joy.

Lei Jing walked into Saint Hall and waved his hand to take out a stone statue that belonged to him. He also left a treasure.

"I, Lei Jing, can finally leave my name in the history of the Saint Court." Lei Jing's eyes were full of excitement.

To leave a stone statue in Saint Hall was a supreme honor for every disciple of the Saint Court.

*Swoosh*

Suddenly, a beam of saint light flew from the sky.

Zhang Ruochen reached out a hand and grabbed it. It was a Communication talisman sent by Luo Xu.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at it and said to Lei Jing, "Master, I have something to discuss with Principal Luo. I'll accompany you after I'm done... forget it. Haha, we'll have a few drinks then. I have a lot of good wine."

"Let's get down to business first. Don't keep Principal Luo waiting. I have plenty of time." Lei Jing nodded. The smile on his face grew brighter.

Unlike others, no matter how strong Zhang Ruochen became, Lei Jing didn't feel any pressure. He knew what kind of person Zhang Ruochen was.

Without any further delay, Zhang Ruochen used Great Dimensional Shift and left. Since Luo Xu had arrived in Eastern Region Holy City, it was time to exchange for the Saint Ancient Tea Tree.

### **Chapter 2143: Summoning Han Qiu**

Outside the sacred mountain, there was a wide river. It was surging nonstop, and the dense Saint Qi of Celestial Court and the earth were rising, forming a snow-white fog. It looked surreal.

In the Saint Court, this river was known as the sacred river. It was as famous as the sacred mountain and very mysterious. Since Kunlun Realm was revived, a very long-lived sacred medicine was born almost every day, and there were even 100,000-year-old sacred medicines.

A scholar in cyan stood by the river. His entire body was in perfect harmony with the river's rhythm.

Zhang Ruochen appeared behind the scholar in cyan. He cupped his hands and said, "Greetings, Principal Luo."

Zhang Ruochen had always been very grateful and respectful to Luo Xu. Even though he was now stronger than Luo Xu, he hadn't changed.

Seeing that Luo Xu was safe and sound, Zhang Ruochen was finally relieved.

He could sense that Luo Xu was shrouded in a mysterious aura that even he could not see through.

Although he did not know where Luo Xu had gone after he was seriously injured by Great Prince Mara, Zhang Ruochen guessed that he must have gotten an extraordinary opportunity and become more unpredictable.

Luo Xu turned around and looked at Zhang Ruochen. "Thank you."

"Senior Chu has done me a favor. How could I just sit back and do nothing to return the favor?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Xu sighed. "Chu Siyuan was too stubborn. For the integrity of the Path of Confucianism, he protected the Saint Ancient Tea Tree with his life. Unfortunately, I was not strong enough to save him. I could only watch as Great Prince Mara cut off his flesh and blood and dyed the Saint Ancient Tea Tree red with his Saint Blood."

Even though a long time had passed, the bloody scene still lingered in Luo Xu's mind. It was like it had happened yesterday.

"Principal Luo, don't blame yourself. Senior Chu sacrificed his life for us. His deed will be remembered forever. What we need to do is fulfill his wish and take the Saint Ancient Tea Tree back from the Rakshasa," Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Xu nodded. "The Saint Ancient Tea Tree is of great significance to the Path of Confucianism. If we can take it back, the entire Path of Confucianism will owe you a huge favor."

To be honest, Luo Xu admired Zhang Ruochen. Before this, he didn't dare to think about taking back the Saint Ancient Tea Tree.

After all, the Saint Ancient Tea Tree was not something common. Since it had fallen into the hands of the Rakshasa's gods, it was almost impossible for them to return it.

However, Zhang Ruochen had captured the respected Rakshasa Princess. The Rakshasa had no choice but to compromise.

Zhang Ruochen did not care about the favor of the Path of Confucianism. He only acted according to his heart without any guilty conscience.

Since he had already met with Luo Xu, Zhang Ruochen did not delay any further. He directly asked Luo Xu to send a message to the Rakshasa to exchange the Saint Ancient Tea Tree as soon as possible.

It didn't take long for both sides to reach an agreement. The decision made was to hand over the person and the Saint Ancient Tea Tree at Mount Purple Cloud near the Eastern Region Holy City three days later.

To make sure nothing went wrong, Zhang Ruochen summoned Blackie over from Royal Mountain.

Zhang Ruochen was very powerful. He wasn't afraid of anyone below the Supreme Saint realm. But this time, he was facing the Rakshasa, not just one person.

Although the Ten Clans of Infernal Court were divided into the Supreme Clan, the Upper Three Clans, the Mid Three Clans, and the Lower Three Clans. However, the higher the clan, the fewer the clan members.

The lower the clan, the more the clan members.

Therefore, the overall strength of each clan was roughly the same. At the very least, the strength of those below the divinity could be said to not be absolutely superior, nor was it absolutely weak.

Since the Nether Clan had so many powerful cultivators, the Rakshasa was certainly not weak.

If not, how could the Infernal Court fight against the Celestial Court and the rest of the world at the same time?

When it came to Princess Rakshasa and the Saint Ancient Tea Tree, the Rakshasa must have attached great importance to it. Who knew how many powerhouses they would send?

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Xu were preparing to exchange the Saint Ancient Tea Tree. Meanwhile, the news of Zhang Ruochen's ban spread like wildfire across the entire Eastern Region Holy City, causing a huge uproar.

The foreign cultivators were naturally unwilling to comply with the ban, so conflict was inevitable.

However, after the Azure Dragon attacked and suppressed more than a dozen top-notch Nine-Step Saint Kings, all the cultivators quieted down. They didn't dare to rashly challenge Zhang Ruochen's authority.

As a result, the number of cultivators entering the Eastern Region Holy City every day was greatly reduced. After all, many people cared about their reputation and weren't willing to pay the entrance fee of 10,000 Saint Stones.

As for the foreign cultivators who were in Eastern Region Holy City, they didn't leave the city easily. They didn't want to be blocked outside the city when they came again.

The cultivators were displeased that the Azure Dragon guarding the eight ferries. It also entered Eastern Region Holy City to seek opportunities and took two 100,000-year-old ancient sacred medicines.

In addition, the powerful cultivators from the Infernal Court who intruded Eastern Region Holy City chose to stay hidden and didn't dare to reveal themselves.

With the presence of Zhang Ruochen, the Scion of Time and Space, if they left their trails behind, they would not be able to hide anymore.

Outside the Saint Court, a tall and graceful figure slowly walked out of the dark. She wore tight black clothes, revealing her well-proportioned figure.

She was none other than Han Qiu, who possessed the body of Darkness.

At this moment, there was a slight fluctuation in space. Zhang Ruochen appeared in front of Han Qiu out of thin air.

"Your Highness, you finally summoned me. I thought you had forgotten about me!" Han Qiu's eyes were full of resentment.

Zhang Ruochen said seriously, "I summoned you because I have something important to ask you to do."

"Who do you want to kill, Your Highness?" Han Qiu asked.

She was now a contract killer of the Fane of Death. She had been carrying out all kinds of assassination missions. As a result, she had devoured the essence and the Precepts of many powerhouses. Her cultivation had improved very quickly.

The Path of Darkness was best at devouring and plundering. It could transfer the Precepts of others into its own. The speed of cultivation was beyond imagination.

Zhang Ruochen said, "This time, I'm not going to kill anyone. I want you to take charge of the Eastern Region Holy City and gather the cultivators who wish to join me. I believe it won't be difficult for you."

Ever since Zhang Ruochen came to Eastern Region Holy City, there had been cultivators of Kunlun Realm who had sought out the Azure Dragon to join him.

This was not surprising, as Kunlun Realm was in turmoil now. Many people were living precarious lives. Naturally, they would want to find a strong backer.

Zhang Ruochen had realized that he could not fight against the Infernal Court alone. He had to gather all kinds of power.

Since many wanted to rely on him, Zhang Ruochen had the idea of cultivating many strong cultivators. Since he had obtained a lot of cultivation resources on True Dragon Island, he could make use of them.

However, he clearly did not have time to care about these things. That was why he had called Han Qiu back.

Han Qiu had strength, means, and ambition. She was the best candidate.

Hearing this, Han Qiu's heart skipped a beat. "Your Highness, are you planning to cultivate a force in the Eastern Region Holy City? Hehe, interesting. Leave this to me."

Obviously, Han Qiu was very interested in doing this.

This was a great opportunity for her. Perhaps it would help her reach her goal of becoming a member of the Shengming royalty sooner.

Zhang Ruochen flipped his hand and took out a Ring of Dimensions. "The cultivation resources in this are very precious. You can decide on how to use them."

Han Qiu immediately took it. She was about to say that building a force would consume a lot of resources, but Zhang Ruochen had already prepared it.

Then, Zhang Ruochen took out an object. It was a black Saint Bell the size of a fist. The divine ancient artifact containing the divine force of Darkness that he had taken from Son of Darkness.

Han Qiu's eyes lit up when she saw the black Saint Bell. The Power of Darkness in her body was released involuntarily.

"Your Highness, this..." Han Qiu looked at Zhang Ruochen eagerly.



Zhang Ruochen said, "This object comes from the Fane of Darkness. If you can refine it, I will bestow it to you."

Han Qiu was overjoyed. She immediately mobilized the Precept of Darkness in her body and wrapped it around the black Saint Bell with the Power of Darkness.

Although Han Qiu had a body of Darkness, she couldn't enter the Fane of Darkness, so she could only rely on herself to explore the Path of Darkness. It was extremely difficult for her to achieve great achievements.

Now that a divine ancient artifact containing the Path of Darkness had appeared, it undoubtedly gave Han Qiu a glimmer of hope. No matter what, she had to seize this opportunity.

It might contain the knowledge left behind by the God of Darkness.

*Buzz*

The black Saint Bell vibrated slightly. The inscriptions of Darkness emerged clearly and flew toward Han Qiu.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but nod. As he had expected, Han Qiu was indeed recognized by the black Saint Bell as Master of Darkness.

There was no doubt that the genius of the Fane of Darkness who created the black Saint Bell was also a Master of Darkness, instead of a cultivator of Darkness.

It didn't take long for the black Saint Bell to enter Han Qiu's glabella. It had already completed the preliminary refinement.

"Thank You, Your Highness." Han Qiu thanked him sincerely.

With a powerful divine ancient artifact, her strength would skyrocket, and she would be able to use the Path of Darkness more easily.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I mentioned before, as long as you work well for me, you will get everything you want."

After saying this, Zhang Ruochen used the Great Dimensional Shift and disappeared from the spot.

"Including becoming the Crown Princess? Or become Empress of Shengming? Tsk, he left so quickly."

Han Qiu's lips curled up slightly, and joy appeared in her eyes. She believed that in the end, the woman accompanying Zhang Ruochen would be her.

Three days passed quickly.

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Xu quietly left Eastern Region Holy City. They didn't alarm anyone and went straight to Mount Purple Cloud.

Purple clouds shrouded Mount Purple Cloud all year-round, so that's how it got its name. It occupied a radius of thousands of miles, and many savage beasts were living there.

"Zhang Ruochen, you're finally here!"

With a cold voice, a very tall figure slowly walked out of the thick clouds.

He was over ten meters tall and had the standard form of a Rakshasa. What was different from an ordinary Rakshasa was that the bone wings on his back were bright red as if they had been dyed red by blood.

Streams of blood-red air swirled around this Rakshasa, causing the surrounding space to distort slightly.

“Great Prince Bloodwing has arrived.” Luo Xu’s eyes narrowed slightly.

Great Prince Bloodwing was born with a pair of special blood-colored bone wings. The wings were extremely hard, had an astonishing sharpness, and could cut through saint weapons and kill countless creatures.

Among the Rakshasa, Great Prince Bloodwing was below the Supreme Saint. He was one of the most powerful cultivators, even stronger than Great Prince Mara.

In terms of ferocity, Great Prince Bloodwing was no weaker than Yan Wushen. He had slaughtered many in the Battlefield of Merits.

Zhang Ruochen was also observing Great Prince Bloodwing. He could feel the monstrous murderous aura emanating from his body. He could not help but feel a strong sense of disgust.

Great Prince Bloodwing stared at Zhang Ruochen. He did not hide his killing intent at all. He said, “Hand over the Princess.”

“As long as I see the Saint Ancient Tea Tree, I will naturally let her go,” Zhang Ruochen said lightly.

Great Prince Bloodwing’s eyes grew colder. The Rakshasa had never been threatened like this before.

But he didn’t flare up because he had been ordered to bring Luo Sha back to the Infernal Court safely.

After staring at Zhang Ruochen for a moment, Great Prince Bloodwing took out a bright yellow holy box.

The holy box was a spatial treasure. It opened slowly, and a 30,000-meter-tall tea tree flew out of the box as if it had intelligence and spirituality.

As soon as the Saint Ancient Tea Tree landed on the ground of Kunlun Realm, its roots drilled into the soil like a horned dragon.

It was unwilling to leave after returning to its homeland.

All the tea leaves on the tree had been plucked. It was bare, but it still exuded a strong aura of life and great spirit as if they were the incarnations of a saint scholar of Confucianism.

This was the Saint Ancient Tea Tree that the ancestor of Confucianism had personally planted. It had grown for millions of years and had always maintained a vigorous vitality.

Mysterious characters grew naturally on the tree trunks and branches as if they were records of the greatest path and precept in the universe.

In the eyes of the gods, the Saint Ancient Tea Tree was priceless. The mysteries it had nurtured over millions of years could help them comprehend the Supreme Divine Precepts.

Great Prince Bloodwing said, "The Saint Ancient Tea Tree is here. Release the Princess."

Zhang Ruochen didn't say anything. He flipped his hand and took out an Exquisite Dimensional Orb. He then released Luo Sha who was trapped inside.

Luo Sha didn't seem to have any restraints, but all of her power, including her spiritual power, had been completely sealed. She was no different from an ordinary person.

Seeing Great Prince Bloodwing, Luo Sha couldn't help but look resentful.

Luo Sha had always been proud and could plan everything well. She did not expect it to fall into Zhang Ruochen's hands this time. She was naturally unhappy that the clan had to send a superior to exchange treasures.

Great Prince Bloodwing saw Luo Sha's incomparably beautiful and noble figure, and his eyes showed hospitality. He urged, "Exchange immediately. I don't want to waste time with you here."

Zhang Ruochen didn't respond. Instead, he turned to look at Luo Xu.

Luo Xu immediately understood. He took out a long wooden box, took out a scroll from it, and slowly opened it.

The Light Myriad Scroll was extremely long. With Luo Xu's current cultivation, he could only open it 10 meters.

In fact, even a top-notch Supreme Saint couldn't fully open the entire Light Myriad Scroll.

Even though it was only ten meters opened, the painting still emanates a shocking ancient aura. It felt as if they had returned to the uncivilized ancient times.

Like the Portrait of Seven Lives and Seven Deaths, the Light Myriad Scroll was one of the great treasures of the Art Sect. It could completely detect whether there was a problem with the Saint Ancient Tea Tree.

The painting was activated with Saint Qi, specks of light flew out and turned into thousands of lanterns as if they wanted to dispel all the darkness.

Seeing Luo Xu's actions, Great Prince Bloodwing could not help but frown slightly, but he did not stop him.

*Whoosh.*

The branches of the Saint Ancient Tea Tree resonated with the Light Myriad Scroll. It swayed and sprinkling down a sparkling saint light.

Seeing this, Luo Xu revealed a faint smile, and he secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

Luo Xu was worried stiff that the Rakshasa had tampered with the Saint Ancient Tea Tree. No matter what, he didn't want anything to go wrong with the last Saint Ancient Tea Tree.

#### **Chapter 2144: Who Would Enter Hell if I Do Not Do So?**

Seeing that Luo Xu had finished his investigation, Great Prince Bloodwing urged Zhang Ruochen in a low voice, "Zhang Ruochen, stop stalling. Release Her Highness immediately!"

“As you wish,” Zhang Ruochen said flatly and walked forward with Luo Sha.

Seeing this, Luo Xu did not hesitate and immediately followed him. The Light Myriad Scroll was hovering above his head. He was ready to launch an attack at any time.

Great Prince Bloodwing’s eyes were fixed on Luo Sha. He wanted nothing more than to take Luo Sha back by any means.

Zhang Ruochen stopped when he was 30 meters away from Great Prince Bloodwing. Saint Ancient Tea Tree was within reach.

However, Zhang Ruochen could sense that the bright yellow Holy Box in Great Prince Bloodwing’s hand had a binding force on Saint Ancient Tea Tree. It was not that it could take away Saint Ancient Tea Tree so easily.

Their eyes met and understood each other’s thoughts.

Zhang Ruochen lifted the binding on Luo Sha and gently pushed her out, while Great Prince Bloodwing slowly closed the Holy Box.

For a moment, the atmosphere at the scene turned very serious.

Finally, Luo Sha was near Great Prince Bloodwing. The binding of the Holy Box on Saint Ancient Tea Tree completely disappeared.

*Swoosh*

Zhang Ruochen and Great Prince Bloodwing made their moves simultaneously. One enveloped Saint Ancient Tea Tree with power, while the other wrapped Luo Sha with power.

A giant Dimensional Vortex appeared. It released a powerful suction force and sucked Saint Ancient Tea Tree in.

After that, Saint Ancient Tea Tree appeared in the Microworld of the jungle. It quickly moved all its roots and penetrated them into the fertile land.

“Zhang Ruochen, no one dares to threaten the Rakshasa. You must die today.”

At this moment, Great Prince Bloodwing shouted coldly and ordered the Rakshasa cultivators hiding nearby, “Attack!”

*Whoosh*

All the clouds enveloping Mount Purple Cloud dissipated instantly. Countless air currents in dark red appeared and gathered. They covered more than half the sky and turned into a ferocious claw charging at Zhang Ruochen.

The ferocious claw gave off an extremely menacing aura. Its attack power was on par with that of a terrifying Supreme-Saint level beast, which was not something a Saint King could hold candle to.

Nevertheless, Zhang Ruochen remained calm. He was not panic the slightest. Behind him, a shocking wave of power emerged.

A Ninth Stratum Array appeared. It gathered endless power and released a streak of bright Saint Light. It was like a divine sun in the sky, so dazzling that no one could open their eyes.

### *Boom*

The Saint Light collided with the ferocious claw, triggering a burst of incredible impact.

The destructive power spread crazily in all directions. Everything was destroyed wherever it passed.

Even a peak ninth-step Nine-Step Saint King could not withstand the impact.

Due to the impact, the vast and continuous mountain chain—Mount Purple Cloud—collapsed, one mountain after another. Enormous dust rose, covering the sky and sun like thick smoke. Eventually, the entire area was covered in darkness.

Light Myriad Scroll floated above Zhang Ruochen and Luo Xu. It turned into a large and majestic map, protecting them from any impact.

On the other side, other than Great Prince Bloodwing and Luo Sha, many Rakshasa elites appeared.

There were a total of 81 Rakshasa elites. Their strength was all above that of Nine-Step Saint Kings. It was them who had formed a formation and launched that powerful attack.

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised at all. With his current reputation, he had never believed that the Rakshasas would let Great Prince Bloodwing come to trade alone.

81 Nine-Step Saint King, and among them, there were quite a few top elites. For them to deploy such a powerful troop, obviously, they wanted Zhang Ruochen dead.

Blackie revealed itself and chuckled. “Zhang Ruochen, how about I set up an Extermination Array? It will be a piece of cake to wipe out these Rakshasas.”

Upon hearing Blackie’s smug words, Great Prince Bloodwing’s face darkened.

Great Prince Bloodwing thought that he had made enough preparation this time. He assumed that even if Zhang Ruochen had taken precautions, he would still get the upper hand. However, never had he expected this outcome.

From the collision just now, Great Prince Bloodwing knew there was no way they could gain the upper hand with the presence of Blackie—a High-Saint Array Master.

Fortunately, he had successfully rescued Luo Sha and completed the mission the deity of their clan had assigned.

“Zhang Ruochen, I’ll leave Saint Ancient Tea Tree with you for the time being. It won’t be long before it falls into the hands of Rakshasa,” Great Prince Bloodwing said coldly.

As soon as Great Prince Bloodwing finished his words, he prepared to retreat along with his men. He did not want to drag on when facing Zhang Ruochen.

After all, this place was close to Eastern Region Holy City. If some powerful elites from the enemy were drawn here, the situation would be unfavorable for the Rakshasas.

“You can’t get away that easy.”

Zhang Ruochen’s glabella lit up. Ancient Abyssal Blade flew out from it to his hand.

Zhang Ruochen instantly activated a million Precepts of Swordsmanship. Ancient Abyssal Blade drew strange trajectories and activated the Precepts and Saint Qi of heaven and earth within a radius of 10,000 miles. As a result, an unparalleled mysterious Swordwill was released.

The next second, the Swordwill cut off a large dimension where Great Prince Bloodwing was. As a result, the dimension was isolated from the outside world. It was as though it belonged to another Time and Space.

It was the sixth realm of Sword Ten developed by merging Path of Dimension with swordsmanship. It was an extended version of Realm of Swords.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen attack, the 81 Rakshasa elites immediately activated the battle formation. They condensed enormous evil Qi into a dark red demonic mountain in the sky. The mountain then moved down.

“You scoundrels of Rakshasa, I am your opponent. Let me show you what a real Ninth Stratum Array is!” Blackie roared.

Blackie activated the Ninth Stratum Array. It condensed dozens of dragon-shaped squalls, each of which was more than 100 miles in diameter and came with a terrifying force that could crush everything.

The Ninth Stratum Array Blackie had originally cultivated only thirty-six formation flags, but now it had doubled to seventy-two. The formation’s power naturally became even stronger, and it also had many changes.

*Boom*

The dozens of dragon-shaped squalls were unstoppable. It was as if an actual dragon was going to descend. All of them crashed into the dark red demonic mountain.

A grave expression appeared in Great Prince Bloodwing’s eyes. While he was protecting Luo Sha, he took out a dark red battle spear and fused it with his potent evil energy.

Hundreds of thousands of Supreme Inscriptions emerged from the dark red spear and released powerful Supreme Power.

Zappp–

Great Prince Bloodwing shook the dark red spear and charged quickly as lightning.

An unimaginable blood-red sharp light burst out. It was invincible, wanting to pierce through the sword world created by Zhang Ruochen.

“Six Directions: Slay.”

Zhang Ruochen’s indifferent voice came.

In an instant, six silver sword lights appeared in six directions: zenith, nadir, east, south, west, and north. They were charging at Great Prince Bloodwing at the same time, sealing off all his escape routes.

Great Prince Bloodwing's eyes narrowed. At this moment, he truly felt a great threat. He quickly switched from offense to defense mode, trying his best to block the six swordlights.

Boom

The space within a hundred miles was completely shattered. Countless sharp sword Qi flooded over Great Prince Bloodwing.

Roar

Great Prince Bloodwing let out an earth-shattering roar. He unleashed his power without holding back.

After spending a lot of energy, Great Prince Bloodwing finally broke free from the shattered space. He was covered in blood and looked extremely pathetic.

"How can Zhang Ruochen be so powerful?"

Great Prince Bloodwing's heart sank.

Of course, he knew that Zhang Ruochen had defeated Yan Wushen in Luoshui not long ago, but he did not expect that Zhang Ruochen would be this powerful.

After all, he was one of the top elites below Rakshasa Supreme Sainthood. He was not much weaker than Nether Demon and Nether Buddha. He could not even withstand a single attack from Zhang Ruochen. This undoubtedly made him feel a strong sense of defeat.

Under the protection of Great Prince Bloodwing, Luo Sha did not suffer any harm. At this moment, her eyes were also filled with shock.

She had seen the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen with her own eyes. She could confirm that at that time, Zhang Ruochen was definitely not as powerful as he was now. His strength had definitely increased greatly.

'The Great Perfection of Swordsmanship is indeed powerful,' Luo Sha thought to herself.

Since ancient times, achieving Great Perfection in one of the 72 Paths of Supreme Saint at Saint Kinghood was something that very few cultivators had been able to do.

Great Prince Bloodwing did not hesitate at all. He immediately brought Luo Sha into the battle formation formed by the 81 Rakshasa.

*Swoosh—*

The battle formation turned into a streak of dark red light and sped away.

Zhang Ruochen did not chase after them. The Rakshasa clan was well-prepared. Therefore, it was unlikely to be able to keep them here. There was no need to waste efforts.

'I've just comprehended the sixth realm of Sword Ten. It's not considered perfect yet. Otherwise, it would be even more difficult for Great Prince Bloodwing to break free,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

It was not easy to create the unprecedented sixth realm of Sword Ten on his own. It was impossible to achieve it in one go. He still needed to develop more insights to combine the Path of Dimension and Path of Swordsmanship perfectly.

Overall, Zhang Ruochen was quite satisfied with the effect of the new sword strike he had tested on Great Prince Bloodwing.

After all, it could severely injure a top elite like Great Prince Bloodwing with just one strike. It was an outcome that one could not simply achieve.

“Let’s go.”

Zhang Ruochen did not stay in the same place for long. He used the Dimensional Shift and rushed to the Eastern Region Holy City with Luo Xu and Blackie.

Not long after they left, a few figures appeared at the edge of Mount Purple Cloud.

Looking at the shattered mountains, these mysterious elites were in shock. Their eyes widened.

“Zhang Ruochen is too strong. He could seriously injure Great Prince Bloodwing with one sword strike. Who can be his opponent?”

“It seems that Zhang Ruochen is truly invincible below the Supreme Sainthood and has completely replaced Yan Wusheng. As long as he’s in Eastern Region Holy City, we’d better keep a low profile and not provoke him.”

“His invincible strength and unscrupulous methods of doing things are really terrifying.”

..

News about what had happened at Mount Purple Cloud traveled at high speed. Everyone was shocked and became more fearful of Zhang Ruochen.

For a time, all the foreign cultivators entrenched in Eastern Region Holy City stayed low. The spies of Infernal Court also disappeared, afraid of being targeted by Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen, on the other hand, appeared calm as if nothing had happened, returning to Saint School.

With a flip of his hand, Zhang Ruochen took out an Exquisite Dimensional Orb and handed it to Luo Xu. “I’ve planted Saint Ancient Tea Tree inside it. Please deliver it to Divine Scripture Maiden.”

Luo Xu quickly reached out and took the Exquisite Dimensional Orb. His eyes were filled with mixed emotions. He was both happy and sad.

Saint Ancient Tea Tree had been recovered, but they had lost Chu Siyuan forever.

“Okay, I’ll leave immediately.”

Luo Xu quickly collected his thoughts and said.

Taking back Saint Ancient Tea Tree was a huge matter for the entire Confucianism sect. They still needed to discuss how to settle it.



After seeing Luo Xu off, Zhang Ruochen returned to the hall building at the end of Stairway to Heaven because Lei Jing was still waiting for him there.

The hall was an excellent place for practicing self-cultivation. The Precepts of Heaven and Earth were very active, and the Saint Qi was very rich.

For Lei Jing, who had just reached Sainthood, practicing self-cultivation at the hall for some time would be very beneficial.

“Have you settled things with Principal Luo?” Lei Jing asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Yes, there’s nothing else now. We can have a few drinks.”

As he spoke, Zhang Ruochen took out many jars of wine from the Microworld of the jungle.

Xuankong was a good wine collector. He had collected plenty of jars of wine in the Microworld of the jungle. Now, he could treat Lei Jing with them.

While drinking, Zhang Ruochen and Lei Jing talked about their recent encounter.

Since his return to Kunlun, although it hadn’t been long, a lot of events had happened, putting him in the middle of the storm.

Although Lei Jing had heard of those incidents before, he was still shocked to hear it from Zhang Ruochen in person. He could not help but feel sorry for Zhang Ruochen.

Lei Jing felt that it was unfortunate that he was too weak. Sainthood could be the furthest cultivation realm he could reach in this lifetime, so there was nothing he could do to support Zhang Ruochen.

After drinking a few jars of wine, Lei Jing felt a little drunk. He sighed and said, “Time flies. In four days, it’s the death anniversary of Qianshui Commandery royal family again. You and Yanchen... sigh.”

Lei Jing did not want to comment much about things between Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen. He just felt very regretful.

Lei Jing’s words struck Zhang Ruochen. Because of him, the immortal vampires had attacked Huang Yanchen’s relatives. Other than Huang Yanchen’s parents, almost everyone else had died. This made him feel very guilty.

After that, Huang Yanchen’s parents had died at the hands of a powerful elite of Ghost clan. All Zhang Ruochen could do was ask Le to kill that Ghost Lord.

Zhang Ruochen had thought that Huang Yanchen was dead, so he put the past behind him.

Nevertheless, never had he expected to see her again at Xianji Mountain in North region. At that time, Huang Yanchen had appeared in new identity—candidate of Scioness to the Fane of Destiny.

Zhang Ruochen had tons of questions in his mind, but he did not know who to ask.

“Master, I vaguely remember that you mentioned her last time. Could you tell me more about it?” Zhang Ruochen asked in a serious expression.

Last time, when Lei Jing mentioned Huang Yanchen, the master and disciple duo was too wasted after drinking. Zhang Ruochen could only recall some fragmented memories after he had sobered up.

Lei Jing said, "It's nothing. Before Huang Yanchen disappeared, she had returned to Qianshui Commandery, visited Yunwu Commandery, and even gone to West Campus. At that time, it seemed that she was having moments in reminiscing and longing for the past.

"I met her once and saw her crying in silence. She muttered that she was going to enter Death's Door to change destiny.

"She also said... Once she did so, it meant she would live a second lifetime. She had to leave her past behind, cut ties with people and things, and forget the joys as well as sorrows she had experienced in the mortal world.

"I heard she say, 'Who would enter hell if I don't do so?' But her words don't make sense to me. Since then, I never saw her again."

'Who would enter hell if I don't do so?'

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen frowned deeply. Within his heart, a relentless turbulent stirred. He muttered to himself, "Death's Door. Is it the one above Ever-white Planet?"

#### **Chapter 2145: The Good and Evil Yan Wushens**

Outside a city in Qianshui Commandery, there was a huge ancient mountain called Mount Cyromist. Like Yunwu Commandery's Royal Mountain, it had been a burial site for the royal family of Qianshui Commandery.

However, unlike Royal Mountain, Mount Cyromist was very plain and had nothing unusual. Ever since the royal family of Qianshui Commandery was massacred, the place had become desolate. It was rare to have visitors.

Suddenly, slight ripples emerged in the quiet space of Mount Cyromist. The next moment, Zhang Ruochen appeared out of thin air.

Zhang Ruochen had learned from Lei Jing about things that Huang Yanchen had said before she disappeared. Initially, he had wanted to go to Death's Door on Ever-white Planet to investigate the matter immediately, thinking that he would not be refused entry again with his current cultivation base.

However, in the end, he chose to visit Mount Cyromist first to pay tribute to those who had died because of him.

In the past, Lei Jing had been helping him with this matter. Now that he was in Eastern Region, he should not let others do so in his stead.

In front of Zhang Ruochen, there were a large number of new graves. There were hundreds of them. They had only been there for a few years.

Standing in front of these graves, Zhang Ruochen could not help but felt strong emotion. To be precise, it was guilt. In the past, the Immortal Vampires had really gone all out to harm him.

He hated that he was too weak to protect these innocent people.

*Splash!*

Zhang Ruochen flipped his hand and took out a jar of wine. He tore off the wine seal and poured it in front of the graves.

After stopping for a long time, Zhang Ruochen suddenly said, "Come out. I know you're nearby. It's meaningless to hide in front of me."

*Tap, tap-*

Light footsteps sounded, stepping on the fallen leaves.

A graceful figure slowly emerged from afar. Her tight black dress accentuated her exquisite and perfect figure. Her legs were slender, and she exuded an indescribable demeanor. She looked elegant, and her beauty was otherworldly. People would want to worship her like a goddess.

The beauty who appeared was none other than Pan Ruo, one of the three Scioness candidates for Fane of Destiny in Infernal Court.

If a cultivator of Infernal Court saw her here, they would be greatly surprised and think why the high and noble Pan Ruo was here and feel that she was audacious to dare to face the famous Zhang Ruochen alone.

Zhang Ruochen turned around and looked at Pan Ruo.

Even though he was mentally prepared, his emotions were plunged into turmoil when he saw Pan Ruo.

