

GOF 2261

### **Chapter 2261: Talking To The Empress**

Pan Ruo was straightforward. She cut the chase and said, "In Realm of Star Ocean, the one behind the commotion is you. The Fugue Pills, the Yuanhui level Lotus of Divine Reflection, and the half God corpse fell into your hands. Am I right?"

Zhang Ruochen did not admit or deny it.

He kept silent.

She continued, "Xue Tu doesn't have the courage or ability to challenge Lord Bladehell. He is just a puppet you set up in the public eye."

"So what?" said Zhang Ruochen. He finally admitted it.

Pan Ruo's eyes were bright and clear. She stared straight at him and said, "That desolate god was killed by Sword God Feng Chen. This sword strike must have used the power of Swordsmanship Canon. It was earth-shattering and contained the ultimate swordsmanship.

"I want to study the cut of the sword Qi on that god's corpse. I hope you can grant my wish."

Zhang Ruochen stared at her and realized that she had practiced 920,000 Precepts of swordsmanship. She was not far from the Great Perfection.

After a long time, he said, "I thought you came for the Fugue Pills."

Pan Ruo opened her palm. A piece of paper appeared in her white palm, and she handed it to Zhang Ruochen. "I don't like to owe people favors. I don't want to be tied down either. If you agree, I'll give you this as a thank-you gift."

"There's no need for a gift. You are going to just study the god's corpse. I'll take you there," Zhang Ruochen said."

Don't refuse so quickly. Open it and see. It's not too late to make a decision."

The paper flew out of Pan Ruo's palm. It was light and floated in front of Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen could not refuse anymore. He reached out and twirled it."

Huh? Could it be..."

It was just a piece of paper, but it weighed a thousand pounds.

Zhang Ruochen had a guess.

He opened it and saw that it was indeed a Canon mark.

This Canon mark was in the shape of a waterdrop."

The Canon mark of one of the five elements: the water."

Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised. He looked up at Pan Ruo.

Pan Ruo's eyes were calm. "Do you accept this gift, Supreme Saint Ruo Chen?"

"No wonder you're a Scioness candidate of the Fane of Destiny. You figured I'm going to condense the Saintwill of Water." Zhang Ruo Chen shook his head. His eyes were deep in thought.

Pan Ruo said, "Everything that you are doing now and in the future, has already been decided. You can't escape. Now, do you know how powerful Destiny is?"

Zhang Ruo Chen smiled noncommittally. He took the Canon mark of Water and stood up. "Come with me!"

He did not ask where the Canon mark of Water came from.

Pan Ruo did not want to owe him a favor or be bound to him, and Zhang Ruo Chen felt the same.

When they arrived below Sundial, Zhang Ruo Chen took out the bronze coffin again.

He had carefully examined the sword Qi cut on the god's corpse, but he couldn't find anything. However, Pan Ruo was right. Sword God Feng Chen must have used the power of the Canon.

Studying the cut was like studying Sword God Feng Chen's peerless sword strike that killed that desolate god. It was no different from analyzing the Canon mark of swordsmanship.

Moreover, there was probably a large number of Precepts of the swordsmanship and Swordwill left in the cut.

However, the god's corpse contained a large amount of poison. Hence, Zhang Ruo Chen did not enter the bronze coffin to study it closely."

"Do you want to go in and take a look?" asked Pan Ruo suddenly.

"Sure."

Zhang Ruo Chen and Pan Ruo flew into the coffin. They passed through layers of Dimensional barriers and arrays and flew into the divine soul fog. It was as if they had passed through an atmosphere and landed on the god's corpse.

From outside the coffin, it was only half a corpse.

However, in Zhang Ruo Chen's eyes, it was a vast purple land with no boundaries. The ground was as hard as divine iron. There were streaks of lightning in the air and clouds above his head.

There were green lakes and rivers on this land. What flowed inside was not water, but divine level poison.

A God's corpse was like a realm.

Only when one descended on the God's corpse could they feel its vastness and its overwhelming divine might. Of course, with Zhang Ruo Chen's cultivation as a Supreme Saint, he was no longer afraid of the divine might.

The poison did not spread throughout the god's corpse. It only spread in the areas where the lakes and rivers were. However, there would occasionally be a rain of poison in the sky, so Zhang Ruochen and Pan Ruo were very careful to avoid contact.

When they came to the area where the cut on that God's corpse was, it was as if they had reached the end of the world. A bottomless cliff appeared in front of them. A large amount of blood fog, poison fog, and divine soul fog surged up from the bottom of the cliff. Green and purple mixed together, and two types of energy clashed fiercely.

Any living being standing at the edge of such a cliff would feel their hearts palpitate.

Pan Ruo stood still and looked at the surging fog in front of her. "Did you know? Every move you make in the Divine Domain of Destiny is within the radar of deities. It's hard to hide a secret."

Zhang Ruochen was clueless why she suddenly said that. "No matter how powerful the deities are, they can't possibly know everything. If I want to, I will have a way to deceive their senses. However, doing this at this stage isn't good for me."

The gods paid attention to Zhang Ruochen because they did not trust him.

Since that was the case, Zhang Ruochen was fortunate enough to let them see and not hide anything. Otherwise, with his current cultivation, it would not be difficult for him to get rid of a few divine spirits.

Many Supreme Saints who didn't want to be spied on would do the same.

Supreme Saints weren't weaklings. The deities could not control or peep at Supreme Saints just because they wanted to. Supreme Saints already gained a certain level of resistance against deities.

Pan Ruo said, "In the divine soul fog or in the god's corpse, the deities' perception and even the abilities to make prediction will be ineffective."

"Oh?"

Zhang Ruochen looked thoughtful. "You mean it's hard for the gods to sense what's happening here? And they can't predict it?"

"Someone wants to see you. This is a good place. I'm going to comprehend the sword move first. Take your time to talk to her."

With that, Pan Ruo jumped off the cliff and disappeared into the fog.

Zhang Ruochen thought carefully about what Pan Ruo had said. Suddenly, he understood and took out the paper.

In the center of the paper was a drop of water.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the drop of water. Suddenly, his consciousness and Saint Soul were separated by a strange power and came to a vast sea.

There were no waves or wind on the sea.

The water was clear and calm; its surface was like a huge mirror.

A slender figure appeared silently on the sea.

She was standing in front of Zhang Ruochen, but he could not see her face clearly. She was like a shadow, a flower's reflection in the mirror or the moon's shadow on the water. But she was real.

It was eerie.

"Who are you?"

Zhang Ruochen felt she was familiar. He seemed to have seen her somewhere before.

"Hanakage Keizen."

Her voice sounded on the surface of the sea, sometimes far, sometimes near, and sometimes erratic.

Hanakage was an ancient surname in Kunlun. Zhang Ruochen had seen it in the books of Shengming Central Empire. Many influential figures were born into this clan.

Unfortunately, after the Middle Ages, this surname disappeared in Kunlun.

"Are you an ancient god in Kunlun?"

Zhang Ruochen could see that this person was just a divine spirit from a god.

The divine spirit was hidden in the Canon mark of Water. It came here to meet him."

"Kunlun, what a distant name. I want to go back and take a look.

"It had been 100,000 years!

"Has the water in Da Ming River dried up?

"Has the Confucian Tea Tree of Art Sect grown new tea leaves?

"The mighty Mount Zulong, the vast Northsea, the flourishing Wanxiang City, and my old friends... are they still there?

"Have they woken up?"

The woman named Hanakage Keizen had a misty look in her eyes. Her voice was full of sorrow.

It was as if she was asking Zhang Ruochen or talking to herself.

The voice of Divine Sky-connecting Tree rang in Zhang Ruochen's mind. "She was the Saintess of Nephilim Island and the granddaughter of the Lord of Nephilim Island. 100,000 years ago, she was Kunlun's top elite and peerless beauty.

"In her era, her achievements in cultivation surpassed that of other top elites. It was hard for her to meet an opponent of the same rank as none of them could last till her second move

"Xue Lingxian, the eldest disciple of the Blood God, was also considered a top elite. However, when he fought with Hanakage Keizen under the same realm, he could only withstand seven moves. He ended up vomiting blood and fell to the ground.

“It was these seven moves that brought Xue Lingxian fame. He became second only to Hanakage Keizen in that era.

“That famous Blackheart Demonlord in Celestial Court was only her follower.

“It’s a pity that she wasn’t born in the same era as Wargod Bloodximius and Huang Tian. They were born three tens of thousands of years too late. Otherwise, they might not have become the top two elites of last Yuanhui.”

Before Divine Sky-connecting Tree finished speaking, Zhang Ruochen had already guessed Hanakage Keizen’s identity — Empress of Thousand Bones.

No wonder Zhang Ruochen felt a sense of familiarity. When he was at Death’s Door, he had seen Hanakage Keizen through the distant starry sky.

Zhang Ruochen’s heart shook violently.

He hadn’t expected to be able to talk to a legendary figure face to face one day.

I can sense the aura of my senior, Divine Sky-connecting Tree, from you. Can I go and see her?” Hanakage Keizen asked.

“Of course.”

Zhang Ruochen had a sense of respect for Empress of Thousand Bones. He calmly opened the gate of Qiankun.

Hanakage Keizen walked to Divine Sky-connecting Tree and communicated with it. Zhang Ruochen stood far away and did not go closer. He was filled with emotions.

After an unknown amount of time, Hanakage Keizen walked over and looked at Zhang Ruochen carefully, “Saint Monk Xumi chose you to be his successor and let you nurture senior Divine Sky-connecting Tree,” she said. “That means you must be extraordinary. Zhang Ruochen, I actually wanted to meet you a long time ago.”

“Didn’t we already meet once?”

Zhang Ruochen then told them about the encounter at Death’s Door.

Hanakage Keizen thought for a moment and said, “When you saw me, we weren’t in the same timeline.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “What do you mean?”

“We’re in the same dimension, but not at the same timeline. What you saw was an image I left many years ago when I traveled to the future,” said Hanakage Keizen.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Are you also a Master of Time? Do you already have the power to travel to the past and the future?”

“It’s not a big deal. The future me will often appear in front of me and teach me a deeper level of Cultivation Paths,” said Hanakage Keizen lightly.

‘Since ancient times, there were only a few living beings who could travel to the past and the future.

'She actually said that it isn't a big deal?

'Moreover, she could actually travel back and forth from the future to the present and preach to herself.

'In other words, she is her own master in cultivation training. This is unbelievable. What would other cultivators feel if they knew this?'

Zhang Ruochen was even more confused. Since the future self of Empress of Thousand Bones could travel back and forth to the present and preach to her. Why hadn't his future self appeared?

Did It mean that he had no future at all?

He would die before he reached that realm.

Hanakage Keizen knew what Zhang Ruochen was thinking. She said, "Don't overthink. Other masters of Time will have to pay a huge price even if they can travel back in time.

"Moreover, unlike me, they can't change the past, and they can't meet their past selves directly.

"I can do that because I have a divine artifact that can resist time. I hold about 30 percent of the Canon of Time. Even so, what I can do is very limited."

Zhang Ruochen was determined. He smiled faintly and stopped thinking about the future.

Hanakage Keizen said, "Do you know why I took the risk to come to Divine Domain of Destiny to meet you in person?"

"Is it related to the Celestial-Hunting Festival?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Hanakage Keizen nodded, "Destiny Token and the Canon of Destiny are things that I must have.

"I know that Xuanji has already told you, but there is a huge risk in this matter. You can completely refuse. There is no need to participate."

"Are you questioning my resolution or character?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Hanakage Keizen said, "If I were to doubt you, I would never come to see you personally.

"If the deities in Infernal Court knew that I had come to Divine Domain of Destiny, they would definitely find me at all costs and kill me with the most ruthless means.

"The reason I came to see you is to see your resolution. I also want to see what kind of person Saint Monk Xumi's successor, Xuanji's disciple, Han Xue's master is."

"At the Celestial-Hunting Festival, you will have to face cultivators from Macroworlds of Celestial Court. Will you be able to kill them? What if you meet an old friend from Kunlun? Can you kill them decisively?"

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen didn't speak for a long time, Hanakage Keizen said again, "If you can't do it, don't join the Celestial-Hunting Festival. Pan Ruo will take your place and take Destiny Token and the Canon of Destiny."

"Do I have to kill them?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Hanakage Keizen said, "You will have to kill as many as you can."

Zhang Ruochen frowned. He could not answer Empress of Thousand Bones because he did not know who he would meet at the Celestial-Hunting Festival. When the time came, would he be able to kill them without hesitation?

Hanakage Keizen said, "Let me ask you another question. Why do you practice so hard? Why do you attend the Celestial-Hunting Festival? What are you doing now?"

Zhang Ruochen muttered to himself, "Why? Master said that as long as we save that Grand Supreme Array Master, we can turn the tide for Kunlun or make Infernal Court forces retreat."

"Are you doing this for Kunlun?" Hanakage Keizen asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Maybe... Yes! Aren't you the same?"

Hanakage Keizen stretched out two slender fingers and pulled up a tender green grass on the ground. There was mud on the grass.

"Like this grass that has left the ground, to me, Kunlun is just a homeland, a place filled with memories. I only want to do what I want to do and what I should do.

"If Kunlun is destroyed, I will feel sad, but it is not all I have

"For 100,000 years, I only want to do one thing: to save my grandfather and reunite with him. To me, Kunlun's fate is not as important as this.

"Perhaps my grandfather and his generation had lofty aspirations and deep feelings for Kunlun. They also had lofty ideals, dreams of glory, and plans for the universe. But not me.

"Xuanji joined the rescue mission because he has full confidence in my grandfather and deep feelings for Kunlun. Moreover, Xuanji is reluctant to let go of everything about Kunlun.

"But what about you? Are you doing this for Kunlun? Or for yourself? Or is it for your master, Xuanji?

"If you can't figure this out, don't get involved. Don't feel you are obliged to save Kunlun, and don't get affected by the so-called righteousness. After all, you have nothing to do with my grandfather.

"Whether he is still alive or not, it's hard for me to judge.

"Even if he's alive, it's still unknown whether he can force Infernal Court army to retreat.."

### **Chapter 2262: Avīci Pavilion**

After long contemplation, a bitter smile appeared on Zhang Ruochen's face. He said, "Ever since I was born, I have never been able to make a choice in anything I do.

"Can I choose not to participate in the Celestial-Hunting Festival? No."

"Wargod Bloodximus has pledged the entire Bloodsky Clan to me. If I retreat, he will lose everything.

“Yan Wushen asked Chi Kunlun to write a letter of challenge and invited me to the Celestial-Hunting Banquet. If I cower, I will be a father in vain.

“As for myself, I have enemies all over Celestial Court and Celestial Court. If I lose my value, I will die in an instant.

“Other cultivators participate in the Celestial-Hunting Banquet to fight for benefits. But I am going to prove my value. I am going to fight for a way out, the only way out.”

“The deities wanted me to be a blade to ‘sharpen’ the cultivators of this generation in Infernal Court. The Celestial-Hunting Banquet was to test my loyalty and ability. If I couldn’t prove these two points, I would lose my value.

“Mother and Wargod Bloodximus might be able to save my life, but I will have to hide under their wings for the rest of my life. I won’t be able to leave the Xue Jue family’s territory. This way, I will never be able to become a god in my life. I will be humiliated, I will feel resentful, weak, and decadent. What a cowardly life that is. Millions of years later, the only thing that can still prove that I once lived in this world was just a skeleton buried under the soil.

“Empress, do you think I don’t have the resolution to participate in the Celestial-Hunting Festival? Do you think I will be merciful during the hunt? No. It’s impossible. I am left with no choice. My fate doesn’t give me the right to choose.

“I can either move forward resolutely and kill my way out of the darkness, or I can only give up cowardly and hide in the protection of others. If I choose the latter, I will end up spending my entire life trembling in fear and not achieving anything. Of course, the third way is that I can die today, and that will put an end to this.

“I don’t want to hide, nor do I want to escape. That’s why I choose the former. The deities want me to be a ‘blade’. Then I will work hard to prove myself and become a sharp one.

“However, I will decide who to kill. I must join the Celestial-Hunting Festival, even if I have to die.

“In the future, when this blade is sharp enough, even the deities will perish by it.”

“The gods’ blade” was Luo Sha’s subtle way of describing his role in Infernal Court when they talked previously.

Zhang Ruochen had already seen through everything.

Hanakage Keizen stared at Zhang Ruochen. In his eyes, she saw an unprecedented resolution, as if nothing could shake his will.

Then Zhang Ruochen said, “I have a question. I am puzzled. Can rescuing Grand Supreme Array Master really turn the tide for Kunlun?”

Hanakage Keizen said, “If he is still alive, that outcome is inevitable. My grandfather has deep feelings for Kunlun. They are filled with the most sincere love. Even if he has to sacrifice his life, he will protect everything there.



“With his ability, if he returns to Kunlun, unless Infernal Court launches an all-out War, there is nothing they can do against him.

“However, once Infernal Court launches an all-out War, Celestial Court will certainly take action. A war that is not inferior to the war of Gods at the end of the Middle Ages will break out.”

“Do you think Infernal Court will launch an all-out war for the current Kunlun?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head gently. “No.”

Kunlun could not afford an all-out war. Infernal Court could not afford it either. No one wanted another war of Gods to break out because half of the deities could perish.

100,000 years ago, Infernal Court had tried to destroy Kunlun partly because Infernal Court was forced to. Another reason was that it wanted to get rid of a threat.

100,000 years later, even if Lord of Nephilim Island returned to Kunlun, he would not be a threat to Infernal Court. There was no need to launch an all-out war.

Why didn't Infernal Court destroy Blackdemon Realm, Tianchu Civilization, and Greater Demonic Realm even though it was a piece of cake for them?

It was not they did not want to. These Macroworlds had no value to be destroyed, or the price to destroy them was too high. And of course, the main reason was that these Macroworlds were backed by Celestial Court.

Hanakage Keizen said, “If all-out war breaks out in Infernal Court, Celestial Court will definitely participate. If an all-out war doesn't break out, they won't be able to do anything to grandfather. Think about it. If a Grand Supreme Array Master hides in the starry sky where Kunlun is located, basically all Supreme Saints sent by Infernal Court to the battlefield of merits will end up dead.

“If a God gets close to that starry sky, they might also die silently.”

“Infernal Court will be in a dilemma,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Once a Grand Supreme Array Master returned to Kunlun, it would be 100 times more difficult for Infernal Court to destroy Kunlun. Even if they could destroy Kunlun, the price they had to pay was far less than the spoils of war.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Let's say if I win first place in the Celestial-Hunting Festival and get 0.3 percent of the Canon of Destiny and a Destiny Token, how can I explain it to the Fane of Destiny and Wargod Bloodximius after handing the Canon and token to you?”

“You don't need to give them to me. I just need to study them for a while, and then I can refine a new Destiny Token.

“The Canon of Destiny is used to help refine the Destiny Token. Other than that, it doesn't have much value to me,” Hanakage Keizen said.

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly and said, “What benefits can I get from this deal?”

From the beginning, Hanakage Keizen had told Zhang Ruochen directly that she saved Lord of Nephilim Island for herself first, and Kunlun was only her second priority.

In this case, it was a private deal.

Both Hanakage Keizen and Zhang Ruochen had something in mind for Kunlun. However, they prioritized themselves and the people around them.

Kunlun was important, but it could only be second.

Take care of others only when you had the resources.

If Hanakage Keizen had told Zhang Ruochen the idea of saving Kunlun from the very beginning, Zhang Ruochen would have helped her, but if he found out that her words and deeds were not the same, he would be very disappointed.

Hanakage Keizen did not do that. She only told Zhang Ruochen her true thoughts, which made Zhang Ruochen admire her personality.

He was willing to strike this deal with her.

Hanakage Keizen said, "I have thirty percent of the Time Canon because I inherited part of it from the land where Saint Monk Xumi rests in peace.

"If you help me, I'll help you find that land.

"In addition, I can give you an Avīci token."

"Avīci token?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Hanakage Keizen asked, "Have you heard of Avīci Pavilion?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head gently.

"You haven't been to Infernal Court for long. It's normal that you don't know about Avīci Pavilion."

Hanakage Keizen continued, "Avīci Pavilion is an organization that I established in Infernal Court in order to save my grandfather.

"After 100,000 years of development, this organization has infiltrated the ten clans of Infernal Court and the Fane of Destiny.

"I am Avīci Pavilion's leader. I am also one of the top deities on the list that the Fane of Destiny wants to eliminate.

"I've only given out two Avīci tokens. I gave them to those whom I owe a huge favor. Your token is the third one.

"Come to see me with the Avīci token. I can promise to do one thing for you to repay the favor."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Anything? What if I want you to kill a God for me?"

"Yes, of course. Anything as long as it's within my ability."

There was no doubt that Hanakage Keizen did not like to owe favors, so this deal was obviously more advantageous to Zhang Ruochen.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen was also taking a risk. Once the deities of Infernal Court found out that he was in contact with the leader of Avīci Pavilion, the consequences would be quite serious.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I'd like to know how many Kunlun cultivators have joined Avīci Pavilion in the past 100,000 years and become part of the rescue plan? Is my father one of them?"

Hanakage Keizen was silent and did not say a word.

However, Zhang Ruochen already understood everything. His eyes sharpened and he asked, "Where is he?"

"Both of you will meet if he wants to see you," Hanakage Keizen said.

Zhang Ruochen's emotions fluctuated violently. The Yang Qi in his body became hard to suppress. His eyes turned blood red.

Hanakage Keizen stood quietly on the side, "You have to learn to control your emotions," she said, "I was once as angry as you and filled with hostility toward this world.

"However, after 100,000 years, I have finally seen through everything. There are very few things that can stir up my emotions."

Zhang Ruochen's pupils returned to black. "Empress, have you ever been in love?" he asked gloomily.

Hanakage Keizen did not answer him. She did not know how to answer.

Zhang Ruochen seemed to be talking to himself. He continued, "I used to have a beloved father, a woman I loved, and close friends. I loved everything in the world.

"However, there was a force that forcefully erased the love in my heart. It made me lose everything. It wanted me to hate the world.

"However, hatred is a very painful thing. It's like standing in a dark abyss, unable to see the light."

Hanakage Keizen could feel the pain in Zhang Ruochen's heart. She said, "I will tell him your words."

"Thank you," Zhang Ruochen said.

After a long time, they returned to the main topic of the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Hanakage Keizen said, "You have many powerful enemies. It's very difficult to take the first place in the Celestial-Hunting Festival. Avīci Pavilion can help you eliminate the most powerful ones. For example, Lan Yin from the Fane of Barasingha and Wu Jiang from the Fane of Darkness."

"No need."