The main reason why Zhang Ruochen came to Mount Cyromist to pay his respects was that he thought there could be a chance to run into her. He wanted to meet her because he had too many questions that needed answers.

Zhang Ruochen had already put down many things, so he did not mind meeting her.

"Should I call you Pan Ruo or Huang Yanchen?" Zhang Ruochen regained his composure quickly and asked calmly.

Pan Ruo approached him and said, "Huang Yanchen no longer exists. There is only Pan Ruo now." Her tone was indifferent.

Her words struck Zhang Ruochen. When he thought of what Lei Jing had told him, he was curious. 'What did she go through?'

"Are you okay?" Zhang Ruochen suddenly asked.

Pan Ruo stared at the graves. "Not good," replied the beauty.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes flashed with light. "Then come back, since you are not happy. Let the past go with the wind."

"Come back? To where? I'm the Scioness candidate of Fane of Destiny in Infernal Court. I enjoy a much higher status now, and you expect me to return?" her voice was cold.

Yet, there was a hint of self-mockery in her tone.

Zhang Ruochen exhaled and stared at her. “Did you end up this way because of Death’s Door in the skies of Ever-white Planet? What do you want to do in Infernal Court? Did Chi Yao order you to do so?”

Zhang Ruochen had some speculations. He believed that Huang Yanchen, who joined Infernal Court with a completely different appearance, must have a big secret.

Huang Yanchen was not the first Kunlun cultivator who entered the realm of Infernal Court. To his knowledge, there were Empress of Thousand Bones and elder Xuanji.

Neither Empress of Thousand Bones nor elder Xuanji came back once they entered the netherworld of Infernal Court. No one knew what they were doing?

“I can’t answer these questions, and I have no reason to answer you.” Pan Ruo continued after a short pause, “Instead of caring about me, why don’t you worry about yourself first? How about I ask you a question?”

“Go ahead!”

Zhang Ruochen’s locked his gaze at Pan Ruo’s, wanting to see through her and find out what she was thinking deep down inside her mind.

“As far as I know, Yan Wushen has abducted Chi Kunlun. You should know who is Chi Kunlun, right? I’m curious, how can you act as if it doesn’t bother you a bit?” Pan Ruo asked.

Zhang Ruochen’s expression changed slightly. “How did Chi Kunlun end up in Yan Wushen’s hands?”

He remembered clearly that he had seen Chi Kunlun in a special place within the second level of Endless Abyss—Blood Empress’s territory. No matter how strong Yan Wushen was, there was no way he would never go there and abduct Chi Kunlun.

Pan Ruo said, “It’s pointless to ask me. You have to ask Yan Wushen.”

Zhang Ruochen thought carefully, and his heart sank.

‘Will she lie to me again?’

A thought flashed through Zhang Ruochen’s mind. Perhaps this was a trap set by Pan Ruo, Yan Wushen, and even some prominent elites of Infernal Court.

He thought Chi Kunlun being caught could be a lie, a bait to lure him into a trap.

‘Should I trust Blood Empress or her? Can I still trust her? Sigh! I’ve already said that I’ve completely let it go. Why can’t I let it go?’

Zhang Ruochen let out a long sigh. Somehow, a strange feeling cropped up in his heart, and he made up his mind. It was an irrational decision—he chose to trust his ex-wife again, even if it was a trap.

If she deceived him again, this meant the complete end to their relationship.

If that happened, they would be enemies when they met again.

If what Pan Ruo said was true, at least it showed that she did not join Infernal Court for real and something else going on.

Zhang Ruochen had not really come into contact with Chi Kunlun in the second level of Endless Abyss, so Pan Ruo's words might be true.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not understand why Blood Empress would trick him with a fake Chi Kunlun. Was it just to lure him into Endless Abyss?

There was no doubt that Yan Wushen must have known Chi Kunlun's identity—the son of Zhang Ruochen and Empress Chi Yao. Hence, this was not good news and could be a terrible one.

Pan Ruo could see that Zhang Ruochen did not completely buy her words, but she did not mind about that. After all, this was the price she had to pay after lying to him once.

It takes a lot of truth to gain trust, but just one lie to lose it all.

Despite feeling sad and bitter, she did not show it on her face. "Yan Wushen has taken a fancy to Chi Kunlun's physique—True God's Body—and his cultivation status as a Master of Dimension. He wants to take him as a disciple," said the beauty flatly.

"Yan Wushen is temperamental. How can Chi Kunlun be safe with him?" Zhang Ruochen's brows were tightly knitted.

If he had known that Chi Kunlun was in Yan Wushen's hands, he would not have let Yan Wushen leave so easily.

Pan Ruo asked, "How much do you know about Yan Wushen?"

Zhang Ruochen knew that Pan Ruo seemed to have some intel to share, so he asked, "I've only fought him once. I don't know much about him."

"The Yan Wushen you fought with was not the real Yan Wushen. It was just a part of him," said Pan Ruo in a serious look.

Zhang Ruochen found it hard to understand. "What do you mean?"

"There are actually two Yan Wushens. Or rather, Yan Wushen was splitted into two entities, each with individual personality—one good and one evil. The entity you defeated is the evil Yan Wushen. The other who abducted Chi Kunlun is the good one."

Zhang Ruochen's state of mind had matured and toughened over the years. Yet, her explanation managed to stir up great waves within him.

If he had not made up his mind to believe her again, he would have thought she was making up a story.

"How can there be two Yan Wushens?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Pan Ruo pondered for a moment. "There are two sides in every living being: good and evil sides. Even the bodhisattvas and Buddhas in Buddhism are no exception. That is why there is a saying 'it takes just a thought to become a Buddha or a demon'. There is no absolute good or evil in the world; it depends on the weight of the side that tipped the balance."

“In Buddhism, the saying ‘Put down the butcher’s knife and become a Buddha’ actually means that the good side overrides the evil side.”

“In the past, during the ancient times, there was a Saint-level Buddha in Buddhism sect. He had developed a special cultivation method where he infinitely magnified his own good and evil sides. As a result, he was kind the daytime but evil in the night. By constantly switching between good and evil personalities, he could explore the deepest depth of human nature, with the aim to attain an eternal Buddha Nature.”

“Such practice is too dangerous. Even a Saint-level monk with profound Buddhist skills could fall into demonic path forever. That is why it has been deemed a taboo in Buddhism sect. No one knows about it anymore.”

Zhang Ruochen listened quietly, but his mind was turbulent. Never had he heard of such a strange cultivation method in the world.

It was easy to lead a demonic path, but it was extremely difficult to become a Buddha. No matter how strong one’s will was, they might not be able to hold back the temptation.

“Did Yan Wushen practice this ancient forbidden method of Buddhism sect?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Pan Ruo slightly shook her head and replied, “Yan Wushen went beyond. He has taken a step further on this foundation. He has completely separated his good and evil sides, becoming two separate entities—one good and one evil, just like Yin and Yang.

“However, there is no purity in human nature. Even if Yan Wushen’s good side is separated from his evil counterpart, that doesn’t mean the good side was definitely a kind person. Just like Tai Chi, there is Yang in Yin and Yin in Yang.

“In such state, both Yan Wushens—good and evil—can have no scruples in their actions. In addition, both entities can develop insights that ordinary cultivators can’t achieve. When both entities merge, his cultivation attainment will reach the pinnacle and surpass that of legendary figures.”

‘Just an entity of good or evil alone is this invincible when he suppresses his cultivation base to level below Supreme Sainthood. If both good and evil entities combined, how powerful will Yan Wushen become?’

Even though Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation had improved greatly, he felt pressured upon hearing this news.

Obviously, he had to become stronger if he wanted to defeat Yan Wushen for real.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen admired Yan Wushen’s bravery. He dared to embark on such a dangerous path of cultivation. Ordinary people would not even dare to think about it.

“Now, both good and evil entities of Yan Wushen are present in Kunlun. This is an unprecedented event. Perhaps he will take the most crucial step—merging two entities into one—in Kunlun,” Pan Ruo continued.

Only a few people in the entire Infernal Court held such intel about Yan Wushen. Pan Ruo had access to such confidential info because she was favored by the prominent figure of Fane of Destiny.

When Pan Ruo was talking to Zhang Ruochen, the vessel spirit of Emperor Ming's Hundred Dragon Cuirass—Gold Dragon—hid behind a rock not far away. With its extraordinary concealment technique, it managed to hide its presence from Zhang Ruochen completely.

Gold Dragon really wanted to eavesdrop on Pan Ruo and Zhang Ruochen's conversation. Unfortunately, it failed to do so due to some tricks used by Pan Ruo.

Gold Dragon could do nothing about it. It could only chew the jerky of a Saint-King beast.

After leaving the Darkmourn Mountains, Gold Dragon had killed many Saint-King beasts, so its food reserves had increased greatly.

The only thing that made it unhappy was that it could not find any Supreme-Saint beasts in Kunlun, so it could only make do with Saint-King beasts.

"That's right. This kid is indeed a descendant of Zhang Clan, and his bloodline is so strong. It seems that Zhang Clan's situation isn't too bad." Gold Dragon kept nodding while staring at Zhang Ruochen.

It then paused and curled its lips. "If this kid can marry thousands of wives like Crownsnatcher did, there is no need to worry about the prosperity of Zhang Clan. I really miss those days!"

As the vessel spirit of a Supreme Artifact owned by Zhang Clan, Gold Dragon was very familiar with the Zhang Clan's bloodline.

Gold Dragon really wanted to go over and talk to Zhang Ruochen. However, the moment it recalled what Pan Ruo had told it earlier, it had to give up the thought.

Besides, no matter how strong Zhang Ruochen was, he was not qualified to inherit Emperor Ming's Hundred Dragon Cuirass unless he was a Supreme Saint.

After a long silence, Pan Ruo said, "You can leave now. I want to stay here alone for a while."

Zhang Ruochen stared at her for a moment. He had wanted to say many things. Nevertheless, he swallowed the words that were about to come out of his mouth back to his heart.

Keeping his complicated emotions in check, Zhang Ruochen said in a low voice, "I hope we won't meet on the battlefield."

Now that they were on opposite sides, they could only be enemies once they met on the battlefield.

After saying this, Zhang Ruochen used Dimensional Shift and disappeared into thin air.

Pan Ruo was slightly stunned, and a faint smile appeared in her eyes.

But soon, her eyes dimmed again. She sighed and shook her head.

*Swoosh—*

Gold Dragon appeared beside Pan Ruo and asked, "Who was that kid just now? Did you get Emperor Ming's Hundred Dragon Cuirass from him?"

However, Pan Ruo ignored it and only looked at the hundreds of graves in front of her. She had been in her second lifetime, yet it was not easy to cut ties with the past.

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In a remote small city in the central region, Yan Wushen and Chi Kunlun sat in a restaurant, drinking wine leisurely. They did not care about what was happening in the outside world.

Ever since the Four Heavenly Kings of the Celestial Palace had left, Yan Wushen could finally be in a carefree state. He no longer had to be on the run.

Suddenly, Yan Wushen's expression changed. He waved his hand and stored Chi Kunlun into a Dimensional artifact. Then, he left the restaurant using Dimensional Shift.

The next moment, Yan Wushen appeared on a hill outside the city.

There was a person opposite him. That person shared the exact same facial features he had but emitting a completely different aura.

It was the reunion of Yan Wushen's good and evil entities.

"The name Yan Wushen no longer represents invincibility," the Evil Yan Wushen said with a solemn voice.

The Good Yan Wushen asked calmly, "Did someone defeat you?"

"Not long ago, I fought Zhang Ruochen and both of us were injured," said Evil Yan Wushen.

Others could not see Zhang Ruochen's true strength, but the Evil Yan Wushen had Divine Eye of Origin. Hence, he could see that Zhang Ruochen had also taken serious damage and did not gain the upper hand.

The Good Yan Wushen smiled faintly. "Zhang Ruochen? This Scion of Space and Time has finally grown up. I'm looking forward to fighting with him. I hope he won't disappoint me. It's too lonely to live without an opponent."

Compared to his evil counterpart, the Good Yan Wushen was actually more powerful. He was the dominant one and held extraordinary artifacts.

Zhang Ruochen had been able to fight with his evil counterpart to the point where both sides were injured. In other words, Zhang Ruochen was worthy of being his opponent.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen was unaware of it.

He returned to Royal Mountain with a heavy heart. He made up his mind to go to Death's Door to verify certain things and solve the doubts he had in his mind.

He had taken the special dimensional teleportation array connecting Ever-white Planet back from Ao Xinyan so that he could leave at any time.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to go alone, but Blackie immediately asked to tag along when it heard him.

Speaking of which, they—he, Huang Yanchen, and Blackie—were the ones who had arrived at Ever-white Planet together. It was a secret shared among the three of them.

Of course, another person on the list was Chi Yao.



Anyone would be very curious and want to explore such a mysterious Death's Door when they saw it.

"Don't worry. I have already made Royal Mountain impregnable. In addition, that elusive old gramps is here, so no one will dare to foot in Royal Mountain and cause ruckus," Blackie said confidently.

Even so, Zhang Ruochen decided to leave Moyin here because he felt that the old gramps who claimed himself to be the ancestor of Zhang Clan was unreliable.

When everything was set, Zhang Ruochen took out the special dimensional teleportation array and placed it in the valley where the key of the World Gate was.

'Death's Door, let's see what is so mysterious about you?' Zhang Ruochen thought to himself.

*Whoosh—*

The dimensional teleportation array was activated. A white light flashed, enveloped Zhang Ruochen and Blackie, and disappeared along with them in an instant.

### **Chapter 2146: Empress of Thousand Bones**

Ever-white Planet was a huge planet filled with white sand and white rocks. It was situated in a faraway unfamiliar space from Kunlun Realm, next to the vast and demonic milky way of styx.

The dimensional teleportation array which was silent for a long time suddenly burst out with a ray of bright white light. Then, two figures appeared.

After many teleportations, Zhang Ruochen and Blackie finally arrived at Ever-white Planet again.

It was daytime at the moment. As they looked up, they could see a giant light door dazzling like the bright sun.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and stared at the light door. He was now much stronger than he was before and could see that there was something unusual about this space.

Logically speaking, the light door was so unique that anyone in Kunlun Realm should be able to see the light it emitted.

Countless deities of Celestial and Infernal Courts were aiming at Kunlun Realm since it became the Battlefield of Merits a long time ago. Yet, this place was never discovered. There was something weird about this.

The only explanation was that someone had hidden this space with a powerful technique, so even the deities couldn't sense it.

The person most likely to do this was undoubtedly Saint Monk Xumi.

There must be a shocking secret hidden here for Saint Monk Xumi to spend so much effort in setting up this place. It might be related to the great battle from one-hundred thousand years ago.

With his previous experience, Zhang Ruochen adjusted the dimensional coordinates and activated the array.

Ripples appeared in the space about twenty thousand miles away from the light door.

Zhang Ruochen and Blackie walked out from the center of the ripples. They stood in the void space and looked ahead.

Even though he had seen it once, Zhang Ruochen's heart still stirred violently when he looked at the light door up close. He felt suffocated.

"What a huge door. The stars are like dust in front of it. It's really a miracle." Blackie couldn't help but exclaim.

Blackie's cultivation and strength had once been close to that of a deity. Its methods were very impressive, but it still wasn't able to make such a big move.

The light door erected quietly in the void space. No one knew how long it had existed.

Zhang Ruochen and Blackie both felt the terrifying aura which was emitted from the light door as they were so close to it. It felt as if it wanted to shatter their bodies and saint souls.

'Its dimensional structure is so complicated: Endless void spaces are stacked on top of each other. This phenomenon was caused by the power of the Death's Door. Could it be Saint Monk Xumi who refined the Death's Door?' Zhang Ruochen muttered.

Saint Monk Xumi's cultivation was unfathomable. He was good at refining treasures such as the Sacred Qiankun Wooden Picture Scroll and the Chaotic Space-time Lotus. It wasn't impossible to say that he was the one who refined the Death's Door.

This was especially so since the dimensional teleportation array here was also set up by Saint Monk Xumi. Everything seemed to match.

"I don't think so," Blackie shook his head. "I can feel that the aura emitted by the Death's Door is extremely ancient. It is comparable to the Light Myriad Scroll. It's very likely that it was a product of the ancient times. At that time, Saint Monk Xumi was not even born yet."

"Also, I used the Supreme Saint's Eye just now and saw some patterns on the Death's Door. They're familiar. I think I've seen them somewhere before. Let me think about it."

Blackie held its head on its wings and thought seriously.

Zhang Ruochen didn't disturb Blackie. He opened the Heaven's Eye between his brows and observed the Death's Door carefully. He wasn't in a hurry to get close.

Even if he really wanted to break through the Death's Door, he had to understand it better first.

There were indeed many patterns on the Death's Door. They were complex and mysterious, as if they contained all kinds of principles of heaven and earth.

It was undoubtedly a huge project for someone to carve so many patterns on such a huge door. It was not something an ordinary person could complete.

Even with Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation realm, he still had no idea what those patterns meant.

"I remember now," Blackie suddenly exclaimed. "There are similar patterns in Nether Dungeon and Sword Pavilion. Could it be that these three objects were all refined by the same person?"

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen's heart skipped a beat. He quickly recalled that he had entered both Nether Dungeon and Sword Pavilion before so he was no stranger to those places.

He hadn't paid much attention to it previously, but now that Blackie mentioned this, Nether Dungeon and Sword Pavilion did indeed have complicated patterns formed naturally.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the Death's Door and said, "There are eighteen levels in the Death's Door, and so is Nether Dungeon. It's rumored that Sword Pavilion has eighteen levels too. Could there really be a connection between the three?"

There was only one Death's Door in front of them, but that mysterious gatekeeper had said that there were eighteen levels in the Death's Door. Only by going through them could one finally enter Infernal Court.

Nether Dungeon and Sword Pavilion were both very mysterious. No one could tell what their origins were.

It was said that even a deity could be suppressed in Nether Dungeon.

After all, an elite like Lord Ming whose powers were infinitely close to a deity, was only imprisoned in the fifteenth level of the Prison Realm.

On the other hand, Sword Pavilion which stored the Wordless Sword Manual, was the Supreme Sanctum for sword cultivators.

Apart from having the same number of levels, Nether Dungeon and Sword Pavilion had another similarity — they were both dimensional treasures that contained the universe. Sword Pavilion even contained the power of time. The higher the level, the greater the ratio of the flow of time to the outside world.

'Only a Master of Time and Space can combine the power of time and space perfectly to refine a mysterious treasure,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Since ancient times, Kunlun Realm had only produced three Masters of Time and Space, including Zhang Ruochen.

According to Blackie, Saint Monk Xumi was not good at refining weapons, so the person who refined Sword Pavilion was most likely the mysterious first Master of Time and Space.

Even as a Scion of Time and Space, Zhang Ruochen still knew nothing about the first Master of Time and Space because that person existed too long ago. Only a few of his stories were left for the later generations.

The only thing Zhang Ruochen knew was that the first Master of Time and Space was known as the time and space ancestor. He was one of the oldest powerful figures in Kunlun Realm.

After thinking for a long time, Zhang Ruochen used the Great Dimensional Shift and quickly approached the Death's Door with Blackie.

In a moment, Zhang Ruochen and Blackie were less than one-thousand miles away from the Death's Door.

Facing the Death's Door at such a close distance, the impact it had on his mind was undoubtedly stronger.

"Eh? There's actually a palace here. Zhang Ruochen, does the mysterious gatekeeper you mentioned live inside?"

Suddenly, Blackie found the small palace in the lower right corner of the Death's Door.

Of course, the so-called small was relatively speaking. The palace was actually very magnificent. It was thousands of feet tall, like an ancient divine beast entrenched in the void space.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the palace. Last time, he wanted to break into the Death's Door by force, but a huge hand that was thousands of miles long extended from the palace and slapped him back to Ever-white Planet.

Now that he thought about it, that hand owner's cultivation must be extremely high for him to have such a terrifying technique.

"Young man, here you are again."

As he was thinking, a wave of spiritual power came out from the palace.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but smile when he received this familiar spiritual power wave, "After so many years, I didn't expect that you could still remember me."

At that time, Zhang Ruochen hadn't even reached the saint level yet and was very weak. He was surprised that he could still remember him.

"I've lived for a long time, but my memory is good. Young man, it's good that you've reached the peak of Saint Kinghood in such a short time. Are you here to break through the Death's Door?" The spiritual power came again.

Before Zhang Ruochen could answer, Blackie stepped in and asked, "Who are you? Why are you here?"

"I'm just a forgotten person. It's meaningless even if I tell you. Do you want to break through the Death's Door?" The hermit who called himself the gatekeeper asked again.

Zhang Ruochen thought about it and said, "Now that I have acquired a stronger cultivation base and strength, am I qualified to know some secrets about the Death's Door? Please explain it to me."

Last time, Zhang Ruochen had asked a lot of questions, but this hermit who called himself the gatekeeper, did not tell him anything because his cultivation was too weak.

Although he had some guesses, he still wanted to get specific answers from the hermit.

"Tell me quickly, what is the origin of the Death's Door? Who Made It? I have never heard of it in the Middle Ages," Blackie said anxiously.

It thought that it was knowledgeable and knew many secrets, but it knew nothing about the Death's Door.

The hermit thought for a moment and said, "The peace of Kunlun Realm has been broken again. Many secrets will be revealed by people sooner or later. It doesn't matter if I tell you."

"Do you see the galaxy behind the Death's Door? That is Infernal Court, a powerful civilization whose goal is destruction. Kunlun Realm was almost destroyed by Infernal Court a hundred thousand years ago."

"Back then, the deities of Infernal Court used their supreme divine power to control the entire space and crush the piece of sky where Kunlun Realm was located. If not for the almighty who used the supreme divine weapon which turned into the Death's Door at the critical moment and blocked the void space, Kunlun Realm and many other microworlds may have been swallowed up long ago."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen felt a sense of suffocation. He was extremely shocked. The collision of the spaces was incredible just thinking about it.

Who was that almighty that blocked the void space? Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations? Lord of Nephilim Island? Dragon Lord Jiwang? Or is it someone else?

"Which of the Ten Greatest Divine Artifacts is the Death's Door? Who is that almighty?" Zhang Ruochen asked quickly.

Although he didn't know much about the Ten Greatest Divine Artifacts, he knew that there weren't any door-shaped Divine Artifacts among them.

At the same time, he was also very curious about the almighty who blocked the void space. This person's strength must be extremely powerful and he must have a great reputation.

Unfortunately, everything relating to that event a hundred-thousand years ago was erased by an invisible force. Even the deities of Kunlun Realm were mostly unknown to the future generations.

After waiting for a long time, nothing was spoken from the hall.

Since he received no reply, Zhang Ruochen did not continue to ask any more questions. He didn't want to upset him.

After thinking for a while, Zhang Ruochen extended an index finger and gently tapped in the void space. Suddenly, Huang Yanchen's shadow condensed in front of his fingertip. He asked, "Senior, has she been here before?"

"Yes. After entering the Death's Door, she never came out again," said the mysterious hermit.

Zhang Ruochen was slightly shocked. It seemed that his guess was right. All of Huang Yanchen's changes were indeed caused by the Death's Door.

However, he had a vague feeling that it was not that simple. Huang Yanchen could not have entered Infernal Court for no reason. Moreover, how could she break through all eighteen levels of the Death's Door with her strength at that time?

After all, the mysterious hermit had said that one needed to be at least a saint king to be qualified to break through the Death's Door.

“After asking so many questions, do you want to break through the Death’s Door?” The mysterious hermit asked.

Zhang Ruochen came back to his senses and looked at the palace. There was a strange light in his eyes. Who was this gatekeeper? Why was he guarding the Death’s Door? Was everything he said true?

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen couldn’t help but say, “Actually, I’m more interested in you rather than the Death’s Door. I hope to ask you something in person.”

With that, Zhang Ruochen made a bold move. He used his bodily movement and turned into a streak of light. He rushed toward the magnificent palace in the lower right corner of the Death’s Door.

Bang.

When he was five hundred miles away from the palace, Zhang Ruochen was blocked by an invisible barrier. He had to stop.

“Young man, this is not the place for you to come. If you don’t want to break through the Death’s Door, you can leave,” the gatekeeper said lightly.

Blackie also flashed over and curled its lips. “Why are you acting so mysterious? I want to see who you really are.”

Swish.

Seventy-two array flags flew out and instantly formed a mysterious Ninth Stratum Array.

The Ninth Stratum Array revolved and condensed into a hundred thousand feet long Divine Sword. It emitted billions of sharp Sword Qi and slashed towards the palace like lightning.

Crack.

A terrifying power came out of the hall and directly shattered the Divine Sword. All Sword Qi was destroyed instantly.

Even the Ninth Stratum Array disintegrated in an instant. Cracks appeared on some of the array flags, and Blackie himself retreated backward.

But Blackie didn’t pay much attention to that. He stared at the palace with shock in his eyes, as if he had discovered something incredible.

“What’s wrong?” Zhang Ruochen asked, confused.

Blackie said emotionally, “He used the power of God’s Fall. Only those who cultivated God’s Fall can practice this power.”

God’s Fall was one of the six great tomes of Kunlun Realm. It was a secret of Nephilim Island. Usually, only members of Nephilim Clan could practice it.

During the Middle Ages, Nephilim Clan was extremely powerful. They had Lord of Nephilim Island, one of the strongest powerhouses in Kunlun Realm. On top of that, Empress of Thousand Bones was also from Nephilim Clan.

Lord of Nephilim Island was extremely powerful. He was on par with Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations, Saint Monk Xumi, and Dragon Lord Jiwang. He had powerful Canon and the power to slaughter gods.

Unfortunately, after the Middle Ages, Nephilim Clan retreated back to Nephilim Island and disappeared. Many people had long forgotten about their existence.

Only Blackie was very familiar with Nephilim Clan. It managed to find Nephilim Island in the vast sea and bring Han Xue to receive the inheritance of God's Fall.

"Who are you? How did you receive the inheritance of God's Fall? Do you have anything to do with Nephilim Clan?" Blackie asked anxiously.

Now, Blackie wanted to rush into the palace more than Zhang Ruochen to find out the identity of the mysterious hermit. It was concerned with anything that had to do Nephilim Clan.

'Could it be Lord of Nephilim Island who was left at the Death's Door?' Zhang Ruochen guessed.

The mysterious hermit said, "It doesn't matter who I am. Don't try to make trouble here. Leave quickly."

Obviously, Zhang Ruochen and Blackie had offended the gatekeeper and upsetted him.

Zhang Ruochen was about to say something when he suddenly sensed something. He couldn't help but turn his head and look at the distant sky.

'What is that? A person?'

A blurry figure came into Zhang Ruochen's sight.

She carried a sword on her back and stepped on the void space. It looked as if she was walking slowly, but every step she took was ten-thousand miles apart.

This figure walked in a straight line. She seemed to be walking and enlightening the Canon and mystery of all heaven and earth at the same time.

A huge star appeared in front of this person, blocking her path. However, before it could get close to her, the star was penetrated by an invisible force and split in all directions. It couldn't deviate her direction at all.

Zhang Ruochen's mind trembled. He vaguely sensed that what penetrated the star seemed to be... a streak of Sword Qi. Yet when he sensed carefully, it seemed that there was no Sword Qi at all. Everything seemed to be his illusion.

In Saint King Realm, Zhang Ruochen had already practiced the Sword path to Great Perfection. He thought that he had a deep understanding of the Sword path.

However now, he felt like he didn't understand Sword at all. Perhaps he hadn't even remotely come into contact with the essence of the Sword path.

There was only one thing that Zhang Ruochen could be sure of: this person must have cultivated the Wordless Sword Manual, but she had already attained a realm which he couldn't understand.

In the blink of an eye, the figure crossed boundless void space and entered the palace where the mysterious hermit was.

ROAR!

At this moment, Blackie suddenly howled. It seemed extremely excited, and it rushed towards the palace without a thought.

Strangely, at this moment, the obstacle did not exist anymore.

“Empress, is that you? I am Tu Tian. Don’t you remember me?” Blackie shouted loudly.

Zhang Ruochen immediately followed after him. He changed into a strange expression, “Blackie, now I know that your real name is Tu Tian. Ha ha... wait, Empress? Did you just say that she’s Empress of Thousand Bones?”

Zhang Ruochen realized all of a sudden.

“Although I didn’t see her face clearly, I can feel her demeanor. She must be the Empress. I knew she was still alive.” Blackie was getting more and more excited.

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly. Could that person be Empress of Thousand Bones? He still had lots of doubts in his head.

Empress of Thousand Bones had disappeared for a hundred thousand years and entered into the depths of Nether Realm. Even if she was still alive, why would she be here?

Identifying someone based on that person’s demeanor was obviously problematic.

Moreover, given Blackie’s relationship with Empress of Thousand Bones, if that person really was Empress of Thousand Bones, she had no reason to ignore Blackie.

### **Chapter 2147: Destiny Pool**

Outside the palace, there was an open square paved with taupe slabs of stone, and each slab of stone was covered with mottled patterns. They seemed to be natural yet man-made, exuding a mysterious aura.

Zhang Ruochen and Blackie landed on the square one after another. However, they were blocked by an invisible force when they tried to enter the palace again.

“Empress, I am Tu Tian. Please allow me to follow you wherever you go,” Blackie shouted loudly.

It was sure that the mysterious powerhouse who just appeared was the Empress of Thousand Bones who had been missing for 100,000 years. It wanted to enter the palace desperately.

“Calm down. If that person is really the Empress of Thousand Bones, you will definitely meet her in the future even if you can’t meet her now. You have waited for 100,000 years, so there’s no need to rush,” Zhang Ruochen comforted Blackie.

But at this moment, Blackie couldn’t take in anything. It pounced towards the palace, again and again, howling like a maniac.



Seeing this, Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but shake his head. Usually, Blackie was always carefree, acting like it had its nose in the air. But when it came to the Empress of Thousand Bones, its emotions would go out of control. It couldn't control at all.

At this time, no matter how much he said, it was useless. He could only wait for Blackie to calm down.

While looking around, Zhang Ruochen suddenly spotted a pool at the left corner of the square. It was oval and only 10 square feet, making it inconspicuous.

Having such a small pool in an empty wide square, no one would believe that there was nothing special about it.

Zhang Ruochen took a step forward and appeared by the pool that was over a hundred miles away.

The pool water was very clear. It was still and did not move at all. It looked like a mirror.

Zhang Ruochen stood by the pool and looked into it. He could not help but look surprised because the pool water did not reflect his figure.

But when he stared at the pool water, he actually felt that the Saint Soul was about to leave his body. There was a mysterious power that enveloped him.

For a moment, the pool seemed to turn into a terrifying black hole that wanted to swallow his mind and soul.

*Boom! Boom! Boom!*

Zhang Ruochen quickly took a few steps back, a look of fear in his eyes.

It was just a pool and yet it was so terrifying. Even with his powerful state of mind, he almost lost his defense.

Thinking about it, it seemed that the situation would not be good for an ordinary Supreme Saint powerhouse.

'What is the origin of this pool?' Zhang Ruochen was very curious.

At this moment, the voice of the mysterious hermit suddenly sounded. "This is the Destiny Pool. It can reflect the ultimate fate of the person you care about the most. Since you are here, I will give you a chance to see it."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen was moved and appeared to be astonished. He thought he had heard wrongly.

He was considered to be experienced and knowledgeable, but he had never heard of the Destiny Pool. It was too incredible to mirror fates. Even the Fane of Destiny might not have such an ability.

However, this mysterious hermit would not have any reason to make up such a lie and deceive him.

"Who do I care about the most?" Zhang Ruochen asked himself in a low voice.

There were many people that Zhang Ruochen cared about, such as Emperor Ming, Concubine Lin, Mu Lingxi, Kong Lanyou, and so on. They were all very precious to him, but who was the one he cared about the most?

He couldn't even tell himself.

*Phew.*

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and walked forward.

Finally, Zhang Ruochen stood by the pool again and looked into it.

This time, he did not resist the power of the pool anymore. He let the strange power penetrate his mind and spirit.

For a moment, Zhang Ruochen felt like the world was spinning. Time and Space seemed to be mixed up. All his senses became blurry.

All of a sudden, the calm pool slightly rippled. Mysterious marks containing the principles of Heaven and Earth emerged clearly. They intertwined and released a soft Divine Light. Then, they formed a light shield enveloping Zhang Ruochen.

*Rumble.*

The void exploded. A black lightning shot towards Zhang Ruochen.

It was taboo to pry into the fate of others. The Precepts of Heaven and Earth did not allow it.

The black lightning was so powerful that it seemed to be able to destroy everything. Even a top-tier Supreme-Saint might not be able to withstand it.

If it wasn't for the light shield's protection, Zhang Ruochen's body and soul would have been completely destroyed by the black lightning.

Hundreds of cracks appeared one after another in the void. Countless Precepts of Heaven and Earth appeared. They materialized and poured down crazily.

Zhang Ruochen had entered a mystical state. No matter how loud the outside world was, it could not affect him at all.

After a period of time, some images were reflected on the pool. They were clearly reflected in Zhang Ruochen's eyes and especially in his mind.

The moment he saw it, Zhang Ruochen's pupils constricted. It was as if he had seen something terrible. He could not help but stepped back.

It was obvious that Zhang Ruochen was trembling slightly. It was not because of fear, but because he could not control his emotions.

"How could... No, this is impossible!" Zhang Ruochen shouted uncontrollably.

With Zhang Ruochen's current state of calm, such an intense emotion was surprising. It was hard to imagine what he had seen.

“Everything you have seen will happen in the future. No one can change it.” The mysterious hermit sounded.

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen kept shaking his head. No matter what, he was reluctant to believe that she was destined to be like that. It couldn't be like that.

‘Why?’

‘Why Her?’

‘Why would it end like this?’

Zhang Ruochen kept questioning himself. Veins bulged on his face, his hair flying in the air, it was as if he had been possessed.

At this moment, the Destiny Pool had returned to its original state. The outside world had also returned to a peaceful state. It was as if nothing had happened before.

“Many years ago, the woman you were looking for came here and saw the image in the Destiny Pool. She had reacted just like how you did. After that, she entered Death’s Door without hesitation,” said the mysterious hermit.

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen was shocked. ‘Did Huang Yanchen see the fate of the person she cared about the most? Who was that person? Could it be him?’

‘Could it be that Huang Yanchen entered the Infernal Court because she saw the fate of the person she cared about the most? But why did she make such a choice? What would be the reason and secret behind her decision?’

The mysterious hermit asked again, “Young man, are you going to pass through Death’s Door?”

Zhang Ruochen could not take in anything else at the moment. He kept thinking about what he had just seen and Huang Yanchen’s matter.

“If you don’t want to enter, then leave.”

As the voice of the mysterious hermit sounded, a hundreds-miles-long hand reached out from the palace.

**BANG!**

Before Zhang Ruochen and Blackie could react, they were hit by the huge hand. They could only feel their vision went black, then fell into a state of dizziness.

“F\*ck... I haven’t seen it yet...” Blackie cried out.

The next moment, the two of them appeared 3,000 meters above the Ever-white Planet out of thin air. Their bodies fell rapidly, completely out of their control.

**BOOM! BOOM!**

With two loud bangs, Zhang Ruochen and Blackie both fell to the ground, creating two big pits.

With the strength of Zhang Ruochen and Blackie's bodies, this little bit of impact wouldn't cause them any harm.

After a big hit from the fall, Zhang Ruochen came back to his senses. He raised his head and looked at the magnificent Death's Door.

"I don't believe in the existence of fate in this world. If everything is predestined, what's the point of cultivators training long and hard? Even if it really exists, I will break it." Zhang Ruochen's eyes became firm again.

"Who did you see? What did you see? Why did you go crazy just now?" Blackie asked.

Zhang Ruochen clenched his fingers and didn't say a word.

After what had happened just now, he had lost interest in breaking through Death's Door.

Especially when he thought of Huang Yanchen's changes, Zhang Ruochen had an inexplicable rejection towards Death's Door.

Moreover, Death's Door was created by a supreme God. With his current cultivation and strength, it was far from enough to solve all the secrets.

Moreover, he still had a lot of things to do in the Kunlun Realm. He could not stay here for too long.

In any case, this trip had finally solved many mysteries. It was not a wasted trip.

"Blackie, let's go," said Zhang Ruochen.

Blackie shook his head repeatedly and said, "I'm not leaving. I want to stay here. I want to wait until the Empress comes out to meet me. She will never forget me."

Seeing Blackie's insistence, Zhang Ruochen did not say anything more. It is just that, could that person really be the Empress of Thousand Bones?

Back then, the Empress of Thousand Bones could kill gods with a sword even when she had not transformed into a god.

Now, 100,000 years had passed. If the Empress of Thousand Bones returned, how powerful would she be?

Leaving Blackie alone in Ever-White Planet, Zhang Ruochen reversed the array and set off on his departure. After several teleportations, Zhang Ruochen returned to the hidden valley in the Royal Mountain.

"It's time to go to the Endless Abyss," said Zhang Ruochen with narrowed eyes.

Although there were people that he did not want to see in the Endless Abyss, but this time, he must go.

With the dimensional teleportation array left behind by Saint Monk Xumi, it was easy to get to the Endless Abyss.

Back when he was in the Divine Dragon Halfling clan, Zhang Ruochen had used this dimensional teleportation array to teleport directly to the Northern Region.

With Zhang Ruochen's current attainments in the Path of Dimension, although it is non-fixed-point teleportation, the deviation shouldn't be too big.

Not long after, Zhang Ruochen finished setting the dimensional coordinates. Without any delay, he teleported immediately.

A thousand miles away from the Sect of the Blood God, the space rippled violently. Zhang Ruochen appeared out of thin air.

The area around the Sect of the Blood God had turned into a giant pit because of the battle.

But now, the giant pit had disappeared and turned into a vast plain.

Unsurprisingly, all of this should have been done by the Sect of the Blood God's cultivators.

After all, the fact that the sect's door was standing in a huge pit, this really damaged the Sect of the Blood God's prestige as one of the seven ancient religions.

After that battle, especially the attack of Xue Lingxian, everyone knew that there was something strange about the Sect of the Blood God. Therefore, no one dared to have any ideas about the Sect of the Blood God.

However, there were still many cultivators spying around the Sect of the Blood God, but they were all very low-key. No one dared to be over ostentatious.

Naturally, Zhang Ruochen had noticed, but he didn't care about it. The Sect of the Blood God was protected by the Ancient Divine Mark. It was impregnable.

"Why did Zhang Ruochen come to the Central Region all of a sudden? Is he making a big move again?"

Seeing Zhang Ruochen, the cultivators around the Sect of the Blood God were all shocked.

There was nothing they could do. According to the usual patterns, wherever Zhang Ruochen appeared, something big would happen. Blood would flow like a river. Some powerhouses might even die.

Many people avoided him, especially now that he was invincible under the Supreme Saint.

Zhang Ruochen didn't return to the Sect of the Blood God. Instead, he headed straight for the Endless Abyss. He had to figure out some things as soon as possible.

The Endless Abyss was as peaceful as ever. Perhaps it was restricted by the Blood Empress, now there were no more Bloodbeasts coming out.

Zhang Ruochen was familiar with the way. He descended to the first level of the Endless Abyss.

Just as he was about to head to the entrance of the second level, two behemoths suddenly appeared. They were two Bloodbeast Kings who had Ninth-step Saint King level's ability.

A graceful figure stood on the head of one of the Bloodbeast Kings. Zhang Ruochen was very familiar with it. It was the Beguiler Demon, Qiu Yichi.

Qiu Yichi bowed to Zhang Ruochen and said with a smile, "The master knows that Your Highness has come, and specially ordered me to welcome you. Your Highness, please."

Zhang Ruochen did not say a word. He moved and appeared on the head of the other Bloodbeast King. Because she practiced the Path of the Mind, Qiu Yichi could clearly sense that Zhang Ruochen's mood was a little unstable. Therefore, she did not dare to be careless.

The two Bloodbeasts flapped their huge wings and flew into the passage leading to the second level.

Zhang Ruochen could sense that the number of Bloodbeasts living in the second level didn't increase much, but their quality had greatly increased. There were more Saint-King-level Bloodbeasts.

Soon, the two Bloodbeasts landed on the top of the mountain that was soaked in Divine Blood.

Just as he jumped off the head of the Bloodbeasts, a beautiful woman in a dark green palace dress came up to him with a gentle smile. If it wasn't the Blood Empress, who else could it be.

"Chen'er, you're here. Let Mother take a good look at you."

The Blood Empress's eyes were gentle. She reached out a hand, wanting to take Zhang Ruochen's hand.

Zhang Ruochen took a step back. His eyes were cold and said: "I'm only here to ask you about something."

"What is it, Chen'er?" The Blood Empress's tone was still gentle.

Zhang Ruochen looked straight into the Blood Empress's eyes. "Where is Chi Kunlun?"

Hearing this, the Blood Empress was sure that Zhang Ruochen must have known that Chi Kunlun was fake.

No matter how vivid Chi Kunlun's fake body was, ultimately, it was still fake. Once they met, it couldn't hide from Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

Exhaling lightly, the Blood Empress said, "It looks like you already know that Kunlun isn't in the Endless Abyss. He has fallen into Yan Wushen's hands."

At this, a cold light flashed in Zhang Ruochen's eyes. The aura around him became colder and colder. He hated lies the most in his life.

"Master didn't mean to lie to you, but she was worried that you would be at a disadvantage in Yan Wushen's hands. After all, back then you weren't as powerful as you are now."

"Master once asked me, Xuemo, and Yan Liren to work together and deal with Yan Wushen. We wanted to take back Chi Kunlun. Unfortunately, Yan Wushen was too cunning and made our plan fail."

Seeing that the atmosphere was not right, Qiu Yichi quickly explained.

#### **Chapter 2148: Abyss Transcending Tribulation**

The two blood beasts shivered when they felt the cold aura from Zhang Ruochen. They stepped back, lowering their heads and prostrating on the ground.

Qiu Yichi was also shocked. She truly felt how powerful Zhang Ruochen was. The impact on her mind was no less than when she had faced Yan Wushen's good side. It was even stronger.

Blood Empress looked at Zhang Ruochen gently and said, "My son, I didn't mean to deceive you. I just didn't want you to put yourself in danger. Chi Kunlun is my grandson. How could I not care about him?"

No matter what, Blood Empress wouldn't want to distance herself from Zhang Ruochen again because of this.

Everything she did was to make up for what she had done to Zhang Ruochen. She hoped that Zhang Ruochen would accept her and call her mother.

Zhang Ruochen slowly restrained his aura, and his eyes became much gentler.

He wasn't an unreasonable person. After thinking for a while, he understood Blood Empress's intentions.

Zhang Ruochen had just broken through to the Precept Domain realm in the battle with Shang Ziyi at Peacock Manor. His strength was at most comparable to the third level below the Supreme Saint. If he went to find Yan Wushen, it would be like hitting a stone with an egg.

"I will take care of Chi Kunlun. No one can hurt him," Zhang Ruochen said.

Blood Empress took a step forward and said, "Yan Wushen is the most outstanding genius of the Yuan Conference in the Infernal Court. He is not easy to deal with. If we want to save Kunlun, we can ask Xuemo and Yan Liren to lend a hand."

"There's no need for that. I will take care of it myself," Zhang Ruochen said.

After a pause, Zhang Ruochen continued, "If possible, I hope you can let go of Yan Liren's cocoon body. After all, he is the Emphyrean Pavilion of the Guardian Dragon Pavilion's master."

"Okay. As long as you are happy, I will do as you say," Blood Empress said with a gentle smile.

It was rare for Zhang Ruochen to open his mouth to her. No matter what his request was, Blood Empress would do her best to satisfy it.

After a moment of silence, Zhang Ruochen said, "I want to meet Lanyou."

There is a reason why Zhang Ruochen came to Endless Abyss to meet Kong Lanyou. He wanted to hand over some treasures obtained from True Dragon Island personally to Kong Lanyou. Especially the quasi-Emperor-Grade Sacred Pill that was the true form of the Lord of Elixir.

"There is a secret spot in the second level of Endless Abyss, that Lanyou could rebuild her immortal Saint Body once more. She is already in the Endless Abyss, so she can't come out to meet you yet," Blood Empress said.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't surprised. Kong Lanyou had chosen to stay in Endless Abyss for this opportunity.

"Take me to that secret spot. I want to see her with my own eyes," Zhang Ruochen said.

"Alright, I will take you," Blood Empress said with a nod.

Immediately, Blood Empress released a wave of power that wrapped around Zhang Ruochen, it turned into a streak of light and they left the mountain's peak.

The Death Valley was one of the most mysterious places in the second level of Endless Abyss. Even Blood Empress couldn't fully understand its secrets.

Zhang Ruochen was brought to the outside of Death Valley by Blood Empress in the blink of an eye.

From the outside, the Death Valley wasn't big, and there was nothing special about it.

But according to Blood Empress, a dimension lies within Death Valley. It was enormous and deep. Like a passage to a mysterious and unknown place.

The Death Valley was filled with grayish gas, which hindered his vision greatly.

Zhang Ruochen stood at the entrance of the valley. He could not see Kong Lanyou, nor could he sense her aura.

Zhang Ruochen could not help but step forward, wanting to enter the valley.

Blood Empress immediately stopped Zhang Ruochen and said, "Don't act rashly. The Death Valley is filled with thick Qi of death, which can erode the vitality of the living. The deeper you go, the more terrifying it is. Even a god might not be able to resist it."

"Lanyou didn't go too deep into the Death Valley. She's just cultivating at the border."

*Whoosh*

As she spoke, Blood Empress waved her hand casually. The grayish gas in the valley dispersed.

A thin figure appeared about 300 meters away from the valley entrance. Dressed in white and had white hair. It was none other than Kong Lanyou.

However, Kong Lanyou's current state doesn't look good. She had lost a lot of weight. Her skin had become dry, dull, and gray.

Kong Lanyou sat cross-legged quietly as if she had been petrified. No one knew what kind of state she was in.

Seeing Kong Lanyou's lifeless look, Zhang Ruochen's heart ached, but there was nothing he could do.

Rebuilding the immortal Saint Body was like changing one's fate. Without great willpower and luck, it was impossible to succeed.

Blood Empress said softly, "The Death Valley can dig out all of Lanyou's potential and eliminate the effect of breaking the immortal Saint Body. Only in this way can she have hope to rebuild it."

"I have explained everything to Lanyou in advance, but she still chose to build a future full of hope for herself."

Rebuilding the immortal Saint Body was too difficult. Since ancient times, only a handful of people have succeeded. Even the most talented could only end in disappointment.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that with the treasures and a quasi-Emperor-Grade Sacred Pill obtained from True Dragon Island, the success rate of helping Kong Lanyou rebuild the immortal Saint Body was still very low.



It was like a Curse. Without a heaven-defying opportunity, it was almost impossible to break.

With such an opportunity lies in front of Kong Lanyou, she would fight with all her might. Even if she was in danger of being perished.

“My son, if you don’t want Lanyou to be in danger, I can take her out. However, she will lose the opportunity here. It will be a hundred times more difficult for her to enter again in the future,” said Blood Empress.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head slightly and said, “It is not necessary. This is Lanyou’s own choice and I can’t stop her. I also believe that she will succeed.”

Zhang Ruochen already understood Kong Lanyou’s determination. He could only support her and not stop her.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Blood Empress. He was conflicted. He didn’t know how to face his Immortal Vampire mother who was born at Infernal Court.

If Blood Empress was an evil demon from Infernal Court and a cold, heartless vampire. Zhang Ruochen could easily deal with their relationship.

Even if they were mother and son, it couldn’t affect Zhang Ruochen’s will.

But Blood Empress wasn’t that kind of person.

After standing outside the Death Valley for a long time, Zhang Ruochen sighed and finally decided to turn around and leave. There were still many things waiting for him to do.

Before he left, he gave the quasi-Emperor-Grade Sacred Pill that was the true body of the Lord of Elixir to Blood Empress. He kept it for Kong Lanyou in case she needed it.

After returning to the first level of Endless Abyss, Zhang Ruochen halted. He wasn’t in a hurry to go out.

He had a thought, the Ancient Abyssal Blade flew out from between his eyebrows. The black blade shone with a strange light.

“Abyss, are you ready?” Zhang Ruochen asked softly.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade glowed. A very handsome youth in black appeared and his features were similar to Zhang Ruochen. He was the sword spirit of the Ancient Abyssal Blade.

The Abyssal sword spirit said, “My accumulation was enough. Now that your Path of Swordsmanship has fully reached the Saint King realm, the combination of Swordwill has made my Origin stronger. I’m confident that I can transcend the heavenly tribulation.”

“Then you can transform into a regal weapon here,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Zhang Ruochen had come to Endless Abyss not only because of Chi Kunlun and Kong Lanyou. He also wanted the Ancient Abyssal Blade to transcend the King’s Calamity.

If one wished to become a regal weapon, either through growth or refinements, one had to go through the trials of tribulations and get recognition from the heavenly and earthly precepts regardless.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade had refined a large number of precious sacred artifacts. It had long reached the limit of a Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact. It was fit to transcend the heavenly tribulation, but it had been suppressing itself to make its accumulation more vigorous and ensure that it could transcend the heavenly tribulations.

Zhang Ruochen had cultivated the Path of Swordsmanship to completion, which became an opportunity for the Ancient Abyssal Blade to transform.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade meant a lot to Zhang Ruochen. Even a Supreme Artifact could not compare with it. It grew with him, allowing him to perfectly display his Path of Swordsmanship.

Once the Ancient Abyssal Blade advanced to a regal weapon, Zhang Ruochen's Path of Swordsmanship would be greatly enhanced.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade flew into the air and stopped its suppression. All 129,599 inscriptions surfaced.

In the next moment, a brand new inscription condensed. The Ancient Abyssal Blade has reached Class 1.

All of a sudden, all the inscriptions and their essence began to change. They changed from ordinary to Regal inscriptions.

It was also at this moment that the unseen Precepts began to be induced.

### *Rumble*

Intense energy undulations appeared in the sky above Endless Abyss. A vast amount of precepts of heaven and earth and Saint Qi of heaven and earth gathered.

In the blink of an eye, a huge black vortex formed, releasing an extremely terrifying pressure. A destructive aura spread out and the air became unbreathable.

If it had been anywhere else, such a huge commotion would have alarmed many powerful cultivators.

This was also why Zhang Ruochen had chosen Endless Abyss as the spot to perform the transcendence of heavenly tribulation. He didn't want anyone to disturb him, and at the same time, he didn't want to reveal the Ancient Abyssal Blade had become a regal weapon.

### *Whoosh*

Countless gales flew out of the black vortex and swept toward the Ancient Abyssal Blade.

The gales were shapeless but extremely sharp. Wherever they passed, space was torn apart and countless pitch-black cracks appeared.

This was the power of the heavenly tribulation. No matter how special Endless Abyss was, it couldn't be eliminated.

In an instant, the Ancient Abyssal Blade was enveloped by violent gales. The gales continuously collided with the blade, giving off crisp sounds.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade did not resist. It allowed the gales to attack so that it could temper itself to become more powerful.

No matter how the gales attacked, the Ancient Abyssal Blade was still motionless. On the contrary, the speed of the inscription's transformation was accelerating.

It was not that the power of the wind tribulation was too weak, but the essence of the Ancient Abyssal Blade was too strong. It was completely refined from the Iron of Creation and was almost indestructible. Moreover, the sword spirit had created the most perfect form, and it had accumulated power, it was already comparable to the vessel spirit of an ordinary regal weapon.

'According to the records, the King's Calamity is divided into four tribulations: wind, fire, water, and thunder. Each tribulation is more terrifying than the last. Most can transcend the first three tribulations, but can't last until the final tribulation. However, with Abyss's accumulation, there shouldn't be a problem,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

The probability of surviving the King's Calamity was very low. It was only 10%. That meant that only one out of ten sacred artifacts could succeed.

One couldn't interfere with the sacred artifact's tribulation. Otherwise, it would only make the heavenly tribulation more terrifying.

'The heavenly tribulation could refine the regal weapon. Maybe it can help me immortalize my internal organs faster.' A surprised look flashed in Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen didn't hesitate. He immediately took action and absorbed a small amount of the heavenly tribulation power into his body.

It could only be said that he was truly skilled and bold. He dared to do such a crazy thing. If he was not careful, he would turn into a pile of ashes.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture with all his strength. He let the power of the heavenly tribulation merge into his internal organs and refine them repeatedly.

"It's working. The strength of the internal organs is slowly increasing. Keep going." Zhang Ruochen was surprised by his bold move.

Zhang Ruochen managed to calm down and continue to absorb the power of the heavenly tribulation.

Of course, he was being careful. He only absorbed the scattered power to avoid interfering with the Ancient Abyssal Blade's heavenly tribulation.

For a moment, Zhang Ruochen was completely immersed in cultivation. To him, the King's Calamity was a great opportunity.

After six hours, the wind tribulation stopped. The Ancient Abyssal Blade was safe and sound. Its color became darker and more reserved. A strange mark of wind appeared on its surface. It was marked naturally and contained an extremely mysterious conception.

Then came forth the endless Heavenfires. Like fire dragons, roaring as they pounced on the Ancient Abyssal Blade.

After a while, the Heavenfires turned into a bronze furnace of heaven and earth, enveloping the Ancient Abyssal Blade. It tried its best to refine the blade, wanting to burn it into ashes.

After being burned by the blazing Heavenfires, the pitch-black sword gradually turned fiery red, as if it was about to melt away.

Even so, the Ancient Abyssal Blade still did not make its move. Instead, it took the initiative to absorb the Heavenfires and extract the impurities from itself.

During the growth of the Ancient Abyssal Blade, it had refined too many sacred artifacts, so its power was inevitably a little mixed. Now, it could use the power of the heavenly tribulation to sort it out.

Similarly, the fire tribulation lasted for six hours, and then came the water tribulation.

There was a saying that artifact refinement required the most intense fire and the coldest water. Hence, in the King's Calamity, the water and fire tribulations were especially important to the refinement of a sacred artifact.

As time passed, the Ancient Abyssal Blade successfully passed the wind, fire, and water tribulations. Its body had already become clear and flawless, and even the inscriptions had all turned into Regal inscriptions.

As long as it passed the final lightning tribulation, it would be able to become a true regal weapon.

*Boom*

A thirty thousand meters long lightning bolt suddenly slashed out from the black whirlpool and struck the Ancient Abyssal Blade.

*Buzz*

The Ancient Abyssal Blade trembled slightly and tried its best to absorb the lightning.

As the lightning was absorbed, a blurry lightning mark slowly formed on the Ancient Abyssal Blade.

Without a moment's delay, the second bolt of lightning struck down. Its power far surpassed the first Bolt.

Just like that, bolt after bolt of lightning struck down, seemingly not giving up until the Ancient Abyssal Blade was destroyed.

Even with the stability of Endless Abyss space, it was all shattered by the lightning bolts, forming terrifying spatial turbulence.

Every time it absorbed a bolt of lightning, the lightning seal on the Ancient Abyssal Blade would become clearer and more complex.

*Rumble*

The black whirlpool collapsed and all the power gathered together, turning into the most terrifying bolt of lightning.

*BANG!*

The destructive lightning struck the Ancient Abyssal Blade and pressed down like a Primordial Divine Mountain, causing the Ancient Abyssal Blade to fall rapidly. The sword trembled as if it couldn't withstand this power.

“Absorb!”

The Sword Spirit of Ancient Abyssal Blade roared.

Immediately, the Ancient Abyssal Blade released a dazzling sword light. Over 100,000 Regal inscriptions appeared and wrapped around the destructive lightning.

This was the ninth lightning, and it was also the most terrifying lightning. Its power was even stronger than the previous eight combined. An ordinary immortal Saint Body would probably be destroyed if came in contact.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade used all of its abilities and spent quite a long time before it was finally able to completely absorb it.

At this moment, the incomparably profound lightning seal had finally appeared clearly on the sword. It appeared to be filled with spirituality and seemed to come to life.

The frightening pressure that covered Endless Abyss disappeared without a trace. Everything returned to normal as though nothing had happened.

At this point, the King's Calamity came to an end, and the Ancient Abyssal Blade was successfully promoted to the regal weapon.

### **Chapter 2149: The Arrival of Infernal Court's Army of 30 Million Cultivators**

After the king's calamity dissipated, Zhang Ruochen ended his cultivation and came near Ancient Abyssal Blade. He couldn't help but smile.

Zhang Ruochen had a special relationship with the Ancient Abyssal Blade. They had grown up together and were the most compatible partners. They only recognized each other.

Now, Zhang Ruochen had become the top-notch cultivator below the Supreme Saint. The Ancient Abyssal Blade had become a regal weapon. No one was left behind.

Glancing at the Ancient Abyssal Blade, Zhang Ruochen realized that although the blade had just transcended the tribulation, the Regal inscriptions inside had increased by 20,000 to 150,000.

It had been a long and deep accumulation.

At the same time, the Violet Godstone inlaid on the hilt of the blade was more closely integrated with the Ancient Abyssal Blade. It had truly merged into one, causing some indescribable and strange changes to the Ancient Abyssal Blade.

This Violet Godstone was not simple. It was suspected to be related to the Stone Clan. It was a rare treasure with endless magical uses to be excavated.

One had to admit that the heavenly tribulation was truly amazing. It could transform ordinary inscriptions into Regal inscriptions. It could also perfectly merge the Violet Godstone with the Ancient Abyssal Blade. It wasn't something humans could do.

The transformation of the inscriptions was even more amazing. It completely overtook its natural state. It was completely different from what humans had carved. It contained a unique aura.

'No wonder so many people want to obtain a sacred artifact that can grow continuously. It can have such an extraordinary transformation just by becoming a regal weapon. If it becomes a Supreme Artifact in the future, the transformation will be amazing,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the four mystical marks on the blade. They were imprinted after the Ancient Abyssal Blade absorbed the powers of the heavenly tribulation. They contained the principles of heaven and earth and were extremely complicated.

Zhang Ruochen had come into contact with many regal weapons, but he had never seen such marks. Such marks were not easy to get.

It must be because the Ancient Abyssal Blade was made of special material and had absorbed all the power of the four tribulations during the process of transcending the heavenly tribulation.

'The marks containing the mysteries of the heavenly tribulation are indeed obscure and difficult to understand. If I can activate them, I wonder what effect it will have.' Zhang Ruochen thought.

No matter what, the Ancient Abyssal Blade would benefit from the four marks.

At this moment, the Abyss Sword Spirit revealed itself. It had grown a lot, and its temperament was more similar to Zhang Ruochen's.

"Zhang Ruochen, I need to seclude myself for some time to comprehend the four marks," Abyss said.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, "It just so happens that my body also needs some training."

He had absorbed part of the powers of the heavenly tribulation to refine his internal organs and brain. The outcome was obvious, but he hadn't reached his target yet.

While Abyss was comprehending the marks of the heavenly tribulation, Zhang Ruochen planned to cultivate his body to the maximum of the Saint King realm.

Zhang Ruochen flipped his hand and took out a Heaven Grade Sacred Pill to help him become immortal. He took it and started cultivating again.

Ten days passed in the blink of an eye. Zhang Ruochen and Abyss finished their cultivation one after another.

Abyss roughly digested what it had learned from the heavenly tribulation. It comprehended the initial secrets of the heavenly tribulation's four marks and could use its power freely.

"I'm still a little lacking. The brain and heart are still not immortalized." Zhang Ruochen sighed slightly.

The immortalization of the body was more difficult the further one went. Usually, the brain and heart were the last ones to immortalize.

It wasn't that Zhang Ruochen had no way to make these two immortal. It was just that it was difficult to control his power. If he wasn't careful, he could break through his cultivation and enter the Supreme Saint realm.

He was only one step away, so Zhang Ruochen wasn't anxious at all.

Perhaps when he cultivated the Precept to the fullest, his body would naturally reach the maximum.

With a thought, Zhang Ruochen kept the Ancient Abyssal Blade into the Divine Light Sea of Qi. He didn't stay any longer. With a few leaps, he'd left the Endless Abyss.

Now that he was sure that Chi Kunlun had fallen into Yan Wushen's hands, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't sit still. He had to save him as soon as possible.

According to Pan Ruo, Yan Wushen had taken Chi Kunlun and wanted to make Chi Kunlun his disciple. However, Zhang Ruochen thought otherwise.

However, Yan Wushen's whereabouts were unknown. It was not easy to find him.

Under the guidance of the Sect of the Blood God's top cultivator, Zhang Ruochen passed through three interlocking Ninth Stratum Array and entered the Sect of the Blood God.

Recently, the Sect of the Blood God had been very low-key. They sealed their doors and tried to improve their strength.

Knowing that everyone in the Sect of the Blood God was cultivating in seclusion, Zhang Ruochen did not disturb them. He only summoned Elder Yuanxing to ask for some information.

As one of the seven ancient sects, the Sect of the Blood God had disciples all over the nine states in the Central Region. They had an enormous intelligence network.

"My lord, something big has happened in the Central Region recently," Elder Yuanxing said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "What is it?"

"Just three days ago, Infernal Court mobilized the army of 30 million Saint-level cultivators to the Central Region and surrounded Central Imperial City. All ten clans of the Infernal Court sent more than one first-level Supreme Saints," Elder Yuanxing said.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but frown. It was unexpected for the Infernal Court to suddenly make such a big move.

"The army of 30 million Saint-level cultivators. How did Infernal Court manage to transferred so many soldiers into Kunlun Realm?" Zhang Ruochen was very confused.

At this stage, the war with Infernal Court was still concentrated in various Battlefield of Merits in the five regions. It was blocked by the dimensional barrier and the army of Celestial Court. There were only a few cultivators from Infernal Court who could enter Kunlun Realm.

Before this, the scale of the war in Kunlun Realm was not large. The army of Infernal Court was not more than a million.

If not for this, Kunlun Realm would have become a purgatory.

It was strange that the army of 30 million Saint-level cultivators suddenly appeared. Logically speaking, it was impossible for there to be no signs.

Either Infernal Court had been plotting for a long time and was fully prepared, or there was something wrong with the Battlefield of Merits.

“Central Imperial City represents the imperial court. It seems that Infernal Court wants to tear it apart in one fell swoop. If that happens, Kunlun Realm will be in chaos and disarray, and it will be on its way to destruction. However, this should be only one of the reasons. They must have an even bigger plan.”

Elder Yuanxing said, “In fact, a few months ago, there were already signs of it. Cultivators from Infernal Court appeared out of thin air in the Central Region, and the number was increasing. It’s just that the leaders of the Celestial Court in Kunlun Realm were not taken seriously. That’s why today’s disaster happened.”

“Kunlun Realm is not their homeland. Of course, the leaders of the Celestial Court won’t take it seriously. To them, after Kunlun Realm is destroyed, there will be other Battlefield of Merits opened up. How is the situation in Central Imperial City now?” Zhang Ruochen asked in a low voice.

Elder Yuanxing said, “Central Imperial City is protected by layers of arrays and is safe for the time being. However, Infernal Court has sent 10 High-Saint Array Masters who are experts in breaking the arrays. The situation does not look pleasing.”

‘10 High-Saint Array Master... They are generous.’

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised by this. As the imperial court’s headquarters, Chi Yao must have made many arrangements and could not be easily broken through.

The imperial court had played an important role in maintaining the relatively stable situation in Kunlun Realm. It was hard to imagine what Kunlun Realm would be like without the imperial court.

Moreover, if Central Imperial City’s defense broke through, there would be no safe place in Kunlun Realm. Eastern Region Holy City was no exception. The hearts of the people would be completely thrown into chaos.

Zhang Ruochen was still not on good terms with Empress Chi Yao, but the truth is, he could see it more clearly than anyone else. In the face of the enemy, no matter how deep the grudges were, they had to put them down first and face the outsider together.

A High-Saint Array Master had the power to overturn rivers and seas.

With ten of them together, even the array formation of Central Imperial City might not be able to hold them off.

Moreover, the army of 30 million Saint-level cultivators made people’s hearts tremble just thinking about it. Even if a hundred Supreme Saints were sent to the frontline, they would probably have to retreat.



This was a true all-out war, a clash between the ten clans of Infernal Court and Celestial Court's Macroworlds and Microworlds.

In the face of such a situation, an individual's power was insignificant. Not to mention Zhang Ruochen, even ten Zhang Ruochens would be beaten to death.

'Since the ten clans of Infernal Court are working together, Yan Wushen should not be absent,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

He was worried about where to find Yan Wushen. Waiting in Central Imperial City might be the best choice.