Zhang Ruochen recovered completely and said, "If we do that, it will look suspicious. The deities of Infernal Court will definitely guess that I have a partnership with Avīci Pavilion. I will take down the Celestial-Hunting Festival on my own."

“That’s right. You have the guts. In that case, I’ll respect your decision. Before I leave, I’ll give you another gift.”

After saying this, Hanakage Keizen’s body dissipated. When it condensed again, it had turned into a sword.

*Whoosh*

The sword flew out and hit Divine Sky-connecting Tree’s trunk. It turned into a sword-shaped Canon mark.

Zhang Ruochen stood alone at the edge of the cliff formed by the God’s corpse for a long time.

“The Swordwill of Sword God Feng Chen is left here. Other deities might not be able to sense what’s happening here.

“However, Sword God Feng Chen could sense it. Why does the Empress of Thousand Bones dare to meet me here?

“Is Sword God Feng Chen also a member of Avīci Pavilion?”

Zhang Ruochen was in deep thought for a long time. Suddenly, Pan Ruo flew up from the bottom of the cliff.

“I have already achieved my purpose of meeting you. It’s time to leave,” she said.

Zhang Ruochen stared at her pair of bright and cold eyes and said, “Is there nothing else you want to say to me? The deities of Infernal Court can’t sense it here.”

“What else is there to say between us? We no longer walk the same path. It’s better that we go separate ways.” Pan Ruo avoided Zhang Ruochen’s gaze and said emotionlessly.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I’ve been to Death’s Door and Destiny Pool.”

Pan Ruo’s delicate body trembled slightly. She couldn’t hold it in anymore. Her eyes were sad and tender. “Whose destiny did you see in the pool?”

Zhang Ruochen did not say anything. In his mind, a graceful and majestic figure flashed past.

“It really wasn’t me. Since it wasn’t me, there’s nothing more to talk about between us. Take care of yourself from now on. Supreme Saint Ruochen, farewell.”

Pan Ruo turned around. She did not want Zhang Ruochen to see her expression. She turned into a beam of light passing through the clouds formed by the Divine Soul Fog. She flew out of the bronze coffin and left Vastsea Manor Manor quickly.

When she left, her heart was still in great pain.

Destiny Pool represented the ultimate Destiny of the person one cared about the most.

If she was the person Zhang Ruochen cared about the most, he would have said it. Since he did not say it, there was no need to ask.

In her mind, she kept asking. If Zhang Ruochen had said that the person he saw in Destiny Pool was her, would she throw herself into his arms and cry to her heart's content, telling him about the pain and sorrow he had been through in the past years?

If Zhang Ruochen could hug her, forgive her for what she did in the past, and gently caress her hair and face, how happy would that be?

Unfortunately, no.

"Destiny Pool, why do you have to reflect people's feelings so clearly?"

When she walked out of Vastsea Manor, Pan Ruo's emotions were completely restrained. She became cold and noble again, without a trace of abnormality.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, Scion Yuan Mo, and Lord Sinluo went up to welcome her.

Scion Yuan Mo asked, "Are the Fugue Pills in Zhang Ruochen's hands?"

"Yes," Pan Ruo answered.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei asked, "Is he willing to sell them?"

Pan Ruo shook her head slightly and said, "No."

Lord Sinluo snorted. "I've already said that Zhang Ruochen would never sell it. Why waste time on him?"

"I have good news. Wu Jiang has found a Theophany Berry, which can also help to break the shackles. Its medicinal power can reach one-fifth of a Fugue Pill."

...

Zhang Ruochen flew out of the bronze coffin with mixed feelings because he saw something different in Pan Ruo's eyes.

When she left, her disappointed and desperate eyes touched Zhang Ruochen's heart. If it was before, he would have chased after her, pulled her back, and hugged her tightly.

But this time, he seemed to be cold-hearted. He just stood there indifferently.

"Is everything between us really over?"

"Destiny Pool, why do you want people to see the fate of others?"

"What kind of person am I? Amorous or heartless?"

Zhang Ruochen was confused. The Yang Qi in his body was acting up, making it difficult for him to keep his thoughts clear and calm. There was a trace of demonic power in his eyes. He pointed at Lian Xi who was practicing under Sundial. "Follow me." His voice was full of authority.

He walked into Sevenstar Imperial Palace with his hands behind his back. He could not shake the look in Pan Ruo's eyes when she was leaving off his mind. It even gave him the illusion that Lian Xi behind him was Pan Ruo.

He knew that the devil inside him re-emerged, but he did not want to suppress his lust this time.

He walked into the inner chamber with Lian Xi..

### **Chapter 2263: Zhang Ruochen's Ambition**

In Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Saint Spring lake lay gleaming, surrounded by blooming flowers.

In one of the chambers with oldworld charm, Zhang Ruochen — whose well-defined body was an archetype of masculinity — walked down from a wooden bed. His muscles were well-proportioned, his chest broad, his eyes piercing and devilish, his facial features perfectly shaped. The masculine beauty was enticing and captivating.

That night, he had fallen into a postcoital slumber after letting off steam.

Zhang Ruochen took the white robe hanging on the bedside and put it on. He turned and stared at the delicate figure that was still lying on the bed. "From now on, this is where you stay. You can come and go as you please."

Lian Xi had woken up a long time ago. Her long black hair scattered over her shoulders. Her eyes were so beautiful that they could take one's breath away. She looked up, staring into the void. There was no overreaction on her pretty face. Her countenance was calm and serene.

Red marks were left on her fair skin, from her neck to the two snow-white bosoms under the quilt.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to push the door open and leave, she said, "You treated me as someone's substitute last night. Who was that person?"

Zhang Ruochen stopped. His eyes were deep and profound. He said, "You are you, not someone's substitute. From now on, you will be my maidservant. Don't ask questions. You are not qualified to do so."

Walking out of the inner chamber, Zhang Ruochen stared at the sky, his eyes flashed with fierce killing intent. "You've watched me the whole night. Haven't you seen enough?" His tone was cold.

*Whoosh!*

Enormous Divine Purification Flame surged out of his body. The mighty flame turned into a flaming tornado soaring into the sky and enveloped the divine spirits.

There were seventeen divine spirits. Each belonged to a deity.

Sensing Zhang Ruochen's killing intent, the seventeen divine spirits wanted to retreat immediately, but they were too late.

*KABOOM!*

Divine Purification Flame wiped out all seventeen divine spirits and burned them into nothingness.

Zhang Ruochen left Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Standing on the stairs, he pointed to the sky and shouted, "Whoever dares to spy on me again through your divine spirits, I'll destroy each and every divine spirit you send."

His voice spread far and wide, echoing through Winterpage City, alarming countless cultivators.

Inside a manor in the Divine Domain of Destiny, under a peach tree stood an elder with gray hair. Looking in the direction of Winterpage City, he smiled. "You are a man of character who even dare to kill the divine spirits of gods. You surely are uninhibited."

Another deity who was sitting in a palace said to himself, "Zhang Ruochen also has a weakness. At least he can't control his lust. In other words, his control over his spiritual will is far inferior to Yan Wushen's.

"Moreover, there is a great hidden danger in his physical condition. He's on the verge of losing control.

The voice of another deity sounded, "It's easier for us to control him if he has weaknesses. Hidden danger means a flaw. A blade without weakness or flaw will wound its master when it grows sharper in the future. Hence, I feel much more at ease now."

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In Vastsea Manor, all the cultivators were awakened from their practice. They all stared at Zhang Ruochen.

Everyone could see that Zhang Ruochen was in a bad mood. He had said that he wanted to destroy the divine spirits of deities. Even if other Supreme Saints had such strength, they wouldn't dare to do so.

Moyin went up to him and asked, "Master, what happened?"

"Nothing." Zhang Ruochen waved his hand.

When he was walking into the pavilion, he was deep in thought.

Moyin said, "Lord Xia Yu, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Gu Chenzi have come to visit you again. They want to see you."

"Fine, go and— forget it, they're already here!" Zhang Ruochen turned his gaze to the door.

Lord Xia Yu, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, Gu Chenzi, and Supreme Saint Xueqi walked over quickly. Each of them had a look of dissatisfaction on their faces, releasing Supreme Saint aura without reservation.

From afar, Lord Xia Yu spoke in a sarcastic tone, "I heard that Supreme Saint Ruochen has taken in Celestial Court's Fairy Shadowless and housed her in Sevenstar Imperial Palace. I'm so envious."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "What exactly has pissed the four of you off?"

Supreme Saint Xueqi's expression was cold. He said rudely, "Zhang Ruochen, do you really not know about it? Or you are pretending?" he sounded rude. "Don't you know that Bloodsky Clan was humiliated at the banquet of the ten major Immortal Vampire clans because of you?"

"And you, as the leader, did not ask about it?"

"Oh? I thought Lord Xia Yu attended the banquet in my place? With her cultivation, who would dare to humiliate her?" After taking out a pot of Saint Spring Water and a set of bronze cups, Zhang Ruochen filled five cups in a row.

He then gestured for them to sit down.

Lord Xia Yu's pretty face was filled with shame and anger. She did not sit down. "I'm responsible for what happened at the banquet," she said. "It's not your fault, but you didn't bother to respond to the provocation Lan Ying and Wujiang had made. How can Bloodsky Clan cultivators hold their heads high in Infernal Court?"

Zhang Ruochen was shocked. "What's wrong? How did they provoke us?"

"Lan Ying raised a big flag at the Arena of Life and Death," said Yi Xuan. "It says 'Lan Ying challenges Zhang Ruochen, Bloodsky Clan leader, to a life and death battle. If Zhang Ruochen doesn't accept his challenge, Zhang Ruochen will be a coward.'"

"His method is way too childish." Zhang Ruochen shook his head with a smile.

"Forget about his method. If you don't respond, you will be a laughing stock, even among Bloodsky Clan cultivators.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "How about Wujiang? What did he do to provoke us?"

"Wujiang once said openly that Bloodsky Clan had no talents left that they appointed a hybrid to be their leader. Even I couldn't bear such a comment, but you endured it." The look in the eyes of Supreme Saint Xueqi was ferocious. He was very dissatisfied with Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen sat up straight. He played with the bronze cup with his fingers and drank the Saint Spring Water in one gulp.

After a long time, Zhang Ruochen said, "Ignore them. There will be a chance to fight them at the Celestial-Hunting Festival."

"Fight?"

Gu Chenzi, who had been silent, suddenly spoke. He continued in a self-deprecating tone, "Lan Ying and Wujiang can defeat more than half of Bloodsky Clan cultivators single-handedly.

"How can we fight?"

"The only way we can survive at the Celestial-Hunting Festival is to avoid a direct confrontation with them."

Although they didn't want to admit it, the combat strength of Lan Ying and Wujiang made them feel deeply powerless.

At the same time, they thought they understood why Zhang Ruochen hadn't responded to the provocation of Lan Ying and Wujiang.

They perceived that he couldn't beat Lan Ying and Wujiang, so he had to admit defeat. Otherwise, he would be humiliated even more. At this moment, he could only endure.

Zhang Ruochen smiled noncommittally and asked again, "You all went to the banquet of the ten major Immortal Vampire clans. What exactly happened? With your strength, Lord Bladehell shouldn't have gone too far, right?"

Lord Xia Yu's face was gloomy, but she didn't speak.



Supreme Saint Xueqi said, "The banquet of ten major Immortal Vampire clans was supposed to be a gathering for everyone to discuss how to deal with the Celestial-Hunting Festival so that the Immortal Vampires could achieve better results in the competition among clans.

"However, all clans were seated in the hall except for us, Bloodsky Clan, were seated outside the hall. The reason they gave was 'there were not enough seats.'

"Lord Xia Yu, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Gu Chenzi entered the main hall angrily and questioned Lord Bladehell. However, they were ostracized and ridiculed by the other clans.

"Although Lord Bladehell said nothing, the cultivators around him claimed that Bloodsky Clan had become the target of the various powers. Bloodsky Clan participating in Celestial-Hunting Festival would implicate the entire Immortal Vampires.

"Some people also said that Bloodsky Clan is weak and dispensable. If they can take the initiative to withdraw from the Celestial-Hunting Festival, the Immortal Vampires' can get better results."

Hearing Supreme Saint Xueqi's story, the faces of Lord Xia Yu, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Gu Chenzi turned grave. They were embarrassed and furious.

Supreme Saint Xueqi continued, "Of course, Lord Xia Yu, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Gu Chenzi could not endure it any longer. They started to attack the cultivators who taunted them. However, no one expected that cultivator to actually accept the challenge. He even challenged all three of them to fight him."

Zhang Ruochen finally showed interest. "Challenge the three of them at the same time?"

"That's right," Supreme Saint Xueqi said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Who was that brave person? Lord Bladehell? Lady Wind? Or Supreme Saint Jin Kun?"

In his opinion, only cultivators at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm would dare to do this. Otherwise, if he angered Lord Xia Yu and the other two, he would only bring humiliation upon himself.

Supreme Saint Xueqi said, "That person is not Lord Bladehell, Lady Feng, nor Supreme Saint Jin Kun. He is a nobody in Puresky Clan."

"What happened in the end?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Xueqi stared at Lord Xia Yu and the others without saying a word. It was obvious that he could not bring himself to say it.

"You all lost?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan clenched his fists. His eyes were about to pop out of their sockets, "We lost miserably!" he replied. "No one expected that guy to be an elite who attained Great Perfection at Hundred-Shackle Realm. He had deliberately humiliated Bloodsky Clan to anger us. He defeated the three of us so he could make a name for himself.

Lord Xia Yu, Gu Chenzi, and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan were all top elites. With their leadership, Bloodsky Clan would definitely not be at the bottom of the ten major Immortal Vampire clans. Bloodsky Clan could make it into the top five.

However, the three of them were severely humiliated when facing a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint who had attained Great Perfection.

One could imagine how aggrieved they were.

Lord Xia Yu was obviously greatly agitated. She said, "Zhang Ruochen, you once said that you had a way to help me breakthrough to the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm before the Celestial-Hunting Festival. Does that still count?"

"Of course it does," Zhang Ruochen said.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, Gu Chengzi, and Supreme Saint Xueqi all looked at each other with joy in their eyes.

If Lord Xia Yu could breakthrough and reach the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, their strength would definitely soar.

By then, who would dare to underestimate Bloodsky Clan?

Who would dare to say that Bloodsky Clan was dispensable among the other major clans of the Immortal Vampires?

At the Celestial-Hunting Festival, an elite who reached Great Perfection under the Hundred-Shackle Realm could play a vital role. They were like pillars that could support a force. They also represented the dignity and glory of the force.

However, many Supreme Saints were trapped in the 99 shackles and could not make a breakthrough. Even the deities could not help much.

Would Zhang Ruochen be able to do so?

Lord Xia Yu did not have much confidence in Zhang Ruochen. That was why she had rejected him last time.

However, she had suffered too much humiliation at the banquet this time. Even if there was only a glimmer of hope, she wanted to give it a try.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and the others and said, "Don't leave. Come with us! However, it still depends on you on how far your cultivation can grow."

Zhang Ruochen's plan was to let Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi reach the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm before the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

With three people at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm and himself, Zhang Ruochen was confident enough to secure top spot among the ten clans of Infernal Court.

Of course, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi didn't know that Zhang Ruochen was so ambitious. They followed him purely out of curiosity. They wanted to know what kind of power Zhang Ruochen had that could help Lord Xia Yu break through?

When they passed through the palace gate of Sevenstar Imperial Palace, they encountered Lian Xi who was walking out of it.

Seeing the five Supreme Saints, Lian Xi quickly moved to the side and stared at the ground. She had a delicate and alluring demeanor on her that would arouse a man's protective instinct.

"This is Fairy Shadowless? She's really a peerless beauty."

"If a fairy falls into Infernal Court, she can only stay by Zhang Ruochen's side to live a better life. Otherwise, a deity would take her away to keep her as his exclusive plaything."

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi were both amazed. They understood Zhang Ruochen the moment they saw Lian Xi walk out of the inner chamber.

They stared at Zhang Ruochen again with green eyes.

No wonder Zhang Ruochen had been hiding in Sevenstar Imperial Palace to practice. If they had such a fairy-like beauty to serve them in bed, they would have been partying every night and would ignore what was going on outside.

Supreme Saint Xueqi let out a long sigh and completely gave up. He was both envious and jealous of Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Lian Xi and said, "Go to the god's corpse and take some of the god's blood that is not contaminated by the poison and send it to Palace of Cosmos."

"Yes, sir."

Lian Xi bowed to Zhang Ruochen and walked out.

Palace of Cosmos was the palace used by Wargod Bloodximus when he was practicing. The space inside was vast and 300 meters long. The four walls and the top of the palace were inlaid with a large number of precious crystals. They sparkled like stars in the sky.

It was a place that other cultivators could not pry or probe.

Zhang Ruochen had brought them here to help them improve their cultivation. He wanted them to become the trump cards of Bloodsky Clan. He wanted them to catch the enemy forces off guard at crucial moments.

*Whoosh!*

Zhang Ruochen took out a cauldron of Fugue Pills and put it on the ground.

"I can give you all 100 Fugue Pills. But I'll charge you 20 Godstones for each one. Any objections?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Seeing the Fugue Pills, Lord Xia Yu and the others were enlightened.

No wonder Xue Tu would refuse to sell them the Fugue Pills when they wanted to buy them. It turned out he wasn't the one who had bought the Fugue Pills.

Although twenty Godstones per pill was expensive, it was still acceptable. After all, when they had gone to Xue Tu to buy them, they had bid for 30 Godstones per pill.

Lord Xia Yu said, "Even if you have the Fugue Pill, it's useless. The most difficult part in process of breaking shackles is to find them. If you can't identify the shackles in your body, no matter how many Fugue Pills you take, it will be in vain."

"Finding the shackles is difficult for other Supreme Saints, but it's a piece of cake for me," Zhang Ruochen said..

### **Chapter 2264: Desire**

"Piece of cake?"

The four Hundred-Shackled Realm Supreme Saints — Lord Xia Yu, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, Gu Chenzi, and Supreme Saint Xueqi — had looks of disbelief on their faces. They felt that Zhang Ruochen was too conceited.

It was normal for them to think that way. How could a mere Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint understand the difficulties of cultivating the Hundred-Shackled Realm?

If Lord Xia Yu was not at her wit's end, she would not have trusted Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was so confident because he had the Canon of Truth and the Heart of Truth.

The most basic to cultivate the Path of Truth was to see through the void and find the truth. With the Heart of Truth and the 0.058 percent of Canon of Truth, Zhang Ruochen's ability to explore the shackles in a Supreme Saint could even surpass that of gods.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Precepts of Truth and gathered them in his eyes. He looked at the Supreme Saint Xueqi and said, "Xueqi, you've only broken fourteen shackles, right?"

"Yes."

Supreme Saint Xueqi nodded and replied.

"Sit cross-legged. I'll help you find the fifteenth shackle," Zhang Ruochen said.

Supreme Saint Xueqi did not have high expectations of Zhang Ruochen's ability. However, Zhang Ruochen was the leader. Despite Supreme Saint Xueqi's strength and status, he still had to give him face.

Supreme Saint Xueqi hesitated for a moment and sat cross-legged on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen walked over and stood behind Supreme Saint Xueqi. He said, "Close your eyes and adjust your mental state. Use the most natural way to circulate the blood-red aura in your body."

The Three Top Elites of Bloodysky Clan looked at each other and retreated.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan sent a telepathic transmission to Lord Xia Yu and Gu Chenzi. “Zhang Ruochen doesn’t seem to be joking. He’s very serious. Could he help a Supreme Saint find the shackles in him?”

Lord Xia Yu sent a telepathic transmission. “How is that possible? If there is a way to help a Supreme Saint find the shackles in him, why are there so many Celestial and Infernal Court Supreme Saints still trapped in the Hundred-Shackled Realm and unable to break through in their entire lives?”

At that point, Lord Xia Yu began to regret. She felt that it was foolish to pin her hopes on Zhang Ruochen.

### *Crash*

Zhang Ruochen released the Realm-frame of Truth. Instantly, the entire Palace of Cosmos was covered by starlight spots. It was as if it had evolved into a miniature starfield.

Supreme Saint Xueqi was sitting cross-legged on the ground and he only felt that the world around him was spinning. It was as if he was sitting cross-legged in the center of the universe. There were countless stars above his head, below his body, and in all directions.

“Let go of any distracting thoughts. Feel the shackles in you carefully,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The so-called shackles were the various invisible powers that bound the Supreme Saint. They existed in every part of one’s body.

Only by finding all of them and breaking them could the power of the Neverwithier physique be fully unleashed. One could achieve greater freedom of power, physically, and spiritually.

Zhang Ruochen quietly mobilized the power of the Heart of Truth. He raised his palm and pressed it on the top of Supreme Saint Xueqi’s head.

Supreme Saint Xueqi instinctively resisted, and his body swayed slightly.

“If you trust me, then don’t resist,” Zhang Ruochen said.

It may be a crisis of his own life and death. Supreme Saint Xueqi did not fully place his trust in Zhang Ruochen yet. His eyelids twitched as if he was about to open his eyes and break free.

Zhang Ruochen said, “The cultivators of the Bloodysky Clan attending the festival are dispensable to the entire Immortal Vampires. And your cultivation is dispensable to the Bloodysky Clan. You’ve only broken fourteen shackles. You’re too weak!”

“If you want to be looked up to and become strong as soon as possible, if you want to help the Xue Jue family win honor and glory, you can only choose to trust me.”

Supreme Saint Xueqi gritted his teeth and gradually gave up resisting. He handed himself over to Zhang Ruochen completely.

### *Swoosh*

A patch of starlight appeared in Zhang Ruochen’s palm, illuminating the top of the Supreme Saint Xueqi’s head with incomparable brightness and clarity.

The light continued to extend downwards and finally illuminated Supreme Saint Xueqi entirely.

The Three Top Elites of Bloodysky Clan had no choice but to close their eyes because the light was too bright. They could not look directly at it and could only use their spiritual power to sense it.

However, as soon as they released their spiritual power, it was destroyed by the power that burst out from Zhang Ruochen's body. They could not detect anything.

It lasted for twelve hours.

The Three Top Elites of Bloodysky Clan heard Supreme Saint Xueqi's excited voice. "I found it! I found the fifteenth shackle. I found it. That's great. Zhang Ruochen, how did you do it?"

Zhang Ruochen withdrew the Realm-frame of Truth and the blinding light in the Palace of Cosmos disappeared.

"What's there to be excited about? It took me twelve hours to find the shackle. With your talent, you have the nerve to call yourself the number one person in a thousand years in the Xue Jue Family?"

Zhang Ruochen was exhausted. Beads of sweat covered his forehead.

Supreme Saint Xueqi was too excited. He did not mind being looked down upon by Zhang Ruochen.

He had no choice because he was completely convinced of Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had defeated the Three Top Elites of Bloodysky Clan and displayed his strength as a superior at the God-ascension Ceremony. Supreme Saint Xueqi could only look up to him. Now, Zhang Ruochen could even help the Hundred-Shackled Realm Supreme Saint of the Bloodysky Clan raise his cultivation. He had the potential to change the situation of the Bloodysky Clan. This was something even gods could not do.

How could they not be convinced?

"I'll call all the Hundred-Shackled Realm Supreme Saints of the Bloodysky Clan over right now. At the Celestial-hunting Festival, we'll be able to shake the world with a single feat." Supreme Saint Xueqi said.

Zhang Ruochen stopped him immediately. "What are you doing? When have I said that I want to help all the Hundred-Shackled Realm Supreme Saints of the Bloodysky Clan improve their cultivation?"

"But if you have such ability, why don't you help?" said Supreme Saint Xueqi.

"If I have the ability and I help everyone, how long will I have to help? When will I have the time to cultivate for myself?"

Zhang Ruochen added, "At the Celestial-hunting Festival, only those at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm can play the greatest role. Even if the other Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints improved a few shackles or dozens of shackles, it would not be of much significance. I'm willing to help you because you're a disciple of the Xue Jue Family. I have the blood of the Xue Jue family in me."

The last bit of displeasure and concern in Supreme Saint Xueqi's heart disappeared after he heard that. He stared at Zhang Ruochen, and the words "That's because you're a disciple of the Xue Jue Family" kept echoing in his mind.

Supreme Saint Xueqi's sense of honor of being a disciple of the Xue Jue family rose to the highest point.

"Zhang Ruochen, I'm completely convinced today! From now on, even if you want to compete for the patriarch of our family, I will support you wholeheartedly," said the Supreme Saint Xueqi.

Zhang Ruochen flipped his palm and took out a Fugue Pill from the cauldron. He waved it at him and said, "Take this Fugue Pill and break the fifteenth shackle as soon as possible."

"Thank you."

Supreme Saint Xueqi took the Fugue Pill and took out twenty Godstones. He handed them to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen took the twenty Godstones and he said with a sigh, "What a loss. My Fugue Pills was sold for more than twenty Godstones. Besides, I spent a lot of effort to find the shackle for you. I think I should take fifty Godstones."

Supreme Saint Xueqi's heart skipped a beat. He was afraid that Zhang Ruochen would ask for too much.

After all, even if Zhang Ruochen asked for fifty Godstones, he would continue to ask for Zhang Ruochen's help.

If the Godstones were gone, he could still earn it.

But if he missed the opportunity to improve his cultivation, who could he go to?

"No, no. Zhang Ruochen, how can you go back to your previous price? Twenty Godstones for a Fugue Pill and you have to promise to help us find a shackle. I don't care. I'll give you 200 Godstones now. You have to give me ten Fugue Pills and help me find ten more shackles."

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan rushed over instantly and forced a bag of Godstones into Zhang Ruochen's hand, afraid that he would not accept it.

Gu Chenzi, who had always been calm, also took out a bag of Godstones and said, "I have 280 Godstones for you. Zhang Ruochen, as a Supreme Saint, you must keep your word. You can not deny it."

Lord Xia Yu stretched out his hands and pushed Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi out. He said, "Zhang Ruochen, you have to help me find the shackle of desire first. Name your conditions. Let alone 50 Godstones, I'll give you 100."

They would not have believed it if they had not seen it with their own eyes that Zhang Ruochen had found a shackle for Supreme Saint Xueqi in just twelve hours.

Their hearts were shaken and they had no more doubts.

Zhang Ruochen knew that they would pay no matter how high the price was.

However, Zhang Ruochen valued the potential and future of the four Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saints more compared to the dozens and hundreds of Godstones.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I'm just saying. What are you nervous about? I care more about the ranking of the Bloodysky Clan at the Celestial-hunting Festival than I do about the Godstones from you. I care more about the honor and dignity of the Bloodysky Clan."

"I've been waiting for you to say that for a long time!" Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said.

Gu Chenzi was still cold-looking. He said, "With your words, I'll listen to you at the Celestial-hunting Festival."

A strange look appeared in Lord Xia Yu's eyes as if she was re-examining Zhang Ruochen. In the past, she had been hostile to Zhang Ruochen. When she fought with him, she had even wanted to kill him.

But now, her impression of him has changed slightly.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes met hers, he said, "Lord Xia Yu, you are right. I also think that I should help you find the Shackle of Desire. The Bloodysky Clan must have a Supreme Saint in completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm to support the situation. We can't let any force look down on us. When the time comes, we'll let the other nine clans of the Immortal Vampires come to us. They won't think that we're dispensable."

"What do you want?" Lord Xia Yu asked.

Zhang Ruochen stretched out two fingers and said, "Twenty Godstones."

Lord Xia Yu's eyes were very beautiful. They were not blood red, but green like jade. Her eyelashes were soft and long. There was a hint of cynicism in her eyes, she said, "I won't fall for your tricks, don't expect me to owe you a favor. I'll give you a hundred Godstones."

As Lord Xia Yu spoke, she threw a bag containing Godstones into Zhang Ruochen's hand.

Zhang Ruochen said, "The Shackle of Desire is the hundredth and final shackle. It must be the most difficult one. I'm not sure that I can help you find it. "Give me the divine stone now... What if I can't find it later? I may not return it to you."

"Just do your best. Even if you can't find it, I won't take back the Godstones."

Lord Xia Yu was a straightforward woman. She sat cross-legged and took off the violet-gold phoenix hairpin. Her long hair fell like a waterfall. She said, "Let's begin! Whether we succeed or fail, it's not your fault."

Supreme Saint Xueqi retreated to the edge of the Palace of Cosmos. She swallowed the Fugue Pill and cultivated it with all her might.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi were even more nervous than Lord Xia Yu.

If Zhang Ruochen could even find the most difficult—Shackle of Desire, then would not it mean that the two of them also had a chance to cultivate to the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm before the Celestial-hunting Festival?

It was unimaginable for a clan to produce three cultivators in completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

"Zhang Ruochen must succeed."



Gu Chenzi couldn't help but clench his fists.

*Crash*

The light from the Realm-frame of Truth filled the Palace of Cosmos once again.

As Zhang Ruochen's palm gently pressed on the top of Lord Xia Yu's head, her graceful and delicate body was illuminated like a shining divine jade. Her black eyebrows slightly furrowed and gradually relaxed.

Lord Xia Yu's talent was undoubtedly much higher than Xueqi's.

However, the process of searching for the shackle was not smooth.

She had broken ninety-nine shackles and only one remained. This one was not in her body, but in her Saint Soul, which was connected to her consciousness.

It was called desire.

Lord Xia Yu's consciousness had billions of shackles, and the Shackle of Desire was hidden in one of them.

After twenty hours, both Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu were exhausted, but the Shackle of Desire did not appear after a while. Lord Xia Yu's heart was fluctuating. Her emotions were already out of control.

Zhang Ruochen remained calm and said, "Stay true to your heart. Next, you have to investigate the consciousness that you don't want others to know."

"Don't... Don't peek into me... My consciousness."

Lord Xia Yu's resistance in her heart became stronger and stronger.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Everyone has the most painful wound. It's not scary to open it. What's scary is that you don't dare to face it."

"You have hatred in your heart. It's very strong. At the same time, it's your weakest part. You don't want anyone to see this side of you. If you continue to resist, I can't help you."

"Do you want to be stuck in this realm forever?"

Zhang Ruochen's voice was gentle, vast, and long. It kept entering Lord Xia Yu's mind.

"Zhang Ruochen, please let me go. I don't want to continue. I don't want to cultivate until the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm," said Lord Xia Yu. Her tears flowed out as she pleaded with Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head lightly. As if he was peeling off layers of her clothes, he forced open her hidden consciousness. Finally, he knew her most vulnerable side.

Lord Xia Yu has a tragic past.

When Lord Xia Yu was young, her parents were forcibly sent to the Battlefield of Merits. Both of them died, and only their skeletons were sent back.

After that, her status in the family plummeted. She suffered all kinds of unfair treatment, but she could only silently wipe away her tears. She gritted her teeth and stubbornly cultivated hard.

Later, her only elder brother finally came out of seclusion and took her away from the family to train in the Battlefield of Merits.

Unfortunately, she fell into the trap of the Celestial Court cultivators because she had underestimated the enemy. Her elder brother was pierced through the heart by ten thousand swords and burned to death to save her. In the end, she had no choice but to carry her elder brother's bones and return to Infernal Court.

As her cultivation talent gradually revealed itself, she finally entered the vision of the upper echelons of the clan and was accepted as a disciple by the divine ancestor. Her status in the clan grew higher and higher, and her cultivation base grew stronger and stronger.

However, the divine ancestor, who loved her the most, was soon refined to death in the starry sky by the deity of Celestial Court.

Without the protection of the divine ancestor, Lord Xia Yu's family was in decline. It was constantly being encroached upon by the surrounding forces and was being bullied. Therefore, she yearned to become strong and pretend to be cold and heartless. She wanted all cultivators to be afraid of her and not want to be bullied again.

Zhang Ruochen could see that the part where she did not want to open her mind was the part where her brother died because of her.

This should be her hundredth shackle.

It was also her desire..

### **Chapter 2265: Luo Sha's Dissatisfaction**

Zhang Ruochen withdrew his palm slowly and let out a long breath. Then, he sat down cross-legged with the Godstone in his hand. He absorbed the divine Qi inside the Godstone and recovered the power that had been consumed in his body.

Lord Xia Yu was still sitting in the same place. Her blue feather robe was soaked in sweat. Her delicate and pale face was still wet with tears, and her delicate body was trembling slightly.

Guilt, self-blame, resentment, and all kinds of negative emotions that tortured her still filled her heart.

Zhang Ruochen cruelly tore open the memory that she did not want to recall the most. It was bloody and presented in front of her. Everything seemed to have happened just now.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi were very anxious. They wanted to know whether they had succeeded or failed?

However, they had never seen Lord Xia Yu so weak and sad. They did not dare to ask her.

This silence lasted until the Saint Qi in Zhang Ruochen's body recovered. Then, he stood up again. He stared at the silent Lord Xia Yu and said, "I've already found the Shackle of Desire. Why are you still sitting there?"

Lord Xia Yu raised her pale face and looked at Zhang Ruochen's tall and straight figure. At a certain moment, this figure overlapped with her dead brother.

Zhang Ruochen saw that she was staring at him. He said, "The hatred, self-blame, and guilt in your heart are too strong. It's so difficult to break the desire. It will be very dangerous when you reach the Banshi Isshou Realm in the future. I advise you to put down some things when you should. Don't keep yourself sealed inside..."

His voice came to an abrupt halt, and his eyes were a little misty.

Zhang Ruochen thought of himself in Lord Xia Yu's shoes.

It was so difficult for Lord Xia Yu to find the Shackle of Desire. What about him? Would it be even harder for him? Would not his future path be even more dangerous?

Just like Chi Yao in the past, she was still unable to become a god. Was it the same?

Lord Xia Yu collected her emotions. She stood up and displayed her tall and beautiful figure. She pulled up her long hair and tied it back with the violet-gold phoenix hairpin. Her cold and noble temperament gradually resurfaced.

She stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, "How do you think I should let go? How do I get out of this dilemma?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "There are some problems. You should look at it from another angle. Your parents, elder brother, and the divine ancestor did die tragically at the hands of Celestial Court's cultivators. But how many people died at their hands? How many people lost their families and suffered the same fate as you?"

"It's not your fault. It's not the cultivators of Celestial Court. It's war and killing."

Lord Xia Yu said coldly, "You'd better not say the same thing. If the cultivators in Infernal Court heard you, you'll be in big trouble. I'm grateful that you helped me find the Shackle of Desire. But you've peeked into my heart and know too many of my secrets. You'd better keep your mouth shut. If you say a word, I'll kill you."

Lord Xia Yu took a Fugue Pill and turned to leave.

Zhang Ruochen said with an emotionless face, "After the Celestial-hunting Festival if there's a chance, you can come with me to the Battlefield of Merits. I'll take you to see the other side of the war. Maybe it will help change your stubbornness and also be helpful for your future cultivation."

"Zhang Ruochen, you're too controlling. Stop trying to please me and do something that's not your place. I'm not the Fairy Shadowless. If you wish to take me into the harem of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. I advise you to give up the idea as soon as possible so that you don't get yourself into trouble," said Lord Xia Yu.

Lord Xia Yu did not turn around. She walked out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and sat under the Sundial to cultivate.

“It seems that she has a misunderstanding about me. If I treat me a little better, does she think that I’m hitting on her?” said Zhang Ruochen as he stared at Supreme Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said, “Most beautiful women have this problem. You’re also very good to Xueqi. You can’t possibly hit on Xueqi, right?”

Gu Chenzi said, “But women often say the opposite. If I was Lord Xia Yu and wanted to choose a husband, Zhang Ruochen would be one of the best candidates. Marrying Zhang Ruochen will have the backing of the Xue Jue Family in the Bloodysky Clan and her family will be in a much better position.”

“So she’s hinting at Zhang Ruochen to be more proactive?” Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head with a smile, but he was on guard.

There was nothing wrong with taking Lord Xia Yu under his wing and being a member of his team in Infernal Court.

However, she must not misunderstand and think that he was trying to hit on her.

After experiencing so many things, Zhang Ruochen could do anything to achieve his goal. He did not mind being a wicked man and a murderer. There was no boundary between good and evil.

There was no absolute good or absolute evil in the world.

However, if he used emotions to achieve his goal, he would be backfired many times. He tried his best not to do so.

After helping Supreme Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi find their shackles, Zhang Ruochen separated the five Saint Souls again to comprehend the Precepts. His original body opened the paper that he had gotten from Pan Ruo to comprehend and analyze the Canon of Water’s mark.

A year later, Zhang Ruochen had fully analyzed the Canon of Water’s mark and successfully condensed the fourth-grade Heavenly Stream Saintwill of water.

However, he did not immediately merge the Heavenly Stream Saintwill into the Blood Sun Ten-tremors Saintwill.

According to the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, his understanding and application of the Blood Sun Ten-tremors Saintwill were too shallow. If he recklessly merged with the Heavenly Stream Saintwill, not only would it be dangerous, but the success rate would also be very low.

The more you understand the saintwill, the easier it is to merge.

Supreme Saint Xueqi, Supreme Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Gu Chenzi’s cultivation rose at a terrifying rate. Thanks to Zhang Ruochen’s help in finding the shackles and providing the Fugue Pills to allow them to break the shackles. As well as a large amount of divine blood to help increase cultivation and consolidate the Neverwither physique.

It only takes half a year for Supreme Saint Xueqi to break one shackle.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi needed a year to break through one shackle.

This did not mean that Supreme Saint Xueqi's talent was higher than the two of them. It was just that both of them had broken through eighty shackles. The further they went, the more difficult it became, and the longer they took to break.

Three years later, Lord Xia Yu successfully broke through the hundredth shackle. A massive amount of blood-red aura surged out of her. Almost ten billion Precepts traveled through the heavens and earth.

*Whoosh*

Eight silver wings rushed out from her back.

Lightning flowed on the silver wings. They became extremely huge as if they had turned into eight silver clouds.

A new pair of silver wings grew out of the center of the eight silver wings. However, these silver wings were still half-real, like a chaotic fog of light.

"It broke off so quickly. It's quite powerful."

Zhang Ruochen awakened from his cultivation. He walked out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and stood on the steps. He pointed in the direction of Lord Xia Yu with his right hand.

*Whoosh*

The space around Lord Xia Yu began to stretch and distort.

Her body was pulled into a spatial bubble a hundred miles wide by Zhang Ruochen. Only then did the surrounding of Vastsea Manor calmed down.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the cultivators who were cultivating and said, "Stop looking and continue cultivating."

Xue Chen, Xue Ningxiao, and the others did not continue cultivating. Instead, they stood up and stared in the direction of the spatial bubble. They were all amazed.

Lord Xia Yu was about to enter the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. It was a big event. No matter how important the cultivation was, they did not want to miss this opportunity to witness it.

Zhang Ruochen ignored them and focused on Lord Xia Yu. He could not help but nod.

"There's a huge difference between a Supreme Saint with ninety-nine severed shackles and a Supreme Saint with a hundred severed shackles. Lord Xia Yu's cultivation almost doubled in an instant. It was still rising. The ninth and tenth silver wings on her back were also rapidly forming.

Zhang Ruochen calculated in his heart. If he did not use the Supreme Artifact, would he be able to defeat the current Lord Xia Yu?

Zhang Ruochen had spent a lot of effort to defeat Lord Xia Yu during the God-ascension Ceremony.

Everyone's cultivation was improving, but Lord Xia Yu had taken the most crucial step. It was very likely that she was ahead.

The gods of the Bloodysky Clan sensed this at once and were overjoyed.

Even though Lord Xia Yu had already broken through ninety-nine shackles and was only one step away from reaching the great circle of the Hundred-Shackled Realm, the gods of the Bloodysky Clan knew her situation very well. They felt that she couldn't break through within a hundred years. It was even possible for her to stay where she was for the rest of her life.

Therefore, the gods of the Bloodysky Clan did not have much hope for her.

However, before the Celestial-Hunting Festival, Lord Xia Yu had successfully broken through. This was definitely out of their expectations. It could be described as a surprise.

Wargod Bloodximius transmitted a message to Supreme Saint Qingsheng. "When she reaches the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, send a Supreme Saint in the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm to check out her combat strength."

...

Not long after, Lord Xia Yu temporarily consolidated her cultivation.

Even though she was as cold as a stone, there was a smile on her face at this moment. The joy in her heart could not be suppressed and hidden.

Zhang Ruochen stepped into the spatial bubble and hovered in the air. "Congratulations on breaking through the realm and entering the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

"Completion?"

Lord Xia Yu shook her head and said, "I just broke through the hundredth shackle and I'm still far from the completion. In the Supreme Saint's body, there are thousands of tiny shackles in addition to the hundred main shackles. I can only be considered to have reached the completion after breaking all of them. By then, my cultivation will at least double.

"Although there are many tiny shackles, they can't stop my progress. Give me three more years at most, and I'll be able to break them all. Of course, you have to provide me with enough fresh divine blood in these three years."

Zhang Ruochen frowned and said, "Why should I provide you with divine blood?"

"Don't you like to curry favor? I gave you a chance, but you didn't cherish it?" Lord Xia Yu said.

Zhang Ruochen could see that Lord Xia Yu was really in a good mood. At the same time, her hostility and rejection toward him had disappeared. In the past, she would never have said such words to Zhang Ruochen.

Such words already had a hint.

Lord Xia Yu quickly realized that what she had just said was inappropriate. She immediately put away the smile on her face, she said coldly, "I was just joking with you. Don't look so reluctant. I will buy it with Godstones. I won't take your divine blood for nothing."

“Oh, you are indeed Lord Xia Yu. You are so impressive. I have never seen such a begging attitude from you.” said Luo Sha.

Luo Sha walked into the spatial bubble with her stunning figure. She walked to Zhang Ruochen’s side with a dissatisfied look, she said again, “Zhang Ruochen, why should I pay for the Sundial when other cultivators don’t need to pay Godstones to cultivate? Moreover, you provide them with divine blood for free. Why don’t I get such treatment?”

Zhang Ruochen sniffed the charming fragrance coming from her body and said lightly, “They are cultivators of the Bloodysky Clan and you are not.”

“You...”

Luo Wei was even more annoyed. She puffed up her cheeks, widened her eyes, and said, “You are bullying me. Also, why does the Sundial consume so many Godstones? It costs at least six Godstones a day. Do you think I am at your mercy?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “If you’re unhappy, you can leave the Vastsea Manor at any time.”

Luo Sha put her hands behind her back and stepped on lotus flowers in the void space. She looked at Lord Xia Yu up and down and said with a smile, “Of course I’m unhappy, but I won’t leave.

“Lord Xia Yu can cultivate here and get divine blood. I want the same treatment as her. Don’t tell me that she’s a cultivator from the Bloodysky Clan. Why don’t cultivators from other Bloodysky Clans get the same treatment? You just like her, Don’t you?”

“Zhang Ruochen, how strong is the Yang Qi in your body? One Fairy Shadowless can’t satisfy you. Do you want me to give you 10 Saint Rakshasis?”

Lord Xia Yu’s body burned with the Grim Soul-devouring Flame. She said coldly, “He’s unruly, but I’m clean. Your Highness, you’d better not talk nonsense or you’ll get into trouble.”

“From now on, I’ll provide the Godstones needed to operate the Sundial.”

Lord Xia Yu had already left the spatial bubble by the time she finished speaking.

Luo Sha narrowed her charming eyes and smiled slyly. “Do you see, Zhang Ruochen? A woman like Lord Xia Yu can be taken down with a little trick.”

“Don’t talk nonsense. I’m helping her because I want to win the Celestial-hunting Festival. It’s not as bad as you think,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha rolled his eyes and said disdainfully, “What about Fairy Shadowless? Don’t tell me that she’s still a pure and flawless fairy? She’s different now that she’s come out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace!”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes darkened. “Mind your own business,” he said coldly

After Zhang Ruochen returned to the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Luo Sha’s red lips curled up devilishly by the corner and said, “You can hide your thoughts from those self-righteous gods who treat all living beings as ants. How can you hide them from me?”

“However, this guy is extremely lucky with women. He’s becoming more and more unrestrained. I can’t let him live so comfortably.

“If the cultivators of Celestial Court know that two of the nine fairies on the *Portrait of the Nine Beauties* are no longer pure and innocent and that they were all destroyed by the villainous Zhang Ruochen of Infernal Court, will they come to Infernal Court to kill him? Hehe. Zhang Ruochen, you have been so harsh to me. I have to punish you.”

## **Chapter 2266: Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill**

Another three years passed.

The Sword Spirit of the Ancient Abyssal Blade had reached the Saint King Realm. It had passed the second King’s Calamity and successfully turned into a Second-level Regal Artifact.

There were more than 250,000 king-grade inscriptions in the sword.

After that, it only needed to refine and absorb weapons to continue improving.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen refined and absorbed 40 Heaven Grade Firmament Pills he had bought from the Realm of Star Ocean. His spiritual power reached the peak of the 60th level.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen was sitting in an independent palace in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. He took out the King Grade Sacred Pill he had obtained from the Dragon Temple and held it in his palm. He carefully felt the pill spirit of the sacred pill.