Even if Central Imperial City was in a precarious situation and no one could stop it, Zhang Ruochen still had to go.

'Even if we want to break through the Central Imperial City, it should be the Shengming's army, not the Infernal Court's army.'

After thinking for a while, Zhang Ruochen carved a few Communication talismans and sent them out. Now that the storm had arrived, the hidden forces of Kunlun Realm should be mobilized.

Zhang Ruochen left the Sect of the Blood God and quietly rushed to the nearest Sub-Terminal of Merit.

Before entering the Sub-Terminal of Merit, Zhang Ruochen performed the Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification. He changed his appearance and turned into a delicate scholar. He was gentle and elegant, similar to the Divine Scripture Maiden who disguised as a man. Even his temperament was the same.

The Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification was very mysterious. Zhang Ruochen deliberately spent a lot of time comprehending it. With the practice of the fourth volume of the Four-Nine Mystic Arts, he had already grasped part of the essence of it.

Especially the change of his human form, Zhang Ruochen had reached a perfect state. The chances of seeing through his true form are very low.

The situation in Central Imperial City was very complicated. Zhang Ruochen did not want to swagger forward and let everyone know that. It was more convenient for him to do many things when he was in the dark while the enemy was in the light.

Through the dimensional teleportation array at the Sub-Terminal of Merits, Zhang Ruochen first arrived at Tianquan's Grand Terminal of Merits.

The main reason was that the situation in Central Imperial City was very critical. To be safe, the Sub-Terminal of Merits could no longer be directly transferred to Central Imperial City. They had to go to the Grand Terminal of Merits for transit.

As soon as he arrived at the Sub-Terminal of Merits, Zhang Ruochen saw a sea of people.

The Celestial Court naturally had to respond to the siege of the Infernal Court's army. They had already dispatched a large number of Saint-level cultivators to the Central Imperial City as fast as they could.

“I heard that the Infernal Court is still dispatching troops. They are close to 35 million now. I’m afraid the Central Imperial City will be difficult to defend.”

“From the moment the membrane wall of Kunlun Realm was breached by Infernal Court, it was destined to be destroyed. It’s just a matter of time. Infernal Court wants to end the battle swiftly. They didn’t want to give Kunlun Realm any chance to resurge.”

“Although the battle hasn’t started yet, the top-notch cultivators of both sides have already fought dozens of times. The ones who fought were all at the strongest three levels below the Supreme Saint. We seem to have suffered a loss. Several top-notch cultivators were lost.”

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Listening to all kinds of discussions, Zhang Ruochen couldn’t help but feel a little emotional.

Zhang Ruochen lifted his head and looked at a light screen above the Grand Terminal of Merits. The light screen was showing the scene inside and outside of Central Imperial City.

This was a reflection of the battlefield specially created by the Fane of Merit. It was used to constantly monitor the situation in Central Imperial City.

Tens of millions of Saint-level cultivators of the Infernal Court surrounded the huge Central Imperial City. There is no gap for anyone to enter or leave.

Fortunately, countless array patterns appeared and protected Central Imperial City firmly. Ten High-Saint Array Masters of the Infernal Court was unable to land a hit.

“Look, Nie Xiangzi, one of the Ten Divine Scions of the Fane of Truth, has left the city. I wonder who he will fight.”

Suddenly, there was a commotion in the Grand Terminal of Merits.

Through the reflections, Zhang Ruochen could see a valiant man in silver armor walking out of the Central Imperial City and calmly facing the powerful army of the Infernal Court.

A person who was that strong and humble could only be, Nie Xiangzi.

Among the Ten Divine Scions of the Fane of Truth, the only one Zhang Ruochen was familiar with was Nie Xiangzi.

When he was in the Celestial Domain of Truth, he had been schemed against by Shang Ziyan. Nie Xiangzi had helped him.

After Nie Xiangzi left the city, a powerful cultivator walked out of the Army of the Infernal Court. He was nearly ten feet tall and wore blood-red armor. His facial features were unusually handsome, and he had a malicious grin on his face.

“It’s Lord Xue Chen of the Immortal Vampires. He’s the most powerful cultivator below the Supreme Saint of the Bloodysky Clan. He came to Kunlun Realm.” A cultivator recognized the powerful cultivator of the Infernal Court. He was shocked by what he saw.

Among the Ten Clans of the Infernal Court, Zhang Ruochen was undoubtedly most familiar with the Immortal Vampires. He had interacted with them since he was very young.

However, Zhang Ruochen didn't know much about the situation of the Immortal Vampires of Infernal Court. The strongest person he had come into contact with was Xuetu, who had reached the second level below the Supreme Saint.

Zhang Ruochen only knew that the Immortal Vampires of Infernal Court were divided into ten clans. Each clan was huge and had many geniuses.

Xuetu was so powerful that his danger level was ten out of ten. The second-level top cultivator below the Supreme Saint could only be ranked in the top five among the Immortal Vampires in the Maleficent Records of the Infernal Court's Ten Clans.

Of course, those who were below the first level of the Supreme Saint were all extremely dangerous. Most of them were not recorded in the Maleficent Records of the Infernal Court's Ten Clans.

Among the Immortal Vampires, they were granted lordship for those of Supreme Saint realm top cultivators. In the Saint King realm, only those who had reached the first level of the Supreme Saint realm were qualified to be a Lord.

Speaking of which, Xuetu was also from the Bloodysky Clan and was the son of a deity. However, he was suppressed by Lord Xue Chen. Even though he had the Seamless Purgatory Tower, he was still unable to fight against Lord Xue Chen.

Of course, Lord Xue Chen's origin wasn't bad either. He was the descendant of Wargod Bloodximius. He had cultivated for hundreds of years and his strength was unfathomable.

Hearing the discussions around him, Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but think, "He's Bloodximius's descendants."

Bloodximius was a powerful deity from the Bloodysky Clan of the Immortal Vampires. He held a high position and had many descendants.

Most importantly, Blood Empress was the daughter of Bloodximius.

In other words, Bloodximius was Zhang Ruochen's grandfather in his previous life.

In this way, Lord Xue Chen was undoubtedly Zhang Ruochen's cousin.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen never admitted that he had any relationship with the Immortal Vampires. Naturally, he would not acknowledge this so-called cousin.

However, it had to be said that the bloodline of Bloodximius was terrifying. There were too many talented cultivators being born of his bloodline. Lord Ming and Blood Empress were both peerless figures. Now, there was Lord Xue Chen.

### **Chapter 2150: Returning to Imperial City**

Outside Central Imperial City, Nie Xiangzi and Lord Xue Chen stood facing each other. The army of the Immortal Vampires had already retreated, leaving enough space for the two of them to fight.

“I’ve long wanted to meet the Ten Divine Scions of Fane of Truth. Nie Xiangzi, I hope you won’t disappoint me.” Lord Xue Chen’s smiling eyes were filled with malicious intent, and his body emitted a strong fighting spirit.

Nie Xiangzi was not bothered by his provocative words at the slightest. “Just attack,” he said flatly.

“Nie Xiangzi—the scion that has been known for his indifferent personality, I want to see how long you can maintain your attitude.” Lord Xue Chen’s aura suddenly soared.

As Lord Xue Chen waved his hands, a majestic blood Qi surged out and turned into a vast sea of blood rolling toward Nie Xiangzi.

Nie Xiangzi did not retreat. He raised his hand, used his powerful Saint Qi to form a ten-thousand-foot-long handprint that carried unparalleled power, and launched it.

*Boom!*

The handprint and the sea of blood collided violently. Immediately, a heaven-shaking and earth-shattering phenomena appeared. Terrifying ripples of power spread in all directions.

As top elites at first-tier below Supreme Sainthood, both of them were powerful. It was as if two Supreme Saints were fighting, or perhaps, even more intense than that.

At this moment, Celestial Court and Infernal Court were paying close attention to the battle between Nie Xiangzi and Lord Xue Chen.

In the face of such a situation, individual strength was insignificant.

However, the outcome of a battle between top elites could impact the morale of both sides.

The current situation was clearly disadvantageous to Celestial Court. They urgently needed to secure a few victories. It would be best if they could kill the elites from Infernal Court to boost their morale.

On the city wall, many disciples—including Divine Scions and True Disciples—from Fane of Truth stood. The ones in the lead were five of the ten Divine Scions.

Including Nie Xiangzi, six of the ten Divine Scions from Fane of Truth had come. This was a rare sight.

This battle concerned Fane of Truth’s reputation. Everyone could not help but feel nervous.

At the Grand Terminal of Merits, Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were fixed on the Projection Screen. He was also watching the battle between Nie Xiangzi and Lord Xue Chen.

A few years ago, Nie Xiangzi—a legendary figure—was someone he had to look up to. Now, he stood at the same or even higher position.

The Fane of Truth’s Ten Divine Scions were all extraordinary. They were prominent figures from many Microworlds. Even the weakest among them could achieve the top three tiers below Supreme Sainthood.

Nie Xiangzi possessed the top combat power of first-tier below Supreme Sainthood. He could be ranked as one of the leading elites among the Ten Divine Scions. His cultivation base was unfathomable.

Outside Central Imperial City, Nie Xiangzi and Lord Xue Chen were engaged in a fierce battle. They fought for hundreds of rounds and were evenly matched.

Suddenly, Lord Xue Chen's aura changed. His body emitted a profound and mysterious aura. A strange door of light appeared behind him. It was formed by hundreds of thousands of Precepts of Destiny. It was none other than the Gate of Destiny.

Nie Xiangzi's expression remained indifferent and calm. A large number of Precepts of Truth emerged from his body and interweaved with each other. They formed a shadowy realm behind him.

Billions of words—almost all the words in the universe—were sighted dancing within this realm. They collided with each other, expressing the truth of the world.

“The Realm-frame of Truth.” Zhang Ruochen's expression changed.

In Fane of Truth, only Divine Scions could learn secret techniques enabling them to condense the Realm-frame of Truth.

Once they could form the Realm-frame of Truth, they would be able to utilize power from Path of Truth at will. In other words, they could increase the attack power of various Saint Techniques without having to take time for activation.

Zhang Ruochen's attainment in Path of Truth was very high. His level could be even higher than the Ten Divine Scions from the Fane of Truth. Currently, he could increase attack power by nine times.

Unfortunately, he had not joined Fane of Truth, so he did not have the chance to learn secret techniques.

If he wanted to condense the Realm-frame of Truth, he had to rely on himself. Hence, he was not entirely confident.

Of course, it did not mean that he could condense the Realm-frame of Truth for sure by just merely learning the secret techniques. On top of that, he had to achieve high attainments in his cultivation for Path of Truth. He should at least be able to amplify an attack by six times.

‘I've cultivated more than 800,000 Precepts of Truth. But if I can't condense the Realm-frame of Truth, I can't amplify my attack power by ten times. Unless my cultivation for Path of Truth could achieve Great Perfection, then I'll be able to make a breakthrough,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

However, Zhang Ruochen knew very well that compared to condensing the Realm-frame of Truth, it was more challenging to reach Great Perfection of Path of Truth.

Even in the history of Fane of Truth, very few people could do that.

Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen currently held 0.39 percent of Canon of Truth. Hence, he could utilize power from Path of Truth more easily. It gave him a significant advantage.

Power from Path of Truth allowed a cultivator to amplify his attack power. On the contrary, the power from Path of Destiny could weaken the attack power of an opponent. The two just happened to counteract each other's effects.

Obviously, the key to the result of this battle lay in Nie Xiangzi's cultivation in Path of Truth and Lord Xue Chen's cultivation in Path of Destiny—whose attainment was higher and who could restrain the attack of another.

"Nie Xiangzi is so strong. With power from Path of Truth, he can unleash an attack nine times powerful. For sure he will win this battle," some cultivators said excitedly.

Zhang Ruochen was calm. 'How can the Ten Divine Scions nurtured by Fane of Truth with tremendous efforts be this weak?'

Hence, unlike the cultivators around him, Zhang Ruochen was not optimistic about the battle. 'I have no doubt about Nie Xiangzi's strength. He is indeed strong, but somehow this Lord Xue Chen gives off an unfathomable vibe.'

'Among the Paths of the Ancients, Path of Destiny is the most obscure and difficult to comprehend, and yet Lord Xue Chen can practice it to such a high level. I bet there are only a few people below Supreme Sainthood in the Fane of Destiny who can hold a candle to him. Therefore, this will be a difficult battle for Nie Xiangzi to win.' Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly.

Zhang Ruochen had to admit that although this 'cousin' of his—Lord Xue Chen—was very arrogant, he had real talent. No wonder this 'cousin' could suppress all prodigies of Bloodysky Clan.

At this moment, Nie Xiangzi and Lord Xue Chen had already skillfully used their power in the Paths of the Ancients to the extreme, yet their fight was in a stalemate. No one was able to gain the upper hand.

After almost 2000 rounds of fight, Lord Xue Chen seized an opportunity and sent Nie Xiangzi flying with a palm.

"How could... Nie Xiangzi lost!"

Many cultivators found it hard to accept the result.

Anyone could see that Nie Xiangzi and Lord Xue Chen's strengths were on par with each other. Nevertheless, it took only one key moment to determine the winner, and Nie Xiangzi had failed to seize that opportunity.

Nie Xiangzi's defeat sent a heavy blow to the morale of Celestial Court.

On the other hand, the morale of Infernal Court was high as they cheered for Lord Xue Chen.

"We've lost again. Why haven't the Four Heavenly Kings, the Archangel King Michael, and Ao Xukong made a move yet?"

"What about Zhang Ruochen? Isn't he at Central Imperial City? If he comes forward, who could defeat him in a one-on-one fight?"

"Do you expect Zhang Ruochen to come forward to face 30 million Infernal Court soldiers of Saint level?"

"True. Infernal Court hates Zhang Ruochen to the core. If he dares to show himself at Central Imperial City, the army of Infernal Court will certainly cut him into pieces. He must have found a place to hide now. Maybe he has already left Kunlun secretly."

All kinds of voices sounded in Grand Terminal of Merits. Most of them were angry.

Zhang Ruochen smiled. He did not expect himself to be the center of discussion at this time. So many were targeting him as if they had a deep hatred for him.

If nothing went wrong, most of the people who sneered at him were sided with Heavenly Realm. They would not let go of any opportunity to mock him.

After waiting for a long time, Zhang Ruochen finally entered the dimensional teleportation array.

A white light flashed, Zhang Ruochen and a large group of Celestial Court cultivators disappeared from Grand Terminal of Merits.

When they could see their surroundings clearly, they were already in the Sub-Terminal of Merits in Central Imperial City.

Fortunately, they had built a Sub-Terminal of Merits in Central Imperial City. Otherwise, Central Imperial City would have been completely isolated from the outside world.

“Central Imperial City.” Zhang Ruochen’s expression changed as he had mixed feelings.

This was the second time he had set foot in Central Imperial City since his rebirth. Even though it had been many years, the things that had happened last time were still vivid in his mind, just like yesterday.

At that time, Chi Yao had used him to perfect her state of mind, so she could overcome her final tribulation—the Love Tribulation—to attain godhood.

In a fit of anger, he had rushed to the gate of Ziwei Palace and defeated the nine Realm Bearers by himself.

It was also at that time that he had cut off his ties with Huang Yanchen. Since then, they had become strangers.

As Zhang Ruochen arrived at Central Imperial City again, he could not help but feel emotional. His calm mind was shaken. There were many things that he could not let go.

Walking out of the Sub-Terminal of Merit, Zhang Ruochen saw a bleak scene.

The prosperous scene of the past had disappeared. A stifling atmosphere enveloped the entire imperial city. It was suffocating.

Central Imperial City was huge. Over the past 800 years, it had been continuously expanded and divided into dozens of districts. Each district was comparable to a metro city inhabited by hundreds of millions of people.

But now, Central Imperial City seemed to be relatively desolate. The reason was that in order to prepare for the war, those who were yet to attain Sainthood had been relocated.

After all, there were more than 30 million soldiers at Sainthood surrounding the city. Once the city was breached, those who had not attained Sainthood would not be able to resist at all. They would only be sending themselves to their deaths in vain.

There were not many Saint-level cultivators in Kunlun to begin with, so Central Imperial City had almost become the world of cultivators from different Macroworlds and Microworlds of Celestial Court.

“The sacred medicine is mine. No one should take it.”

Just as he was thinking, a huge commotion appeared not far away.

Zhang Ruochen turned his head and saw a group of Saint-level cultivators fighting for a brilliant and lustrous sacred medicine.

Central Imperial City was the gathering place of all the spiritual veins in Kunlun. It was a place to seize the treasures of heavens and earth. Since the re-awakening of Kunlun, a large number of rare and valuable medicinal herbs were born every day, including many very old sacred medicine. There were even 100,000-year-old ancient sacred medicine and Yuanhui Tribulation sacred herbs.

In the past, Central Imperial City was still under the control of the imperial court. Although there were cultivators from Celestial Court managed to enter the place, most of the treasures were seized by the imperial court.

However, as the situation in Kunlun changed, with increasing number of cultivators from Celestial Court at Central Imperial City. The treasures that the imperial court could seize became fewer and fewer.

Not long after, a Six-Step Saint King had snatched the 70,000-year-old sacred medicine.

“Once I refine this sacred medicine, my cultivation will be greatly improved. This trip was not in vain.” The Six-Step Saint King who had obtained the sacred medicine could not help but laugh.

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen could not help but shake his head slightly. ‘Most of the cultivators of Celestial Court are here for the treasures of Kunlun. How many of them are sincerely fighting against Infernal Court?’

It was a pipe dream to rely on the cultivators of Celestial Court to protect Central Imperial City and the entire Kunlun.

To put it bluntly, most of the cultivators of Celestial Court, like the cultivators of Infernal Court, were plunderers who plundered the resources of many macroworlds.

Those cultivators from powerful realms did not care about the inferior realms’ life and death. They were happy to make these realms Battlefields of Merits one after another so that they could plunder more resources.

Many macroworlds joined Celestial Court to seek protection from Celestial Court. However, in the end, they became sacrifices.

For example, the ancestral spirit world, which had been broken into pieces, was chosen by the Heavenly Court world as the battlefield to fight against Infernal Court. Billions of lives were buried, and even deities died.

In Western Universe alone, there were ten World Battlefields. After one was broken, a new one would be created.



After so many years, countless macroworlds had been shattered into cosmic dust.

This was the law of the jungle. All the rules were set by the strong. The weak could not resist. Struggling to survive was their only choice.

Unknowingly, Zhang Ruochen arrived in front of Ziwei Palace in the center of the Imperial City.

He did not come here to reminisce about old times. He wanted to see Divine Scripture Maiden so he could get a better picture of the current situation.

Of course, he also came here to see Chi Kongyue.

If possible, Zhang Ruochen wanted to take Chi Kongyue away so that she could stay far away from any harm.

*Swoosh—*

At this moment, a bright Saint light cut through the sky and flew directly toward Ziwei Palace.

In the blink of an eye, the Saint light appeared in front of Ziwei Palace. It was an ancient Saint Chariot with colorful lights. It gave off an extremely holy vibe, as if it had been used by a deity.

Zhang Ruochen then saw a handsome and charming man walk out of the Saint Chariot. He was donned in a brocade robe made of natural silk with a jade fan in his hand; he had a noble demeanor. Anyone who stood in front of him would feel inferior.

Then another person walked out. It was a stunning beauty. Her skin was flawless, her body statuesque. It was as if she were a sculpture made of crystal clear jade. Her scent was alluring, her temperament gentle and elegant.

“The Nine-heavens Maiden.”

It was not the first time Zhang Ruochen had seen the Nine-heavens Maiden—the single entity merged by nine maidens. He was very familiar with her.

Central Imperial City was in a critical situation. Hence, instead of becoming nine individuals, the Nine-heavens Maiden had to stay as a single entity, so she was powerful enough to handle any unexpected situations.

The leading ‘personality’ of the Nine-heavens Maiden now was obviously Divine Scripture Maiden. She had a refined temperament that was not found in the other eight maidens.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the handsome gentleman. He was quite curious about the man’s identity and background, as well as the reason he was with the Nine-heavens Maiden.

### **Chapter 2151: Fish in Troubled Waters**

In front of the colorful ancient Saint Chariot, a handsome man of great radiance stood opposite the graceful Nine-heavens Maiden. Both of them had a sacred and noble temperament. Together, they looked like a great couple.

The handsome man's warm smile made people feel comfortable. "Miss Nalan, I am sincere. My words are as true as the needle to the pole. I believe that Kunlun needs our help at this time. I hope that you will consider my proposal carefully," said the man.

As he spoke, the handsome man reached out his hand, wanting to hold the Nine-heavens Maiden's hand.

The Nine-heavens Maiden slightly turned away from the handsome man and avoided his hand. She replied with a faint smile, "Now that I'm aware of your feelings, the nine of us will definitely consider your proposal seriously. I will give you a satisfactory answer."

"That would be great. Please be rest assured, Miss Nalan. We have already mobilized an army with the cultivational rank of Sainthood. It will arrive at Kunlun very soon. We will definitely be able to protect the imperial city." The handsome man retracted his hand with a smile on his face.

The Nine-heavens Maiden said, "Thank you, Akash."

"We have been on good terms with Kunlun for generations, so we will not watch Kunlun destroyed by Infernal Court. Moreover, you don't have to be this polite with me." The smile on the handsome man's face became even brighter.

After saying a few more words, the handsome man bade goodbye to the Nine-heavens Maiden. He unhurriedly got into the ancient Saint Chariot and left.

The handsome man had never given Zhang Ruochen, who disguised as a gentleman, a glance. He basically ignored his presence.

The Nine-heavens Maiden, on the other hand, had a change in her expression the moment she saw Zhang Ruochen. She seemed to have noticed him.

Zhang Ruochen only exchanged a glance with the Nine-heavens Maiden. Then, he performed some techniques and left quickly.

Seeing this, the Nine-heavens Maiden hesitated for a moment and then chased after him.

Zhang Ruochen stopped by a clear stream dozens of miles away from Ziwei Palace, standing under a green willow tree.

It was very quiet here. There was no one around. It felt like he was no longer in the imperial city.

"You're finally here."

A soft and tender voice came from behind Zhang Ruochen.

The saintly and flawless-looking Nine-heavens Maiden appeared. She came over like a goddess descending to the mortal world.

Apparently, the Nine-heavens Maiden had recognized Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen turned around and looked at the Nine-heavens Maiden. "How could I not come? Why didn't you send me a message earlier?"

“I just didn’t want to make things difficult for you,” the Nine-heavens Maiden sighed.

She knew that for Zhang Ruochen, Central Imperial City was filled with sad memories. It was likely the last place in Kunlun that he would want to go.

Of course, she also knew that as long as she sent him a message, he would rush here without hesitation, even if he was against Imperial Court.

Zhang Ruochen did not continue to dwell on the matter. Instead, he asked, “Who was that person just now?”

There were many talented cultivators of Celestial Court who lay low. No one knew how many talents there were, and it was even more impossible to recognize all of them.

The handsome man who was with the Nine-heavens Maiden just now had a very deep cultivation base and outstanding temperament. He was definitely not an ordinary person. However, Zhang Ruochen did not have the slightest impression of him. He was most likely a talented cultivator who lay low in a certain Microworld.

Hesitation appeared in the Nine-heavens Maiden’s eyes. After a moment of silence, she said, “In Celestial Court, he is known as Akash. He comes from Megrez and is the descendant of Navagraha.”

Megrez, a Macroworld, was no small fry. It was ranked in the top five among the many Macroworlds in the Western universe. It had an extremely deep foundation.

Navagraha was a prominent legendary figure in the history of Megrez. He was the only one in the universe who could cultivate energies of the Sun, the moon, Rāhu, Ketu, Venus (metal), Jupiter (wood), Mercury (water), Mars (fire), and Saturn (earth) to their perfection and become a Master of cultivational Path in Megrez. He was invincible.

However, the war of gods 100,000 years ago was too tragic. Thousands of Macroworlds had been destroyed, and more than half of the deities in Celestial Court had died, including Navagraha.

“Is he here for Navagraha’s Tears?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Legend said when Navagraha died, nine drops of tears fell and turned into meteors, falling on Kunlun. They were then known as Navagraha’s Tears.

Since Akash was the descendant of Navagraha, it was inevitable for Zhang Ruochen to associate him with Navagraha’s Tears.

Especially when Akash had directly approached the Nine-heavens Maiden, his objective was even clearer.

Navagraha’s Tears was a legacy left behind by Navagraha. It was of great importance. Megrez certainly would not want it to continue to be away from them, not to mention to allow it to be snatched away by Infernal Court.

Zhang Ruochen had noticed that the Nine-heavens Maiden had different physiques. Although nine separate entities were practicing different powers, they could merge into a single entity. It was very likely that they had obtained the legendary Navagraha’s Tears.

The Nine-heavens Maiden nodded and said, “Yes, he wants to take back Navagraha’s Tears.”

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly.

He could see that Akash was very powerful. In addition, he was backed by a huge force—Megrez. Hence, it should not be difficult for them to take back Navagraha’s Tears.

However, Akash did not snatch it away from the Nine-heavens Maiden by force. Instead, he tried to please her attentively. He must have some other motives.

“What exactly does Akash want you to consider?” Zhang Ruochen asked seriously.

The Nine-heavens Maiden did not answer immediately. Instead, she walked to the stream step by step and stood quietly for a long time with a complicated look in her eyes. “Actually, it’s nothing. You don’t need to worry. I can handle it,” she said.

“Since you don’t want to tell me, I’ll have to ask Akash myself,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Why would you do that?”

The Nine-heavens Maiden turned around. “Okay, I’ll let you know. He wants to tie knot with the nine of us. If we say yes, not only that he will not take back Navagraha’s Tears, Megrez world will give Kunlun support.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “How ‘generous’ Akash is. He wants both Navagraha’s Tears and women. What a good plan.”

Seeing that Kunlun was in imminent danger, Akash wanted to take advantage of it. His methods were extremely despicable.

One would never expect that a legendary figure like Navagraha would have such as shameless descendant.

In fact, it was normal. The Nine-heavens Maiden’s beauty, temperament, and talent were outstanding that many would be tempted. Taking nine women as wives at the same time would be like a dream come true for any man.

Moreover, the Nine-heavens Maiden had outstanding talent in cultivation. If she joined Megrez, they could nurture her to become their powerhouses. This would greatly increase the strength of Megrez.

After all, the nine of them had the potential to attain Godhood in the future with the magical power of Navagraha’s Tears and their own talents.

“What are you going to do? Did you agree to his conditions?” Zhang Ruochen asked again.

The Nine-heavens Maiden pondered for a long time. She stared at Zhang Ruochen with her beautiful misty eyes and said, “Am I that stupid in your eyes?”

Then, she continued, “The ruler of the Western universe is Heavenly Realm. Even if we agree with Akash’s conditions, how much support can Megrez give Kunlun? Even if they were not afraid of offending the Heaven World, they still had to consider their own losses. He just wanted to take gain—Navagraha’s Tears and the nine of us—without bloodshed.”

“I would rather marry you than marry him.”

Zhang Ruochen did not have any other thoughts after hearing the last sentence. He knew that those words were blurted by Divine Scripture Maiden or the Nine-heavens Maiden out of anger.

“Navagraha’s Tears have already merged with our Saint Souls. It can only be taken away from us when we are dead.

“For now, we can still pretend to be subservient to him. When the time comes for a showdown, there will be an end to this.” The Nine-heavens Maiden sighed faintly.

When Zhang Ruochen heard her, his heart sank. He had not expected Navagraha’s Tears would mean life or death for the Nine-heavens Maiden.

There could be only one “ending”.

Since they would not submit themselves to Akash, they could only die.

The decision was either dead or alive. No wonder Akash was so confident. It turned out that he was using the Nine-heavens Maiden’s life and the fate of Kunlun as his bargaining chip.

“Why didn’t you tell me? You should know that there is no way I will stand idly by if you are in trouble.” Zhang Ruochen stared at her.

The Nine-heavens Maiden’s heart trembled slightly. “Please don’t do anything reckless. Megrez is a very powerful Macroworld dominated by the descendants of Navagraha. Don’t you think you have enough enemies on your plate? I have a way to deal with him. You don’t have to interfere,” she said.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the Nine-heavens Maiden’s soft hand and pulled her to his side. He pulled her so hard that she leaned against his chest, standing on her tiptoes. He squinted and looked at her, “So what if he is the descendant of Navagraha? So what if he is from Megrez? He can’t have his ways in Kunlun.”

The Nine-heavens Maiden couldn’t break free from Zhang Ruochen, so she could only give up and glare at him resentfully.

After a while, Zhang Ruochen realized that he had been too impudent as he had been emotional just now. He quickly let go of her hand and said softly, “I’m sorry... How are things in Central Imperial City?”

“Not too good. Although the imperial city is protected by layers of Arrays, the ten High-Saint Array Masters of Infernal Court are all very powerful. They might be able to break the Arrays if they have enough time.”

“Moreover, the imperial city is filled with *mélange* of cultivators—good and bad people. The hidden crisis was big,” the Nine-heavens Maiden said with a serious look in her eyes.

Zhang Ruochen understood her words clearly. There were Infernal Court cultivators lurking in Eastern Region Holy City. Central Imperial City was probably no exception.

Of course, the threat did not only come from the lurking cultivators of Infernal Court, but also from the forces hostile to Kunlun. If they did something at this time, it might bring a fatal blow to Central Imperial City.

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen was even more worried about Chi Kongyue. "I want to meet Chi Kongyue," he said.

"Kongyue is not in Ziwei Palace, but has gone to Prime Minister's Syzygy Mansion. A meeting will be held in a day or two. Leaders from all walks of life will attend to discuss strategies to deal with the enemy."

"During the meeting, young prodigies from different realms will gather and exchange ideas. Kongyue wants to use this opportunity to try to improve her strength," said the Nine-heavens Maiden.

Zhang Ruochen was deep in thought. There would probably be many leaders of realms attending the meeting. None of them would be weak. Even Wang Shiqi, the Prime Minister, might not be able to control the situation if something happened.

When one was not powerful enough, they were destined to have no voice in any matters. At that time, Imperial Court and even Kunlun could be put in a submissive position.

In fact, at this stage, Imperial Court no longer had the magisterial authority. In the entire Central Imperial City, cultivators from different realms could enter all places at will except for Ziwei Palace.

After sending the Nine-heavens Maiden back to Ziwei Palace, Zhang Ruochen left for Syzygy Mansion, wanting to meet Chi Kongyue as soon as possible.

It had been a long time since he had last seen Chi Kongyue in the Celestial Domain of Truth. He had made a promise to Chi Kongyue but he had yet to fulfil it.

Because the council was about to begin, the door of Syzygy Mansion was open to welcome leaders from all Celestial Court realms.

As soon as he arrived outside Syzygy Mansion, Zhang Ruochen saw many glamorous carriages coming in an endless stream. Some of them were even pulled by sacred beasts with the cultivation level of Saint Kinghood. Their cultivation levels were on par with Nine-Step Saint King's. In other words, the figures inside these carriages were of high status.

Of course, there were also some cultivators who did not care about ostentation and directly came to Syzygy Mansion.

Those who were qualified to participate in the council were all leaders of the top powerful realms. Each of them had extraordinary strength. It was a rare occasion to have so many important figures gathered together.

Only Kunlun, an eternal Macroworld, had a strong attraction to foreign cultivators. Not only that it had attracted cultivators from ordinary and weak realms, it had also attracted those powerful Macroworlds' top elites yearning for fortuitous encounters.

Zhang Ruochen performed a Dimensional technique and quietly entered Syzygy Mansion without leaving any trace behind.

Before long, Zhang Ruochen found Chi Kongyue's location.

Apart from the nine grand halls, Syzygy Mansion also had many pavilions. They were mainly scattered around a Spiritual Lake. Along with the mist, they created a dreamlike scenery.

The location where all the young talented cultivators from all realms exchanged ideas was above the Spiritual Lake.

Despite being young age, their cultivation level was above the Saint Kingdom. According to their cultivation, these young geniuses were scattered on small islands.

*Swoosh—*

Zhang Ruochen appeared on one of the small isles. As if he were invisible, his presence did not draw any attention from cultivators.

Dozens of young masters had gathered on this small isle, including Chi Kongyue.

Compared to when she was in the Celestial Domain of Truth, Chi Kongyue had changed a lot. She was no longer an 11 or 12-year-old girl. Instead, she was graceful, her slender body emitting Saint light. She was a beautiful teenage girl. She bore some resemblance to young Chi Yao.

Needless to say, Chi Kongyue must have entered Seal of the Celestial Wheel for self-cultivation so she could grow up faster.

Zhang Ruochen could imagine that Chi Kongyue must have gone through a lot of hardships to attain her current achievements.

At this moment, Chi Kongyue was sitting alone in front of a jade table. There was no one around her, so she looked quite lonely.

The dozens of geniuses were chatting happily, but none of them was willing to talk to Chi Kongyue. Even though they often looked at her, their eyes were full of ridicule and disdain.

Seeing this, Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but feel sorry for her. He really wanted to show himself and take her away.

At this moment, three young geniuses entered the pavilion. Their looks varied widely as they were of different clans: angel, giant, and elf.

Apparently, these three talented cultivators were from Heavenly Realm.

Seeing the three of them, many cultivators in the pavilion immediately stood up to welcome them.

"Bolan, Pallas, and Fairy Yan Yu, you've finally arrived. We've been waiting for you for a long time."

The group of talented cultivators put on smiles on their faces and seemed very polite.

Putting aside the background of the trio, their strength alone was enough to make people revere them.

This was especially true for Bolan. He was a Scion with a powerful bloodline and extraordinary talent. He had unlimited potential.

Bolan was handsome. His long blond hair flowing in the wind; his pupils were golden as well; he had two pairs of platinum wings on his back, exuding a holy radiance. There was also an indescribable noble temperament that made people feel inferior about themselves.

Bolan smiled and said, "I've just returned from the Battlefield of Merits. Sorry for the wait."

"With your strength, you must have killed many Infernal Court elites this time. It's only a matter of time before you make it onto Saint King Merit List."

"That's for sure. Bolan is a rare prodigy among Angels. If he was born a hundred years earlier, he would have become the most powerful elite below Supreme Sainthood, and his fame would spread throughout Celestial Court and Infernal Court."

Everyone started to speak. All they said were compliments.

When Bolan heard these words, the smile on his face became even brighter. It was obvious that he enjoyed listening to them.

Turning his gaze, Bolan suddenly saw Chi Kongyue sitting alone at the side. Malice flashed in his eyes. He smiled and walked over.

#### **Chapter 2152: Mocker Asking for Insult**

In the blink of an eye, Bolan walked up to Chi Kongyue and looked down at her with a smirk in his eyes.

Chi Kongyue was still sitting at the same place, quietly drinking her tea, ignoring Bolan's presence.

"How insolent. How dare you not stand up to greet Bolan when you see him coming over. You have no manners at all," a cultivator behind Bolan berated.

Bolan waved his hand and said, "Don't bother about it. We don't expect a bastard to know manners."

"Who are you calling a bastard?"

Chi Kongyue stood up and looked straight at Bolan.

Bolan did not bat an eyelid. "Who doesn't know that you are the bastard child of Zhang Ruochen and Empress Chi Yao?" he sneered and said. "You do really look like Zhang Ruochen."

"Not only does she look like Zhang Ruochen, but she also has the same physical condition as Zhang Ruochen. Five-element Chaotic Body is rare. Too bad she's a bastard child." Pallas, the giant beside Bolan, nodded.

Hearing this, Chi Kongyue could not help but feel angry no matter how good her manners were. Streaks of Five-element Chaotic Qi flowed out of her body. Each of them was extremely heavy, as if it was going to collapse the surrounding space.

Seeing Chi Kongyue's reaction, Bolan sat down leisurely and said with a faint smile, "How could a high and mighty God commit herself to a low-rank Saint and give birth to a bastard? What a big joke."

"I really 'admire' Empress Chi Yao for being that desperate. Did all men in Kunlun die?"



Supposedly, Bolan would not have dared to say such blasphemous words, but now that Kunlun had become a Battlefield of Merits, the deities were forbidden to interfere.

Moreover, Empress Chi Yao must have too many things on her plate. She did not have the time to find out if someone was blaspheming.

“Hahaha.”

All of a sudden, the geniuses behind Bolan burst into laughter.

Chi Kongyue’s body could not help but tremble slightly. It was not because of fear but because of anger.

She could not tolerate being called a bastard child and the insults against her most respected father and mother.

Ever since she met Zhang Ruochen in the Celestial Domain of Truth, Chi Kongyue had seriously investigated her origin. She was almost certain that her biological mother was her most respected mentor, Empress Chi Yao. She just did not have the courage to meet her mother.

Or rather, Empress Chi Yao did not want to admit it.

“Shut up.”

Chi Kongyue growled. She gathered streams of Five-element Chaotic Qi in her hand and launched a palm strike at Bolan.

Seeing this, Bolan raised his eyebrows. “You want to fight? A bastard like you dare to compete with me. C’mon, I can even defeat your dad Zhang Ruochen at the same cultivation rank,” he snorted.

As he spoke, Bolan mobilized the Saint Qi in his body and condensed Saint light to meet her palm strike directly.

The geniuses behind Bolan retreated one after another to keep a distance from the two to avoid being affected.

*BANG!*

The Five-element Chaotic Qi and the Saint light collided, releasing a powerful impact that spread in all directions.

Fortunately, the array formation set up at the Spiritual Lake was powerful that even a Nine-Step Saint King would find it difficult to destroy it.

After the impact, there was no damage on the pavilion building. However, all tables and chairs inside had been turned into ashes.

*Swoosh!*

Chi Kongyue and Bolan rushed out of the pavilion at the same time and appeared on the misty Spiritual Lake. They stood facing each other, emitting powerful auras.

At this moment, Chi Kongyue stood on the Spiritual Lake. Her purple clothes fluttered in the wind, and Jade Swallow Pendant on her neck emitted a strange glow. She had a cold and dignified temperament similar to that of Empress Chi Yao, radiating ruler demeanor.

A dense Five-element Chaotic Qi surged out from Chi Kongyue and gradually submerged her body. It was as if she wanted to merge with the five elements of the world completely.

Meanwhile, the majestic power of Light emerged from Bolan's body. Two pairs of platinum wings spread out, and each feather emitted a holy radiance.

"Bolan, teach this bastard a good lesson. Let her understand that she has to respect us, the cultivators from Heavenly Realm. Even if she were Empress Chi Yao, she had to revere Heavenly Realm," said Pallas, the giant, in a rough voice.

Bolan stared at Chi Kongyue. He said contemptuously, "Kunlun is already at the verge of its doom. It has to rely on Heavenly Realm to survive. You bastard, you don't know where your place is. Kneel down immediately and serve me as your master, so you can still live even after Kunlun is destroyed."

Most of the cultivators in the pavilion were gloating. A few of them remained silent and shook their heads.

Anyone could see that Bolan was deliberately looking for trouble with Chi Kongyue. He was trying to provoke her by humiliating her.

It could not be helped because Zhang Ruochen had offended Heavenly Realm too much and caused them a great loss. Empress Chi Yao, similarly, did not submit to them.

Heavenly Realm could not do anything to Zhang Ruochen and Empress Chi Yao for the time being, so they could only vent their anger on Chi Kongyue.

Although some people sympathized with Chi Kongyue, they did not dare to say anything. With the current power of Heavenly Realm, not many dared to offend those cultivators.

Since Bolan had already made his move, Chi Kongyue would probably be at a disadvantage.

Bolan was now a Five-Step Saint King. He had a strong physique. It was a True God's Body and Supreme Perfection Physique at the same time. On top of that, he was a cultivator of Path of Light.

Chi Kongyue had just become Four-Step Saint King not long ago. Although she owned a Supreme Perfection Physique, her cultivation base was far inferior to Bolan.

Bolan had never lost in any single fight against others at the same cultivation rank, let alone Chi Kongyue whose cultivation rank was lower than his.

Thus, no matter how one looked at it, Chi Kongyue was bound to lose this battle. Although Bolan would not kill her, he would definitely make her suffer.

Chi Kongyue's aura grew more intimidating. "Kunlun was eternal and indestructible. Compared to ours, your Heavenly Realm is nothing. My father alone can make your Heavenly Realm suffer. You'll have to pay the price for what you've said." Her tone was icy cold.

“Zhang Ruochen is just a clown. If I was born in the same era as him, I could easily defeat him with one hand.” Bolan was disdainful.

Chi Kongyue did not say further. With a wave of her hand, a large amount of Five-element Chaotic Qi flew out and condensed into a majestic five-colored sacred mountain and pressed down on Bolan.

“Petty tricks.”

Bolan smirked. His majestic Light power transformed into a Saint light sword and slashed toward the five-colored sacred mountain.

*Crack!*

The sword of Light was invincible. It easily cut the five-colored sacred mountain into two.

At this moment, ripples suddenly appeared on the calm lake. A huge whirlpool emerged under Bolan and released a terrifying suction force.

At the same time, the green and white Divine Purification Flame was released from Chi Kongyue’s body. It turned into a fire dragon and roared toward Bolan.

Seeing Chi Kongyue’s technique, Zhang Ruochen could not help but nod. He was very proud of her.

The unique feature of Five-element Chaotic Body was that it allowed the cultivator to control the five elements and practice all kinds of Saint Techniques of the five elements.

Chi Kongyue was a rare talent for being able to advance Divine Purification Flame to Envoy level so quickly. She was not any less than Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen did not plan to make a move for the time being. Bolan was just a Scion of Angels. He believed that Chi Kongyue could handle him.

After more than a hundred rounds, Chi Kongyue had the upper hand. Moreover, she had only relied on her Five-element Chaotic Body instead of the power of Time.

Suddenly, a world phantom appeared behind Chi Kongyue. It was formed from the Five-element Chaotic Qi.

Instantly, the entire space of the Spiritual Lake was locked down.

Chi Kongyue mobilized her Precepts and Saint Qi to condense a palm strike made of five elements. It was as if she had controlled all five elements of heaven and earth with just one hand.

Bolan’s expression changed slightly. He quickly retracted his platinum wings to protect himself.

*BANG!*

The five elements palm strike hit the platinum wings and forced Bolan to take a few steps backward. The wings could still block the attack.

Just as Bolan was about to heave a sigh of relief, the palm strike’s attack power suddenly increased by several times.

“Path of Truth.” Bolan was shocked.

*Whack!*

The platinum wings were broken, and a large amount of Saint blood splashed out. Feathers flew all over the sky.

“Ahhhhhhhh—”

Bolan let out a painful scream. Like a kite with a broken string, he flew backward.

In the end, Bolan crashed into a pavilion and finally stabilized his posture.

Bolan was covered in blood. His wings were broken, his arms were crushed, and there was a dent in his chest. Blood kept spurting out of his mouth, mixed with many pieces of his internal organs.

“How could she be so strong?” Bolan stared at Chi Kongyue, his eyes full of resentment and fear.

Ever since he was born, he had never been defeated. He was said to be invincible among those of the same cultivation rank. Never had he expected he would be defeated by a “Bastard” whom he looked down upon.

Bolan could not accept this outcome. He was almost driven mad by hatred.

He had wanted to humiliate Chi Kongyue, but he was the one who got defeated in the end. No matter how it seemed, he was the one asking for insults.

“How is it possible? Bolan lost!”

“It’s Path of Truth. She can sextuple the attack power of a Saint Technique. Is she going to become the next Zhang Ruochen?”

...

The geniuses watching the battle were all shocked.

Thinking of how they had mocked Chi Kongyue before, they could not help but tremble.

No matter where you were, strength was the most important. It was a fact that would never change.

Swoosh

Pallas and Yan Yu—the elf at Saint Kingdom—showed up beside Bolan in a flash.

“You’ve gone too far!”

Pallas, the giant, shouted. He took out a 30-meter-long giant ax and chopped it down.

Yan Yu held a staff made of Saint Jade in her hand and chanted an incantation. She mobilized the energy of Frost and made the entire Spiritual Lake frozen in an instant.

Thousands of frost blades appeared. Each of them was extremely sharp and could cut through everything. They charged at Chi Kongyue in all directions.

Chi Kongyue was not afraid of the furious attacks of the two. She raised both of his hands and released Divine Purification Flame.

The giant ax was burnt red by Divine Purification Flame. It was so hot that Pallas had no choice but to let go.

The frost blades that filled the sky were all melted and then evaporated.

Divine Purification Flame condensed into two pillars of fire and attacked Pallas and Yan Yu respectively.

**Bang!**

Pallas and Yan Yu were sent flying at the same time. Their bodies were burnt by Divine Purification Flame. Their injuries were no less severe than Bolan's.

Seeing Chi Kongyue walking over step by step, Bolan and the other two were terrified.

"What are you trying to do? If you dare to touch us, no one will be able to protect you." said Bolan who put on a stern face while his heart was trembling in fear.

The other geniuses were also very nervous. If Chi Kongyue accidentally killed Bolan and the other two, everyone present would probably be implicated.

A powerful force appeared and enveloped Bolan and the other two. It gathered together and restricted their strength and mobility.

*Slap! Slap! Slap!*

Instantly, Chi Kongyue swung her palm and gave the three of them a hard slap on their faces as soon as she approached them.

"So what if you are the geniuses of Heaven Realm? My father can suppress you till you are out of breath, so can I. Kunlun is not a place where you can act as you please."

Chi Kongyue slapped them while shouting at them coldly.

In the blink of an eye, Bolan and the other two had been beaten until their mouths were bleeding and their teeth were falling out. Their faces were swollen, as big as those of pigs.

Bolan and the other two's eyes were filled with hatred and anger. However, they were helpless and unable to fight back at all.

Finally, Chi Kongyue paused. She stopped slapping them. However, a Saint Sword appeared in her hand.

*Swing!*

Chi Kongyue's eyes were cold. She suddenly wielded her sword, and thousands of streaks of sharp Sword Qi burst out.

*Snikt!*

Pallas' body was shattered into a rain of blood.

"Serve you right for your blasphemy against a deity," Chi Kongyue said coldly.

Then, Chi Kongyue pointed the Saint Sword at Bolan and Yan Yu, emitting a terrifying murderous intent. Her temperament at this moment bore more resemblance to Empress Chi Yao's.

"Kneel down immediately and apologize. Otherwise, you will die." Chi Kongyue looked at Bolan and Yan Yu coldly. Her face was emotionless like a reaper.

Bolan dared to humiliate her and her parents in public. His action was unforgivable even if he were a deity from Heavenly Realm, let alone he was just a Scion.

In the pavilion, everyone was stunned. They could not believe what they had just witnessed. She had killed a talented cultivator from Heavenly Realm, and now she was forcing them to kneel. Just how insane she was.

'She is indeed Zhang Ruochen's daughter.'

Many people thought to themselves.

Zhang Ruochen and Chi Kongyue were both so unscrupulous and decisive. No one would believe that they were not father and daughter.

Bolan and Yan Yu were both angry and shocked. They had never thought that Chi Kongyue would actually dare to kill them. It made their blood froze.

However, it was impossible for them to kneel down in public and apologize to Chi Kongyue. It would be a shame to Heavenly Realm.

"Eh?" Chi Kongyue suddenly sensed something and moved away.

At this moment, a powerful aura emerged beside Bolan and Yan Yu.

This person was a middle-aged man. He was tall and burly. He had two pairs of snow-white wings on his back and wore silver armor. He looked extraordinary.

Seeing Bolan and Yan Yu's severe injuries, the middle-aged man frowned. He quickly took out two sacred healing pills and fed them to them.

"Your Highness, what happened?" the middle-aged man asked with concern.

Bolan struggled to sit up, he said indignantly, "I came to Central Imperial City to help Kunlun resist the invasion of Infernal Court. I wanted to have a good talk with the geniuses from all realms, but I didn't expect Chi Kongyue to attack me like she had gone mad suddenly. She injured Fairy Yan Yu and me in a despicable way and even killed Pallas cruelly.

"Just now, Chi Kongyue even forced Fairy Yan Yu and me to kneel down. Thinking that I have to face such humiliation after risking my life killing enemies on the battlefield, I'm really disappointed. Kunlun is not worth helping."

When Bolan made up the story, he looked very emotional, as if he were the victim telling the truth.

The middle-aged man stood up and looked at Chi Kongyue. His eyes flashed with a cold light. "Chi Kongyue, How dare you go against laws of Celestial Court and kill your allies? Do you really think that no one would dare to touch you just because you are Empress Chi Yao's daughter?" His tone was cold.

As he spoke, the middle-aged man released an intimidating aura. He was actually a Nine-Step Saint King with profound cultivation.

Chi Kongyue endured the intimidating Saint aura from the Nine-Step Saint King. Her slender body looked as fragile as a leaf in the wind. It was as if she could be crushed at any moment. However, she did not show any signs of weakness. "You know very well what the truth is. Don't bother to make up such dignified excuse when you deliberately want to bully the weak. Don't you ever think that just because you are a Nine-Step Saint King, I would be afraid of you." Her voice was loud and clear.

"You are ill-mannered. I must teach you a lesson today." The wings on the middle-aged man's back fluttered as he slowly flew into the air.

Before her voice trailed off, the middle-aged man stretched out a hand. A glow of Saint light emerged, and his hand grew enormous to the length of 300 meters, trying to grab Chi Kongyue.

As a Nine-Step Saint King, he did not see Chi Kongyue as a worthy opponent.

He thought that even if Zhang Ruochen and Chi Kongyue were in the same cultivation rank as him, they were not his match.

Chi Kongyue showed no fear. She moved his finger and instantly drew a complicated inscription, which landed on Jade Swallow Pendant.

Swoosh!

Jade Swallow Pendant emitted a dazzling light and signs of ancient, powerful energy. It was like a powerful ancient deity had been revived. It gave off a vast divine power that could sweep throughout heaven and earth.

A tall and mighty illusory image of a deity descended behind Chi Kongyue, stepping on the heavens, looking down at the universe.

Strange marks appeared from Jade Swallow Pendant, interweaving to form a divine defense that completely enveloped Chi Kongyue.

***BANG!!!***

The middle-aged man's large hand was blocked. It could not touch Chi Kongyue.

Instead, a surge of divine force was transmitted over, sending the middle-aged man to take a few steps back.

The middle-aged man's heart trembled. He had seen more than one deity in Heavenly Realm, but he had never encountered such a mighty divine force.

Needless to say, Jade Swallow Pendant on Chi Kongyue's neck was definitely something special. It had an astonishing origin.

Outwardly, the middle-aged man appeared very calm. He snorted coldly. "It's just a mere streak of divine force. Don't you think that I can't do anything to you? After all, it is not your power. How many times you think you can use it?" said the man.

Chi Kongyue said nothing. Instead, she secretly released her spiritual power to control the energy of Jade Swallow Pendant.

Swoosh!

With a flash of white light, Chi Kongyue's figure disappeared without a trace.

In an instant, she appeared beside the middle-aged man with a Saint sword in her hand, charging at him as quick as lightning.

"She is fast." The middle-aged man was slightly shocked.

Chi Kongyue's explosive speed was not slower than any Nine-Step Saint Kings.

Furthermore, Chi Kongyue's sword strike made the middle-aged man feel intimidated.

The reason was that Chi Kongyue had used the power of Time on her sword technique.

The Time around the Saint sword became chaotic.

The middle-aged man did not have enough time to think. Immediately, he released powerful Saint Qi to form layers of defense.

Crack!

Chi Kongyue's Saint Sword pierced through dozens of layers of Saint light, but it was blocked in the end.

Taking this opportunity, the middle-aged man stretched out a hand and pointed at Chi Kongyue.

A dazzling bright Saint light shot out from the middle-aged man's fingertip. It gave off a destructive aura that even the surrounding space seemed to crack.

The fingerstrike was an intermediate Saint technique. When it was executed by a Nine-Step Saint King, its power was very shocking.

At such a close distance, Chi Kongyue did not have enough time to avoid it. She could only mobilize the Precepts of Time she had cultivated to perform her most powerful Sword of Time.

Many Marks of Time appeared and got imprinted in space, causing Time within a radius of several hundred feet to become chaotic,

*Creak.*

The fingerstrike that the middle-aged man had launched was instantly disintegrated. Marks of Time began to revolve, enveloping the middle-aged man.

The middle-aged man let out a muffled groan as his entire body fell from midair.

Dozens of wounds of varying degrees had been inflicted on his body, fresh blood flowing out from them.

More importantly, the middle-aged man felt that he had been greatly weakened. He had actually lost over two hundred years of his lifespan in an instant.

Seeing this, those who were present could not help but gasp. They were truly flabbergasted.



“Hong Kun is a Nine-Step Saint King who has reached the peak of Greater Precept World. He’s just one step away from condensing a Precept Domain. For a cultivator that powerful, how did Chi Kongyue injure him with just one strike?”

“Chi Kongyue performed the same Sword of Time like Zhang Ruochen. Is a Time technique really that terrifying?”

“Impossible. Even if it is a Path of the Ancients, it should not be as heaven-defying as this. Chi Kongyue must have used other techniques that we don’t know. Don’t forget, she is also a deity’s daughter.”

“Chi Kongyue is too terrifying. I hope she won’t vent her anger on us.”

...

All the talented young cultivators whispered. Their emotions were deeply stirred by the outcome, none of them could calm down. They looked at Chi Kongyue in awe.

As for Chi Kongyue, she was also in a daze at this moment. Never had she expected that her Sword of Time would be so powerful. It did not feel like it was from her.

### **Chapter 2153: False Countercharges**

Chi Kongyue was stunned. She looked around as if she was looking for someone.

‘Father, are you here?’ Chi Kongyue guessed in her mind.

Although Sword of Time was a very mysterious and profound sword technique, it was unlikely to be strong enough to defeat Hong Kun with just one strike.

Even though Chi Kongyue knew that Jade Swallow Pendant could be the reason, she hoped that Zhang Ruochen was here to protect her secretly.

Unfortunately, she did not find any trace of Zhang Ruochen after a long search. It made her felt disappointed.

Sensing Chi Kongyue’s gaze, the talented young cultivators became nervous. They were afraid that they would be implicated.

At this moment, Bolan and Yan Yu’s eyes were wide open. They were in disbelief. Even Hong Kun, a Saint King, could not defeat Chi Kongyue.

They had been hoping that Hong Kun would suppress her swiftly so that they could vent their anger. However, never had they seen this coming.

“Let’s go.”

Seeing that the situation had turned against them, Bolan and Yan Yu immediately wanted to retreat.

Hong Kun had removed the restraints on them when he arrived. Furthermore, their injuries were recovering rapidly after consuming the sacred healing pill. Now, the Saint Qi and spiritual power in their bodies could circulate again.

Chi Kongyue roused herself from daze and controlled the power of Jade Swallow Pendant with her spiritual power. She instantly appeared before Bolan and Yan Yu at an incredible speed, pointing her Saint Sword at the two of them.

“You haven’t knelt to apologize. Where do you think you’re going?”

Chi Kongyue emitted a cold murderous intent enveloping Bolan and Yan Yu.

When they sensed her killing intent, they felt a chill in their hearts. They had seen Pallas turned into bloody mist under Chi Kongyue’s sword, and they did not dare to take any chances.

“Don’t think you can do as you please!”

Hong Kun stood up and let out a roar.

He could not back down at a time like this even though he had sustained severe injuries and lost his lifespan. He could not afford to watch Chi Kongyue killing Bolan and Yan Yu.

Furthermore, Hong Kun perceived that there was no way Chi Kongyue was the one who had launched that sword strike and believed that the external energy she used had a limit.

As Hong Kun roared, he took out a miniature palace building made of extremely rare Suet Jade. It was like an exquisite art piece.

Triggered by Saint Qi, the Suet Jade palace expanded rapidly and emitted an incomparably holy light. Tens of thousands of inscriptions interweaved on the surface of the Suet Jade palace and pressed down on Chi Kongyue.

The Suet Jade palace was a Seven-Radiance Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact that had a powerful binding force. Hong Kun had once used it to suppress a Nine-Step Saint King.

As the Suet Jade palace pressed down, the entire Spiritual Lake froze.

Chi Kongyue’s body trembled slightly. She felt as if an ancient divine mountain was coming at her, going to crush her.

Chi Kongyue’s eyes suddenly became ferocious. The harder her opponent tried to suppress her, the stronger her resistance to submit to them.

As if sensing Chi Kongyue’s will, Jade Swallow Pendant unleashed more powerful energy. It was so powerful that even the illusory image of a deity behind her looked more solid. It was as if an ancient deity from a different dimension and time were to descend here.

With that, Chi Kongyue instantly felt much more relaxed. A large amount of Five-element Chaotic Qi circulated in her and overflowed out of her body, condensing into the illusory image of a chaotic realm behind her.

This was the phenomenon caused by Five-element Chaotic Body. Only by cultivating this physique to a certain level could it be condensed.

Legends said when a Five-element Chaotic Body was cultivated to perfection, not only that it would become as strong as a deity's physical body, the illusory realm could turn into an actual realm that could suppress the heavens.

Chi Kongyue believed in Jade Swallow Pendant's mighty defensive power, but she did not want to stay in passive defence mode for long. Be it a Nine-Step Saint King or even a Supreme Saint, she would do her best to fight back.

"Eh?"

Chi Kongyue's heart skipped a beat. She noticed some unusual changes had occurred to the phenomenon she created.

However, she did not have the time to think at such a critical moment because the Suet Jade palace was about to land on her.

The illusory realm of chaos slowly rose to meet the coming Suet Jade palace. The two violently collided.

*CRACK!*

A cracking sound was heard from the Suet Jade palace. The palace was supposed to be very sturdy, yet several noticeable cracks formed on its surface.

"Oh no."

Hong Kun's expression changed. Immediately, he wanted to retrieve the Suet Jade palace.

It was a Seven-Radiance Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact; moreover, it was in the form of a palace building. It was worth more than a hundred million Saint Stones. In fact, Hong Kun had spent a thousand years of savings to obtain it. Hence, he could not afford to watch it get destroyed.

However, Hong Kun was a step slower. The illusory realm of chaos suddenly exploded, releasing an extremely terrifying force.

*KABOOM!*

After being hit by the impact, the Suet Jade palace immediately exploded, turning into fragments that shot out in all directions.

Tens of thousands of streaks of Five-element Chaotic Qi broke through the obstruction and condensed into an illusory image of a five-colored divine dragon. It looked solid and lifelike, pouncing straight at Hong Kun.

"D\*mn it!"

Hong Kun was furious, feeling distressed in bereavement. Never had he expected that a young cultivator would destroy his precious treasure.

Hong Kun did not dare let his guard down in the face of the five-colored divine dragon pouncing at him. He flapped the two pairs of snow-white wings on his back, shooting out feathers like arrows.

Each and every single feather emitted a dazzling Saint light and contained a terrifying destructive power. They were unstoppable.

*BOOM!*

The feathers exploded one by one, and the vast destructive force drowned the five-colored divine dragon.

Just as Hong Kun was about to heave a sigh of relief, the five-colored divine dragon re-emerged with no visible signs of damage.

There was no way Hong Kun could dodge it at such a close distance. He could only mobilize all the Saint Qi in his body and instantly set up dozens of layers of Saint Qi shields outside his body, ready to take it head-on.

*Boom!*

When the five-colored divine dragon hit the dozens of Saint Qi shields Hong Kun had set up, they were torn into pieces like paper.

“Hold it.”

Hong Kun growled. He wrapped himself up with his two pairs of folded snow-white wings.

However, he had underestimated the power of the five-colored divine dragon. The snow-white wings could not withstand it either. They were broken in an instant, and a large number of blood-stained feathers flew out.

Hong Kun was once again severely injured. His body was distorted and mangled, and he was no longer in his human form. He was sent into the Spiritual Lake brutally that not even the array formation could block him.

It was not that the array formation of the Spiritual Lake was not strong enough, but the power of the five-colored divine dragon had already surpassed the impact it could sustain. As a result, the formation was forcefully torn open.

In the blink of an eye, the lake water turned blood-red and began to boil.

Every drop of a Saint King's blood contained a vast amount of energy that an ordinary sacred artifact could not withstand.

If an array formation had not protected the Spiritual Lake, the lake would have already been evaporated.

“How could she be this powerful? Just how did she obtain such power?”

Hong Kun's eyes were filled with disbelief and despair.

The injuries he suffered this time was too severe that even his Saint Soul was damaged. Even if he could survive, there was no hope for his cultivation level to attain the realm of Precept Domain.

Furthermore, his lifespan had been cut off by more than 200 years. In other words, he could only survive for few hundred years.

“That is Five-element Chaotic Body? How terrifying.”

“Chi Kongyue’s strength is truly heaven-defying. She is even more terrifying than Zhang Ruochen was back then.”

“Such a big commotion will surely attract those bigwigs gathering in Syzygy Mansion. When they find out what happened here, I wonder what the leaders of Heavenly Realm will look like?”

...

The talented young cultivators were shocked and wanted to flee immediately.

Even a veteran Nine-Step Saint King like Hong Kun could only get trampled. If Chi Kongyue became bloodthirsty and obsessed with killing, they could get implicated.

At this moment, some talented young cultivators who joined meetings in other areas in the vicinity of the Spiritual Lake rushed over once they were alarmed. Among them, some were even from Heavenly Realm or their allies. Their cultivation base was higher than that of Bolan and his friends. Yet, none of them dared to act rashly.

After all, the strength Chi Kongyue had displayed could even defeat an elite of the Precept Domain realm.

Among these talented young cultivators of different realms, the strongest ones were only Seven-Step Saint Kings. None of them had the confidence to take a hit from Chi Kongyue.

Bolan and Yan Yu’s faces were ashen. If they had known this would happen, they would not have provoked Chi Kongyue no matter what.

When Bolan thought of what he had said in the beginning, he felt ashamed and indignant. He wished he could immediately find a hole to hide.

Chi Kongyue withdrew the Five-element Chaotic Qi that had spread out. At the same time, she grabbed Hong Kun—who was seriously injured and on the verge of death—out of the Spiritual Lake and brought him closer to her.

After this serious injury, Hong Kun had completely lost the ability to resist. His condition was so bad that even a weak martial art practitioner could easily kill him.

Chi Kongyue pointed her sword at Bolan and the other two without concealing her murderous intent at the slightest. “I will say it one last time. Kneel and apologize. You should never humiliate Empress Chi Yao and my father.” Her tone was icy cold.

“Chi Kongyue, don’t go too far. You have already killed Pallas. You want to kill us as well? Are you trying to stir up a dispute between Kunlun and Heavenly Realm?” Bolan said in a deep voice.

He was the son of a deity. He was more honorable than other sons of deities because both his parents were deities. They had been together for tens of thousands of years before he was born as their only child.

If he were to kneel down and apologize, not only would he lose his dignity, it would also be a disgrace to his father and mother. As a result, he would definitely become a laughing stock.

With a wave of her hand, Chi Kongyue released two streams of Saint Qi. They wrapped around Hong Kun and Yan Yu, lifting them into the air.

“Are you sure you do not want to kneel and apologize?”

Chi Kongyue asked again.

“No, I don’t want to die. Bolan, please save me,” Yan Yu said in fear.

“My life is over.” A hint of despair appeared in Hong Kun’s eyes.

Bolan naturally understood what Chi Kongyue wanted to do. This made his heart filled with anger. No one had ever dared to threaten him like this.

But now, even if he hated Chi Kongyue to her core, there was nothing he could do.

“Stop.”

Right at this moment, a loud voice filled with authority came.

A beam of holy light shot out from a palace located in Syzygy Mansion’s deepest part, and an intimidating Saint aura instantly enveloped the entire Syzygy Mansion.

“Hmph!”

Chi Kongyue let out a cold snort as she slashed with her Saint Sword.

*Pow!*

Myriad streaks of Sword Qi burst out, and before Hong Kun and Yan Yu could scream, they turned into Blood Mist. Even their Saint Souls were destroyed.

A senior Nine-Step Saint King and an elven genius with great potential died just like that.

The scorching saint blood instantly dyed the entire Spiritual Lake red. The blood-colored mist rose up and quickly spread to the surroundings.

Anyone present in Syzygy Mansion could smell the dense bloody scent.

“How dare you kill a Saint King from Heavenly Realm?”

With an angry voice, a slender figure bathed in Saint light appeared on the Spiritual Lake.

This person, in a spotless white robe, was eight feet tall, with long blond hair and jade-like eyes. His body contained tens of millions of Precepts. The Precepts of Heaven and earth and Saint Qi all gathered around him.