The pill spirit was in the form of a five-clawed silver dragon. Although it had been sealed, the spiritual power it emitted was still powerful. It was comparable to a spiritual-power Supreme Saint at the initial stage of the 60th level.

Zhang Ruochen did not dare to swallow it before this.

If this sacred pill was placed on a planet...

The spiritual power released by the sacred pill could affect billions of lives on the planet. Becoming the planet’s ruler was a piece of cake.

“With my current spiritual power, I should be able to refine it. It won’t be difficult for me to break through to the 61st level,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen released a white Divine Purification Flame with his palms and enveloped the King Grade Sacred Pill.

The sealing power on the surface of the sacred pill was gradually refined.

*Whoosh*

A deafening roar of a dragon sounded from inside the King Grade Sacred Pill as the seal disappeared.

The five-clawed Silver Dragon rushed out of the pill. Its body grew bigger and bigger. It circled in the palace, reaching out its claws at Zhang Ruochen.



*Swoosh*

Zhang Ruochen sat still. 8,000 Spirits flew out of his body.

Each Spirit looked exactly like him. They stood in 8,000 directions of the palace and their hands made a grasping gesture. They pulled out the silver light from the five-clawed silver dragon and inhaled it into their mouths.

Soul-devouring.

The five-clawed silver dragon sensed that something was wrong. This young man was not someone it could provoke. It immediately swung its tail and rushed toward the palace door.

“You’re thinking of escaping now?”

Zhang Ruochen flipped his hand and slapped it down. It was suppressed in a five-colored chaotic space and its soul could not move anymore. Even its spiritual power could not escape.

He stretched out two fingers to pick up the King Grade Sacred Pill and swallowed it.

*Whoosh*

Zhang Ruochen’s whole body was illuminated by the King Grade Sacred Pill’s light. It released a pill fragrance. The pill fragrance condensed into clouds and enveloped Zhang Ruochen completely.

Refining a Heaven Grade Sacred Pill to improve spiritual power only took one or two months.

However, refining this King Grade Sacred Pill took Zhang Ruochen half a year to fully absorb.

His spiritual power had successfully broken through to the 61st level.

His Spirits have increased to 12,300.

“Withdraw.”

Zhang Ruochen withdrew the dense Spirits into his saint heart and opened his bright eyes. His pupils were like immortal jade Godstones. He seemed to be able to see through the hearts of all living beings in the world.

Can the 61st level spiritual power fight against a Supreme Saint in the initial stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm?’ Zhang Ruochen asked himself in his heart.

Each of the five realms of a Supreme Saint had a huge leap.

Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power had only increased by one level. He thought it was unrealistic to fight against a Supreme Saint in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He had never cultivated his spiritual power systematically. When he had time, he had to spend more time studying it.

‘After several years of cultivating the Heavenly Stream Saintwill and the Blood Sun Ten-tremors Saintwill, plus a big breakthrough in my spiritual power, my control of power and saintwills has become more exquisite. I should be able to fuse them.’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Violet Gourd and flew in.

There were some accidents during the process of fusing the saintwill previously.

However, after three failures, with the help of the Qiankun Realm and the Violet Gourd, Zhang Ruochen finally succeeded in fusing the Heavenly Stream Saintwill and the Blood Sun Ten-tremors Saintwill. It evolved into a more powerful third-grade saintwill.

There were also differences for each third-grade saintwill.

Zhang Ruochen determined that the newly condensed saintwill was stronger than the previous saintwill because after merging with the Heavenly Stream Saintwill, the shock force contained in the saintwill reached 11 tremors.

With one more tremor of the shock force, the power increased.

Whether it was a Palm technique, a Fist technique, or a water saint technique, the power would be much stronger when the saintwill was used.

However, after careful study, Zhang Ruochen found that his saintwill was still not in a stable state.

After merging with the Heavenly Stream Saintwill, it did completely suppress the million times more Yang Qi in his body.

Unfortunately, it became too much.

The Palm Saintwill was violent and overbearing. Its path was of the absolute Yang.

The Water Saintwill and the Fist Saintwill were the complete opposite to it. Merging the three types of saintwill, made Zhang Ruochen's saintwill soft and delicate. It had a lot of power, but it lacked explosive power.

"Maybe... I need to merge all five elements of saintwill into it. With the five elements, I can balance the yin-yang nature of Fist and Palm to achieve the perfection of saintwill."

Zhang Ruochen faintly felt that he had found a Path that belonged to his own.

However, the biggest problem was that there were seven saintly ways, including the five elements, Palm, and Fist.

Could the seven saintwills really be combined into one?

There was a second problem.

A Supreme Saint could only cultivate nine saintwills at most. If Zhang Ruochen had cultivated seven, how could he choose between Swordsmanship, Path of Time, Path of Dimension, and the Path of Truth?

Could he really only cultivate nine kinds of saintwills?

Zhang Ruochen entered the Qiankun Realm and asked the Divine Sky-connecting Tree for advice.

After the Divine Sky-connecting Tree finished listening to his story, it said, "A Supreme Saint can only cultivate nine kinds of Saintwills. Generally speaking, it is already the limit to be able to combine five kinds of saintwills into one. No one alive has ever succeeded in combining seven kinds of saintwills into one since ancient times."

“You’ve only integrated three kinds of saintwills now. When you integrate the fourth kind, you’ll find that it’s extremely difficult.”

Zhang Ruochen stood under the tree and nodded slightly.

Previously, when he integrated the Heavenly Stream Saintwill, he had already felt that the difficulty had increased. That was why he had failed three times.

Moreover, Zhang Ruochen had used the Qiankun Realm and the Violet Gourd.

If it had been any other Supreme Saint, without his conditions, it would have been ten or even a hundred times harder to fuse with the third saintwill.

The Divine Sky-connecting Tree continued, “Of course, nothing is absolute in this world. It was just like how the first Supreme Saint who had cultivated the ninth saintwill and the first Supreme Saint who had fused five saintwills. If they don’t have a heart that surpasses their predecessors and doesn’t dare to challenge them, they won’t be able to succeed.

“You have the Five-element Chaotic Neverwither Physique. Cultivating the five elements of saintwills as one has a huge advantage. It’s much easier than other Supreme Saints. Furthermore, after cultivating it successfully, you’ll be able to unleash even more power.

“In history, the Supreme Saint who combined five types of saintwill walked the path of the five elements as one. The five elements saintwill cultivated is one of the best second-grade saintwill.

“If you can combine the five elements, Palm, and Fist into one saintwill and achieve the completion of the five elements of Yin and Yang, you may be able to break the precepts of heaven and earth and become the first person alive to cultivate the first-grade saintwill since ancient times.

“Zhang Ruochen, it’s not that you can’t take this path, but it’s too difficult and almost impossible to succeed. Once you take this path, there’s no turning back. It will determine your success or failure in your life. The risk is too great, so I don’t suggest you take this risk.”

The Divine Sky-connecting Tree told Zhang Ruochen the pros and cons and let him choose for himself.

Once he succeeded, he would become unparalleled throughout ancient times.

Once he failed, it was very likely that he would destroy his Saint path and his future would become bleak.

It was of great importance.

Facing the big decision in life, Zhang Ruochen did not hesitate and said, “Before I came to ask you, I had already made up my mind. Since you think there is a possibility of success, then... I want to give it a try!

“If I want to do it, I have to be the strongest. Mediocrity can’t change this chaotic world and it can’t satisfy what I want to do in the future.

“From now on, I’ll call this saintwill, Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill, whether I succeed or fail in the future, it’s a direction I’ve set. I’ll go on unswervingly.”

Zhang Ruochen sent a telepathic message to Supreme Saint Qingsheng after he left the Qiankun Realm, "I want the marks of the Canon of the five elements: fire, wood, metal, and earth. I hope uncle can help me find them."

Supreme Saint Qingsheng might not have a way to find the four Canons' mark, but he would definitely report it to Wargod Bloodximius.

It would not be difficult to find the four Canons' mark.

Zhang Ruochen took out a Firmament Pill and swallowed it. However, the Heaven Grade Sacred Pill seemed to have lost its medicinal effect, and the improvement to his spiritual power was minimal.

He did not even need to spend a month or two to refine and absorb it. After five days, the medicinal effect completely disappeared. He only had two more Spirits.

It was negligible.

"How can this be? Is this a Heaven Grade Sacred Pill?"

"Is it because the Firmament Pill is useless to me after consuming too many of it?"

"Or is it difficult to improve after the spiritual power reaches the 61st level just by taking the Saint Pill?"

Zhang Ruochen was about to ask about the Divine Sky-connecting Tree again, but he heard Lord Xia Yu's telepathic transmission. So, he had to put this matter aside for now and walk out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

After several years, Lord Xia Yu's cultivation had made an amazing improvement.

She had broken all the shackles in her body and entered the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. A powerful blood-red aura flowed throughout her body, and the fifth pair of silver wings on her back was completely solidified.

She stood under the Sundial with her ten wings spread out. She stared at Zhang Ruochen who was standing on the steps of the palace and said, "Zhang Ruochen, do you dare to fight with me?"

The wind blew her clothes and she looked like a fairy.

Lord Xia Yu had lost countless times in her life. However, the time she lost to Zhang Ruochen was the one she was most unwilling to accept.

After all, she had defeated her opponent across realms since she was young.

This was the first time she had been defeated by an opponent across realms.

Now that Lord Xia Yu had reached the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, she naturally regarded Zhang Ruochen as her first opponent.

There were hundreds of steps in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Zhang Ruochen stood at the top, his long sleeves swaying in the wind. His eyes were calm as he said, "Well, I also want to see how strong a Supreme Saint at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm is."

Zhang Ruochen's cultivation had also improved greatly in the past few years.

He could use Lord Xia Yu's hands to try out the third-grade saintwill that he had just condensed.

All cultivators in the Vastsea Manor stopped cultivating and looked over curiously.

"Cousin Ruochen, don't you know that Lord Xia Yu has reached the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm? Her combat power has increased several times in a short time. It's incomparable to the time at the God-ascension Ceremony," Xue Ningxiao said in surprise.

Xue Chen said, "Since Zhang Ruochen dares to accept the challenge, he must be confident. Don't forget that he has the Supreme Artifact in his hands."

Xue Ningxiao stuck out her small tongue and said, "That's true. If he uses the Supreme Artifact, it's hard to say who will win this battle."

Lian Xi and Zhou Zhen did not say a word, but they both found it unbelievable.

Zhang Ruochen's cultivation was only at the Neverwilt Realm. Was he worthy of such a serious challenge from a powerhouse at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm?

In their opinion, Zhang Ruochen had a grandfather, Wargod Bloodximus. That was why the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint of the Immortal Vampires gave him face.

A Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint was no match for the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint in terms of combat strength.

The five realms of a Supreme Saint were the most difficult to cross.

Luo Sha said to herself, "Lord Xia Yu's cultivation is not weak. She has condensed a fourth-grade Saintwill with her Deva Path of Blood. Adding her status as a High-Saint Array Master and High-Saint Talisman Master, her combat strength is likely to rank in the top 30 among the Supreme Saints in the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. I wonder how many times Zhang Ruochen can resist her without using the Supreme Artifact?"

In Luo Sha's opinion, Zhang Ruochen definitely would not activate the Supreme Artifact in this battle.

Once he uses it, there's no longer a need to battle.

Zhang Ruochen used his right index finger as a brush and drew a circle of saint light in the air.

*Whoosh*

The circle of saint light spun rapidly and transformed into a circular independent space. It was 100 kilometers in diameter and was suspended 30 meters above the ground. It occupied an area of 300 meters.

It turned into an internal dimension world, like a huge bubble.

Lord Xia Yu glanced at it and said coldly, "Can the dimension you created withstand my power?"

"I have to create a battlefield. What if one of us destroys Vastsea Manor again?"

Zhang Ruochen summoned the Microworld of the jungle. A corner of the Microworld merged with the independent dimension and turned into a desert battlefield.

“It’s not that troublesome. Take this.”

Lord Xia Yu flew up from the ground. The Grim Soul-devouring Flame surged from her body. The bone-chilling flame revolved around her delicate body and finally gathered at the tip of her finger.

*Boom*

A round ball of flame appeared in front of her like divine light.

In the center of the light ball, a sharp fire pillar of soul-devouring flame flew out. It was as fast as light and arrived in front of Zhang Ruo Chen in an instant.

Zhang Ruo Chen did not retreat. Three dragon souls and three elephant souls surged out of his body and appeared on his left and right sides. Then, a surging long river appeared and surrounded his body.

He clenched his fist with one hand and formed his palm with the other. He struck out at the same time.

Two forces, one yin, and one yang, one cold and one hot erupted from his fist and palm. They quickly intertwined and collided with the light pillar of soul-devouring flame.

*Boom*

The power wave formed by the shadows of Fist and Palm was instantly pierced and exploded.

Lord Xia Yu’s eyes flashed and said with mockery, “Zhang Ruo Chen, just use your Power of Time and Power of Dimensions. With your Fist and Palm techniques, you can...”

Suddenly, her voice stopped.

After the shadows of the Fist and Palm shattered, they quickly developed a second layer of Qi.

The shadows of the Fist and Palm condensed again, becoming more solid, larger, and closer to her.

### **Chapter 2267: Defeat of a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint**

The Grim Soul-devouring Flame was extremely evil, and when it was combined with a fingerstrike that Lord Xia Yu had cultivated, its power became even more condensed, and the power it unleashed increased exponentially.

Even the stars could not withstand that piercing force.

*BANG!*

?

*BANG!*

...

The shadows of Fist and Palm continued to shatter, but they continued to evolve. Like waves of water, they pushed forward layer by layer.

One layer, two layers, three layers...

To the eleventh layer of tremor force.

When the last layer of tremor force burst out, even with Lord Xia Yu's cultivation of the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, she was forced to retreat more than 300 meters to block it.

She landed on the ground and asked with confusion in her eyes, "What kind of saintwill did you use just now?"

"Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill," Zhang Ruochen said.

"Nonsense. Where did the five elements saintwill come from? At most, it has the Water Saintwill. In addition, it seems to contain the charm of fist and Palm," said Lord Xia Yu.

Lord Xia Yu's cultivation was profound, so she can see it through. She had already analyzed more than half of what Zhang Ruochen had just used.

Zhang Ruochen said, "It's just a name. Why do you care so much?"

Lord Xia Yu asked tentatively, "Is this the merged saintwill? Has it reached the third grade?"

The cultivators around were all moved.

"Third-grade saintwill?"

Zhang Ruochen was only in the Neverwilt Realm. How could he merge the saintwills and cultivate it to the third grade?

Luo Sha bit her red lips lightly. She had seen some clues just now, she thought to herself, 'Those on the list of the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, they successfully merged the saintwill and cultivated the third-grade saintwill after they had reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Zhang Ruochen was indeed a genius of the Yuanhui level. He had reached such a high level in the Neverwilt Realm. I wonder if Yan Wushen can do the same?'

Many Supreme Saints would stay in the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm for a long time.

Firstly, they had to refine their Neverwither physique repeatedly until perfection.

Secondly, they wanted to eliminate some hidden dangers in cultivation. They did not want to encounter difficulties after entering the Thousand-Koan Realm, and they also did not want to enter the Banshi Isshou Realm and encounter death.

Third, and most importantly, they wanted to try their best to polish the saintwill to the strongest level.

This was because after reaching the Thousand-Koan Realm, the saintwill would be solid. It could not be refined or cultivated into a new saintwill.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You saw through it."

Lord Xia Yu was surprised, but she maintained a cold expression, she snorted. "If it wasn't for the third-grade saintwill, how could you have blocked my fingerstrike with your cultivation? Unfortunately, you are not too familiar with the use of saintwill. Otherwise, I would have had to use saintwill to resolve the previous battle."

Zhang Ruochen nodded. "You're right. It takes a long time to get familiar with it. It's best if you can fight a hundred or a thousand battles to understand the essence, changes, and mysteries of saintwill."

The saintwill was the manifestation of the origin of heaven and earth. It was not as simple as the attack just now.

Although Zhang Ruochen had used the saintwill, he could not unleash the power of the saintwill. It felt like he had power but could not use it.

"Then let me show you how I use the saintwill. Let's see if you can resist it," said Lord Xia Yu.

Lord Xia Yu unleashed the Blood Saintwill. In an instant, a vast sea of blood appeared and pulled Zhang Ruochen into the world of the saintwill. It was as if he was in an endless blood sea.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen became infinitely small.

Lord Xia Yu and the blood sea merged into one, and she possessed endless energy.

Zhang Ruochen had used all his strength to dissolve Lord Xia Yu's power. Now, Lord Xia Yu had displayed the Blood Saintwill, which was much more powerful than before.

"A Supreme Saint at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm is indeed extraordinary. Perhaps only by using the Realm-frame of Truth, The Spatial Domain, Null Time Realm, and Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill can break her Blood Saintwill," Zhang Ruochen said.

He had the Path of Truth, a trump card that could unleash ten times the attack power in an instant. How could Lord Xia Yu not have the means to unleash several times the attack power in an instant?

Zhang Ruochen knew that this battle would not be so easy. He had to go all out.

Even if it was just a spar, as the leader of the clan, he could not lose.

*Swoosh*

A blade suddenly tore through the blood sea from the northwest. Like an aurora connecting heaven and earth, it slashed toward Lord Xia Yu.

"Huh?"

Lord Xia Yu and Zhang Ruochen were surprised. They had not expected a third person to enter the battlefield.

The blade had a shocking penetrating power. It was even stronger than Lord Xia Yu's fingerstrike.

Lord Xia Yu quickly guessed who it was. Her eyes filled with killing intents. She extended her snow-white hand and pointed with the power of the blood sea.

The powerful Grim Soul-devouring Flame merged with the Blood Sea and turned into a blood river, then it collided with the blade.

*Boom*

The blood river and the blade shattered at the same time.



“Haha, not bad. You’ve made so much progress in just a hundred years. You can even block my full-strength blade attack. You’ve made great progress!”

An old man in plain clothes spoke and flew onto the blood sea with a Divine Marked Broadsword. His white hair was disheveled, and there was a thick layer of dirt on his face, arms, and legs, he looked quite slovenly.

Zhang Ruochen keenly sensed that the slovenly old man’s cultivation had surpassed the Hundred-Shackle Realm and reached the Thousand-Koan Realm.

The Supreme Saint cultivators were mostly in the Neverwilt Realm and the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Those who could enter the Thousand-Koan Realm were considered high-level Supreme Saints.

For example, in Guanghan, which had hundreds of millions of living beings, there were only about ten Supreme Saints above the Thousand-Koan Realm.

There were only a handful of such powerful figures even among the Bloodysky Clan. Each of them had a great say.

Lord Xia Yu completely ignored Zhang Ruochen. She fixed her eyes on the sloppy old man and she said coldly, “Shen Nansheng.”

“Oh, little girl, you haven’t forgotten my name. It seems that you remember the strike from 100 years ago very well,” Shen Nansheng showed his yellow teeth and said with a hideous smile.

Lord Xia Yu’s anger was even stronger. Her crystal-clear face was filled with veins. Two cyan light pillars shot out from her eyes. She seemed to have transformed into a demon and attacked Shen Nansheng.

Zhang Ruochen felt that he was stepping on air and could not control his body. He left the blood sea and appeared in the Vastsea Manor.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was already in the manor. He waved his sleeve and transported Lord Xia Yu and Shen Nansheng, who were fighting, into the desert battlefield that Zhang Ruochen had created earlier.

No doubt, Zhang Ruochen had been forcefully dragged out by him.

“Today, I have witnessed the power of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng’s move just now seemed simple, but it could easily send a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint and a Supreme Saint at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm into another dimension.

Zhang Ruochen could only marvel at such a method with his current cultivation.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng walked toward Zhang Ruochen with a cold face.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Uncle, this Shen Nansheng is the opponent you arranged for Lord Xia Yu, right? There seems to be a deep hatred between them. They used all kinds of trump cards as soon as they attacked.”

“Shen Nansheng is one of the four most powerful saints of the Fane of Thousand Clearwater. Lord Xia Yu’s clan, the Xias was adjacent to the Fane of Thousand Clearwater. They were both located in the southern ridge of the Bloodysky Clan world. After the ancestor of the Xia died, they lost the protection of the gods. Many of their benefits and territories could not be defended and were annexed by the Fane of Thousand Clearwater.

“About 100 years ago, during the fight between the two sides, Shen Nansheng once slashed toward the Holy City of Corals, one of the seven holy cities of the Xias, from a distance of 30,000 miles.

“At that time, Lord Xia Yu’s Neverwithier physique was cut off when she tried to block the blade and she was severely injured. From that day, the grudge was formed between them.”

Zhang Ruochen asked curiously after hearing Supreme Saint Qingsheng’s story, “The fight between the two forces is so fierce. Don’t the leader of the Bloodysky Clan care about it?”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, “How? We were not powerful enough, yet we occupied a lot of resources. It will inevitably lead to a fight. That was beyond our control. The strong prey on the weak. Survival of the fittest is the rule.”

“If you want to change the situation, you have to cultivate hard to become stronger. You have to have value if you hope others will help you uphold justice.”

“The clan leader can only try to control the situation. It’s impossible to stop all of this by force. If the Xue Jue Family didn’t have Wargod Bloodximius, there would be many forces coveting it.”

“Let’s not talk about this. Let’s talk about you!”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the two people fighting on the desert battlefield. He understood what Supreme Saint Qingsheng was referring to. He asked, “Is it difficult to find the four Canons’ mark?”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said coldly, “You understand. That’s not what I’m talking about. Since you are my nephew, I can’t let you go astray.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I have to go this way.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was completely different from before. He said with a very stern face, “You want to combine Palm, Fist, and the five elements. That’s wishful thinking. It’s suicide. What about Swordsmanship, Path of Time, and the Path of Dimension? Are you going to give them up?”

“Of course not,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, “Your talent is indeed very high. You might be able to cultivate nine types of saintwills like Wargod Bloodximius. But there are only nine types. Do you think you’re different from other cultivators? Can you cultivate ten types? Eleven types?”

“Since ancient times, there have been many geniuses. Many of them are as confident as you and have the same talent as you, but none of them succeeded. On the contrary, many cultivators with bright futures took risks to try, but in the end, they became mediocre and did nothing.

“Don’t think that you are unique, and don’t think that you can fight against heaven and earth and break the limits of the precepts. Otherwise, you will be punished by heaven and earth, and you will be thrown into the abyss of eternal damnation.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Our path is paved by ourselves. The first living being to cultivate into a Supreme Saint, the first Supreme Saint to comprehend the saintwill, the first cultivator to cultivate into divinity... They don’t know whether they can succeed or not, but they are determined to move forward. That’s why they have opened up many Paths.