He was none other than the leader of Heavenly Realm, Zhou Yu.

Previously, Zhou Yu had suffered great loss at Sect of the Blood God. Not only had *The Divine Book of Light* get stolen, but he had also lost his portion of Canon of Truth to Zhang Ruochen. Such outcome had driven Zhou Yu into great bereavement.

However, Zhou Yu had eventually survived from it and returned to Heavenly Realm. He had secluded himself for self-cultivation for a period of time. Only recently did he return to Kunlun.

Zhou Yu was very angry. Chi Kongyue dared to kill Hong Kun and Yan Yu even after he had told her to stop. Apparently, she did not respect him in the slightest. Her action was a provocation to him and Heavenly Realm.

‘Well, well, well. Zhou Yu, after getting the taste of defeat last time, he still managed to improve his cultivation. Although he has yet to reach first-tier below Supreme Sainthood, he is no lesser than that’ said Zhang Ruochen in his mind.

From what he saw, Zhou Yu’s current strength should be on par with that of Azure Dragon and Moyin.

If he returned *The Divine Book of Light* to Zhou Yu, Zhou Yu’s strength would have reached the first-tier below Supreme Sainthood. He could have been an elite no less than Mara in his prime.

However, even so, Zhang Ruochen did not consider Zhou Yu a worthy opponent.

If it were Michael the Archangel, perhaps Zhang Ruochen would show some concern.

Following Zhou Yu, an old man with a white beard appeared on the Spiritual Lake.

Donned in a purple official robe and a jade crown, he looked elegant. He exuded the temperament of a person who had been in a high position for a long time, looking mighty.

The old man was none other than the current ruling officer of Imperial Court, Grand Chamberlain Wang Shiqi.

As the disciple of Emperor Wen, Wang Shiqi had learned the true teachings of Confucianism. His spiritual power was extremely powerful and was close to level 60.

Sensing the terrifying killing intent emitted from Zhou Yu, Wang Shiqi instinctively stood in front of Chi Kongyue.

Chi Kongyue was Empress Chi Yao’s daughter. He could not allow anything to happen to her.

“Wang Shiqi, are you trying to stop me?” Zhou Yu’s face darkened.

Wang Shiqi said, “I think it’s necessary to find out what happened first.”

“Isn’t it clear enough? This brat from Kunlun ignored the rule of heaven and killed three elites from Heavenly Realm in public. Not only does she deserve death, Kunlun also owes us—Heavenly Realm—an explanation,” Zhou Yu said in an intimidating tone.

Obviously, someone had secretly informed Zhou Yu that Pallas—a giant—had also died at the hands of Chi Kongyue.

Zhang Ruochen had repeatedly opposed Heavenly Realm, and they could not do anything about it. But now, even his daughter was this outrageous and insolent. How could he tolerate it?

Chi Kongyue stepped forward and said, "They have committed blasphemy. They deserve to die."

"Kongyue, What happened?" Wang Shiqi immediately asked.

Chi Kongyue told him what had happened.

After hearing Chi Kongyue's story, Wang Shiqi's face darkened. He looked at Zhou Yu and said, "Blasphemy against Her Majesty the Empress is a serious crime. Heavenly Realm is the one who owes us an explanation."

Hearing this, Zhou Yu frowned slightly. It was really troublesome when it came to blasphemy.

"Blasphemers must die" was a rule that all deities had agreed upon. Who would have the nerve to provoke a deity?

"This is just Chi Kongyue's words, which cannot be trusted. Bolan, did you blaspheme Empress Chi Yao?" said Zhou Yu.

Bolan was struck by his question. He immediately replied, "No, I have great respect for Empress Chi Yao. There's no way I would do that."

Chi Kongyue pointed at the dozens of young cultivators in the pavilion and said, "They all heard it with their own ears."

"Is that so? What did you all hear?" Zhou Yu turned around, and an invisible pressure enveloped the dozens of young cultivators.

The pressure sent the dozens of these young cultivators shivers.

At this time, they knew very well that if they said a wrong word, they would face serious consequences.

Offending Heavenly Realm for the sake of a Kunlun that was about to perish was undoubtedly a very unwise choice.

Thinking of this, all the young talented cultivators shook their heads and distanced themselves from the matter.

Seeing the reaction of these people, Chi Kongyue shook her head slightly. Her eyes were filled with disappointment.

On the other hand, there was a smile on Bolan. As long as he insisted that he had never said anything blasphemous about Empress Chi Yao, no one could do anything to him.

Moreover, they could turn the situation against Chi Kongyue and find trouble with her. It was a pleasing outcome.

Zhou Yu turned to look at Chi Kongyue and Wang Shiqi. "Do you have anything else to say?" His tone was flat and indifferent.

**Chapter 2154: I Really Want to Take Your life**



The leaders of the many Macroworlds in Western Universe gathered in the ninth building of Syzygy Mansion. They were all top elites below Supreme Sainthood and were very famous throughout Celestial Court and Infernal Court.

Kunlun was a member of Western Universe. Hence, most foreign cultivators who were here to support Kunlun were from various Macroworlds in Western Universe.

Of course, some Macroworlds of the other three universes also participated in this meeting, for example Wanxu Realm, Celestial Dragon Realm and Qianrui Realm. They were all powerful Macroworlds.

Almost half of the Macroworld leaders had arrived at Syzygy Mansion now. The rest were still coming.

At this moment, the attention of all Macroworld leaders in the mansion were drawn to the situation at the Spiritual Lake.

“Kunlun cultivators are really bold. How dare they provoke Heavenly Realm at such time?”

“That’s not bold. That’s stupid. Chi Kongyue is playing with fire at the worst time. Judging from the feud between Heavenly Realm and Zhang Ruochen, I’m afraid Zhou Yu won’t let her off this time.”

“Chi Kongyue killed three Saint Kings of Heavenly Realm in public. This is a serious crime. Even Empress Chi Yao can’t absolve her.”

“If Chi Kongyue dies in the hands of Zhou Yu, I wonder if Zhang Ruochen will go mad when he finds out?”

..

Many Macroworld leaders opened their mouths and talked casually like spectators watching a show.

Obviously, they were either allies or some forces close to Heavenly Realm. None of them would care about Kunlun being in an unfavorable circumstance.

They figured that Heavenly Realm cultivators were most likely the ones who had started the fight. Nevertheless, Heavenly Realm had an upperhand now, there was nothing Kunlun could do about it.

Most of the Macroworld leaders remained silent and quietly watched how the incident unfolding. At this time, it was not a good time for them to intervene.

Above the Spiritual Lake, the atmosphere was particularly oppressive. Wang Shiqi was grim. Of course, he did not doubt Chi Kongyue’s words. However, the talented young cultivators present were unwilling to testify. Hence, Chi Kongyue could not defend herself.

Zhou Yu stood on surface of the water. “Wang Shiqi, hand over Chi Kongyue. Don’t leave me no choice.” His tone was cold.

Wang Shiqi, who was standing in front of Chi Kongyue, was processing his thought quickly, trying to force a solution from his mind. No matter what, he could not hand Chi Kongyue over.

He felt responsible for Chi Kunlun’s disappearance in the Battlefield of Merits. Until now, the whereabouts of the Empress’ son were still unknown. If something happened to Chi Kongyue, he could not bring himself to face Empress Chi Yao.

Chi Kongyue felt immense pressure from Zhou Yu's intimidating and powerful Saint aura. However, there was no fear in her eyes. She held her Saint Sword tightly and pressed it against Bolan's forehead.

Even if she could not defeat Heavenly Realm this time, she would not compromise. She would certainly drag the culprit—Bolan—along with her if death awaited her.

Chi Kongyue was deeply disappointed with the young cultivators from the dozens of Macroworlds. None of them had the courage to come forward and speak the truth. How could these bunch of cowards become Supreme Saints in the future?

"Chi Kongyue, still want to act tough at this time. Don't you think you are disrespectful?"

Zhou Yu shouted and released a powerful aura targetting Chi Kongyue.

He would kill Chi Kongyue mercilessly if she dared to make any moves.

Bolan's identity was very special that Zhou Yu had to do everything he could to protect him.

Chi Kongyue straightened her posture and looked straight at Zhou Yu. With no slightest fear in her voice, she said, "I know you want me dead simply because you and Heavenly Realm have suffered great losses at my father's hands. Unfortunately, there is nothing you can do about that."

"Zhou Yu, not everyone is afraid of Heavenly Realm. I may not be as powerful as my father, but I won't endure your persecution."

Hearing this, Zhou Yu raised his eyebrows, exuding a more intimidating murderous intent.

To Zhou Yu, his defeat to Zhang Ruochen in Sect of the Blood God was the greatest humiliation in his life. Yet, Chi Kongyue dared to rub his nose in it. Despite having calm temperament, he was deeply offended.

"Zhang Ruochen surely has a good daughter," Zhou Yu said in a deep voice.

Wang Shiqi's expression changed slightly. He had a premonition that something bad was going to happen. He immediately released his powerful spiritual power and mobilized energy of heaven and earth to protect Chi Kongyue.

At the same time, an ancient calligraphy brush emerged between Wang Shiqi's eyebrows and flew to his hand.

As soon as the brush appeared, a vast aura spread out. It felt as if it was from an eternal scholarly civilization carrying generations of cultural heritage.

This brush bore a great significance in Path of Confucianism. It was called Everlasting Brush. Legend had it the four Confucius forefathers had wrote Sacred Confucian Tome using it.

Since myriad of years, generations of Masters of Confucianism had used Everlasting Brush to write countless poems and literary piece. The true essence of Path of Confucianism had long been imprinted in it.

One had to admit that the legacy of Path of Confucianism was greatly profound. Any artifacts passed down from it could be deemed a highly valuable treasure in the eye of a weak Macroworld.

“Hmph.”

Zhou Yu snorted loudly and extended a hand. A large number of Precepts of Light appeared.

In an instant, a ball of Saint light gathered in Zhou Yu’s hand. It was as dazzling as a divine sun, rising slowly and emitting boundless radiance that would dispel all the darkness from the world.

At this moment, it was as though Zhou Yu had become the embodiment of Light holding the world’s power of Light. As if wherever he went, light would descend.

Based on Zhou Yu’s ways of doing things, he would not allow himself to be intimidated by others for long. He wanted to suppress Chi Kongyue and Wang Shiqi with great force and rescue Bolan at the same time.

Wang Shiqi’s eyes became solemn. With no hesitation, he immediately waved Everlasting Brush, condensing the energy of Confucianism, and wrote some immaculate characters in the air.

These were ancient fonts created at the birth of a civilization. They bore the wisdom of countless ancestors, unleashing unfadable radiance and amazing power to meet the Saint Technique of Light cast by Zhou Yu.

Seeing that Zhou Yu had made a move, Chi Kongyue immediately unleashed the illusory realm of Chaos with her Five-element Chaotic Body.

Then, Chi Kongyue entered a wondrous state of becoming one with her sword. She mobilized the nearly 10,000 Precepts of Time that she had cultivated to capture Marks of Time of heaven and earth. She moved quietly and executed Sword of Time with her might.

So what if she was facing a leader from Heavenly Realm. She would still have the bravery to wield her sword and fight. No one could make her give up resisting.

“Wang Shiqi is not only the ruling officer of Imperial Court. He is also a prominent cultivator of Path of Confucianism. If Zhou Yu defeats him this time, it will be a big blow to Kunlun.”

“He is overestimating himself. There is no one to blame for this. Kunlun is full of arrogant cultivator. They are not strong, but they like to act tough. They are asking for trouble.”

“It’s time to teach Kunlun a lesson, make them see the reality. Their glory hundred thousand years ago has long gone. If they don’t know their place, their world will be destroyed faster.

..

Seeing Zhou Yu make a move, some of the Macroworld leaders gloated.

In their opinion, he should teach Kunlun a lesson so that it would be more convenient for them to loot more benefits.

There were also some Macroworld leaders who couldn’t bear it and wanted to make a move. They were all from relatively weaker Macroworlds. Seeing what Kunlun experiencing, they could not help but empathize and resonate with Kunlun cultivators.

At some point in the future, there was no guarantee that their Macroworld would not suffer the same fate that Kunlun was going through one day.

However, just as they wanted to move, they were pulled back by the others around them. "Don't act rashly. In this situation, even if we take action, we won't be able to help. On the contrary, it will bring trouble to our Macroworlds."

Hearing this, they had to hold their anger. Not only did they come as individuals, they represented their Macroworlds. At any time, they could not afford to act impulsively.

"Something happened."

Suddenly, the Macroworld leaders in the mansion all revealed astonished expressions.

The reason was that the Saint Technique of Light that Zhou Yu had executed had been broken, and the power of Time had cut Light off.

Zhou Yu's expression kept changing. There had been a Mark of Time that had infiltrated his body and shortened nearly a hundred years of his lifespan. As a result, he was greatly weakened.

A master of Time who was only a Four-Step Saint King could break the Saint Technique of Light he performed and shorten his lifespan. This was totally unexpected.

'There's no way Chi Kongyue's Sword of Time to be such powerful with her current cultivation base. Could it be... Zhang Ruochen is here?' Zhou Yu guessed.

He had been wondering how Saint King Hongkun got defeated by Chi Kongyue. Now it seemed that something very strange was going on with Chi Kongyue. It was very likely that Zhang Ruochen had secretly attacked him.

However, Zhou Yu failed to find any trace of Zhang Ruochen.

As he could not locate him, the more uneasy Zhou Yu became.

Zhang Ruochen could easily break his advanced Saint technique and shorten his lifespan by 100 years using Chi Kongyue's attack while hiding in the plain sight.

'Does this mean he has the ability to kill me without me knowing?'

"Let me say something fair."

At this moment, a clear voice suddenly sounded.

As the voice trailed off, the fog on the Spiritual Lake dispersed, revealing a jade table. A man and a woman sat opposite each other.

In an instant, everyone's gaze turned towards these two people.

That man looked very young. He was wearing a Taoist robe with a complicated eight trigrams pattern on it. He held a horsetail whisk in his hand. He was the one who had spoken just now.

Sitting opposite the young man was a beautiful woman dressed in Buddhist robes. She held a jade clear bottle in her hand. Her body was emitting a faint Buddhist light. Every inch of her skin was sacred and flawless. She was like a Bodhisattva walking in the mortal world.

“Zheng Yuan, Ci Hang.”

Seeing these two people, Zhou Yu could not help but frown slightly.

His attention was all on Chi Kongyue, and he really did not notice the existence of Zheng Yuan and Ci Hang.

Moreover, the leaders of various Macroworlds had gathered at the ninth building of Syzygy Mansion, and Zheng Yuan and Ci Hang were staying at the place where the talented young cultivators conversed. It was really out of his expectations.

Zheng Yuan stood up and took a step forward. The next moment, he appeared beside Chi Kongyue, smiling.

“Hi Uncle Zheng Yuan.” Chi Kongyue greeted him with a bow obediently.

She had long heard that Zhang Ruochen and Zheng Yuan had a close relationship. Now that Zheng Yuan had stood up for her, she should behave politely.

Zheng Yuan nodded slightly and said, “My junior, Ruochen’s daughter is indeed extraordinary.”

“Zheng Yuan, this matter has nothing to do with you. You’d better not get involved,” Zhou Yu said.

Zheng Yuan turned to look at Zhou Yu and said indifferently, “I’m not planning to take sides. I just want to say a right thing. This matter is indeed the fault of Bolan. The evidence is here.”

As he spoke, Zheng Yuan took out a scroll and unfolded it in front of everyone.

Moving pictures appeared on the scroll. Voice was heard. The scroll had recorded everything that had happened in the pavilion earlier.

When Bolan heard his blasphemous words with his own ears, his face instantly turned pale. He had never thought that this matter would be preserved with evidence.

Moreover, that person was the first-class young genius of Taoism, Zheng Yuan.

In the pavilion, the dozens of geniuses who were lying were also stunned. They felt their cheeks burning and wanted to find a hole to hide in.

Wang Shiqi secretly heaved a sigh of relief. Now that there was evidence and the leader of the Taoist Holy Land, the Five Elements Temple, had appeared, he believed that no matter how tyrannical Zhou Yu was, it would not dare to act recklessly.

“Zhou Yu, what else do you have to say now?” Wang Shiqi asked in return.

Hearing this, Zhou Yu’s face could not help but darken. He had personally stepped forward and did not hesitate to bully the weak. He had even lost nearly a hundred years of his life, yet in the end, he had received such an outcome. He felt that this matter seemed to have been premeditated.

However, he could not flare up now. If he were to blow the matter up, it would only be disadvantageous to their paradise realm.

He calmed himself down and Zhou Yu said calmly, "Now that the matter has been clarified, there's no need to continue to be entangled. Chi Kongyue, let Bolan go. Everything ends here. Don't affect the plan to fight against Infernal Court."

At this point, even if he was unwilling, he had to compromise. After all, if he continued to make trouble, Bolan would only die.

With the evidence of blasphemy, even if Chi Kongyue killed Bolan, no one would be able to pursue the matter.

"Bolan blasphemed and deserves to be punished. Your universe, on the other hand, is indiscriminately attacking me and Tai Zai for no reason. It is also against the Precepts of heaven and deserves to be punished severely," Chi Kongyue said seriously.

Hearing this, Zhou Yu's face could not help but sink. He had already chosen to compromise and not pursue the matter of Chi Kongyue killing the three Saint Kings of Heavenly Realm, yet Chi Kongyue still dared to pester him. He was really going too far.

Forcefully suppressing the anger in his heart, Zhou Yu asked, "Chi Kongyue, what exactly do you want?"

"I still say the same thing. Bolan must kneel and apologize," Chi Kongyue said.

Everything could be discussed, but when it came to the dignity of her parents, there was no room for discussion.

As he spoke, Chi Kongyue had already withdrawn Five-element Chaotic Body's abnormal phenomenon, and her gaze was fixed on Bolan.

Bolan sat weakly on the surface of the lake. After many twists and turns, he finally returned to his original position.

Ever since he was born, no matter what he did, he had always been successful. He had never suffered such a huge setback.

He was the son of two gods. How could he kneel and apologize in front of everyone? How would he face others in the future? Where would the dignity of father and mother be?

But if he didn't do this, there would only be death. How many people weren't afraid of death?

"A setback is nothing. As long as you're alive, you'll get back everything you've lost sooner or later." The Voice of Zhou Yu entered Bolan's ears.

He was experienced in this aspect. Zhang Ruochen might be strong now, but it was hard to say what would happen in the future. He might become a god, but Zhang Ruochen was struggling in the great saint realm.

A temporary victory or defeat didn't mean anything. It depended on who would have the last laugh.

"Let me help you."

Zhou Yu's voice sounded again.

Before Bolan could react, two light blades suddenly appeared and cut off his legs.

Without his legs, he didn't have to kneel anymore.

Bolan wasn't stupid. He immediately understood Zhou Yu's meaning. Enduring the pain, he said in a trembling voice, "I was too ignorant and desecrated empress Chi Yao. I apologize. I hope Empress Chi Yao will forgive me."

"Chi Kongyue, are you satisfied?" Zhou Yu asked.

"You..."

Chi Kongyue wanted to say something else, but Zheng Yuan shook her head at her,

to be able to force the divine son of heaven to this point in front of so many people was already close to touching the bottom line of heaven. Zheng Yuan was very clear that continuing to target Chi Kongyue and Kunlun would not benefit them.

After all, Heavenly Realm was the ruler of Western Universe.

The next moment, Zheng Yuan waved his hand and released a streak of Saint Qi. He rolled up Bolan and sent him to the side of Zhou Yu along with the Projection Scroll.

Zhou Yu reached out and pinched it. The mirror image scroll turned into ashes and wanted to take Bolan away.

"Cut off one of your arms!"

At this moment, a voice rang in the ears of Zhou Yu. It made his heart tremble.

He was very familiar with this voice. It was like a nightmare. It was Zhang Ruochen, whom he hated and feared the most.

Just as he had guessed, Zhang Ruochen was indeed in Syzygy Mansion. What he feared came true.

From this, it could be confirmed that Chi Kongyue's terrifying strength had something to do with Zhang Ruochen.

"You actually made me cut off one of my arms. Zhang Ruochen, you've gone too far." Zhou Yu was furious.

However, he didn't dare to let it out. The current Zhang Ruochen was stronger than he'd imagined. Even Yan Wushen had been defeated by him. He was truly invincible under the great saint.

Based on his understanding of Zhang Ruochen, if he didn't do it, the consequences would be even worse. His strength might be comparable to the first level below the great saint, but if he faced Zhang Ruochen, he might be killed without anyone knowing.

However, he was the leader of Heavenly Realm. How would people view him if he cut off his arm in public? What dignity would he have in the future?

For a moment, Zhou Yu was extremely conflicted and did not know what to do.

All of a sudden, Zhou Yu's heart trembled. He faintly felt a terrifying qi dynamic lock onto him. Space from all directions pressed down on him, making it difficult for him to breathe.

"Zhang Ruochen... you're ruthless..."

Zhou Yu raised his right hand with difficulty. He used his hand as a knife and gritted his teeth. He was extremely unwilling. An indescribable sense of humiliation rose in his heart.

Zhang Ruochen's voice came again. "What are you waiting for? Do you want me to do it myself? I really want to kill you!"

Thwack!

Zhou Yu chopped down on his left arm.

His arm fell off and holy blood splashed out.

Zhang Ruochen was too terrifying. In order to survive, he had to compromise in humiliation. Who knew that this damn guy had come to Central Imperial City?

"My God! What's going on? Why did Zhou Yu chop off one of his arms?"

"Zhou Yu chopped off Bolan's legs first and then one of his arms. Is he crazy?"

"What's going on? What is Zhou Yu trying to do?"

..

For a moment, everyone was dumbfounded. They didn't understand the situation at all.

Even Chi Kongyue showed a puzzled expression. She did not know what Zhou Yu was up to. The cultivators of Heavenly Realm went crazy. They even killed their own people. No, they had even inflicted themselves.

### **Chapter 2155: Doting**

Zhou Yu felt extremely humiliated and indignant when he chopped off his own arm in public.

It was even more humiliating than when he lost to Sect of the Blood God previously.

But Zhou Yu couldn't do anything about it. Zhang Ruochen was famous for being ruthless to his enemies. How many top cultivators of the Heavenly Realm had died at his hands?

It was a pity that Zhou Yu was the leader of the Heavenly Realm, the son of a deity, and the object of the Fane of Light's nurturing. His status was extremely noble. But now, he had lost all his face.

Over the years, no leader of the Heavenly Realm had been more sullen than Zhou Yu.

"I'll let you off this time, but you shouldn't do it again. Mark my words." Zhang Ruochen's voice rang in Zhou Yu's ears again.

Although Zhou Yu was indignant, it felt as if he had been granted amnesty.



He exhaled lightly. Without any hesitation, he immediately took Bolan with him and turned into a streak of light, leaving Syzygy Mansion.

This time, the Heavenly Realm had lost all its face. Naturally, Zhou Yu couldn't stay any longer to avoid being a laughing stock.

Moreover, with Zhang Ruochen in the shadows, the Heavenly Realm wouldn't be able to gain any advantage in this meeting. Instead, it would be restricted everywhere.

"What's going on? Did someone secretly threaten Zhou Yu to do this?"

"With the strength and status of Zhou Yu, who can threaten him like this?"

"Indeed, ordinary people can't threaten Zhou Yu, but there is one person who can. That person can even threaten everyone at present."

"Are you talking about... Zhang Ruochen?" Someone exclaimed.

At the mention of "Zhang Ruochen", many leaders of the great world in the Syzygy Mansion could not help but change their expressions.

No one was a fool.

Only Zhang Ruochen could quietly make Chi Kongyue's Five-element Chaotic Body shine and multiply the power of the Sword of Time.

On second thought, Zhang Ruochen had a special intention to threaten Zhou Yu and cut off his own arm in public.

He was clearly warning everyone to think about the consequences before doing anything.

Thinking of this, countless cultivators couldn't help but gasp. "It seems that Zhang Ruochen, who is invincible below the Supreme Saint, has quietly arrived at the Central Imperial City."

"We must immediately inform the cultivators of our realm to keep a low profile in the imperial city. Don't be like Zhou Yu and run into danger." Some leaders of the great world thought so.

The atmosphere in the Ninth Mansion became much more depressing. Many cultivators felt suffocated by Zhang Ruochen.

With Zhang Ruochen's unscrupulous style, not many people could be unafraid. No matter how prominent one's background was. Zhou Yu was the best example.

*Whoosh*

A layer of fog appeared on the Spiritual Lake.

The fog was like smoke and clouds. It quickly swallowed Chi Kongyue, Zheng Yuan, Fairy Cihang, and Wang Shiqi, making them disappear between the red walls and green tiles.

The fog could isolate all senses. The four seemed to have disappeared into thin air.

Zheng Yuan, Fairy Cihang, and Wang Shiqi were all first-class cultivators. They had already sensed something, and they looked at each other. Then, they sat down at a stone table, as if waiting for something.

Chi Kongyue and the others saw a tall figure slowly walked out of the fog. He stepped on the lake, creating small ripples.

It was none other than Zhang Ruochen, who had put away the Thirty-six Transmogrification and returned to his original form.

Chi Kongyue stared at the figure. He held his breath, bit his lower lip and his eyes turned slightly red.

Slowly, Zhang Ruochen walked in front of Chi Kongyue and stared at her tall figure. His eyes were full of deep emotions.

With a flip of his hand, Zhang Ruochen took out a transparent jade box and handed it to Chi Kongyue. His face was so terrifying that even the cultivators of the Infernal Court and the Celestial Court would be scared to see it, a gentle smile appeared on his face. "Kongyue, I don't know what gift to give you... hehe... are you thirsty? I don't know if this fruit is sweet or not. Why Don't you try it?"

Zhang Ruochen really didn't know how to be a father, so he didn't know what to do when he saw Chi Kongyue.

In the jade box, there was a fist-sized fruit. It gave off a faint sparkling light and was soaked in a clear liquid.

"Is that the legendary... Supreme Saint fruit?"

Wang Shiqi's eyes suddenly widened.

As a Saint Master of the Path of Confucianism, Wang Shiqi was very knowledgeable. He recognized at a glance that the fruit Zhang Ruochen took out was the extremely precious Supreme Saint fruit. It had an amazingly miraculous effect.

Zhang Ruochen had taken such a precious treasure to quench Chi Kongyue's thirst.' Wang Shiqi had never seen anything crazier than this.

This was the Supreme Saint fruit. According to legend, as long as one refined one, it was not entirely possible to cultivate to the Supreme Saint realm, but it was not too far off.

Wang Shiqi's talent wasn't inferior to anyone, but he lacked the heart of a Supreme Saint, which prevented him from breaking through to the Supreme Saint realm.

The Supreme Saint fruit had a strange function. It could make up for the lack of the heart of a Supreme Saint and pave the way to become a Supreme Saint.

Therefore, Wang Shiqi's eyes were filled with desire.

Zheng Yuan and Fairy Cihang were also surprised. They didn't expect Zhang Ruochen to have such a rare treasure.

Chi Kongyue didn't take the Jade Box. Instead, she threw herself into Zhang Ruochen's arms. Tears flowed uncontrollably as if she wanted to vent all the grievances she had suffered.

"Father, I miss you so much. Why haven't you come to see me? Didn't you promise to take me to Mount Kongyue when we return to Kunlun Realm, and take me to see the myriad of light, mountains and vast rivers..."

Chi Kongyue kept sobbing. Bean-sized tears kept falling to the ground and her delicate body was twitching slightly.

Hearing Chi Kongyue's sobbing, Zhang Ruochen's heart was filled with guilt. He was really a bad father. He hadn't done anything for her as a father.

Zhang Ruochen's heart was trembling. Even though he tried hard to keep a straight back and be as determined as a mountain, his eyes were still red. There were tears in his eyes. He couldn't help but raise his hands and hug Chi Kongyue tightly.

"It's all my fault, Kongyue. I will definitely keep my promises to you."

Zhang Ruochen reached out to stroke Chi Kongyue's head and comforted her softly.

Chi Kongyue was still very emotional. "Father, I'm so afraid. I'm afraid that I won't be able to see you again. Please don't leave me in the future, Okay?"

"Don't be afraid. I will always be by your side. No one can bully you." Zhang Ruochen's voice trembled slightly. It was an indescribable feeling.

Seeing Chi Kongyue crying, his heart was about to break!

In the end, Chi Kongyue was still a child. She shouldn't have to bear so many worries.

No matter what, he would never let Chi Kongyue suffer any more grievances, even if he was a god.

Wang Shiqi stood aside and looked at Zhang Ruochen with a complicated expression.

He had once regarded Zhang Ruochen as a traitor. He had advised Empress Chi Yao more than once and urged her to kill Zhang Ruochen to avoid future trouble.

But he didn't expect that Zhang Ruochen would be needed to support Kunlun Realm today. The Path of Confucianism owed Zhang Ruochen a huge favor.

Without Zhang Ruochen, the situation in Kunlun Realm would be even more difficult. At least, the other realms would plunder without any scruples. No one could stop them.

In the battle of the Sword Vault, Zhang Ruochen had guarded the Nether Dungeon and didn't let the Immortal Vampires release Lord Ming.

In the battle of the Xianji Mountain in the North region, Zhang Ruochen had destroyed the Deathkin's conspiracy. He had prevented them from absorbing the North region's power of resuscitation. He had also sealed the world passage, making it even harder for the Deathkin to enter Kunlun Realm.

In the battle of True Dragon Island, Zhang Ruochen had not only protected the key to the World Gate. However, he had also greatly reduced the morale of the Infernal Court.

Almost everything Zhang Ruochen did after he returned to Kunlun Realm had a huge impact on it and changed the direction of the overall situation again and again.

Was I too narrow-minded?' Wang Shiqi asked himself.

After a long time, Chi Kongyue gradually calmed down and left Zhang Ruochen's embrace.

Zhang Ruochen reached out and gently touched Chi Kongyue's head. He stuffed the jade box containing the Supreme Saint Fruit into Chi Kongyue's hands.

After adjusting his emotions, Zhang Ruochen walked over to Zheng Yuan and Fairy Cihang. He smiled and said, "Senior brother Zheng Yuan, senior sister Cihang, long time no see."

Although his current strength had surpassed Zheng Yuan and Fairy Cihang, he was not arrogant at all. He seemed very easy-going.

"Junior Zhang, your growth speed really surprises me. It has only been a short time since we parted at the Xianji Mountain, but your strength has already reached the invincible level below the Supreme Saint. Even Yan Wushen was no match for you. Only your deterrent power can force Zhou Yu to cut off one of its arms." Zheng Yuan sighed.

Zheng Yuan had been paying attention to Zhang Ruochen ever since he set foot in the Celestial Domain of Truth. It could be said that he had watched Zhang Ruochen grow up step by step.

With Zhang Ruochen's current strength, he was undoubtedly able to gain the approval of the Taoists.

Chi Kongyue walked forward. Although her eyes were still red, she still bowed very obediently and said, "Thank you, Uncle Zheng Yuan, for coming to my rescue."

Zheng Yuan waved his hand and said, "It's just a small matter. There's no need to be so polite. Even if I didn't come, Junior Zhang would definitely have a solution."

"Speaking of which, Junior Cihang and I came to the Spiritual Lake because we accidentally found Junior Zhang. We just happened to encounter these things."

If they hadn't found Zhang Ruochen, with Zheng Yuan and Fairy Cihang's status, why would they stay in the place where the juniors talked?

At this time, Zhang Ruochen looked at Fairy Cihang and said seriously, "Senior Cihang, can you tell me which emperor became an awakened buddha in the west?"

In the beginning, Zhang Ruochen had decided that since he had the Eight-Dragon Umbrella, the emperor must be Emperor Ming.

But after thinking carefully, he had other thoughts.

800 years ago, there were nine emperors in the human race of Kunlun Realm. Although the Bodhi Emperor and the Demon Emperor were dead, there were still seven more. Except for Emperor Wen, the

other six emperors had all disappeared without a trace. Therefore, the one who had become an awakened buddha in the west might not be Emperor Ming.

But since the enemy had the Eight-Dragon Umbrella, he must have had a deep relationship with Emperor Ming. Through him, Zhang Ruochen might be able to find clues about Emperor Ming.

Therefore, no matter what, Zhang Ruochen wanted to find out the identity of that emperor.

Unexpectedly, Fairy Cihang shook her head and said, "Even in the Western Buddha Realm, not many people know about the identity of that emperor. Forgive me for not being able to tell you."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen's heart skipped a beat. He did not expect the identity of that emperor to be so mysterious. 'Was he worried about something?' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Emperor Ming, Emperor Wu, Emperor Dao, Sword Emperor, Emperor Wen, and Emperor Qing had all disappeared since the unification of the Kunlun Realm. No one knew where they had gone. Emperor Wen had only reappeared in recent years.

There were also the three empresses of the past, Blood Empress, Soul Empress, and Phantom Empress. Blood Empress was said to have been killed, but she was still alive in the second gradient of the Endless Abyss. On the other hand, Soul Empress and Phantom Empress were missing.

Thinking about it carefully, all of this was too strange. Where did the six emperors and the two empresses go? Were they secretly plotting something?

Zhang Ruochen thought about it and couldn't find an answer. Perhaps only when he met the emperor who had become an awakened buddha in the west could he solve part of the mystery.

After chatting with Zheng Yuan and Fairy Cihang about the army of the Infernal Court, Zhang Ruochen left Syzygy Mansion with Chi Kongyue. He didn't want to go to the open for the time being.

Chi Kongyue held Zhang Ruochen's arm tightly. With a pure and bright smile on her face, she let go of all her depression and worries.

"Father, is the empress really my mother?"

Although she already had the answer in her heart, Chi Kongyue still wanted Zhang Ruochen to tell her personally.

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but stop. His calm mind fluctuated greatly.

Empress Chi Yao's deception was a difficult hurdle for Zhang Ruochen to overcome.

But now, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't hide it anymore. Chi Kongyue had the right to know.

After a moment of silence, Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, "Yes."

Hearing this, Chi Kongyue couldn't help but fall into silence. Ever since she knew that Zhang Ruochen was her biological father, she had secretly investigated many things. She knew about the grudges between Zhang Ruochen and Empress Chi Yao, but this didn't solve her doubts, instead, it made her more confused.

What puzzled Chi Kongyue the most was the meaning of her and Chi Kunlun's existence? If Empress Chi Yao was so heartless to Zhang Ruochen, why did she give birth to them?

Chi Kongyue believed that Zhang Ruochen was genuinely good to her. However, Empress Chi Yao's love was also true.

Now, Chi Kongyue's greatest wish was to have a family reunion and enjoy the love of a father and a mother at the same time.

However, Chi Kongyue also understood that this was just her extravagant wish. The conflict between Zhang Ruochen and Empress Chi Yao was a knot that no one could untie. Could she untie this knot?

"Father, do you know where my brother is?" Chi Kongyue asked.

Chi Kongyue was more concerned about Chi Kunlun's safety than anything else.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Well, don't worry. Your brother will be fine. I will reunite you both soon."

One of the reasons why he came to the Central Imperial City was to save Chi Kunlun from Yan Wushen.

If I couldn't even protect the people I cared about, how could I protect Kunlun Realm?' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Chi Kongyue was very happy for the next three days. With Zhang Ruochen by her side, he chats with her, he cultivates sword techniques with her, she had almost forgotten all her troubles.

Although it was not a long time, Chi Kongyue was very satisfied.

Zhang Ruochen stood under a green willow tree and looked at Chi Kongyue who was playing in the stream with a smile. His eyes were full of happiness.

The three days he spent with Chi Kongyue was the most relaxed and happy days he had had in many years.

If only time could stop at this moment,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

If Zhang Ruochen had a choice, he did not want to be the strongest cultivator below the Supreme Saint, let alone the fighting and killings. He just wanted to be an ordinary person, so that he could give more company to his family and friends.

*Whoosh*

A slight sound pulled Zhang Ruochen back to reality.

A fat rabbit and a tall and mighty Demon Ape rushed out of the forest.

They were Guoguo the Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit and Demon Ape.

"Master Chen, we're here. Your wish is my command," Guoguo ran to Zhang Ruochen's side and said politely.

Zhang Ruochen reached out and grabbed the soft fur on Guoguo's neck. Guoguo's body immediately shrank and was lifted up gently. A smile appeared on its lips.

“Kongyue, Come here. I have a gift for you,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Chi Kongyue did not hesitate. He immediately ran back to the shore and looked at Zhang Ruochen with anticipation.

Zhang Ruochen handed over the furry Guoguo and said, “I’ll bestow them to you. Let them talk and play with you.”

Hearing this, Guoguo opened its eyes wide and struggled to say, “What? Master Chen, you specifically summoned me and Demon Ape just to give us to a little girl as pets?”

“So? Do you have a problem with that? You two keep Kongyue company from now on. If she’s unhappy, I’ll hold you two responsible,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Guoguo shrunk its neck and quickly said, “Of course not. I’m just asking. I’ll be a good pet for Princess Kongyue in the future. It’s my honor.”

When it received Zhang Ruochen’s message, it thought that something good was going to happen. Guoguo had rushed over, but it did not expect such a result. It felt like crying.

Chi Kongyue took over Guoguo and gently stroked it. She said with a smile, “What a cute rabbit. It’s chubby. I like it very much. Thank you, Father.”

“I’m glad that you like it.” Zhang Ruochen showed a doting smile.

Guoguo and the Demon Ape were summoned especially from Royal Mountain because Zhang Ruochen hoped they could accompany and protect Chi Kongyue.

After all, he still had many things to do. He could not stay by Chi Kongyue’s side all the time.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen wanted to keep Chi Kongyue in the Qiankun Realm. It was the safest way, but Chi Kongyue was unwilling to. She did not want to stay out of the crisis in Central Imperial City.

Zhang Ruochen had no choice but to make this arrangement.

Guoguo and the Demon Ape were both in the Precept Domain realm. They were very powerful. With them by Chi Kongyue’s side, Zhang Ruochen could feel at ease.

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## **Chapter 2156: I Come from the Heavenly Realm**

Hundreds of feet away from the Ziwei Palace, the Space rippled like a water surface. Two figures walked out slowly. They were Zhang Ruochen and Chi Kongyue.

Guoguo and Demon Ape were both on Chi Kongyue’s body, but the treatment given was different. Guoguo was being held in a comfortable position, while Demon Ape shrank into the size of a fist and sat on Chi Kongyue’s shoulder.

“Father, it’s the Nine-heavens Maiden,” said Chi Kongyue.

Zhang Ruochen looked towards the palace gate. He couldn’t help but frown slightly.

At this moment, two figures walked out of the palace gate. One was a man and the other was a woman. Both of them exuded outstanding dispositions that were out of this world.

The woman was, of course, the Nine-heavens Maiden. As for that man, he was no stranger to Zhang Ruochen. He had seen him before. It was Akash.

After a few days, he saw Akash with the Nine-heavens Maiden outside the Ziwei Palace. It was not just a coincidence, but God's will.

Chi Kongyue frowned and said, "It's Akash again. He seems to be pestering the Nine-heavens Maiden a lot recently."

Obviously, what Zhang Ruochen had seen before was not an accident. It was not the first time Akash had met with the Nine-heavens Maiden.

Without a doubt, Akash was very solicitous in getting on the Nine-heavens Maiden's good side.

Guoguo looked up and snorted. "Where did this gigolo come from? How dare he pester the Nine-heavens Maiden? Doesn't he know that she belongs to Lord Chen?"

"What are you talking about?" Zhang Ruochen stared at Guoguo.

Guoguo's neck shrank, and he quickly corrected his words. "Friend, just a friend. Princess Kongyue, who is this gigolo? How can the Nine-heavens Maiden be so polite to him?"

"Akash comes from Megrez. He is the descendant of the legendary Navagraha. He is also very powerful. I heard that he has practiced both the energies of the Sun and the Moon simultaneously, and has already reached an extremely high level," explained Chi Kongyue.

Navagraha had cultivated nine energies to the extreme all at the same time. Naturally, most of his people also chose to cultivate the same nine energies.

However, Navagraha's talent was naturally gifted. It could not be replicated. It was very rare for any of his descendants to cultivate one energy to the extreme successfully.

Out of all the nine energies, the Moon, the Sun, Ketu, and Rāhu were extremely mystical. They were not just any trivial matter but extremely difficult to cultivate.

Akash who was able to cultivate both the power of the Moon and the Sun, his talent was undoubtedly high. Only a few people could be compared to him. So he was fully deserving to be called a genius.

"Who cares about the descendants of Navagraha? No one can pester the Nine-heavens Maiden. Lord Chen, I must teach him a lesson and make him leave," said Guoguo excitedly.

Demon Ape curled its lips and said, "Since you've said it, if you have the ability, go beat him up."

"Shut up, you big fool." Guoguo glared at him.

Zhang Ruochen didn't pay attention to Guoguo at all. After pausing for a moment, he walked forward.



“Miss Nalan, the situation in the imperial city is becoming more and more dangerous. You should decide as soon as possible. Don’t... Eh?” Akash was trying his best to persuade the Nine-heavens Maiden when he suddenly sensed something.

He couldn’t help but turn his head and look straight ahead. Suddenly, two figures appeared in front of him. They were getting closer and closer.

After taking a good look at who they were, Akash’s pupils contracted. His emotions were no longer calm.

‘Zhang Ruochen really came to the Central Imperial City. How did I get to meet him now?’ thought Akash.

What had happened in Syzygy Mansion three days ago had already spread far and wide. The issue had stormed the whole city and shocked many. As a result, the cultivators of the macroworlds had acted a lot more low-key.

It was unimaginable that one person could shock thousands of macroworlds.

With Akash’s background and strength, he was able to remain calm no matter who he met.

However, at this moment, he felt a little nervous. He wanted to leave this place immediately. He didn’t want to face Zhang Ruochen at all.

Ever since Zhang Ruochen came to the Central Imperial City, his whereabouts had been a mystery. He did not even show up when Syzygy Mansion was punishing Zhou Yu. But now he was swaggering in front of him, Akash couldn’t help but feel uneasy.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was getting closer and closer, Akash calmed himself down immediately. He smiled and cupped his hands, “Brother Zhang, I’ve heard so much about you. Now that I can finally meet you in person, it’s really a blessing. This trip is worth it all.”

“Who are you?” asked Zhang Ruochen coldly.

Hearing this question, Akash was stunned. He was the leader of Megrez and he is famous in both Celestial Court and Infernal Court. This was the very first time someone said they did not know him.

Akash replied, “I am Akash. I come from Megrez. My ancestor is Navagraha.”

As he spoke, Akash showed a strong sense of pride. He held a natural sense of superiority.

After all, Megrez was one of the top five powerful realms in the Western Universe. It had a deep foundation, and Navagraha was once invincible. Even in the present day, he still had a reputation in all the realms. How could Akash not be proud?

“Megrez. Navagraha. it is indeed an extraordinary background,” Zhang Ruochen said indifferently.

A displeasing look flashed across Akash’s eyes. No matter how he listened to Zhang Ruochen’s words, he felt that there was something strange.

After controlling his emotions, Akash smiled again and said, “Brother Zhang, it’s a huge issue that you came to the Central Imperial City. It’s huge enough to boost our morale. I’m thinking of hosting a banquet and inviting some good friends to welcome you together. What do you think, Brother Zhang?”

“There’s no need for this. I prefer peace and quietness. Besides, not many people will be happy to see me in the Central Imperial City,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Akash’s expression froze. He did not expect Zhang Ruochen to reject him so directly. He really did not bother to show some kindness.

Although he didn’t like it, he remained a polite stance and said, “How can that be? Brother Zhang defeated Yan Wushen and is the strongest person below Supreme Saint. You have no idea how many people admire you.”

“Do you have anything else to say?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Hearing this, Akash was down. How could he not know that Zhang Ruochen thought of him as an annoyance and wanted him to leave? This was outrageous.

If it was anyone else, he would have lost his temper by now. However, the person standing in front of him was the infamous Zhang Ruochen. He did not dare to provoke him.

‘Zhang Ruochen. How dare you. Since you don’t know how to appreciate favors, it seems that you are purposely looking for trouble. You want to stop me from pursuing the Nine-heavens Maiden. How evil.’ Akash was annoyed.

He had done his research and knew that Zhang Ruochen had a close relationship with the Divine Scripture Maiden. Looking at Zhang Ruochen’s attitude, Akash felt that everything was very clear.

But, even if Akash knew everything, he did not dare to have a fallout with Zhang Ruochen. He was very strong and had many trump cards, but he was not confident in fighting Zhang Ruochen.

‘Zhang Ruochen, you have offended the Heavenly Realm and Infernal Court. You won’t have long to live. I’ll let you be arrogant for now,’ thought Akash.

Suppressing his anger, Akash said, “I still have some things to deal with, so I’ll take my leave first.”

With that, Akash did not stay any longer. With a move, he turned into a saint light that interweaved with the Sun and the Moon and left quickly.

“What a hypocrite. He’s obviously burning with anger, but he still pretended to be calm,” said Guoguo contemptuously.

The Demon Ape said, “Would he dare to lose his temper in front of his Royal Highness?”

“Lord Chen is mighty. He’s invincible in the world. Even the dragons and snakes must bow before him,” complimented Guoguo.

The Nine-heavens Maiden displayed a helpless expression. She did not expect Zhang Ruochen to intervene. She was speechless.

“Why did you do this?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I didn’t do anything. I just happened to meet him while sending Chi Kongyue back.”

At this, the Nine-heavens Maiden rolled her eyes at Zhang Ruochen. She reached out a hand and pulled Chi Kongyue to her side. "Chi Kongyue, don't run around these few days. Just stay in the palace."

The Central Imperial City was filled with all kinds of dangers. So staying in the Ziwei Palace was the safest. After all, this was Empress Chi Yao's residence. No one dared to trespass.

"Please take care of Chi Kongyue. I'll visit her often," said Zhang Ruochen.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen's glabella suddenly lit up. The Ancient Abyssal Blade flew out from the Divine Light Sea of Qi and circled around him. Then, it flew straight into the Ziwei Palace without any obstruction.

Zhang Ruochen knew that the Ancient Abyssal Blade was going to find the Blood Dripper. They hadn't seen each other for a long while.

Recently, the situation in the imperial court had been tense. The Blood Dripper had been guarding the Ziwei Palace to stabilize the army's morale.

For a moment, Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but feel emotional. No matter how hostile he was towards Chi Yao, the relationship between the Ancient Abyssal Blade and the Blood Dripper hadn't changed. Swords are much more affectionate than humans.

"Maybe you can go to The Inscription Guild," said the Nine-heavens Maiden suddenly.

As soon as Zhang Ruochen heard 'The Inscription Guild', his heart skipped a beat, and he suddenly thought of something.

After saying a few words, Zhang Ruochen watched the Nine-heavens Maiden and Chi Kongyue enter the Ziwei Palace. He then turned and left.

If it was not necessary, Zhang Ruochen did not want to set foot inside Ziwei Palace.

Zhang Ruochen performed the "Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification" to change his appearance, he then appeared in the 5th City District. The headquarters of The Inscription Guild was in this district.

The Inscription Guild was very mysterious. It had always been a neutral force in Kunlun Real, recruiting all the world's strongest cultivators but it was not limited to humans only. It had the longest history and very few forces could compare to it.

No matter how the Kunlun Realm's situation had changed, The Inscription Guild will always exist. Its foundation was unfathomable. Even the imperial court did not mess with it.

As Zhang Ruochen was standing outside the headquarters of The Inscription Guild, his eyes could not help but shine with a strange light.

In his imagination, the headquarters of The Inscription Guild should be grand and magnificent with countless pavilions. But looking at it now, it was only an ancient and simple palace filled with historical marks.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen could see that this palace was not just any palace. It contained countless inscriptions. It must have been refined by an extraordinary Refiner.

'This palace must contain the Heavens and the Earths. If it is self-sealed, I'm afraid no one can break into it. According to legend, The Inscription Guild was founded by the one and only Divine Refiner. Two or three of the Ten Greatest Divine Artifacts in Kunlun Realm seemed to have been refined by that Divine Refiner,' thought Zhang Ruochen to himself.

Divine Artifacts were so precious that even the ultimate macroworld, Kunlun Realm only had ten of them.

Most of the macroworlds didn't have any Divine Artifact at all. They didn't even have much Supreme Artifacts.

Unfortunately, after the catastrophe in the Middle Age, almost all of Kunlun Realm's Ten Greatest Divine Artifacts vanished. Only the Imperial Ruler was preserved in The Inscription Guild.

To be more precise, the Imperial Ruler had always been the cornerstone treasure of The Inscription Guild.

The Inscription Guild was able to pass on its heritage for thousands of years. It had a lot to do with the Imperial Ruler.

Legend had it that the Imperial Ruler could measure the Emperor's cultivation realm. It contained the profound way to the Supreme Saint. If one could fully comprehend it, one might be able to achieve godhood.

After reaching the Saint Kingdom, if one wanted to quickly improve their cultivation, following the way of the Imperial Ruler was the best choice.

Naturally, Zhang Ruochen came to The Inscription Guild because he wanted to use the Imperial Ruler and gain some enlightenment. He wanted to reach the peak of his cultivation as much as possible.

Everyone's first time using the Imperial Ruler to gain enlightenment had the best effect. There might even be an epiphany.

Although Zhang Ruochen had reached the peak of Saint Kingdom, he had never been to The Inscription Guild before. He was looking forward to the effect.

"Nice to meet you, Brother Zhang."

Just when Zhang Ruochen was about to enter, a magnetic voice suddenly sounded.

A man walked over from the side with a smile on his face. He exuded a very friendly feeling.

This man was six feet tall. His facial features were exquisite and flawless. He was so good looking that many women envied him. He wore a silver brocade robe and had long purple hair. He looked very elegant.

The most eye-catching thing was his purple eyes. They glittered with purple light and seemed to be mysterious.

Zhang Ruochen took one glance at him casually and found that he was extraordinary. He naturally shone with a noble disposition, but he also gave people a sense of approachability.

What surprised Zhang Ruochen was that this man could see through his changes.

It seemed that his “Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification” had not been practiced well. First, he was seen through by Zheng Yuan and Fairy Cihang, and now, he was seen through by another person.

Was he someone who could be compared with Zhen Yuan and Fairy Cihang?

The purple-haired man walked up to him and cupped his hands, “Brother Zhang, let me introduce myself. My name is Yin Yuanchen, and I come from the Heavenly Realm.”

After the purple-haired man said the last three words, the temperature around them dropped rapidly.

“Why is there anyone from the Heavenly Realm looking for me? Aren’t you afraid that I’ll kill you?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Yin Yuanchen was not afraid. He remained calm and said, “Although I’m from the Heavenly Realm, I’m not your enemy. Just like in Kunlun’s Realm, not everyone is your friend.”

“Is that so? There’s actually someone in the Heavenly Realm who doesn’t want to kill me?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Yin Yuanchen said, “The Heavenly Realm is very big and there are countless cultivators. It is impossible for all cultivators to think the same way. “In fact, I don’t like many of the doings in the Heavenly Realm. They are too vicious and don’t look at the bigger picture. The Infernal Court is the biggest enemy! Unfortunately, I am powerless to stop them. I can only restrain myself.”

“Speaking of which, I actually have a great relationship with Kunlun Realm. My grandmother is from there. Before the Middle Ages, she married my grandfather. Therefore, the blood of Kunlun Realm also flows in my body.”

At the end of his speech, a smile appeared on Yin Yuanchen’s face. It was as if he was very happy to have such a special background.

“With the relationship between Kunlun Realm and Heavenly Realm, how did the cultivators of both worlds come together?” It was obvious that Zhang Ruochen didn’t believe him.

Yin Yuanchen said, “Before the Middle Age, the relationship between Kunlun Realm and Heavenly Realm was still very harmonious. There was no bad blood between them. My grandfather and grandmother weren’t ordinary people either. They both had extraordinary identities.”

“My grandfather was a god. He had once practiced for a period of time with Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations. He then fell in love with Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations’ daughter. Their union was a good story in that era.”

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were filled with surprise.

Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations was a legendary figure. He used to be the number one powerhouse in the Kunlun Realm. He had a higher knowledge that could conquer all realms. Even now, his fame was still being spread throughout the world.

Perhaps only a god could be worthy of the daughter of Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations.

But did she really marry into the Heavenly Realm? What kind of situation was it now?

### **Chapter 2157: The Imperial Ruler**

Yin Yuanchen seemed to know what Zhang Ruochen was thinking. He sighed and said, "Grandmother has long become a god. She participated in the ancient divine war 100,000 years ago, but she couldn't change the fact that Kunlun Realm was on the decline. The ruler of Heavenly Realm didn't allow her to return to her homeland no matter how much she wished to."

"It's hard to return to her homeland with the grudges between Kunlun Realm and Heavenly Realm. All these years, grandmother's heart has been full of contradictions. She has been living a hard life."

Yin Yuanchen's eyes showed a hint of sadness. He unconsciously tightened his fist, as if he felt the same way about his grandmother's experience.

"You seem to know your grandmother's affairs very well," Zhang Ruochen said calmly.

Yin Yuanchen said, "To tell you the truth, brother Zhang, when I was very young, my mother was killed by a powerhouse from Infernal Court. I was raised by my grandmother. She loved me very much and gave me the best of everything. She even used the secret technique contained in the *Heaven's Pass Scripture* to help me purify my body repeatedly."

Yin Yuanchen could not help but felt a little sad mentioning his past. At the same time, he had a sense of hatred. He hated the Infernal Court for killing his mother.

If it were not for his grandmother who loved him dearly, his childhood would have been gloomy. It would have been hard for him to have the achievements he had today.

A strange look flashed in Zhang Ruochen's eyes. He quickly recalled information about the *Heaven's Pass Scripture* in his mind.

Kunlun Realm had a deep foundation and there were countless techniques to cultivate. There were many Regal-class techniques and the six great tomes.

Logically speaking, Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations's daughter should be cultivating the same techniques as her father. Even if her technique were different, it must be extraordinary.

After thinking for a long time, Zhang Ruochen still couldn't find any information about the *Heaven's Pass Scripture*. There didn't seem to be any inheritance of this technique in Kunlun Realm.

In fact, he also knew nothing about the technique cultivated by Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations.

Zhang Ruochen had an idea, he sent a stream of spiritual power into the Qiankun Realm and asked the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, "Senior, have you heard of the *Heaven's Pass Scripture*?"

The Divine Sky-connecting Tree was absorbing the essence of its dried tree trunk. It had become very tall, with luxuriant branches and leaves. Its life force was so dense that it could not be dispersed. Thus, it formed a river of life under the tree.

"The *Heaven's Pass Scripture* is a technique cultivated by Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations. It originated from the outer realm and is extremely mysterious. It's extremely difficult to cultivate that

even Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations himself hasn't truly cultivated it to its peak. The Heaven's Pass Temple is one of the three great divine temples of Kunlun Realm and was established by Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations. It also got its name from the *Heaven's Pass Scripture*." The Divine Sky-connecting Tree replied.

Zhang Ruochen was struck by its words. He didn't expect a peerless cultivator such as Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations would cultivate a mysterious technique from the outer realm instead of the six great tomes of Kunlun Realm.

For Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations to become a peerless cultivator, it was enough to show that the *Heaven's Pass Scripture* wasn't simple. It probably wasn't inferior to the six great tomes of Kunlun Realm.

However, it was strange that the *Heaven's Pass Scripture* was not included in the Taiyi Divine Techniques Rank compiled by the Celestial Court.

If it was not because the *Heaven's Pass Scripture's* grade was not high enough, then it meant that it was too mysterious and few people knew about it.

"Senior, could you sense the power of the *Heaven's Pass Scripture*?" Zhang Ruochen asked again.

The Divine Sky-connecting Tree said, "Yes."

Zhang Ruochen opened a crack in the Qiankun Realm so that the Divine Sky-connecting Tree could sense the outside world.

"This person does have the aura of the *Heaven's Pass Scripture*. He must have been refined by this power," the Divine Sky-connecting Tree said.

Zhang Ruochen was struck by its words and thought. 'Was Yin Yuanchen's grandmother really the daughter of Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations?'

According to the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, the *Heaven's Pass Scripture* was a cultivation technique that Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations had mastered. It had never been spread in Kunlun Realm, so it was unlikely that the Heavenly Realm had it.

Therefore, Yin Yuanchen's words should have a certain degree of credibility.

In other words, Yin Yuanchen was very likely to be the descendant of Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations. His identity was not inferior to, or even better than, young master Akash.

Many thoughts flashed through Zhang Ruochen's mind. He looked straight at Yin Yuanchen and said, "After all this, what do you want from me?"

"I wish to fight at your side, brother Zhang. We can team up against the powerful cultivators of the Infernal Court. I know that you are invincible below the Supreme Saint, but there are countless of them in the Infernal Court and I can't fight them all by myself. Although I'm not talented, I want to give my best shot," Yin Yuanchen said seriously.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Yin Yuanchen for a moment and said, "If you really want to deal with the Infernal Court, I welcome you no matter your origin."

“But if you have ulterior motives and caused harm to Kunlun Realm, I won’t let it pass. I hope you and I won’t end up fighting each other.”

Obviously, Zhang Ruochen had always been vigilant against those of the Heavenly Realm.

“I believe that we will become friends instead of enemies. Brother Zhang, you must have something to do. I won’t disturb you any longer. Farewell.” Yin Yuanchen cupped his hands and left with a smile.

Looking at Yin Yuanchen’s back, Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment. He carved a Communication Talisman and sent it to Divine Scripture Maiden to ask about Yin Yuanchen.

If it was anyone else, he wouldn’t care. But Yin Yuanchen might be the descendant of Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations, which piqued his interest.

*Whoosh*

Soon, a Communication Talisman returned.

Zhang Ruochen got shocked after reading the content of the talisman.

“Yin Yuanchen is really an exception in the Heavenly Realm,” Zhang Ruochen murmured.

According to the information provided by Divine Scripture Maiden, Yin Yuanchen was indeed the grandson of a powerful deity in the Heavenly Realm. However, he was not on good terms with the other cultivators in the Heavenly Realm. He had always been alone and had been training on the Battlefield of Merits all year round; he had killed a large number of powerful cultivators from Infernal Court.

He had always kept a low profile and was not liked by the other cultivators in the Heavenly Realm. Therefore, he had never been well-known.

Speaking of which, Yin Yuanchen had been in Kunlun Realm for quite some time. He had spent most of his time in the Battlefield of Merits behind the Godfall Cryptwoods in the Eastern Region. He had caused heavy losses to the Ghost and the Corpusian. He had even saved the humans in many cities of the Eastern Region and sabotaged some of the Heavenly Realm’s plans.

After the Central Imperial City fell into crisis, Yin Yuanchen was one of the first to come to support them. He had fought twice in a row against the top-notch cultivators of the Infernal Court. One win and one draw had a great impact on the morale of the Celestial Court.

‘It seems that the Heavenly Realm is not all sinister and vicious. They still have the heart to fight against those of the Infernal Court. If the Heavenly Realm has more such talented ones, how can the Infernal Court press on?’ Zhang Ruochen sighed with emotion.

No matter what, it was certainly a good thing to have someone like Yin Yuanchen in the Heavenly Realm.

Zhang Ruochen collected his thoughts and walked toward the headquarters of the Inscription Guild.

Perhaps it was because the army of the Infernal Court was approaching the city, so it was quite deserted. There was not even a guard at the door. As though anyone could enter freely.

‘Huh?’



The Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification that was cast earlier instantly lost its effect as soon as Zhang Ruochen stepped through the door, and reverted to his true form.

However, he did not panic at all.

Although Zhang Ruochen wanted to keep a low profile in the imperial city, it was not a big deal to reveal his true form either.

As Zhang Ruochen had expected, the Inscription Guild was indeed very vast. It was like a minor realm with a towering Saint Mountain and a flowing spiritual spring. The Saint Qi of heaven and earth was extremely dense and the precepts of heaven and earth were very active. It could be called a sacred ground for cultivation.

At this moment, a white-robed elder walked out of nowhere. He was thin and small, and his hair and beard were white, but his spirit was shining. There was no fluctuation of Saint Qi on him. He looked like an ordinary elder.

“The Prince of the Eastern Region has finally come. I have been waiting for you.”

The white-robed elder smiled warmly and walked toward Zhang Ruochen.

“Waiting for me?”

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes. He could tell at a glance that the white-robed elder was extraordinary. He was a Spirit Saint and infinitely close to the 60th level.

Although Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power was close to the 60th level, it was based on its quantity.

In terms of quality, he could not compare with the white-robed elder in front of him.

The white-robed elder’s spiritual power cultivation should be no less than Grand Chamberlain Wang Shiqi.

It seems that the Inscription Guild was really unfathomable. It was no wonder that they could guard the Imperial Ruler, one of the ten great Divine Artifacts.

“Yes, I’m waiting for you.”

In the blink of an eye, the white-robed elder walked up to Zhang Ruochen and said, “I’m Bai Qianli, one of the ten elders of the Inscription Guild.”

Zhang Ruochen was not arrogant since the other party was so polite. He said, “So it’s Elder Bai. It seems that the Inscriptions Guild had expected my arrival.”

“The one who holds the title of The Scion of Time and Space and the Prince of Eastern Region. With the strength of the strongest cultivator below the Supreme Saint, and the influence of the Imperial Ruler in Kunlun Realm, how could you not come?” Bai Qianli laughed.

Zhang Ruochen nodded. He had to admit that he was very curious about the Imperial Ruler and the Inscription Guild. So, he explained why he came. “I came to gain enlightenment from the Imperial Ruler.”

Since the other party called him Prince of the Eastern Region. It meant that he was qualified to enter the Inscription Guild with his current status.

If it is a cultivator of the Guanghan Realm, he might be refused entry.

He regarded himself as the prince and officially acknowledged his status.

“Of course. Prince of the Eastern Region, please come with me. But be careful. There are many arrays in the Inscription Guild. Mind your steps, it will be very dangerous.” Bai Qianli treated Zhang Ruochen as one of his own, so he especially reminded him.

“Such a powerful array? Will I be in danger with my current cultivation?”

Zhang Ruochen asked while followed behind by Bai Qianli.

Bai Qianli smiled and said nothing.

In front of him was a stone door formed by nine stone dragons intertwining. Each stone dragon was tens of thousands of meters long. It was like nine dragon-shaped mountains were twisted and bent, forming a majestic form.

Standing under the nine dragons stone door, Zhang Ruochen felt extremely small and insignificant.

The so-called invincible cultivation below the Supreme Saint seemed to be nothing.

A Saint Light appeared in Zhang Ruochen’s eyes. He saw clearly that within the nine dragons stone door contained countless array patterns. It was actually...

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen drew a sharp breath.

Each stone dragon was a Ninth Stratum Array.

The nine stone dragons were nine Ninth Stratum Arrays.

The nine Ninth Stratum Arrays were connected to each other, forming an even more powerful array. It contained nine array spirits. They were the dragon souls of the nine dragons. Each dragon soul contained power that seemed to be able to swallow heaven and earth.

Zhang Ruochen smiled bitterly. He finally became cautious and followed Bai Qianli carefully.

After crossing the nine dragons stone door, they officially entered the minor realm.

This minor realm was vast and the edge couldn’t be seen with naked eyes. Many of its areas were foggy. There was a hidden strange power that couldn’t be seen through.

There were countless array patterns on the land, sky, and underground. But most of them were dormant.

Zhang Ruochen could not even see through some of the array patterns.

Compared to the Microworld of the jungle that Zhang Ruochen had taken from Saint King Xuankong, the grade of this minor realm was many times higher. In particular, it was filled with divine force. It must have come from the hands of a deity.

'Hmm...The Power of Time...Could the flow of time in this minor realm be adjusted?' Zhang Ruochen was shocked again.

A moment ago, he had captured traces of the Power of Time, and it was perfectly integrated with the entire minor realm.

Zhang Ruochen thought of Saint Monk Xumi instantly. Since his master was able to combine weapon refining, the Path of Time, and the Path of Dimension.

But it was obviously impossible. The Inscription Guild had existed for a much longer time than Saint Monk Xumi.

'Could it be that the Inscription Guild is related to the time and space ancestor?' Zhang Ruochen guessed.

The first Master of Time and Space existed eons ago. There were too few legends left in the later generations. Many things had long become unverifiable.

Zhang Ruochen followed Bai Qianli into the depths of the minor realm after passing through layers of fog.