“Isn’t stepping on the path of cultivating to fight against heaven and earth? To constantly break the limits of the rules?”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, “You’re too self-righteous. Cultivating the saintwill is not as simple as you think. Listen to my advice. First cultivate the Path of Time, Path of Dimension, and Swordsmanship. Then, go and comprehend the Path of Five-Element.

“It’s best to choose the Path of Time, the Path of Dimension, and the Swordsmanship. Of the three Paths, choose the one that you’re best at and fuse it into a second-grade saintwill. Then, you will be invincible in the same realm in the future. If you reach divinity, you will have a chance to explore the peak of it.

“Combining the three main Paths into a second-grade saintwill is what you should do with all your strength.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were still firm. He said, “Cultivating the five elements and yin-yang might result in a second-grade saintwill.”

“It’s impossible to cultivate the second-grade saintwill if you don’t cultivate the main Path,” Supreme Saint Qingsheng said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I don’t think so.”

“If you could cultivate the five elements and yin-yang, and cultivate the second-grade saintwill. My name will be written backward from now on,” Supreme Saint Qingsheng said angrily.

Zhang Ruochen did not expect Supreme Saint Qingsheng to take this matter so seriously. He thought for a moment and said, “Uncle, have you asked Wargod Bloodximius?”

“Not only will the Wargod Bloodximius not allow this, but even your mother also won’t let you do such irrational things. You’re trying to destroy yourself,” said Supreme Saint Qingsheng.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You haven’t asked Wargod Bloodximius yet, so how do I know what he thinks? Perhaps only a peerless figure like him can understand my decision at this moment. I want to try what he didn’t do back then, or what he didn’t dare to do.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was stunned. He had not expected Zhang Ruochen to be so determined.

It seemed that Zhang Ruochen’s decision could only be changed by reporting it to the Wargod Bloodximius or Blood Empress.

At that moment, the victor had been decided between Lord Xia Yu and Shen Nansheng, who were fighting fiercely in the desert battlefield.

Lord Xia Yu first used a ninth-grade array formation to trap Shen Nansheng into it, then she used the Soul-siphoning Flute to numb Shen Nansheng's five senses with the *Hymn of Soul-sacrificatio*n. Finally, she pierced through Shen Nansheng's chest with a fingerstrike.

The hundred-mile desert battlefield was dyed red with saint blood.

"Ninth-grade Myriads Array Formation, Great Kun Tun Fingerstrike, and Divine-piercing. She hid these trump cards. Xia Yu's combat strength has already reached the early stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm."

Supreme Saint Qingsheng naturally muttered these words to himself. He extended his hand into the air, pulled the injured Shen Nansheng out of the battlefield, and he landed beside him.

Shen Nansheng's expression was a little dejected as he said with a sigh, "In the end, I'm beaten by my old age. My blood Qi has greatly decreased and I'm no longer as brave as before. The Xias have given birth to such a powerful young Supreme Saint. The revival of the Xias is just around the corner."

Lord Xia Yu chased after him, still brimming with killing intent. She said, "Supreme Saint Qingsheng, please do not interfere in this matter. This is a personal grudge between me and him."

"It was I who asked him to test your strength. Naturally, I have to bring him away safely."

Supreme Saint Qingsheng secretly transmitted a telepathic message to Lord Xia Yu after that.

Lord Xia Yu asked after she heard the message, "Is that true?"

"Absolutely. You can give it a try."

Supreme Saint Qingsheng nodded with a smile and left the Vastsea Manor with Shen Nansheng.

Lord Xia Yu stared at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen frowned deeply. He looked at Supreme Saint Qingsheng's back and thought to himself, 'What did he say to Lord Xia Yu? Why did Lord Xia Yu focus on me? Did he trick me? Did he drag me out to help Shen Nansheng?'

...

When Supreme Saint Qingsheng went to report, Wargod Bloodximius and Bloodlucius were playing chess under a tree. They were playing a chess game that had been going on for a thousand years.

Wargod Bloodximius's expression froze. He paused for a long time as if he was deep in thought.

Bloodlucius stared at him with a faint smile. He wanted to know what kind of decision Wargod Bloodximius would make in the face of this difficult problem?

After a long while, Wargod Bloodximius asked, "Have you explained the consequences to him clearly?"

Azure splendor Grand Sage said, "I have already explained it very clearly, but he did not listen to me at all. He even said... He even said that you would understand him. He wanted to give it a try for what you failed to do back then or what you did not dare to do."

Wargod Bloodximius sank into his memories. For some reason, he could not help but laugh, "Good, very good. It seems that I underestimated him in the past. He was trying to cut off all his options of retreat. He was using a desperate action to force himself to move forward."

"Back then, I thought about this matter for nine years. In the end, I still did not take that step. However, he used less than a day to firm up his thoughts. It seems that sometimes, thinking too much is a bad thing."

Bloodlucius said, "At that time, you still had the responsibility to revitalize the Xue Jue Family. Countless eyes were watching you. You can't take the wrong step. When you make a decision, of course, you can't be as willful as him."

Wargod Bloodximius stared at Supreme Saint Qingsheng, he said, "Go and tell him that the four Canons' mark will be sent to him within three days. Also, don't tell Qingyin about this. I will seal the heavenly secrets and not let her know. If she knows... hehe..."

Supreme Saint Qingsheng left, and he sighed as he walked.

Why did Wargod Bloodximius agree to Zhang Ruochen's reckless actions? Is it really because my talent is too low to understand them? I'm a Supreme Saint of Paramount Realm and have the potential to become a god,' Supreme Saint Qingsheng thought.

## **Chapter 2268: The Nearing Festival**

Peace returned to Vastsea Manor. Apart from Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu, the other cultivators entered the state of cultivating again.

Lord Xia Yu gazed at Zhang Ruochen.

It was very strange.

It was like...

A luna wolf that had been hungry for many days bared its fangs at the sight of delicious food. Its eyes lit up and it readied to pounce on Zhang Ruochen to eat him.

Zhang Ruochen became vigilant and said, "I want to continue polishing the saintwill."

He had just turned around and was stopped by Lord Xia Yu before he could climb the steps of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Lord Xia Yu was surprisingly gentle. She said, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, you are the captain of our Bloodysky Clan. Do you want us to get the best ranking?"

"Of course," said Zhang Ruochen.

“What do you think of my combat strength?” Lord Xia Yu asked.

“Very strong. Among all cultivators attending the festival at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, it’s enough to rank in the top 30. Maybe even higher,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Lord Xia Yu walked closer and closer, shaking her head, she said, “It’s not enough. I want to raise my combat strength to another level. I want to reach the top 10 on the list of the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, or get close to the top 10. Which direction do you think I should improve in?”

She was within three steps of Zhang Ruochen. She was fragrant but not charming enough. Instead, there was a sense of oppression.

Zhang Ruochen said, “What did my uncle tell you? Don’t look at me like you want to eat me. I’ll think that you have other plans for me.”

Lord Xia Yu looked at him coldly and said, “Okay, I’ll go straight to the point. I want to borrow your Violet Gourd to help me fuse the saintwill. If I succeed, I’ll owe you a big favor. In the future, if you run into any trouble, I won’t refuse to go to the Celestial Court to kill for you.”

“So he told you the secret of the Violet Gourd,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Xia Yu said, “Do you agree or not? Be straightforward and give me your word.”

“Of course. A favor from you, Lord Xia Yu, is still very valuable. However, the Violet Gourd is my biggest trump card. I plan to use it to deal with the most powerful enemies at the Celestial-Hunting Festival. You must not expose this secret,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Don’t worry. Your trump card is the trump card of the Bloodysky Clan as well,” said Lord Xia Yu.

Lord Xia Yu continued, “But you have to think carefully. The Celestial-Hunting Festival is divided into two parts: the festival and the Celestial-Hunting. During the Celestial-Hunting, all the external forces of cultivators, except for the Divine Mark, will be sealed. They can only use their own power.”

It was the first time Zhang Ruochen had heard of such strict rules from the Celestial-Hunting. He said, “Can’t you even bring weapons, talismans, arrays, and pills?”

“You can’t bring talismans, arrays, and pills. However, you can bring the materials you need to refine them. After entering the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, you can refine talismans, arrays, and pills.”

“As for weapons, there are also strict rules applied.”

“Every cultivator can only bring one weapon, and that weapon must belong to you. In other words, even if there are gods, and they wanted their Supreme Saint to bring a Supreme Artifact into the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, he can’t borrow it, it has to be bestowed upon.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head with a smile. “Most gods only have one Supreme Artifact. If you give it to your Supreme Saint, what can you use it for?”

Lord Xia Yu added, “Even if there are gods, you can give your Supreme Saint a Supreme Artifact. However, the Fane of Destiny has another rule. Each of the ten clans of Infernal Court can only bring one Supreme Artifact into the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.”

Zhang Ruochen said, "A complete Supreme Artifact in the hands of the Supreme Saint can be so powerful that it can sweep away everything. If the Fane of Destiny wasn't in control, the Celestial-Hunting Festival would not be a contest of strength. It will be a contest of the power of the Supreme Artifacts."

Saint Kings could not exert the power of the Supreme Artifact at all. Only Supreme Saints could do that.

In the Supreme Saint realm, the power of the Supreme Artifact would increase to a terrifying extent.

Zhang Ruochen asked again, "Who will control the Supreme Artifact of the Immortal Vampires? Lord Bladehell or Lady Wind?"

"It hasn't been decided yet, but it will most likely be one of them," Lord Xia Yu said.

Blade Hell Emperor was the number one powerhouse of the Immortal Vampires.

Lady Wind was the number two powerhouse of the Immortal Vampires, but she was also a goddess's candidate. She represented the interests of the entire lower three clans.

Whoever held the Supreme Artifact had the greatest say in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Zhang Ruochen said, "It seems that I have to fight for the right to hold the Supreme Artifact and I have to get it."

Lord Xia Yu looked surprised. She thought Zhang Ruochen must be crazy.

Even the Immortal Vampires and the gods of the Fane of Immortality would discuss the right to control the Supreme Artifact. It was a very serious matter. Only the powerhouse of the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was qualified to take it.

Zhang Ruochen was a Supreme Saint of the Neverwilt Realm. Even if Zhang Ruochen was powerful, how could he be stronger than Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind?

'Why did the gods choose you?' Lord Xia Yu thought.

Zhang Ruochen discussed some details about the Celestial-Hunting Festival with Lord Xia Yu before taking out the Violet Gourd and lending it to her temporarily.

At present, Lord Xia Yu had cultivated two kinds of saintwill. Her main cultivation was the Deva Path of Blood, and her saintwill had reached the fourth grade.

The other kind of saintwill was only of the sixth grade.

If she combined the two kinds of saintwill with the help of Violet Gourd, there was a high chance of condensing them into a third-grade sacred artifact. However, it was very difficult to fuse the saintwill. Otherwise, Lord Xia Yu would not have been unable to cultivate all the way to the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

With the help of Violet Gourd, she only had a little more hope.

Success or failure.

It depended on herself.

Zhang Ruochen thought, 'Since I'm entering the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, I can't use external forces. I might not even be able to bring in a Supreme Artifact. If I want to be absolutely safe, I have to make myself stronger. I have to make two preparations.

'It's imperative to improve the strength of my spiritual power. Otherwise, my spiritual power can't even compare to Lord Xia Yu's. It'll be hard for me to resist her?' *Hymn of Soul-sacrificion.*

In the past, Zhang Ruochen could resist it. But after Lord Xia Yu broke through to the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, her cultivation and spiritual power increased greatly. When she played the *Hymn of Soul-sacrificion*, even Shen Nansheng in the Thousand-Koan Realm was affected.

Zhang Ruochen was not absolutely sure that he would not be affected by the *Hymn of Soul-sacrificion*.

At the Celestial-Hunting Festival, there must be a spiritual-power Supreme Saint who was stronger than Lord Xia Yu, such as the Nether Clan, the Deathkin, and the Rakshasis. All of them had extraordinary spiritual power talents.

He had to guard against them.

In addition, the stronger the spiritual power, the more helpful it was for condensing the saintwill.

Since Zhang Ruochen wanted to cultivate Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill, the stronger the spiritual power, the better. It was best if he could surpass all cultivators in the same realm.

One of Zhang Ruochen's clones entered the Qiankun Realm and asked the Divine Sky-connecting Tree for advice on how to cultivate after reaching the 61st level.

He finally understood one thing. Taking the sacred pill could cultivate spiritual power.

However, the essence of spiritual power was the development of a cultivator's brain. At the same time, it also represented a cultivator's accumulation of knowledge. To think about everything in the world, one needed to read thousands of books and travel thousands of miles, to experience the world of mortals.

Of course, there were shortcuts.

Taking the sacred pill was just one of them.

Other than that, one could plunder other cultivators' knowledge and comprehension, comprehend the gods' divine intent or enter the illusory realm to experience... and so on.

Zhang Ruochen said, "So, it's not enough to just take the pill. You have to accumulate enough profound knowledge and experience for yourself. Is it so difficult to improve your spiritual power after reaching the 61st tribulation?"

"Actually, it's not difficult for you," said the Divine Sky-connecting Tree.

Zhang Ruochen cupped his hands and said, "Please give me some advice, senior."

"You have the Heart of the Divine Tree in your hands and it only condensed once every Yuanhui period. It not only had a rich life force but also contained 129,600 years of knowledge of the Divine Sky-



connecting Tree. You can cultivate your spiritual power to the 70th level by absorbing all the knowledge contained in the Heart of the Divine Tree. It should be enough to do so," said the Divine Sky-connecting Tree.

Zhang Ruochen looked pleased and said, "I see."

The Divine Sky-connecting Tree said again, "Of course, the knowledge contained in the Divine Sky-connecting Tree is still incomplete. It can only help you a part of it. You still have to read thousands of books and travel thousands of miles."

Zhang Ruochen asked curiously, "What level was your spiritual power at that time?"

The Divine Sky-connecting Tree was silent for a moment. It shook its branch gently and said, "It should be very high, but a high spiritual power does not mean a strong combat power. Every spiritual power cultivator uses it differently.

"Some use spiritual power to kill cruelly, some use it to save lives and heal the wounded, and some use it to predict the past and the future.

"Zhang Ruochen, when you can't improve your spiritual power in the future, you must understand one thing. It is not only used for fighting. It also has wider and better use. You should try everything."

"I will remember this," Zhang Ruochen said.

Divine Sky-connecting Tree said, "In fact, with your current spiritual power, you can still improve after taking the sacred pill. However, before that, you must cultivate the 12,302 Spirits that have already been condensed."

"Senior, are you saying that the Spirits that I cultivate by taking pills are not strong enough, so it's ineffective if I continue to take pills?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"You can think of it this way," the Divine Sky-connecting Tree said.

The Divine Sky-connecting Tree continued, "When you reach the peak of the 61st level with 12,302 Spirits, you can continue to take the sacred pill."

After leaving the Qiankun Realm, Zhang Ruochen muttered to himself, "How should I cultivate the Spirits?"

"Come out."

Zhang Ruochen summoned all the Spirits in his body. Some of them were to study the various ancient books that Wargod Bloodximus had stored in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, some to learn the array formation from Zhou Zhen, and some to ask for help with talisman techniques from Lian Xi, some studied the "Demonstone Engraving"...

Not only did he need to accumulate knowledge, but his Spirits also needed to strengthen themselves.

As for the Heart of the Divine Tree, Zhang Ruochen did not think it would be of any use for the time being. He would think about it when his spiritual power had reached the 62nd level.

Then, Zhang Ruochen sent a telepathic transmission to Xue Tu and called him over. First, he asked about Shentu Yunkong and Gaunt. Then, he took out the purple gold token of the Realm of Star Ocean and gave it to him to buy the stellar core and the Divine Soul Elixir.

After the arrangements were made, Zhang Ruochen continued to think.

If I don't use the Supreme Artifact, it will be difficult for me to deal with Lord Xia Yu with my current combat strength. How should I deal with the Lord Bladehell, Wujiang, and Lan Ying?

I have to cultivate a trump card that belongs to my own combat strength.'

Zhang Ruochen first thought of the Yanshen's leg and the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike.

If he cultivated the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike to the high-level Thousand-Koan Realm saint technique, combined with the saintwill and the Precept of Truth, the power would be so great that even a Supreme Saint at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm wouldn't be able to withstand one palm.

"I will have to refine five Thousand-Koan Realm dragon souls and elephant souls if I want to cultivate the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike to Thousand-Koan Realm's level. I haven't started to break the shackles yet. Can I bear it with only my demigod body?"

After thinking about it, Zhang Ruochen finally made up his mind. He decided to use the Sun-Moon Dragon Spring first to refine the three dragon souls and elephant souls of the Hundred-Shackle Realm that he had already refined.

The Sun-Moon Dragon Spring was precious. He didn't have much in total.

However, if he could refine the three dragon souls and elephant souls into the Thousand-Koan Realm, he would be able to refine the three dragon souls and elephant souls. If the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike was a Thousand-Koan high-level saint spell, there weren't many Supreme Saints in the Hundred-Shackle Realm who could take a hit.

To succeed, Zhang Ruochen opened the copper coffin and collected a large amount of divine soul fog.

He used the divine soul fog to nurture three dragon souls and elephant souls.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen took the risk of breaking the third seal that Moon Goddess placed in Yanshen's leg. Instantly, the number of Divine Precepts in his left leg increased from one million to ten million.

Each Divine Precept was scarlet red, like densely-packed strands of flaming light burning. The pain made Zhang Ruochen clench his teeth.

Not only was his leg so heavy that he couldn't move, but it was so hot that he almost fainted.

Yanshen's leg was the only trump card he could think of that could rapidly increase his combat power in a short period. Therefore, no matter how painful it was, he had to endure it.

'Yanshen's leg has already become one with my leg. It can't be considered borrowing external force,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Time passed unconsciously while Zhang Ruochen was cultivating in seclusion with all his strength.

The day of the Celestial-Hunting Festival was getting closer and closer. Winterpage City was bustling with activity. Every day, a new Supreme Saint would rise and amaze everyone. There were also new powerhouses at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. They appeared out of nowhere and shocked everyone.

Geniuses gathered and heroes competed.

No.

They couldn't be called geniuses. They were already Supreme Saints and each of them was an overlord. Each of them had a lot of power and could decide the fate of countless creatures.

However, they were young and outstanding enough to stun this era.

The outside was very happening. The beauties were rare like jade. There were lakes of wine and forests of meat. Fame and wealth flowed in and out. Zhang Ruochen, who was in the Vastsea Manor, couldn't be bothered. He just cultivated silently.

No matter how he was provoked and insulted, Zhang Ruochen pretended not to hear it. He didn't move like a rock.

More than 30 years had passed in the area covered by the Sundial.

The day of the Celestial-Hunting Festival was approaching.

### **Chapter 2269: The Late Invitation**

Zhang Ruochen was standing in the Divine Realm. There were meandering rivers of blood flowing under his feet, and thousands of blood-red stars twinkled above his head. The space was vast and with no end in sight.

He was bearing two enormous divine auras, but his stout figure and temperament were outstanding.

"My lord, I want to be the only Immortal Vampire cultivator who wields a Supreme Artifact," Zhang Ruochen said.

Wargod Bloodximus was still playing chess with Bloodlucius. He said without looking at him, "Do you think you can do it?"

"Yes."

Zhang Ruochen said firmly.

Wargod Bloodximus said, "The Qitian Clan ranks first in overall strength among the top ten clans. Lord Bladehell ranks first among all cultivators in terms of cultivation. If that's the case, why didn't the gods of the Immortal Vampires choose him? Why did they choose you?"

"The Yellowsky Clan ranks in the top three in terms of overall strength among the top ten clans. Lady Wind's cultivation might not be weaker than the Lord Bladehell and she is also a goddess's candidate.

She holds the Supreme Artifact and can fight for the benefits of the lower three clans. Why didn't the gods choose her but you?"

Zhang Ruochen answered calmly, he said, "The overall strength of the Qitian Clan might not be number one in this Celestial-Hunting Festival. Lord Bladehell's strength might not be able to defeat me. If Lady Wind wants to become a goddess, then I can help her."

Wargod Bloodximius finally looked at Zhang Ruochen and said, "Do you think you can defeat Lord Bladehell?"

His eyes were like ancient stars. They were bright and contained endless mysteries. His eyes seemed calm, but they seemed to be able to penetrate Zhang Ruochen's soul and see through all his secrets.

Zhang Ruochen was calm in the face of Wargod Bloodximius who had shocked the Celestial Court and Infernal Court. He didn't panic at all.

Zhang Ruochen raised his arms slowly and his hands formed a palm print.

Three Dragon Souls and three elephant souls appeared on his left and right sides the moment he raised his arms. The dragon souls were thousands of miles long. The elephant souls were sitting and lying like divine mountains. They all exuded the aura of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

At the same time, the blood river under Zhang Ruochen's feet stopped flowing. Blood trees, blood vines, and blood flowers grew out of the river.

Bloodlucius sensed something. He had an idea and let out a soft exclamation.

*Owooooo*

Zhang Ruochen struck out with his palm. The three dragons and three elephants immediately jumped up. They either stretched out their claws or stepped with the elephant's legs. They combined with his palm print and struck toward Wargod Bloodximius and Bloodlucius who were playing chess.

Zhang Ruochen was not a god, but he dared to attack gods. It required world-shaking courage.

One needed a god-defying heart.

Unfortunately, before such a shocking palm could reach the two gods, it was shattered by their invisible divine power and disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't discouraged. His strike was meant to show the two gods his determination and his current strength.

Wargod Bloodximius was satisfied. He said, "Since you have such strength, I have enough confidence to persuade the gods of Immortal Vampires to let you replace Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind. Go!"

Zhang Ruochen cupped his hands and bowed slightly, leaving the divine realm.

Bloodlucius let out a long sigh, he said, "He has integrated Wood of the five elements and has taken the form of the second-grade saintwill. He is just a little bit away from a true second-grade saintwill. To be able to fuse the saintwill to such a high level without cultivating the Path he mainly cultivates is truly a freak."

Wargod Bloodximius said, "Actually, it can already be considered a second-grade saintwill. However, his saintwill is not perfect enough to maintain a balanced state, so it is just a little bit away."

"Is there no way to solve it?" Bloodlucius asked.

"Yes."

Wargod Bloodximius said, "If you combine Palm, Fist, and Path of five elements, you will be able to perfect it, and it will be a perfect match for heaven and earth."

Bloodlucius shook his head slightly. He did not think that Zhang Ruochen's path would succeed.

"He has already combined four kinds of saintwill. If he can combine the Swordsmanship at this time, he will be able to cultivate a top second-grade saintwill. Although this path is difficult, there is a chance of success. Why didn't you tell him to give it a try?" Bloodlucius asked.

Wargod Bloodximius's eyes turned solemn, "During his seclusion, he did not comprehend the Swordsmanship, nor did he cultivate the Path of Dimension and the Path of Time. He only comprehended the five elements of Canon marks. He's determined to walk a path of desperation. In that case, why not let him try?"

Bloodlucius didn't say anything more about this matter. After all, Zhang Ruochen wasn't his grandson.

"If Zhang Ruochen wants to control the Supreme Artifact, he'll be opposed by the entire Immortal Vampires and the Fane of Immortality. Are you going to convince those old fogies?" Bloodlucius said.

"I'm not going to convince them. I'm going to force them to submit with my strength. This time, the Bloodysky Clan has three completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm and a peerless Supreme Saint who has cultivated the second-grade saintwill. Even if they don't want to submit, they have to."

The eyes of the Wargod Bloodximius were sharp. He landed heavily.

Vastsea Manor.

Zhang Ruochen sat with Lord Xia Yu, Gu Chenzi, Grand Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Supreme Saint Xueqi. They were discussing the arrangements for the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Moyin walked over slowly and handed an invitation card to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu had received many invitation cards and greeting cards ever since the news of Lord Xia Yu defeating Shen Nansheng spread. After all, Lord Xia Yu had broken through to the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm in the Vastsea Manor.

The Vastsea Manor was already a legend.

Lord Xia Yu had broken through here. Princess Luo Sha was in seclusion here. Fairy Shadowless of Celestial Court lived here. Each of them was stunning and was the subject of discussion by countless cultivators. They gathered together, making it difficult for the Vastsea Manor not to become famous.

After Zhang Ruochen read the card, he said, "It's Lady Wind's invitation. She invited me and Lord Xia Yu to attend tonight's banquet hosted by the Yellowsky Clan."

“No. Even if they come to beg, we won’t go.”

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan was still angry. He was still brooding over the banquet hosted by the ten clans last time.

Supreme Saint Xueqi snorted and said, “With our current strength, we don’t need to join hands with the nine clans to be able to take control at the Celestial-Hunting Festival.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at Gu Chenzi and asked, “What do you think?”

Gu Chenzi was the calmest among the crowd.

Gu Chenzi said, “The Celestial-Hunting Festival is imminent. Lady Wind must be planning the final strategy for the banquet by inviting the important figures of the ten clans to attend. At the same time, we should decide who will be in charge of the Supreme Artifact.

“I have a different view on this. I think the Bloodysky Clan should join hands with the other nine clans. This is a battle between clans. It’s too weak to rely on our strength alone. The Celestial-Hunting Festival is important. We can’t let our emotions get the best of us.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I agree with Gu Chenzi. The representatives of the Bloodysky Clan must go to tonight’s banquet. They must be strong enough to intimidate them and we must get our face back. I’ll leave this to Lord Xia Yu. Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi will continue to hide their strength. You two are the two trump cards of the Bloodysky Clan.”

“What do you mean, you’re not going?” said Lord Xia Yu.

A strange look appeared in Lord Xia Yu’s eyes.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and looked at the vast sky. “Tonight, I have to go to another place to attend an appointment. I have to go.”

His tone was thought-provoking.

...

After nightfall.

Nine dragon souls pulled a golden carriage out of the Vastsea Manor.

It was Zhang Ruochen’s carriage, the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

The one driving the carriage was the Supreme Saint Xueqi.

Supreme Saint Xueqi’s cultivation had improved by leaps and bounds during his seclusion in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. He had broken 72 shackles and become a top elite in the Hundred-Shackled Realm.

However, he could not afford to buy the Fugue Pills and divine blood with Godstones. He owed Zhang Ruochen a huge debt.

He had no choice but to help Zhang Ruochen and pay it back slowly.

Zhang Ruochen sat on the golden and jade-carved couch in the dragon carriage. He stood tall and straight. He pressed his palm on Lian Xi's snow-white jade-like back and extracted strands of Yang Qi from her.

Lian Xi was as soft as a white civet cat. She sat on his lap and made thrilling gasps.

Half of her dress fell to the ground, revealing her smooth skin. Her white chests were pressed against Zhang Ruochen's chest. Her slender legs were spread out on both sides, swaying gently.

Zhang Ruochen had been in seclusion for decades. Every time he tried to condense the saintwill and try to fuse it, he would transfer part of his Yang Qi into her body first and preserve it with her special physique to avoid being disturbed.

After he regained the Yang Qi back into his body, Zhang Ruochen picked up Lian Xi, whose sweat was as soft as spring mud. He put her on the bed and covered her with a soft quilt to cover her breathtakingly beautiful body.

Lian Xi's long black hair was covered with sweat. She said weakly, "How long do you want to torture me?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Do you not want to endure it anymore?"

Xi's eyes were blank and she said, "I've paid enough for what I've done. But you can't completely blame me for what happened in the past. We each have our masters. You can't control those things, and I can't control them either."

Zhang Ruochen put on his white robe and tied his belt. He said, "I can't completely blame you."

"But you've turned me into a crucible for your cultivation," said Lian Xi as her eyes turned red. Her white shoulders, which were exposed outside the quilt, were trembling slightly.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Fifteen years ago, I told you that if you want to leave, you can leave at any time. Yet, you chose to stay. On the first night in the harem of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, I also gave you a choice. You choose to be my woman."

"In the Infernal Court, I have no other choice. If you let me go, where can I go?" Tears almost flowed from Lian Xi's eyes as she said.

Zhang Ruochen turned his back and didn't look at her. "In the Infernal Court, I have no other choice. You can at least choose to stay by my side. I'm not bad to you, right?"

"Don't think so much. Since you've come to Infernal Court, then you should cultivate harder. The humiliation and grievance now will be your biggest motivation. You've already endured for decades. Why don't you continue to endure? If you have enough cultivation in the future, you can come and kill me."

The Nine-Dragon Carriage entered the heart of the Winterpage City and drove to Jiayin District.

Two cultivators in black robes had been waiting there for a long time.

They led Zhang Ruochen and the Supreme Saint Xueqi into the city. They came to a grand palace and walked up the stairs.

Supreme Saint Xueqi's expression was unnatural. He said telepathically, "Jiayin District is where the cultivators of the Yanluo clan live. Are you sure we're in the right place?"

"Do you have to make such a fuss?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Xueqi said, "Generally speaking, before the Celestial-Hunting Festival, the big forces of the ten clans would frequently hold events and banquets. They would even invite cultivators of other clans to participate and take the opportunity to test their strength.

"However, although the Yanluo clan always comes first in the Celestial-Hunting Festival, they don't attach much importance to it. They rarely invite cultivators from other clans before the banquet."

Zhang Ruochen said, "If the Immortal Vampires come first every time, their importance to the Celestial-Hunting Festival would drop by a lot."

At that moment, Yan Wushen's laughter rang out in the palace, "Brother Ruochen, you're wrong. The Yanluo clan doesn't look down on the Celestial-Hunting Festival because they think they're powerful. It's because all kinds of activities and banquets are boring. It's better to spend more time practicing."

Supreme Saint Xueqi looked very shocked and he looked at Zhang Ruochen and saw a strange expression on his face.

Just now, the two of them had communicated telepathically through spiritual power, but Yan Wushen had seen through them.

How could he not be shocked?

Zhang Ruochen strode into the palace, he raised his voice and said, "I've long heard that brother Wushen was already a spiritual-power Supreme Saint before you entered the Battlefield of Merits in Kunlun. I thought that you were already very powerful when you reached the 61st level. However, I've only realized now that I've greatly underestimated you."

After decades of seclusion, Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power had made a huge breakthrough and had reached the peak of the 61st level.

Yan Wushen could hear his telepathic transmission. His spiritual power had reached at least level 62, or even higher.

Supreme Saint Xueqi wanted to follow him into the palace, but he was stopped by a cultivator guarding the palace gate. "His Highness only invited Supreme Saint Ruochen. The rest of the cultivators please wait outside the palace."

"What do you mean? With my cultivation of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, I'm not qualified to enter?" Supreme Saint Xueqi said angrily.

The cultivator from the Yanluo clan said, "The only reason that Supreme Saint Ruochen was able to enter was because of his cultivation. As for you, even if I didn't stop you, you wouldn't be able to enter."



“I refuse to believe this. It’s just a gate.”

After his cultivation advanced by leaps and bounds, Supreme Saint Xueqi’s confidence soared. He took a step forward. However, before his foot landed on the ground, he entered a chaotic space and was lost inside.

This palace was filled with Dimensional Inscriptions.

Every step was filled with Dimensional Traps. It was a huge test for any cultivator who broke in.

After Zhang Ruochen entered the palace, he saw Yan Wushen sitting alone on the ground in the center of the hall. In front of him was a long red copper table with a pot of wine and two wine glasses.

Other than that, there was nothing else.

Simple.

It was so simple that it looked shabby. It didn’t seem like he had invited an important guest.

After stepping through one Dimensional Trap after another, Zhang Ruochen walked steadily to the side of the table and stared at Yan Wushen, he said, “After coming to the Divine Domain of Destiny, I’ve been waiting for you to come out of seclusion. Finally, we met again.. Did you receive my reply to the letter of challenge? This palace is beautifully decorated. It can’t be the battlefield you chose, right?”

#### **Chapter 2270: The Twelve Blossoms**

“There are plenty of opportunities to exchange blows at the Celestial-Hunting Festival. There’s no hurry today,” said Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen extended his hand and made a gesture of invitation.

There were 24 copper pillars in the hall. Each of them was carved with thousands of Dimensional Inscriptions. There were nine million strange beast patterns. They seemed to be only as thick as three people, but their true diameter and height could support the heaven and earth of 24 worlds.

Zhang Ruochen sat opposite Yan Wushen. Zhang Ruochen straightened his back and said, “Since it’s not the final battle today, are you just inviting me to drink?”

“Yes, I am.” Yan Wushen said with a smile. He looked down at the wine pot on the red copper table.

The wine pot was a yellowish-brown pottery pot and the wine cup was made of the same material.

It was no different from the earthenware made by mortals. It was rough and even irregular.

It looked simple, but Zhang Ruochen saw something unusual. Both the wine pot and the wine cup had an ancient charm. The shape and lines were in harmony with the precepts of heaven and earth.

No matter where they were placed, they were in harmony with everything around them.

Zhang Ruochen said, “This wine vessel has been passed down for at least ten Yuanhui Tribulations, or even longer.”

“How do you know?” Yan Wushen asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Everything in the world will leave special traces of time after a certain age. The traces of time on their surface are very deep and very old. I have seen many ancient vessels, but only one or two of them have traces of time that can be compared to them.”

“Only ancient vessels can be used to hold ancient wine.”

Yan Wushen sat still. He used his spiritual power to control the wine pot. It slowly flew up and filled the glass in front of Zhang Ruochen.

The wine was very ordinary and there was nothing unusual about it.

“You may have heard of this wine. It’s called The Twelve Blossoms. It was given to our ancestors by a god of Kunlun three Yuanhui periods ago. I know that Brother Ruochen has deep feelings for Kunlun. You must miss your hometown when you come to the Infernal Court. So, I went to the Fane of Yama and took out one of the jugs.”

*Burble*

Yan Wushen poured himself some wine as he spoke.

In the distant past before the Celestial Court and Infernal Court were established, although the major worlds had deep conflicts with the ten clans of Infernal Court, they were not incompatible with each other. Some cultivators still had a friendship with each other.

“The Twelve Blossoms,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen remembered something. He looked surprised and thought to himself, ‘This is the second strongest liquor in the history of Kunlun that the drunkard once mentioned.’

It was said that The Twelve Blossoms were brewed by Bi Luozi. There were only 12 jars in total.

In Kunlun, they are so valuable that not a single drop could be found elsewhere.

If these really are The Twelve Blossoms, how can it be so ordinary? Has the wine strength disappeared after three Yuanhui periods?’ Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen had once drunk Flaring-Draco Wine, which was ranked eighth among hard liquors.

Only a saint could withstand the strength of Flaring-Draco Wine.

A half-saint once drank it by mistake and died from spontaneous combustion.

Zhang Ruochen reached out two fingers and touched the wine cup.

*SIZZLE!*

A shocking burning sensation came from the cup.

Zhang Ruochen’s two fingers burned and turned red in an instant. Fortunately, his physique was strong. Otherwise, his entire arm would be turned into ashes with just a slight touch.

Yan Wushen said, "The Twelve Blossoms were the Twelve Deific Flowers of Flames. Only when the wine enters the stomach will it bloom. It is said that only someone of godhood can bear this wine. If a saint cultivator or a Supreme Saint drinks it, he will be burned through from the inside out by the Twelve Deific Flowers of Flames, and his soul will be shattered.

"Since Brother Ruochen has the Demigod-level physique, the Neverwithier physique of an ordinary Supreme Saint can not be compared to it naturally. I wonder if you dare to drink this cup of The Twelve Blossoms?"

Zhang Ruochen's fingers had recovered.

After the test just now, Zhang Ruochen understood that Yan Wushen wasn't exaggerating at all. The Neverwithier physique of a Supreme Saint couldn't withstand The Twelve Blossoms.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the cup in front of Yan wushen and said, "Since Brother Wushen is so generous, how can I not drink? Let me drink first."

Zhang Ruochen's entire right hand was burning while holding the cup.

He drank the wine in one gulp.

The terrifying burning energy flowed down from his throat, entered his stomach, and seeped into his entire body. Suddenly, the Deific Flowers of Flames bloomed in his body. They were in his internal organs and sea of Qi.

Zhang Ruochen's blood boiled, and the flames burned from internally to externally.

The rich fragrance of wine and flowers spread out with the flames, filling the entire palace and twelve gorgeous illusory flowers appeared.

Zhang Ruochen felt the pain erode his entire body. It was like a purgatory of torture.

A moment later, although the pain was still there, Zhang Ruochen felt an indescribable sense of comfort. More than 10,000 Spirits in his body seemed to have been refined hundreds of times.

*Boom*

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power strength had broken through the limit and reached the 62nd level.

"What a fine wine! Brother Wushen, it's your turn!" said Zhang Ruochen as he invited Yan Wushen to try.

At that point, how could Zhang Ruochen not understand that Yan Wushen's invitation to drink was fake? Yan Wushen wanted to use the wine to test the depth of Zhang Ruochen's cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen had the Demigod-level physique. It was already difficult for him to bear The Twelve Blossoms in a cup.

Yan Wushen didn't have the Demigod-level physique, so would he dare to drink it?

"It seems like Brother Ruochen is indeed worthy of drinking The Twelve Blossoms," said Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen picked up the cup and drank it all in one gulp.

*Sizzle*

Yan Wushen's body started to burn, and the 12 illusory deific flowers bloomed around his body. They were lifelike, and the vines coiled and connected the 12 flowers together.

Yan Wushen's body wasn't simple. He was able to withstand The Twelve Blossoms in a cup. His body wasn't weaker than his Demigod-level physique. The key was that Zhang Ruochen couldn't see through it.

Yan Wushen gave Zhang Ruochen an unfathomable feeling.

Yan Wushen's face was red. He smiled brightly and said, "Actually, this is my first time drinking The Twelve Blossoms. It's really good wine. Do you know that its biggest benefit isn't increasing the strength of spiritual power?"

"Brother Wushen, what are you talking about?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Yan Wushen said, "Brother Ruochen's cultivation has already reached the pinnacle of the Neverwilt Realm, right? You're only one step away from the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

"That's right," Zhang Ruochen said calmly.

Yan Wushen said, "But you can't break through the first shackle. Thus, you can't enter the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

Zhang Ruochen had a thought and said, "It seems that Brother Wushen has the same problem as me."

Just as Zhang Ruochen had guessed, it wasn't that Yan Wushen had seen through him. It was because both of them were facing the same problem.

Yan Wushen nodded and said, "You have a Demigod-level physique. Your battle strength in the Neverwilt Realm far surpasses that of a Supreme Saint in the same. You can even defeat a powerhouse at the pinnacle of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

"However, even the Demigod-level physique was shackled with 100 shackles. Moreover, these 100 shackles are much stronger than other Supreme Saints, so is the shackling.

"In this way, the Demigod-level physique becomes an obstacle and a problem. It is harder for you to break each shackle than other Supreme Saints. They are the shackles that bind a Demigod-level physique. They have already exceeded the range that your realm can break."

Zhang Ruochen said, "However, as long as you break these 100 shackles and reach the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, the Demigod-level physique will no longer be bound. With the Demigod-level physique, even if you can't be invincible in the divine realm, you can still enter the top-tier."

Yan Wushen said, "Drinking The Twelve Blossoms will make it easier for us to break the shackles. Do you think this is beneficial?"

"I see. It seems that I have to thank Brother Wushen for today's hospitality. I will treat you to a drink in the future." said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen continued, "Since we have drunk the wine, we should get down to business. Where is Kunlun? Where is he?"

Yan Wushen stared at Zhang Ruochen and asked, "Are you going to take him away?"

"Of course," Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Wushen said, "I've taken him as my disciple. He won't be wronged in the Yanluo clan. Don't worry. I'm different from Asurendra Samay."

"But he doesn't belong to the Yanluo clan," Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Wushen paused for a moment before speaking in a meaningful tone, "Do you think it's a good thing to bring him back to your side? All the gods in Infernal Court know that you were forced into Infernal Court for Chi Kongyue and Chi Kunlun.

"Chi Kongyue has been saved. If Chi Kunlun returns to your side, what's the point of you staying in Infernal Court? What else can restrain you in Infernal Court?"

"Should a Yuanhui level genius like you be killed in the cradle or nurtured?"

"If I were a god of the Infernal Court, I would definitely support you first. I would kill you now to prevent future trouble."

Zhang Ruochen was silent. He had guessed everything in his mind.

It seemed like an invitation, but the two were competing everywhere. From spiritual power, physical quality, and mentality.

From the moment Zhang Ruochen stepped into the hall, he was at a disadvantage.

The initiative had always been in Yan Wushen's hands.

There was nothing he could do. Whether it was the Infernal Court or this hall, it was Yan Wushen's territory. Moreover, Yan Wushen had the winning card of Chi Kunlun in his hands.

The competition had been unfair From the beginning.

Yan Wushen said, "Chi Kunlun is safer with me than any other place in the Infernal Court. If he stays with the Yanluo clan, he can enjoy the cultivation resources that you won't be able to provide. Neither will the Xue Jue Family nor Empress Chi Yao of Kunlun! I know you don't lack Godstones, but there are many cultivation resources that Godstones can't buy."

Zhang Ruochen looked up and pointed. "There's a god three feet above you. Aren't you afraid that the god of the Infernal Court will hear what you just said?"

"In this Hall of Wushen, all the secrets of heaven have been cut off. The god won't know anything," Yan Wushen said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "In that case, I'll take my leave."

"Hold on."

Yan Wushen tapped on the table lightly and stopped him. He pointed at the ceramic wine pot and said, "We've only had one drink. Why are you in such a hurry to leave? We should drink to our heart's content."

Zhang Ruochen wasn't willing to admit defeat. He sat back down and said, "Fine! Since Brother Wushen wants to drink to his heart's content, I'll risk my life to accompany you today. I won't miss a drop."

Drinking alone was a battle that could kill people.

The Twelve Blossoms bloomed, and each flower killed people.

Yan Wushen laughed loudly and poured another cup for him and Zhang Ruochen. He said, "As I said before, all the banquets and activities before the Celestial-Hunting Festival are too boring and meaningless. But I still invited you and broke the rule of the Yanluo clan. Do you know why?"

"I'd like to hear about it," Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Wushen said solemnly, "Because my instinct tells me that you, Zhang Ruochen, are the only threat of the Yanluo clan at this Celestial-Hunting Festival. I might as well tell you that the purpose of my banquet is to find out more about you. But up until now, I still can't see through you completely."

"Brother Wushen, are you kidding me? The Yanluo clan shook the Infernal Court. They always came first at the Celestial-Hunting Festival. How could I be a threat to the Yanluo clan? The Nether Clan, Deathkin, Asura, and Ghost. They are the enemies you Yanluo clan should be wary of." Zhang Ruochen said calmly.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen picked up the cup and took a sip.

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen couldn't drink all The Twelve Blossoms in one go.. It depended on who could last longer.

### **Chapter 2271: Scarlet Mist**

It was no secret that Yan Wushen had invited Zhang Ruochen for a drink. The moment the Nine-Dragon Carriage drove into Jiayin District, the news had spread to all the major forces.

Everyone knew that Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen were the top heroes of this era. There would definitely be a battle between them.

It could be a battle of victory or death.

Their meeting was intriguing.

At the same time, a wonderful battle broke out at the banquet hosted by the Yellowsky Clan.

Lord Xia Yu fought against Yue Tinghai of Puresky Clan, a powerhouse in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Lord Xia Yu defeated Yue Tinghai forcefully and fiercely broke his right arm to avenge her humiliation.

Some people suspected that not only Lord Xia Yu had attained the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, but she had also cultivated the third-class saintwill.

Otherwise, Yue Tinghai would not have been defeated so badly. He wasn't able to fight back.

At that point, the position of the number one powerhouse of the Immortal Vampires had become a battle between Lord Bladehell, Lady Wind, and Lord Xia Yu.

When the news spread, the cultivators of the ten clans were shocked.

The strength of the Immortal Vampires had officially entered the forefront of the ten clans.

However, what puzzled countless cultivators was that the powerful Lord Xia Yu was not the captain of the Bloodysky Clan. Thus, Zhang Ruochen, who had come to the meeting at the Hall of Wushen, attracted even more attention.

The clouds surged in the night sky, showing six different colors.

It was the light from the six-colored star fog in the Forest of No Return.

### *Rumble*

Along with the deafening sound of thunder, six-colored rain fell from the sky. It fell on the roof tiles like a beaded curtain and the tears of the heavens.

Pan Ruo stood in the pavilion. Her white clothes were like snow, and her long black hair swayed in the wind. She reached out her slender hand caught the raindrops and looked in the direction of Jiayin District.

Beside Pan Ruo, there was a slender figure in flames. If one looked closely, one would see that it was a woman.

Her name was Mistress Fireborn of the Deathkin.

"You think too highly of Zhang Ruochen, don't you?" said Mistress Fireborn who looked confused and disdainful.

Pan Ruo's gaze was as still as water. She said, "It's not that I think highly of him. It's the Yanluo clan who thinks highly of him. Why should we look down on an opponent that the Yanluo clan thinks so highly of? If Lady Wind has his support, we have to be on guard."