In front of him was a vast expanse of white fog. Even if he used the Eye of the Divine Mark, he could not see clearly.

"Prince of the Eastern Region, we have arrived in front of the Imperial Ruler," Bai Qianli said.

Zhang Ruochen frowned and showed a trace of doubt.

'There was only white fog in front of him. How could there be an Imperial Ruler?' He thought.

Bai Qianli waved his hand and the white fog dispersed. A divine jade bridge appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen. It was extremely wide, more than a hundred miles wide. It led to an unknown area shrouded in white fog.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Can I reach the Imperial Ruler by crossing this bridge?"

"No, it's the Imperial Ruler." Bai Qianli shook his head.

Zhang Ruochen's expression changed slightly. He stared at the divine jade bridge. It was difficult for him to connect the dots of the divine jade bridge and the Imperial Ruler.

Although Zhang Ruochen had heard the legend of the Imperial Ruler, he had never actually seen it. It's no wonder that he didn't even know what the Imperial Ruler looked like.

"The Imperial Ruler is huge. There's a monument every 50 kilometers. Only those who have attained the Saint Kinghood could reach it. Reaching the first monument means one's cultivation has reached the One-step Saint King realm, and so on," Bai Qianli said.

Zhang Ruochen nodded. He knew about the monument's existence.

He still remembered that the Divine Scripture Maiden had mentioned the Imperial Ruler to him when he first came to the Central Imperial City. She had said that the Spirit King Ancestor of the Ghost had reached the second monument of the Imperial Ruler.

At that time, he had thought that the Spirit King Ancestor's cultivation was unfathomable. Now that he thought about it, he had just reached the Two-Step Saint King.

Of course, before Kunlun Realm had been revived, to be able to cultivate the Saint Kinghood was undoubtedly an extremely talented person.

'I wonder how many monuments I can reach with my current strength?' Zhang Ruochen was getting excited.

Each monument contained a profound and mysterious Path of Supreme Saint, which was very helpful for the Path's enlightenment. The further one went, the better the outcome of the enlightenment.

Legend had it that the Imperial Ruler had a total of 99 monuments. If Zhang Ruochen could cross all of them, he would have a chance to understand the mystery of becoming a god.

Zhang Ruochen turned to Bai Qianli and said, "Thank you, Elder Bai."

"It's a small matter. I wish the Prince of the Eastern Region all the best," Elder Bai said with a smile.

As he spoke, Bai Qianli made an inviting gesture.

Zhang Ruochen looked straight ahead and secretly adjusted his condition. He was not anxious at all.

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen took a step forward and stepped on the divine jade bridge formed by the Imperial Ruler.

The moment he stepped on it, Zhang Ruochen had a tingling feeling. The Precepts in him flowed involuntarily and faintly emerged out of his body.

A vast majestic aura enveloped his body. It made his mind tremble slightly and the circulation of Saint Qi slowed down a lot.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen sensed several obscure spiritual powers sweeping over his body without leaving a trace.

'The foundation of the Inscription Guild is indeed amazing. There are so many powerful spiritual-power Saint Kings. Some of them are not weaker than Bai Qianli. They should also belong to the ten elders.' Zhang Ruochen thought.

'Hmm? This spiritual power, could it be... the spiritual-power Supreme Saint?'

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised that the Inscription Guild had a spiritual-power Supreme Saint. After all, the Inscription Guild recruited spiritual-power cultivators from all over the world. All of them mastered all kinds of mystical spiritual power cultivation methods. There was at least one spiritual-power Supreme Saint in every era.

However, it was extraordinary that the spiritual-power Supreme Saint stayed in Kunlun Realm and was not discovered by the Emissaries Vigilant.

It could only mean that the minor realm in the headquarters of the Inscription Guild was too extraordinary. Even a god would not be able to see through everything in it.

Perhaps it was the only place in Kunlun Realm that was still well-preserved after the catastrophe of the end of the Middle Ages.

### **Chapter 2158: 72 Days of Comprehending**

Zhang Ruochen gathered his thoughts and quickened his pace. Even though he was suppressed, he was still moving extremely fast. Every step he took would cover several miles. In the blink of an eye, he had entered the area covered by the white fog.

After taking dozens of steps forward, Zhang Ruochen travelled a hundred miles. The first stele of the Imperial Ruler appeared in front of him.

The first stele was 999 feet tall and 99 feet thick. It laid across the Divine Jade Bridge formed by the Imperial Ruler, giving off a vast aura of the Path. Countless Precepts were faintly interweaved on it.

Zhang Ruochen felt a huge pressure on his consciousness as he stood in front of the stele. It was as if he were facing an ancient sacred mountain and all the beings of Heaven and earth were suppressed by it.

“This is only the first stele but it already has such a strong aura. The Imperial Ruler is indeed extraordinary. No wonder it can measure the emperor’s cultivation realm, Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen immediately sat cross-legged in front of the stele and began to comprehend.

Each stele of the Imperial Ruler was very helpful to his enlightenment in the Path. There was no reason for him to waste this opportunity.

The more enlightened he was in the Path, the further he could go advance on the Imperial Ruler.

Zhang Ruochen was not worried about wasting too much time, because he had found that the time flow around him had changed since he stepped onto the Divine Jade Bridge.

The change was astounding, the time flow ratio had reached 30:1, which meant that 30 days here was only one day in the outside world.

This way, Zhang Ruochen could relax and comprehend the Path without any worries.

With the influence of the stele’s strange power, Zhang Ruochen quickly entered a deep state of enlightenment. His spiritual power and Precepts started circulating, even the blood Qi in his body shook, which gradually strengthened his body.

Whether it was cultivating spiritual power, martial arts, or the body, as long as one came to the Imperial Ruler to comprehend the Path, they would definitely gain great benefits.

At this time, many elites of the Inscription Guild were closely watching Zhang Ruochen’s situation. Their spiritual powers extended out one after another.

The Inscription Guild was very special, they only recruited spiritual power cultivators. Even if they had geniuses who practiced both spiritual power and martial arts, they mainly used spiritual power and with martial arts as support; savage beasts were no exception either.

“Zhang Ruochen is already the strongest person after the Supreme Saint level. I wonder how much he’ll improve after comprehending the Path with the help of the Imperial Ruler.”

“Which stele do you think Zhang Ruochen can reach? Can he catch up with the amazing geniuses in history?”

“Ever since the refinement of the Imperial Ruler, countless Saint Kinghood cultivators have come to comprehend the Path. The most talented one reached the 18th stele, surpassing most Neverwilt Realm Saints. Even some of the Supreme Saints of the Hundred-Shackle Realm can’t achieve this.”

“Zhang Ruochen’s current achievements are among the best in Kunlun’s long history. Even if he can’t reach the 18th stele, he should be able to reach the 16th or even the 17th.”

“Judging from the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen, he has at least the battle strength of an advanced Neverwither Supreme Saint. As long as his spiritual will is strong enough, reaching the 16th stele shouldn’t be a problem.”

..

The elites of the Inscription Guild were having a discussion. They were all looking forward to Zhang Ruochen’s performance and wanted to see which tablet stele was his limit.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen knew that many elites were spying on him, but he did not care. He was completely focused on comprehending the Path, a large amount of insight flowed through him.

One by one, the Precepts were derived, they slowly widened the Heavenly Stream.

Zhang Ruochen’s saint heart contracted violently under the strong aura, it was as if it had turned into a furnace. It repeatedly refined the vigorous spiritual power within him, strengthening every strand of spiritual power.

At the same time, the potential of Zhang Ruochen’s body was further explored. His body could now accommodate more essence Qi released by the Sacred Seven-star Lingzhi’s Sun Leaf.

Three days passed in the blink of an eye. Zhang Ruochen finished comprehending the Path and slowly stood up.

“The effect of Imperial Ruler’s assistance in comprehending the Path is really amazing. I only comprehended the first stele for three days, and my insight of the Path has greatly improved—my Precepts have increased by nearly 10,000, and my spiritual power and body have become stronger.”

Zhang Ruochen was quite happy.

Of course, he also understood that such a impressive gains had a lot to do with his high cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t stay any longer, he raised his head and looked up at the stele before lightly stamping his foot on the ground. He leaped up and easily jumped over the stele.

Having personally experienced the wonders of the Imperial Ruler, Zhang Ruochen was looking forward to the enlightenment effects of the steles that come after this

Before long, Zhang Ruochen arrived at the second stele and entered the state of enlightenment again.

As time passed, Zhang Ruochen continued to move forward. He leaped over steles after steles.

He spent three days each comprehending in front of the first ten steles.

Starting from the 11th stele, his time spent on enlightenment began to increase. The Path was obviously too complicated. Even with Zhang Ruochen's cultivation realm, he could not easily comprehend it.

At the beginning, Zhang Ruochen used his physical body to resist the strong aura coming from the Imperial Ruler.

But after the 14th stele, it was difficult for him to move with only his physical body. Zhang Ruochen had no choice but to release Saint Qi.

According to Bai Qianli, the 14th stele corresponded to an initial stage Neverwither Supreme Saint.

It wasn't easy to reach this stele with only his physical body, this meant that his body was comparable to an ordinary Neverwither physique.

As expected by the elites of the Inscription Guild, Zhang Ruochen arrived at the 16th stele without a hitch. He comprehended there for seven days.

When Zhang Ruochen stood up, the elites of the Inscription Guild couldn't help but perk up, they wanted to see if he wanted to continue or stop here.

The next stele corresponded to the full strength of a Neverwither Supreme Saint, only few Neverwither Supreme Saints could reach it.

Of course, this did not mean that one had to have this level of strength. The key was to have a spiritual will that is comparable to the a full strength Neverwither Supreme Saint.

Power is easy to obtain, but to temper one's spiritual will is extremely difficult.

Swoosh

Zhang Ruochen jumped over the 16th stele without any hesitation, this was definitely not his limit.

However, he had obviously slowed down. His body felt extremely heavy, it was as if he were carrying a sacred mountain. Every step taken took him a lot of strength.

It took Zhang Ruochen a whole day to trudge to the 17th stele.

"I hope I can attain Great Perfection of Path of Dimension here,"Zhang Ruochen thought.

This plane contained countless Dimensional Inscriptions and Mark of Time, it was the most suitable for comprehending the Path of Time and the Path of Dimension. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen had been focusing on these two paths since the first stele.

The improvement of his attainments in the Path of Time and the Path of Dimension was undoubtedly the most obvious when it came to improving his strength.

"He has really reached the 17th stele. It's no wonder he's the strongest person after the Supreme Saint, not many people in the long history of Kunlun can compare to him."

“He’s only in Saint Kingdom, but he already has a spiritual will comparable to a Neverwithier Supreme Saint who has attained Great Perfection . Zhang Ruochen’s future achievements is limitless, he might even become the second Saint Monk Xumi.”

“But with the current situation of Kunlun, I don’t know if I can live to see day Zhang Ruochen is fully grown.”

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The elites of the Inscription Guild felt unsettled.

In the history of Kunlun, those who could reach the Imperial Ruler’s 17th stele in the Saint Kingdom, and have never died prematurely, all became great figures eventually.

This time, it took Zhang Ruochen nine days of comprehending before he opened his eyes.

“Unfortunately, I’m still falling short by a little. It’s too difficult to attain perfection in the Path of the Ancients,” Zhang Ruochen’s eyes flashed with helplessness.

He had to admit that cultivating the Path of the Ancients was far more difficult than he had imagined.

However, in the very next moment, Zhang Ruochen gathered his confidence and said, “Since the 17th stele didn’t work out, I’ll go comprehend the 18th stele.”

“Wow, Zhang Ruochen actually wants to attempt the 18th stele.”

Many elites of the Inscription Guild were shocked as they watched Zhang Ruochen leap into the air,.

Zhang Ruochen heard a roar in his head the moment he landed, an unimaginably vast and divine pressure was exerted on his body, it was almost crushing his spiritual will.

For a moment, Zhang Ruochen felt his mind go blank, he could not form any thoughts.

However, he eventually withstood the impact of the divine pressure. His spiritual will was tempered to the extreme, it was as firm as a rock and unshakable.

This was because Zhang Ruochen had directly faced the Divine Power more than once, it gave him an unyielding will.

“This is indeed a legendary and divine artifact. Its divine pressure surpasses many Divine Powers,” Zhang Ruochen thought.

This was actually not out of the ordinary, since the vessel spirit within a Divine Artifact is equivalent to a Divine Power. That is why they have the terrifying power of refining and killing Gods.

“Phew.”

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and walked forward steadily.

The divine pressure released by the Imperial Ruler was not aggressive, it was most suitable for refining spiritual will.

This was a rare opportunity for Zhang Ruochen.



If he could use this opportunity to refine his spiritual will into one that compared to a powerful individual in the Hundred-Shackle Realm, it would undoubtedly be very beneficial for his future cultivation.

With each step, Zhang Ruochen's spiritual will would bear the impact of the divine power, and it would become more and more violent. It was like a small boat sailing in the vast ocean, facing the crashing waves and the possibility of capsizing at any time.

It took Zhang Ruochen seven days to reach the 18th stele.

Zhang Ruochen immediately sat down cross-legged and started comprehending the Path without any hesitation.

He couldn't stay here for too long even with his current spiritual will

The elites of the Inscription Guild were now speechless—they were all deeply shocked—including the spiritual-power Supreme Saint.

Reaching the 18th stele was something heard in legends. Now, the legend himself was right in front of them.

Everyone held their breath, wanting to see how long Zhang Ruochen could cultivate here.

Everyone could see that Zhang Ruochen's body was trembling slightly. He had a deep frown and had obviously reached his limit.

Even so, Zhang Ruochen persevered, he didn't want to give up easily.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't persist anymore after a day and a half, he had to stand up and retreat.

The moment he stepped back, the Imperial Ruler shot out a beam of Jade Divine Light which enveloped him.

In the next moment, Zhang Ruochen felt extremely relaxed. However, he had returned to the starting point.

"A day and a half—Zhang Ruochen actually broke the record. The time he spent cultivating was even longer than the legends."

All the elites of the Inscription Guild were dumbstruck and shocked to the core.

During the most glorious period of Kunlun, a cultivator reaching the 18th stele was shocking enough, they could even receive an audience with the Gods. A day and a half was more than impressive.

"Don't tell anyone about this."

After a short silence, an obscure spiritual power was transmitted into everyone's minds.

"Yes, Great Elder."

All the elites replied in unison.

It was a direct order of the Great Elder, no one dared to disobey him.

“The Prince of the Eastern Region must have gained a lot by reaching the 18th stele. Congratulations.” Bai Qianli appeared with a smile on his face.

Bai Qianli was obviously more polite compared to before. He looked at him with a faint reverence.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I have to thank the Inscription Guild for giving me this opportunity to the enlightenment of the Path.”

“You are too kind, Prince of the Eastern Region. You have done so much for Kunlun. It is only right for us to do as much,” Bai Qianli said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I still have other things to do so it is inconvenient for me to stay for long. I will now take my leave and visit again when I have the chance.”

“I will see you out, Prince of the Eastern Region. If you may,” Bai Qianli said.

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly. He gazed at the Divine Jade Bridge formed by the Imperial Ruler before walking out of the plane.

After leaving the Inscription Guild, Zhang Ruochen used “Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification” again and turned into a knowledgeable scholar once more.

This time, with the help of the Imperial Ruler, Zhang Ruochen’s gains were beyond one’s imagination. He had more than 99 million Precepts in his body. He only needed one each of Precepts of Dimension and Precepts of Time before he reached Great Perfection.

The other Paths that he cultivated didn’t improve as much as space and time, but they were also much stronger. Among them, the Precepts of Truth had reached 910,000. As long as he condensed the Realm-frame of Truth, he could unleash 10 times his attack power.

His Precepts of Palm and Precepts of Fist also exceeded 900,000—a level that ordinary people couldn’t reach.

Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power had been refined and his essence had become stronger. He was even stronger than Bai Qianli.

In addition, Zhang Ruochen’s brain had become neverwithr successfully. He had truly cultivated his body to the limit below the Supreme Saint.

In some way, Zhang Ruochen was already at his strongest. It would be difficult to significantly improve his strength in Saint Kingdom without any special encounters.

“The Imperial Ruler is so helpful in comprehending the Precepts of Dimension and Precepts of Time. It seems that it might be related to the Timespace Primordial Master,” Zhang Ruochen guessed.

Masters of Time and Space came from the same lineage. Saint Monk Xumi was Zhang Ruochen’s master, and the Timespace Primordial Master was Zhang Ruochen’s Ancestral Master.

Zhang Ruochen was very curious about this mysterious Ancestral Master.

## **Chapter 2159: Xue Wuye was Seriously Injured**

Zhang Ruochen could not help but feel emotional as he stood before the Inscription Guild.

If it were not for this opportunity, he would have to seclude himself for God knows how long to practice the Path of Dimension and Path of Time to their current state.

After all, it was extremely difficult to add a precept to any path, not to mention the Path of the Ancients.

No one would believe that hundreds and thousands of precepts grew in only 72 days. It was absolutely incredible.

But that realm was special as it contained countless Dimensional Inscriptions and Mark of Time.

More importantly, Zhang Ruochen's strength and willpower were too strong. The benefits he gained from reaching the 18th Stele of the Imperial Ruler in the Saint King Realm were something ordinary people couldn't compare with.

'There are extraordinary treasures like the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, Sundial, and Imperial Ruler. No wonder Kunlun was so prosperous before the Middle Ages. Maybe that's why Infernal Court wants to conquer Kunlun,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

There were too many treasures in Kunlun that even Infernal Court and the realms in Celestial Court could not compare.

To them, Kunlun had become a battlefield of merits. It was like a grand banquet that they simply could not miss.

Time flowed differently in that realm. Less than two and a half days had passed in the outside world compared to the 72 days in that world. It didn't take up too much time.

Otherwise, Zhang Ruochen would not know what had become of Central Imperial City when he came out of seclusion.

Zhang Ruochen did not stay outside the Inscription Guild for long. He rushed straight to Ziwei Palace as he wanted to find the Nine-heavens Maiden to find out the latest situation in Central Imperial City, especially Yan Wushen's whereabouts. He also wanted to see Chi Kongyue.

Tens of millions of Saint-level armies from Infernal Court surrounded the city. It may seem calm now but the situation could change rapidly. Central Imperial City could be conquered in the next moment. A great war could break out at any time.

Not long after, Zhang Ruochen saw the Nine-heavens Maiden and Chi Kongyue outside Ziwei Palace.

What surprised Zhang Ruochen was that Yin Yuanchen also walked out of Ziwei Palace.

The Nine-heavens Maiden's expression was grave, as if something terrible had happened.

"What has happened?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Nine-heavens Maiden answered, "Six hours ago, Xue Wuye was seriously injured. His life is hanging by a thread."

Zhang Ruochen could not help but frown upon hearing this. He had a good relationship with Xue Wuye. Even though they walked different paths, they were both sincere about swordsmanship.

Moreover, Xue Wuye had come into contact with Saint Monk Xumi. Saint Monk Xumi had given him the Brand of Time and Brand of Dimension. With these two brandings, he could use the power of Time and Dimension to a certain extent.

In a sense, Xue Wuye could be considered as the successor of Saint Monk Xumi.

Zhang Ruochen was willing to make friends with Xue Wuye just because of this.

“Take me to Xue Wuye,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The Nine-heavens Maiden did not hesitate and immediately led the way.

Ziwei Palace was extremely huge. It was composed of many magnificent palaces and pavilions. Those who could live in it had high positions in the imperial court.

Fane of Zichen was a place of practice that Empress Chi Yao had specially prepared for the nine Realm Bearers in which ordinary people were not allowed to enter.

At this moment, except for Huang Yanchen and Ouyang Huan, who had died, the other seven Realm Bearers were all gathered in Fane of Zichen.

As soon as he entered Fane of Zichen, Zhang Ruochen recognized many familiar faces: Gai Tianjiao, Friar Lidi, Beigong Lan... However, everyone’s expressions were not well. The atmosphere was depressing.

As Gai Tianjiao and the others witnessed Zhang Ruochen’s arrival, their expressions changed.

They had been chosen as Realm Bearers and had been nurtured by Empress Chi Yao. Their future was limitless. Each of them had hopes of becoming emperors and empresses in the future.

Over the years, they had indeed grown very fast. Their cultivation had caught up to or even surpassed the *Five Heroes*.

However, compared to Zhang Ruochen, their achievements were overshadowed.

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly and did not say anything as he followed the Nine-heavens Maiden to one of the cultivation rooms.

He could already hear the continuous cries from a distance.

Zhang Ruochen knew that without a doubt, the cries were from the sword attendants that Xue Wuye had taken in.

Like Xue Hongchen—the Sword Emperor—Xue Wuye was also a great figure. He had many sword attendants with him at all times. Each of them were stunning and had extraordinary talent in swordsmanship.

There were more than ten sword attendants in the cultivation room. All of them looked extremely sad and pitiful.

Zhang Ruochen looked around and saw Xue Wuye.

Xue Wuye was lying on a bed of jade. He was severely injured. His body was covered in scars and blood kept oozing out. It looked like he would break in just a touch.

Zhang Ruochen could tell at a glance that Xue Wuye's three meridians broke, his organs were messed up, and his Saint Soul was severely injured. He could barely hold his breath. It was obvious that he could not hold on for long.

"Xue Wuye's three meridians are all crushed. Even if we had the best sacred pill in our hands, there is no way it could help him," Divine Scripture Maiden sighed softly.

The Imperial Court did not lack sacred pills or sacred medicine, but Xue Wuye's current situation made it difficult.

Zhang Ruochen did not say a word. He walked to the jade bed and carefully examined Xue Wuye's injuries.

The dozen or so sword attendants clearly recognized Zhang Ruochen's identity and knew that he was an unparalleled legend. Therefore, a glimmer of hope appeared in their previously despairing eyes.

"Master Zhang, please save my master," all the swordmen knelt down and begged Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen asked them to get up and as he proceeded to check Xue Wuye's injuries, his heart sank.

Xue Wuye's condition was worse than he had expected. His injuries were almost irreversible.

If he wanted to cure Xue Wuye's injuries, he needed the top-level Spring of Life, a large amount of Divine Springs from the Divinity Bestowment Altar, or other healing treasures of the same level.

Unfortunately, the Divine Sky-connecting tree had not fully grown yet. The level of Spring of Life was not enough, and the Divine Springs from the Divinity Bestowment Altar weren't enough to heal Xue Wuye.

"Who did this?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

The person who had injured Xue Wuye was extremely vicious. Not only did he want Xue Wuye's life, but he wanted him to suffer.

Zhang Ruochen did not sense power of Infernal Court from Xue Wuye. So he was sure that it was someone from Celestial Court.

Yin Yuanchen said, "It was Gu Xin'ao, the Sword Reverend of Saber Empyrean. He took a liking to one of Xue Wuye's sword attendants and the two of them had a conflict. Unfortunately, I arrived late and couldn't stop them in time."

"Master Yuanchen is not to blame. If you hadn't arrived in time, Xue Wuye might have died," the Nine-heavens Maiden said.

Because of Zhang Ruochen's inquiry, the Nine-heavens Maiden got to understand Yin Yuanchen's situation. Thus, she did not treat him as an enemy and confuse him with the other cultivators of Heavenly Realm.

“With the current state, almost all the beautiful women of Kunlun that are fancied by the big shots of the outside world will be taken into their camps,” Yin Yuanchen sighed.

“Not only that, in order to join the powerful realms, the small clans and sects of Kunlun will take the initiative to offer beautiful women to the cultivators of the outside world. Beauty in exchange of a means for subsistence.”

“It is precisely for these reasons that the arrogance of Gu Xin’ao and the cultivators is encouraged. They think that the women of Kunlun belong to them. As long as they have their eyes on them, they can take them away. But this time, they bumped into Xue Wuye.”

‘Gu Xin’ao,’ Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes.

He had heard of this name before. This person was the leader of Saber Emphyrean. His talent in swordsmanship was outstanding. Few could compare to him.

Saber Emphyrean was one of the top 20 powerful realms in the Western Universe. It was the most prosperous macroworld in swordsmanship. There were countless sword cultivators and their foundations were extremely powerful. Very few people would willingly provoke them.

Most importantly, Saber Emphyrean belonged to Heavenly Realm faction. It had always followed the lead of Heavenly Realm. Maybe Gu Xin’ao was deliberately trying to provoke Xue Wuye in order to scratch a Kunlun Bearer.

### **Chapter 2160: True Motive**

Zhang Ruochen’s gaze turned cold. He had never thought that such a thing would happen in Kunlun. It was really sad.

But the current situation in Kunlun would indeed make some people feel desperate. No wonder they would want to prepare a way out in advance.

But even if they could join the powerful worlds, they were still not strong enough, so their lives wouldn’t be easy either. They had to bow and bend their knees to others. They would also be like slaves with no dignity

“Do you have a way to save Xue Wuye?” The Nine-heavens Maiden looked at Zhang Ruochen with hope in her eyes.

Every Realm Bearer had an important mission, so it would be a pity if they died in vain. Their death would also be a great blow to Kunlun.

A charming sword attendant kept kowtowing to Zhang Ruochen while crying at the same time. “It’s all my fault that the Master Xue is in danger, Master Zhang. You must save him even if it costs my life. I’m willing to die for this.”

Zhang Ruochen gave the sword attendant a cursory glance. She was indeed very beautiful and possessed an alluring mystique. It was no wonder that Gu Xin’ao had his eye on her.

“All of you, leave first,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Hearing this, no one hesitated. Everyone hurriedly left the practice room. Xue Wuye’s life was hanging by a thread. There was no time to be wasted.

Closing the practice room door, Zhang Ruochen carefully examined Xue Wuye lying on the jade bed. Then, with a flick of his wrist he took out something roughly the size of a fist. The object was dark green, and it gave off an extremely rich aura of vitality.

This was the Heart of the Divine Tree nurtured by the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. The heart possessed the miraculous ability to make bones and flesh regrow. Approximately 129,600 years were needed to extract the hearts, making them priceless. Even gods would yearn for it.

In Xianji Mountain of Northern Region, Zhang Ruochen had only obtained seven hearts of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. He had given two to the Fairy of a Hundred Flowers and Mu Lingxi, so he had five left.

‘Saint Monk Xumi had once taught Xue Wuye swordsmanship for a month. He even gave him Brands of Time and Dimension, which could signify a deeper meaning. No matter what, we have to keep Xue Wuye alive.

‘In a sense, the two of us could even be considered as brothers. Xue Wuye, I hope this Heart of the Divine Tree wouldn’t be a waste on you.

‘If you can’t become a top elite in the future, I’ll personally take back your Brands of Time and Dimension for my master,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

After obtaining the *Secret Tome of Time and Space* and the *Sacred Qiankun Wooden Picture Scroll*, Zhang Ruochen was undoubtedly Saint monk Xumi’s disciple. However, he wasn’t as lucky as Xue Wuye to have seen him in person.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t hesitate anymore. He flipped his hand and pressed the Heart of the Divine Tree into Xue Wuye’s body.

He didn’t need to do anything else, because the Heart of the Divine Tree emitted a majestic life force and merged with Xue Wuye’s flesh and bones. It immediately started healing Xue Wuye’s broken and injured body.

It had to be said that this was a great opportunity for Xue Wuye. After merging with the Heart of the Divine Tree, not only could his life be saved, but he could also receive great benefits that have a profound effect on his future training.

Nourished by the life force, the scars and injuries on Xue Wuye’s body healed quickly. Even the three major meridians were rebuilt.

Zhang Ruochen opened the Heaven’s Eye between his eyebrows and carefully observed Xue Wuye’s situation. This was undoubtedly a great opportunity for him to understand the mystery of the Heart of the Divine Tree.

It didn’t take long for the wounds on Xue Wuye’s body to be completely healed. His physique was greatly strengthened, and he attained the state of ‘Perfection Physique’ without going through the stages.

The recovery of the Saint Soul was relatively more troublesome, but it was only a matter of time.

With Xue Wuye's current status, naturally he could not completely absorb the Heart of the Divine Tree. Most of the essence would be stored in his body to be released slowly afterwards.

Six hours later, Xue Wuye's injuries healed and he slowly awakened.

"Thank you, brother Zhang, for saving my life." Xue Wuye stood up and thanked Zhang Ruochen gratefully.

He knew very well how serious his injury was, but now he was safe and sound. With only Zhang Ruochen by his side, it was obvious what had happened.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I let you fuse with a Heart of the Divine Tree. I hope you would make good use of it."

Hearing this, Xue Wuye's couldn't help but shuddered. He knew how precious a Heart of the Divine Tree was. No wonder that even his serious injuries were healed.

He could clearly feel that his physical quality and Saint Soul had become stronger. Even his status had improved. Numerous precepts of life had been added to his body.

"Saint Monk Xumi once said that I would face a great calamity. If I can't survive it, I'll die. If I survive it, I'll get unimaginable benefits. It really came true," Xue Wuye sighed.

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but look surprised. He hadn't expected Saint Monk Xumi to have predicted what would happen today.

However, the future was unpredictable. Even Saint Monk Xumi wasn't sure if Xue Wuye could have endured this catastrophe.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Xue Wuye and said, "With your temperament, how could you be so easily provoked by Gu Xin'ao?"

Although Zhang Ruochen had not had much contact with Xue Wuye, he knew that Xue Wuye was not someone impulsive. Even if it was for the sword attendant, he would not be stupid enough to throw his life away.

Especially since Xue Wuye was the mayor of Wan Xiang City and the Realm Bearer of Kunlun, he shouldered a heavy responsibility, so he should not act rashly.

"I also know that I am not a match for Gu Xin'ao, so I did not plan to fight with him at first. I was going to leave with the sword attendant, but he said that he wanted to have a friendly match and not compete in cultivation strength. As a sword practitioner, how could I fall back?"

"However, I did not expect that Gu Xin'ao would be so despicable. He is the leader of the Saber Emyrean, yet he reneged on his promise. After exchanging a few dozen moves, he used his overwhelming strength to heavily injure me and snatched away my Seal of Ten Sword," Xue Wuye said despondently.



No matter how well trained he was, he was still filled with anger when he encountered such an aggravating thing.

If Gu Xin'ao had really defeated him in regular sword fight, he would have nothing to say. However, he would never accept using such a despicable method of injuring him.

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen suddenly realized that Gu Xin'ao had indeed planned beforehand. It seemed that him taking fancy to the sword attendant was just an act. His real target was Xue Wuye.

Moreover, the Flying Fairy Sword Technique of Wanxiang City was obviously what Gu Xin'ao wanted.

Xue Wuye suddenly became serious, "Brother Zhang, I have a presumptuous request, which I do not know whether you can promise me."

"What is it?" Zhang Ruochen replied.

Xue Wuye said, "I want you to intervene and take back the Seal of Ten Sword, Wan Xiang city's Flying Fairy Sword Technique, because we cannot let it fall into Saber Emphyrean's hands."

"Since Gu Xin'ao has already taken the Seal of Ten Sword, he will certainly have comprehended it. Even if we take it back, I'm afraid it will be too late," Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Wuye shook his head and said, "The Seal of Ten Sword that I carried is the symbol of the mayor of Wanxiang City. There are layers of seals on them which will not be easily broken."

Xue Wuye continued after pausing for a while, "After entering Kunlun, the cultivators of Saber Emphyrean have been trying to collect all kinds of sword manuals. They even have plans to attack the Sword Pavilion.

"Although Saber Emphyrean is known as the holy land of swordsmanship, they yearn for the *Wordless Sword Manual*.

"The Flying Fairy Sword Technique originates from the *Wordless Sword Manual*. It contains the secrets of Sword One to Sword Ten. Saber Emphyrean has been coveting it for a long time. Perhaps this was the reason why Gu Xin'ao took action personally."

Zhang Ruochen's heart skipped a beat. The Flying Fairy Sword Technique was one of the most powerful sword techniques in Kunlun. Even in a Macroworld with foundation as solid as of Saber Emphyrean, it was hard to find any sword techniques comparable to it in the sword manuals of the same level, let alone the ones that could surpass it.

In fact, there were many Macroworlds coveting the powerful inheritances of Kunlun. For example, the demonic great worlds like the Blackdemon realm wanted to steal the Demonstone Engraving.

The six great tomes of Kunlun had long been famous throughout the worlds. They were the targets of countless macro worlds.

Once they lost all the powerful inheritances, Kunlun's strength would be lost and have no hope of rising again.