### *Tic-tac*

Wujiang walked over with a green paper umbrella in hand. Under the light, his long shadow appeared on the ground. He said, "It's still unknown whether Zhang Ruochen can walk out of the Hall of Wushen."

Mistress Fireborn stared at Wujiang. When she saw his handsome face, a different light flashed in her eyes. She said, "I heard that Yan Wushen walked the path of Buddhism. He used a sarira and a Myriad Buddha Lamp, to refine his body to the extreme. You can say that he had a Half-Buddha Physique. If Zhang Ruochen wants to walk out of the Hall of Wushen alive, it will be harder than ascending to the heavens.

"The rain is too harsh, and the wind is too cold. Let's go back first! Zhang Ruochen is not a threat until he breaks his first shackle."

Wujiang walked past Mistress Fireborn and came to Pan Ruo's side. He held the umbrella over, blocking the wind that drifted in diagonally and the rain that fell into Pan Ruo's palm. Pan Ruo couldn't help but frown. A hint of displeasure appeared in the depths of her eyes.

At that moment, a shadow appeared in the rain. Kneeling on one knee, it said, "Your Highness, Zhang Ruochen has walked out of the Hall of Wushen."

Pan Ruo's eyes sparkled. A beautiful smile appeared on her pale face and she said, "Yan Wushen couldn't keep Zhang Ruochen in his territory. Zhang Ruochen has already won this battle. Lord Xia Yu and Zhang Ruochen. The Bloodysky Clan is really intriguing this time. They are full of surprises."

A cold light flashed in Wujiang's eyes. "I'll go and meet him."

Wujiang had already disappeared from the pavilion before he finished speaking.

Mistress Fireborn was holding the green paper umbrella that Wujiang had held just now. She said, "Fighting is forbidden in Winterpage City. Isn't Wujiang afraid of breaking the rules?"

"Don't worry. They all know that fighting is within the rules," said Pan Ruo.

Pan Ruo's hand was still open in the rain. She felt the coldness of the raindrops. Her palm was colorful like a painting.

The raindrops started in the sky and ended on Pan Ruo's hand.

This was its fate!

"They?" said Mistress Fireborn as she was surprised.

The word "they" shouldn't be referring to Wujiang and Zhang Ruochen. Could it be that other forces were preparing to attack Zhang Ruochen as well?

...

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen drank three cups of wine before he got up and left.

After dragging Supreme Saint Xueqi out of the Dimensional Trap, Zhang Ruochen stepped out of the Hall of Wushen first. Zhang Ruochen's entire body was covered in flames, emitting the fragrance of flowers and wine. His hair turned red and golden. There was a cracking sound under his feet as he walked.

As soon as Zhang Ruochen walked out of the hall, strange flowers grew on the ground in the garden. There were even petals floating in the sky.

The cultivators guarding the Hall of Wushen stepped back in shock.

Supreme Saint Xueqi was both depressed and curious. Had Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen fought? Who won? Who lost?

Supreme Saint Xueqi wanted to ask, but he saw that Zhang Ruochen was not in a good condition, so he restrained himself.

"Back to Vastsea Manor." Zhang Ruochen ordered after he entered the Nine-Dragon Carriage.



The nine dragons roared, and the carriage rushed out of Winterpage city and drove on the street.

In the carriage, Lian Xi had already gotten down from the bed. She wore a purple robe and had a slim waist. Her hair was like flowing clouds. She sniffed lightly and looked at Zhang Ruochen, who was in pain. She said, "Were you drunk?"

"The Twelve Blossoms."

Zhang Ruochen crossed his hands and tried his best to circulate the *Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture*. He refined the alcoholic properties contained in The Twelve Blossoms.

Although Yan Wushen was testing his depth, The Twelve Blossoms were indeed rare treasures. They had an extraordinary effect on refining the body and breaking the shackles.

Yan Wushen could take out this wine and taste it with Zhang Ruochen. This meant that he was not a narrow-minded person.

Maybe it's not such a bad thing for Chi Kunlun to stay by Yan Wushen's side.

Lian Xi frowned, and she said, "You know very well that there are huge hidden dangers in your body. Whether it's a million times more Yang Qi, or Yanshen's leg, three dragons, and three elephants, you will be consumed by them. How dare you drink such strong and burning wine?"

"Are you concerned about me?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"I'm just afraid that you will torture me again. Or you will be consumed, and I will lose the best place to stay in the Infernal Court."

Zhang Ruochen stared at her with a strange look and said, "It seems that you have thought it through and understand your situation. This is a good thing."

"I only hope that you can agree to let me go if you go to the Battlefield of Merits in the future," said Lian Xi.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Do you still want to go back to the Celestial Court? Can You?"

"You don't have to worry about that! As long as you promise me, I will promise you that I will listen to you and be your most obedient maid in the Infernal Court from now on," Lian Xi said.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and said, "Good! It's useless to keep a woman whose heart is not with me. You can leave whenever you wanted to."

Lian Xi was completely relieved after she heard what Zhang Ruochen said. Lian Xi saw Zhang Ruochen's blood seemed to be boiling, then she asked, "How can I help you?"

"How can you help me with your cultivation?" Zhang Ruochen asked back.

Lian Xi showed a hesitant and gentle look. She approached him and was about to make a move, but Zhang Ruochen pushed her away. He said, "I want to use my body to digest the power of The Twelve Blossoms slowly. I want to use its power to refine the shackles in my body. I will remember your kindness!"

*Whoosh*

Supreme Saint Xueqi sat outside the carriage and looked at the empty street. He had a strong sense of doubt in her heart and he became vigilant.

In the Infernal Court, there was no difference between day and night. It was equally lively. Even if it rained, it should not be so quiet.

Suddenly, the Nine-Dragon Carriage stopped.

Lian Xi lifted the curtain of the carriage and asked, "What's going on?"

Lian Xi was shocked to find Supreme Saint Xueqi, who had severed 72 shackles, did not sit on the carriage at all. Instead, he disappeared without a sound. A layer of pink fog appeared on the street in front of her.

Lian Xi could feel the space within the pink fog with her powerful spiritual power was stretching.

The fog became thicker and thicker. It surged toward the Nine-Dragon Carriage and swallowed the surrounding buildings and streets.

In the end, Lian Xi's field of vision became completely pink.

An uneasy feeling rose in her heart.

A mocking laugh sounded in the fog. "The Fairy Shadowless from the *Portrait of the Nine Beauties* of the Celestial Court has come to the Infernal Court and become Zhang Ruochen's servant. Is there anything more ridiculous than this?"

A carriage appeared out of thin air in the pink fog. The carriage was only 30 meters away from the Nine-Dragon Carriage and its driver was a human-shaped skeleton. Only his face was covered in flesh.

The laughter earlier was from the carriage.

Lian Xi stared at the skeleton driver and sucked in a breath of cold air.

The driver's intact face was exactly the same as Supreme Saint Xueqi's.

Could it be that the Supreme Saint Xueqi had been killed silently and turned into a skeleton?

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes and released his spiritual power.

However, the moment Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power came into contact with the pink fog, it was corroded. He could not see through the opponent.

At that moment, a cloud of ghost fog appeared behind the Nine-Dragon Carriage. A black carriage stopped there. A burst of hearty laughter came from the carriage saying, "Don't you feel humiliated to be Zhang Ruochen's servant? Fairy Shadowless, this has nothing to do with you. Leave quickly."

The three carriages stopped in a straight line. The Nine-Dragon Carriage was blocked in the middle.

Lian Xi knew very well that if she left Zhang Ruochen, she would only be a prisoner of the next cultivator of the Infernal Court. When that happened, the situation would be even more difficult than it was now.

“Who are you? Don’t you know that fighting and killing are prohibited in the Winterpage City?” Lian Xi asked.

Zhang Ruochen sat in the carriage and said, “Their backgrounds are quite impressive. One of them is one of the three potential goddesses of the Fane of Destiny, Supreme Saint Yanhong. The other is the seventh son of the Ghost Master, Xu. Both of them are ranked in the top 10 among those attained Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.”

Lian Xi’s face turned pale instantly.

She knew that Zhang Ruochen had enemies all over the Infernal Court. However, it was unexpected that two powerful enemies came at the same time.

How should they break the situation now?

Since the other party had killed Supreme Saint Xueqi, it meant that they were not here to test and scare him.

Supreme Saint Yanhong’s voice rang out from the carriage in front of them, “You’ve been covered by my mist and lost your spiritual power perception. You were able to determine my identity at the first moment. Zhang Ruochen, it seems that during this period, you weren’t just having affair with the Fairy Shadowless in the Vastsea Manor.”

In the carriage behind them, Xu said, “You’ve never seen me before, but you can recognize me. How did you do it?”

“Because you’ve always been my enemies. I remember everything about you. Break,” said Zhang Ruochen.

The Divine Purification Flame surged out of the Nine-Dragon Carriage and spread out like a white cloud. It burned the pink mist until it disappeared and broke the illusion.

The skeletal carriage driver’s appearance was no longer that of Supreme Saint Xueqi. Instead, he wore a bamboo hat. No one could see his face clearly.

“So it was all an illusion. Supreme Saint Yanhong must have done this to scare us,” said Lian Xi and she heaved a sigh of relief.

At this moment, the real Supreme Saint Xueqi was wrapped in pink threads that were like silk. It was as if he was wrapped in a blood cocoon and could not break free no matter how hard he tried.

If the Supreme Saint Yanhong dared to kill the Supreme Saint Xueqi in the Winterpage City, she would definitely anger the Wargod Bloodximus and the Fane of Destiny would not be able to protect her.

As the Divine Purification Flame burned, the pink threads of mist dispersed and Supreme Saint Xueqi escaped. He quickly retreated to the side of the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

Supreme Saint Xueqi was extremely depressed.

Supreme Saint Xueqi thought that after breaking through 72 shackles, he would have reached the level of a top powerhouse of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He did not expect to suffer two blows after accompanying Zhang Ruochen to a banquet.

The gap between Zhang Ruochen and a powerhouse who attained the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was so big.

*CLANG! CLANG!*

The wheels of the two carriages slowly turned and drove toward the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

With every 90 meters forward, the space would be compressed.

The space in the front and back seemed to have turned into two invisible walls that slowly moved over. The Nine-Dragon Carriage was pressed to the ground and couldn't move. The stone slabs on the street were all cracked.

*Boom Boom*

Nine explosions sounded. The nine dragon souls pulling the carriage could not withstand the pressure of space and explode. They retreated back into the carriage.

However, Supreme Saint Xueqi and Lian Xi could not retreat. They could only rely on their own cultivation to withstand the impact of the pressure of space.

After the Nine-Dragon Carriage was re-forged, it was very close to being a Regal Artifact. However, the carriage creaked when the two carriages reached a distance of 90 meters. Cracks started to appear on the carriage.

## **Chapter 2272: The Difficult Road Ahead and The Traceless Oblivion**

Lian Xi saw the carriages that were coming from the front and back become bigger and bigger. First, it was like a palace, and then it was like a mountain. Finally, it seemed to have transformed into two planets, releasing an extremely imposing pressure.

The sound of the wheels was even more ear-splitting than the sound of thunder, and ripples appeared in space.

Lian Xi and the Nine-Dragon Carriage beside her appeared extremely small.

Lian Xi was known as the king of Sainthood with her attained Supreme Saint cultivation. However, she felt as if she could not breathe and her body was about to be crushed into pieces.

Supreme Saint Xueqi's cultivation was very high. He was not intimidated by the aura of the two carriages. He did not want to just sit there and wait for death. Hence, He gritted his teeth and spread the blood wings on his back. He pulled out a Regal Artifact from between his brows and activated the Regal Inscriptions on the blade.

"Break it."

Supreme Saint Xueqi grabbed the handle of the blade with both hands. Blood clouds surged out of his body as he slashed out with all his might.

### *Crash*

A blade ray that was like a river of blood tore apart the scarlet mist. It floated above Supreme Saint Yanhong's red carriage and pressed down rapidly.

The sharp blade shone the entire world in blood-red light.

However, this heaven-splitting blade was blocked by a layer of light fog from the frame of the chariot. It could not hurt the chariot at all.

"Futile attempt," said Supreme Saint Yanhong.

After that, tens of thousands of bone birds that bared their fangs and brandished their claws flew out from the layer of light fog. They let out a dense and ear-piercing cry as they charged towards the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

Supreme Saint Xueqi sheathed his blade and raised it horizontally. He took a step back and billions of precept ley lines appeared under his feet. They activated the defensive power of the blade.

The power of those bone birds was shocking. Every time one of them charged at Supreme Saint Xueqi, it would cause him to tremble slightly.

In just a few moments, Supreme Saint Xueqi's defense was broken. His armor was torn apart and his arms were drenched in blood. His body slammed heavily into the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

Supreme Saint Yanhong did not attack with her own hands. Instead, she used the bone birds created by the scarlet mist to heavily injure a Supreme Saint who had severed 72 shackles.

It was not that Supreme Saint Xueqi was not powerful enough. It was just that his opponent was too terrifying.

Supreme Saint Xueqi was severely injured. He knelt on one knee on the ground and looked at the bone birds that were swarming towards him. Even though he knew that Supreme Saint Yanhong did not dare to kill him, he still felt a sense of despair and thought, 'Today, I will definitely die.'

When Supreme Saint Xueqi encountered other cultivators who were in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he was very confident that he could fight them head-on. No matter how weak Supreme Saint Xueqi was, he still had the power to retreat. However, when he encountered someone at the level of the Supreme Saint Yanhong, he lost all confidence in escaping.

"Such power! This is the eighth-ranked cultivator at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. That is one hell of a Pink Skull." said Supreme Saint Xueqi as he lowered his head and his confidence was completely crushed.

Without a doubt, Supreme Saint Yanhong would be Supreme Saint Xueqi's inner demon from now on. He would not be able to overcome this obstacle.

Just as the bone birds approached the Nine-Dragon Carriage, a huge dragon soul flew out from the carriage. Its body was as big as a mountain ridge. It opened its mouth like a deep pool and swallowed all the bone birds into its stomach.

*ROAR!*

The body of the dragon soul coiled around the Nine-Dragon Carriage and let out an earth-shattering roar.

“A Thousand-Koan Realm dragon soul.”

Supreme Saint Xueqi raised his head abruptly and was shocked by what he saw.

*ROAR! ROAR!*

...

Immediately after, two dragon souls and three elephant souls of the Thousand-Koan Realm rushed out and coiled around the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

They glared ferociously and roared toward the sky. They blocked the two carriages that were crushing toward them and were unable to advance any further.

Zhang Ruochen sat in the Nine-Dragon Carriage and slowly spread out his arms.

Instantly, the power of the three dragons and three elephants erupted. The two carriages in front and behind were pushed back slowly. The Dimensional Inscriptions wall on the two carriages was also broken.

Lian Xi could not believe her eyes.

At that moment, Lian Xi finally understood how powerful Zhang Ruochen was. It was almost impossible for her to kill him with her cultivation and talent.

Now, it was impossible.

In the future... it would be even more impossible.

“What a surprise. That truly is a Demigod-level physique. Zhang Ruochen’s only in the Neverwilt Realm and his body can withstand six Thousand-Koan Realm beast souls. However, he’s still far from it.” said Xu, who was at the back of the carriage.

The next moment, the sound of ten thousand ghosts came from the carriage.

Countless ghosts flew out. Some were humans, some were beasts, and some were birds... There were so many of them. There were more than ten thousand or even more than a hundred thousand.

The ghosts formed six storm vortexes.

In each of the vortexes, a few Thousand-Koan Realm Ghost Emperor’s Souls were formed. A few thousand meters tall giant, a Rakshasa with black wings on its back, and a demon ox that had two horns on its head.

Supreme Saint Xueqi's face turned bitter and he said, "Xu once seized the Spring of Chaos and formed the Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Neverwilt Physique. He can absorb ghosts and refine them into his body endlessly with the Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Physique and his attained Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Earlier, he released at least six million ghosts."

Six million ghosts formed the Thousand-Koan Realm Ghost Emperor Soul. The power it released was no less than Zhang Ruochen's three dragons and three elephants.

What was even more disturbing was that six million ghosts were not all of Xu. No one knew how many Thousand-Koan Realm Ghost Emperor's Souls he could form after he went all out.

The six Ghost Emperor Souls balanced the three dragons and three elephants.

The two carriages drove forward again, crushing the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

"Cultivators who attained the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm within a thousand years are indeed not simple. Those who can enter the top ten are all unfathomable. Even the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint is no match for you." Zhang Ruochen said this and took out the Zangshan Demonic Mirror.

After Supreme Saint Yanhong sensed the aura of the Supreme Artifact, she said, "The so-called Yuanhui level geniuses only have this much ability? We've only used half of our power, and you're already forced to use the Supreme Artifact?"

"Don't say I didn't warn you. If you use the Supreme Artifact in a battle in the Divine Domain of Destiny, you'll be taken away by the fane," Xu said.

Even though Supreme Saint Yanhong and Xu were targeting Zhang Ruochen, they didn't really attack him. They didn't get out of the carriage. They just drove on the same street as Zhang Ruochen.

This was a loophole in the laws of the Fane of Destiny!

Just like Xu, he had condensed six Ghost Emperor Souls. He didn't control them to attack. He just walked forward slowly to balance the three dragons and three elephants.

On the contrary, it was against the law for Supreme Saint Xueqi to use his weapons to attack first.

Even if Zhang Ruochen was seriously injured today, they could still say that they had just driven the carriage and accidentally barged into him.

It was a ridiculous excuse, but it was an excuse to avoid the law.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that Supreme Saint Yanhong and Xu were here to test his strength. They didn't dare to do anything to him. They just wanted to use two Regal Artifact level carriages to crush the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

Other techniques, such as the six Ghost Emperor Souls and the illusory scarlet mist, were just to suppress Zhang Ruochen's power.

'They want to force me to act first. That way, they'll have a reason to act as well,' Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen put away the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and looked ahead. Supreme Saint Yanhong's carriage was right in front of him.

If Zhang Ruochen was knocked down by Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong's carriage, it would severely damage Zhang Ruochen's prestige in the Bloodysky Clan and the Immortal Vampires.

Even if Zhang Ruochen wasn't injured. It will be a huge loss of face.

After that, Zhang Ruochen will have no chance to represent the Immortal Vampires and wield the Supreme Artifact.

However, if Zhang Ruochen could beat Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong, his reputation would definitely rise to its peak. It would be of great help to Wargod Bloodximius to negotiate with the gods of Immortal Vampires.

No matter how talented you were, you still had to show results in actual combat.

Moreover, this challenge was to test Zhang Ruochen's strength and also his ability to handle a crisis.

'How can I break the suppression of Supreme Saint Yanhong within the scope of the law?' Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment. Then, a large number of Marks of Time light spots flew out of his body. There were tens of millions of them.

Both Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong became alert. They were most afraid of Zhang Ruochen's Time techniques. Although they had prepared for it, they still did not drop their guard.

*Whoosh*

Dozens of Marks of Time appeared on the front and the back of the carriages.

The Mark of Time light spots released by Zhang Ruochen were bounced back by the power of the talismans as soon as they approached the carriage. They could not enter the carriage.

Zhang Ruochen sat in the Nine-Dragon Carriage and put his hands together.

Tens of millions of light spots flew back and gathered together. They turned into a Bell of Time and enveloped the Nine-Dragon Carriage. Supreme Saint Xueqi and Lian Xi quickly boarded the carriage and hid behind Zhang Ruochen.

Supreme Saint Xueqi and Lian Xi knew that no matter how powerful Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong were, they would not dare to touch the Bell of Time.

The safest place will be the inside of the bell.

*Crash*

Zhang Ruochen condensed six dimensional chains to connect with the three dragon souls and three elephant souls. He controlled them to pull the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

"Zhang Ruochen, you won't get away easily." Xu reached out a hand, pulled open the curtain, and said with a gentle smile.

*Rumble*



The six Ghost Emperor Souls resisted the three dragons and three elephants. The two sides competed in power and collided fiercely.

“If I want to leave, you can’t hold me back,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen pointed forward. Immediately, the space where the six Ghost Emperor Souls were was shrinking and collapsing rapidly. Even though they tried their best to hold on, the space still shrank smaller and smaller, like a rapidly shrinking ball.

The huge space with a diameter of hundreds of feet quickly became only the size of a fist.

The six Ghost Emperor Souls were all suppressed into the fist-sized spherical space. They could no longer resist the three dragons and three elephants.

### *Crash*

The wheels turned.

The three dragons and three elephants pulled the Nine-Dragon Carriage that was wrapped in the Bell of Time over. The six Ghost Emperor Souls shattered the spherical space and they returned to their original size.

Supreme Saint Yanhong and Xu watched the Nine-Dragon Carriage drive away. They didn’t chase after it.

Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong’s true bodies were on a floating island not far from this street, standing side by side. They looked down at the city and they looked at each other and could see the shock in each other’s eyes.

Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong didn’t dare to use their true bodies to deal with Zhang Ruochen, the Scion with a special identity, openly in the Divine Domain of Destiny.

Although the two figures in the carriages were only their shadow clones, their true bodies had been controlling everything. With their cultivation and the means they had prepared to suppress space and time, they still let Zhang Ruochen escape unscathed. How could they not be shocked?

“It is indeed as difficult as ascending to heaven to keep the Master of Time and Space.” Supreme Saint Yanhong let out a long sigh, feeling helpless in her heart.

Zhang Ruochen had too many enemies in the Infernal Court. If Supreme Saint Yanhong could kill him, she could gain the support of all the major forces. That way, it would be much easier for her to become the Scioness of the Fane of Destiny.

However, Supreme Saint Yanhong realized at the test earlier. Although her combat strength was stronger than Zhang Ruochen’s, Zhang Ruochen could leave at any time if he did not want to fight with her.

If they couldn’t keep him, how could they kill him?

Xu’s gaze deepened and he said, “We couldn’t find out his strength even if we worked together. His strength has been doubled compared to when he fought with Warlord Mara.”

“At least we found out that his cultivation has reached the peak of the Neverwilt Realm,” said Supreme Saint Yanhong.

Xu said, “Before Zhang Ruochen broke his first shackle, he won’t be a threat. But what’s troubling is that no one knows when he’ll do it.”

If Zhang Ruochen broke his first shackle, then he would officially enter the Hundred-Shackle Realm. The power of the Demigod-level physique’s body would be fully unleashed.

At that time, even the top 10 cultivators at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm like Xu and Supreme Saint Yan Hong would be wary of him.

This was the situation Xu and Supreme Saint Yan Hong would want to avoid most.

“Don’t you have an important trump card in your hand? If you use it in the Celestial-Hunting Festival, Zhang Ruochen won’t be able to escape as easily as he did today,” said Supreme Saint Yan Hong with cold as frost eyes.

Although Supreme Saint Yan Hong was a pink-colored skull, the surface of the skeleton was beautiful skin. It looked beautiful and was no different from a beauty that could topple a nation.

Supreme Saint Yanhong said again, “Fairy Shadowless beside Zhang Ruochen can be refined as a skin for me for the next 100 years. It’s perfect. The more I look at it, the more beautiful it becomes.”

...

The Nine-Dragon Carriage was badly damaged and full of cracks. It traveled on the empty street and gradually disappeared into the distance.

Wujiang stood in the darkness of the night. His body and the six-colored rain merged into one. He could clearly see the fight just now.

He didn’t attack.

Since Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong couldn’t stop Zhang Ruochen when they worked together, if Wujiang attacked again, the result would most likely be the same.

However, just as Wujiang was about to leave, he was surprised to find a figure walking in the middle of the street in front of the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

A black figure.

The black figure was like a bamboo pole. Its body was as thin as firewood, but straight like a pencil.

The black figure walked toward the Nine-Dragon Carriage like a deaf and blind man. He couldn’t see that it was Zhang Ruochen’s carriage, and he couldn’t see that the three dragons and three elephants pulling the carriage were Thousand-Koan Realm beast souls.

But could a cultivator in the Winterpage City really be deaf and blind?

‘Who is he? What is he trying to do?’ Wujiang wondered.

Wujiang used his spiritual power to investigate. However, as soon as his spiritual power approached, it was swallowed by an invisible force and disappeared without a trace.

Wujiang was ranked fifth on the list of those who attained the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm. His strength was above that of Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong.

How could such a strange cultivator appear in Winterpage City? Was his cultivation even stronger than Wujiang?

In the carriage.

Zhang Ruochen did not sense the aura of the black figure. He was still recalling the battle just now. His expression was calm and composed, but his heart was in turmoil.

Although it was only a test battle, Zhang Ruochen deeply felt the power of the top ten powerhouses who attained the Greater Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Whether it was Xu or Supreme Saint Yanhong, they were like two bottomless abysses.

Even the current Lord Xia Yu was still inferior to them.

This difference was very obvious.

Supreme Saint Xueqi mend his injuries and he asked, "Lord Xia Yu is ranked seventh on the list of those at Greater Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, and Supreme Saint Yanhong is ranked eighth. With your current cultivation, are you confident of winning against them?"

Zhang Ruochen did not answer. He only shook his head lightly.

It was unknown whether he was saying "I don't know," or "I'm not confident," or "I'm not their match."

Supreme Saint Xueqi lowered his head dejectedly and thought to himself, 'Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong are invincible existences in the same realm. Zhang Ruochen is only in the Neverwilt Realm. No matter how strong he is, he can't win against them. It's already amazing that he could escape from their combined attack. It's enough to shake the ten clans of the Infernal Court.'

"Who are you?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen sensed something. His eyes became as sharp as a sword as he looked straight ahead.

Zhang Ruochen's reflex was fast. However, he had only raised his arm three inches when a black shadow passed through the three dragons, three elephants, and the wall of the Nine-Dragon Carriage. It entered the carriage, its fingers moving dozens of times faster than Zhang Ruochen, it cut off a strand of long hair from his neck and pinched it in his hand.

When Zhang Ruochen raised his arm again, the black shadow had already passed through the Nine-Dragon Carriage and appeared on the street behind the carriage. He clutched the strand of hair in his hand and walked away from the carriage.

*SWOOSH!*

Zhang Ruochen used the Great Dimensional Shift and he appeared outside the carriage. He stood on the street and stared at the bamboo-like black shadow. His eyes were filled with shock and doubt.

“The so-called Yuanhui level genius was just ordinary.” said the black shadow.

His body disappeared without a trace as he walked.

It was as if nothing had happened. It was just an illusion.

Supreme Saint Xueqi jumped off the Nine-Dragon Carriage. He looked in the direction Zhang Ruochen was looking and asked, “What’s Wrong?”

“Did you see it just now?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Xueqi asked, “See what? What Happened?”

“That’s right. He’s too fast. With your cultivation, how can you see him? Is this the Power of Oblivion?” Zhang Ruochen smoothed the hair behind his ear. One strand had been broken and was only an inch long.

It came and went without a trace.

With Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation, he could only see his opponent’s shadow. He couldn’t stop him from breaking his hair.

If he could cut off Zhang Ruochen’s hair, he could kill him.

With such speed, how could Supreme Saint Xueqi see him?

Perhaps only by being prepared and using the Power of Time and Space could Zhang Ruochen have a chance to compete with him in speed. However, his opponent’s body was no different from oblivion. He couldn’t sense it in advance. How could he be prepared?

“Are you testing my strength or showing off? Who are you?” Zhang Ruochen asked as his pupils constricted.

In the distance, Wujiang, who had witnessed everything, held his breath. He felt numb all over.

With Wujiang’s cultivation, he couldn’t see how the opponent appeared or disappeared. It was terrifying to the extreme.

“For him to appear here, he must be a cultivator participating in the Celestial-Hunting Festival. I hope he’s a Thousand-Koan Realm or Banshi Isshou Realm cultivator. If he’s in the Hundred-Shackle Realm... I’m probably not his match.”

Wujiang was calculating and guessing in his heart, but he kept shaking his head.

Even the third-ranked Yan Huangtu, the second-ranked Lan Ying, could not be so strong. Could the black shadow be the first-ranked one?

**Chapter 2273: Que**

When Supreme Saint Xueqi returned to Vastsea Manor, Gu Chenzi, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Lord Xia Yu were already waiting outside the manor.

The moment they saw Zhang Ruochen come down from the carriage, they welcomed him like a hero. Supreme Saint Yi Xuan laughed loudly. "The battle on the street has made your name known all over the world. I'm afraid no one will dare to look down on our Bloodsky Clan at the Celestial-Hunting Festival."

Many cultivators were paying attention to the battle between Zhang Ruochen, Xu, and Supreme Saint Yanhong on the street. The news spread like wildfire to all the major forces in Winterpage City.

The cultivators of Bloodsky Clan who gathered around looked at Zhang Ruochen differently.

They became respectful and fearful.

That was the look they had when facing a superior.

Zhang Ruochen's face did not show a trace of joy. Instead, his expression was solemn. He said with a heavy heart, "Let's talk inside."

Gu Chenzi, Lord Xia Yu, and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan saw some clues. They immediately stopped smiling and followed Zhang Ruochen into Vastsea Manor. Then, they entered Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

They did not speak on their way to the palace. The atmosphere was heavy.

When they arrived at the main hall, Zhang Ruochen sat at the top like an emperor. He still did not speak, as if he was thinking about something.

Gu Chenzi asked, "What exactly happened? Is Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong's cultivation far stronger than it looks?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head lightly and finally spoke, "Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong didn't use their true bodies or their true powers. It was a somewhat tentative fight, which was hard for us to see through their strength.

"But I can roughly guess that their combat strength is higher than Lord Xia Yu's."

"Xu hasn't even condensed a Grade Three Saintwill. How can he be stronger than me? I'm afraid you didn't see how I cut off Yue Tinghai's arm. Do you want to try?"

Lord Xia Yu snorted. She wasn't convinced.

Zhang Ruochen didn't seem to see Lord Xia Yu's battle intent. "Xu has the Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Neverwilt Physique," he said. "He can absorb countless ghosts and become one. "Although he only showed the tip of the iceberg of his strength when he was at the street, I can infer from some clues that he has absorbed more than 10 million ghosts into his Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level physique.

"Based on my analysis, I can tell that those ghosts he absorbed aren't mortals. They were cultivators when they were alive.

"One million ghosts can form a Thousand-Koan Realm Ghost Emperor-Level physique. If the strength of ten Ghost Emperor-Level bodies were combined with a high-level Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique, even your Grade Three Saintwill wouldn't be able to withstand it, right?"

“I’ve looked through the information on Xu. The Emperor-level Heavenly Sight that he cultivated is a high-level Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique. With this technique, he once heavily injured a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint in the Battlefield of Merits.”

Lord Xia Yu’s eyes flashed with shock. She did not expect the Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Neverwilt Physique to be so powerful.

Gu Chenzi said, “Lord Xia Yu has just broken through to the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. She did not have the time to cultivate a high-level Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique. In terms of foundation, she is indeed lacking compared to Lord Xia Yu.

“However, if Xu is unable to fuse with the Grade Three Saintwill, it is only a matter of time before Lord Xia Yu overpowers him.”

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan was annoyed. “It’s all my fault. If he didn’t take away the Spring of Chaos, how could he have grown so powerful?”

Gu Chenzi was still confused. Since Zhang Ruochen was able to escape from the combined attacks of Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong, even if they were stronger than Lord Xia Yu, there was a limit to their strength.

With the strength of the Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan, they could fight against Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong together.

But why was Zhang Ruochen’s mood so volatile?

Zhang Ruochen said, “After breaking through the encirclement of Xu and Saint Yanhong, I met another cultivator whose cultivation far surpasses the two of them.”

“Who is it? Wu Jiang?” Gu Chenzi asked.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “No, Wu Jiang is far inferior to him. Even if the three of you join hands with me, we might not be his match.”

Lord Xia Yu, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Gu Chenzi were all stunned.

They knew that Zhang Ruochen did not joke. Since he had said it so carefully, it must have been carefully analyzed and calculated.

Gu Chenzi analyzed the situation and said, “How is this possible? Wu Jiang is ranked fifth among cultivators who attained the Great Perfection at Hundred-Shackle Realm. The only ones stronger than him are Luo Shengtian, Yanhuang Tu, and Lan Ying.

“Although Luo Shengtian’s ranking is higher than Wu Jiang’s, the two of them have never fought before. Based on past battle records, even if Luo Shengtian was stronger than Wu Jiang, he wouldn’t be much stronger. “Moreover, if he wanted to test you, he had already made his move on Arena of Life and Death. He wouldn’t have waited until now.

“Yan Huangtu, who is ranked third, rarely makes a move in public. His latest battle record goes back to 120 years ago. It’s impossible to judge his current strength.

“However, since you went to Jianyin District, you must have fought with Yan Wushen before and tested each other’s strength. Logically speaking, there is no point for Yan Huangtu to make a move anymore. So he should not be the one.

“So most likely, that cultivator should be Lan Ying, the Divine Fetus.

“There are too many rumors regarding Lan Ying. Any cultivator at the same realm would feel fear towards him. He is an opponent that is almost impossible to defeat.

“I once saw Lan Ying. At that time, we were both Saint Kings and were on the verge of breaking through to the Supreme Saint realm. I was also considered a top elite. I was pretty conceited and never thought that anyone in the same cultivation rank could defeat me.

“However, Lan Ying left a deep impression on me that time. He killed a Supreme Saint, who was on par with me, with a single sword strike. It was clean and neat. It was as if he was the embodiment of slaughter.

“At that time, I thought that even if six of me joined hands, I wouldn’t be able to block the six swords on his back.

“If there really was an opponent that even the Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan couldn’t defeat, then it could only be Yan Huangtu or Lan Ying. Among them, the possibility of Lan Ying is higher.”

Lord Xia Yu revealed a cold expression, he said, “At that time, Lan Ying must have borrowed external forces. During the Celestial-Hunting Festival, Lan Ying cannot borrow external forces, and he can only use one weapon, so his advantage will be greatly weakened.

“I don’t believe that with your current cultivation, you would be killed instantly by him.”

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said, “That’s right. With our current cultivation, no living being below the Thousand-Koan Realm can defeat the three of us by themselves.

“Only Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen might be able to do it in the future.

“I guess Zhang Ruochen met a Thousand-Koan Realm attendee.

Zhang Ruochen had looked through the information of Lan Ying. He was sure that Lan Ying had never practiced the Path of Oblivion, so it was impossible for Lan Ying to be that person.

As for the Thousand-Koan Realm attendee...

Zhang Ruochen had made the same guess, but he ruled it out.

The guests of the Thousand-Koan Realm could not participate in the Celestial Hunting. There was no need for them to test Zhang Ruochen’s strength. Moreover, before the black figure left, he said, “The so-called Yuanhui level genius is nothing more than this.”

From this, one could infer the character of this person:

He was very confident and competitive. He valued fame and fortune. He was jealous, dissatisfied, and disdainful of Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen, who were called “Yuanhui level” geniuses.

If he was really a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint, he wouldn't be proud even if he chopped off a strand of Zhang Ruochen's hair.

After all, the difference between Hundred-Shackle Realm and Thousand-Koan Realm was too big. Many Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints had such strength.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Have you forgotten that there's a mysterious existence ranked first among the cultivators with Great Perfection attainment at Hundred-Shackle Realm?"

Gu Chenzi frowned and said, "The ranking of the Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivators, who achieved Great Perfection, was compiled by Realm of Star Ocean. At the beginning, it only included 47 Supreme Saints. As some hidden powerful figures were revealed, it has now expanded to 58."

"However, the ranking of the top ten has never changed. It tells us their strength is definitely far superior to other Supreme Saints who have reached the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm."

"Among them, the most puzzling one is the person who is ranked first. There is only one word written on the list, Que."

"At the beginning, everyone thought that his name was Que.

"However, some deities have tried to probe this person, but they get nothing.

"Therefore, everyone thought that Realm of Star Ocean deliberately left the first place for you or Yan Wushen.

"After all, you two are too powerful. Once you reach the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, you will definitely be the first."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Even the deities couldn't figure him out?"

"This is absolutely true," Gu Chenzi said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "If he is a Master of Oblivion, he can already control the power of Oblivion perfectly. Can the deities figure him out?"

"This..." Gu Chenzi didn't know how to answer.

Any cultivator had a respectful attitude toward the power of Oblivion.

There were too few beings practicing Oblivion; it was too rare. Because of this rare and unknown, all cultivators were in awe and didn't know how to deal with it.

For example, if there would only be one cultivator practicing the Path of Time existed in one Yuanhui, other cultivators would not know how to deal with the power of Time and didn't have a way to resist such an attack. Then, they would be filled with respect for a Master of Time. But in reality, although few cultivators were cultivating the Path of Time, it wasn't rare. Moreover, one or two Masters of Time could be born in every era. Hence, after studying the Path of Time more, other cultivators would know how to resist and deal with it, so their respect for it also became lesser.

Lord Xia Yu said, "If he is a Master of Oblivion — even the deities can't predict anything about him, then how does Realm of Star Ocean know Him?"



“What if he is a cultivator trained by Realm of Star Ocean or the Fane of Destiny?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“It’s not impossible.”

Gu Chenzi’s expression also became serious. He said again, “The power of Oblivion may not be able to resist the deities’ probe all the time. However, if it’s the Fane of Destiny who hides everything about a cultivator, no matter how powerful the deities are, they can’t predict or probe anything about him.”

“Que will be the biggest variable in this Celestial-Hunting Festival,” Zhang Ruochen said.

He had a clear feeling that the black figure was hostile to him.

In the following time, Zhang Ruochen turned on Sundial again. He tried his best to refine the wine power of the Twelve Blossoms and break the first Shackle.

He used the Path of Truth and found that the first Shackle was on his right arm.

Before he drank the Twelve Blossoms, Zhang Ruochen had taken a Fugue pill. He tried dozens of times, but failed.

He practiced in Sundial for about a year before completely absorbing the Twelve Blossoms’ wine power.

He took another Fugue pill, but he still did not break the first Shackle. What was better than before was that the Shackle that had not reacted previously shook slightly.

It was a good start!

‘Next, I have to grind them slowly. Iron rods can be ground into needles. I don’t believe that I can’t break a shackle,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Under everyone’s expectations, the seventh day of the fifth month finally arrived.

The Celestial-Hunting Festival was a grand ceremony that made all Infernal Court cultivators rejoice no matter where they were. Cultivators of all clans attending the festival became a favorite conversation topic among all Infernal Court cultivators. They placed their hopes on the attendees representing the honor of all the big forces.

The representatives from Bloodsky Clan — 50 Supreme Saints and 50 Saint Kings — had already gathered together and were ready to go. They were full of vigor.

Some rode on Supreme Sain savage beasts, followed by dozens of Saint Slaves. They wore Regal-level armor, and their capes fluttered in the wind.

Some rode on Regal-level war chariots. Beside them were four beautiful female cultivators on their Sainthood.

...

Each of the guests was quite high-profile. They showed their most majestic, wealthy, and powerful side. They were high-spirited and ambitious. They wanted to compete with other forces in terms of imposing manner.

At this moment, Sevenstar Imperial Palace had become the size of a normal palace. It was carried out of Vastsea Manor by 18 Ghost Kings who had survived six tribulations.

All the cultivators of Bloodsky Clan were immediately outclassed.

“Th-That is Sevenstar Imperial Palace. It’s the palace where Wargod Bloodximius once lived. Did you see that figure sitting in the grand hall? It’s Zhang Ruochen.”

“My God! Wargod Bloodximius actually passed Sevenstar Imperial Palace to Zhang Ruochen. Is he the heir of the Xue Jue Family?”

...

All the cultivators of Bloodsky Clan were in an uproar.

Not many cultivators knew that Zhang Ruochen had become the owner of Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Those who knew did not publicize it. That was why it caused such a huge shock.

The next moment, Shentu Yunkong and Gaunt, who had been subdued, walked out of Sevenstar Imperial Palace one after another. They stood on both sides of the palace gate and wore guard armor.

Zhou Zhen’s status was slightly higher than theirs. However, he could only wear plain clothes and stand outside the palace.

In the hall, Lian Xi and Moyin were like two handmaidens. One was as beautiful as a fairy, while the other was as seductive as a demonic concubine.

“It’s one thing for 18 ghost kings — who passed six tribulations — to carry them, but they intimidate others with five Supreme Saints. Some are guards, and some are handmaidens. Aren’t they afraid of being beaten to death by envious cultivators from other forces?” Supreme Saint Yi Xuan was envious at the same time.

Although Zhang Ruochen was sighted sitting in Sevenstar Imperial Palace, his consciousness entered the deity world of Wargod BloodXimius.

Wargod BloodXimius said, “The Immortal Vampire deities have agreed to let you take control of the Supreme Artifact. However, they have two conditions.

“First, you must make Immortal Vampires one of the top five in Celestial-Hunting Festival.

“Second, you must help Lady Wind get the position of Scioness.”

“If you failed to achieve any, then Bloodsky Clan will bear all the responsibility. No matter what the result of the Celestial-Hunting Festival is, they will automatically be ranked last among the major ten clans and get the least resources.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Their two conditions are too harsh.”

“But I have already agreed,” said Wargod BloodXimius.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes became piercing. He held his breath for a moment and then said with a firmer determination, "I will definitely complete these two missions. I will never let Bloodsky Clan bear all of this."

"You don't need to achieve both. You only need to complete one mission to reach your goal.. Comparatively, the second condition they put forward is easier to complete," said Wargod BloodXimius.

### **Chapter 2274: The Gate of Destiny**

The Celestial-Hunting Festival was held once every thousand years.

A banquet was held before the Celestial Hunt.

According to tradition, the location of the festival was Destiny's Creek, a river located at the foot of Mount Destiny.

If one wanted to reach Destiny's Creek, they had to pass through the Gate of Destiny first.

At this moment, outside the Gate of Destiny, a large group of cultivators from the ten clans had gathered in Tungsten Square. Saint Chariots, Bone Palanquins, Ghost Ships... They were densely parked; moreover, they were all releasing powerful Supreme Saint auras to display their strength.

The ten clans were clearly divided.

When Bloodsky Clan arrived, they attracted the attention of many cultivators.

Among them, Sevenstar Imperial Palace, carried by the eighteen Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords, was the most eye-catching. It caused the various factions to be shocked and exclaim.

Ming, Ghost Master's eighth son, said with a cold expression, "Bloodsky Clan is clearly provoking Ghosts by ordering the Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords to carry the palace. They are not afraid of being suppressed by us."

"In the past Celestial-Hunting Festivals, Bloodsky Clan suffered losses in our hands. This resulted in them being ranked last among the major ten Immortal Vampire clans and receiving the least amount of resources.

"The entire Bloodsky clan, from their deities to the low-level cultivators, has grievances against us.

"It's very normal for Wargod BloodXimius to make such arrangement," Xu smirked.

The grudge between Wargod Bloodximius and Ghost Master was well-known in Infernal Court.

Hence, Dishastan cultivators deliberately targeted Bloodsky Clan at every Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Although Ghost Master's strength was not as strong as that of Wargod Bloodximius, Dishastan's strength was far greater than that of Bloodsky Clan.

It was worth mentioning that Dishastan was ranked third among the nine Ghost Cities of the ghost clan. It was only second to Fengdu<sup>1</sup> and Impermanenton<sup>2</sup>.

Ghost Master was the ruler of Dishastan. He ruled the 72 Netherrealm and 100,000 Ghost Planets.

Xu stared at Sevenstar Imperial Palace, "It seems that the last few Celestial-Hunting Festivals have angered Wargod Bloodximius. He's actually lost his mind and placed all his bets on Zhang Ruochen, who has made countless enemies.

"This year's Celestial-Hunting Festivals will destroy Wargod Bloodximius' reputation. Bloodsky Clan will be thrown into the abyss and continue to sink for thousands of years."

"Don't forget that Bloodsky Clan has Lord Xia Yu with strength that can make her the top ten Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivators who achieved Great Perfection. I'm afraid the clan won't be as easy to deal with as before," said Ming.

"But this year, Dishastan has me."

In the past Celestial-Hunting Festivals, the top elite in Ghost Clan was either from Fengdu or Impermanenton. This year was an exception. Xu had become the top elite of Ghost Clan.

It could be said that he represented Dishastan and the entire Ghost Clan. He was the most talented and powerful existence that had stood out from millions of Ghost cultivators in the past thousand years.

...

Sevenstar Imperial Palace landed on Tungsten Square. Zhang Ruochen sat in the palace. The palace door was wide open. He could see the Gate of Destiny in the distance when he looked up.

The gate was made of tens of thousands of stellar cores. There were all kinds of runes carved on it. Some burned like lava, and some flowed with blood-red lines.

The Gate of Destiny emitted white light, forming a light curtain.

The light on the light curtain seemed to be able to travel to the past and the future. It gave people a mysterious, unfathomable feeling.

"This is the legendary Gate of Destiny!"

Lian Xi, Zhou Zhen, Yan, and Shentu Yunkong all felt like they were in a dream. In the past, they did not dare to imagine that they, as Celestial Court cultivators, would one day stand below Mount Destiny and look up at the Gate of Destiny at close range.

"Legend has it that as long as you cross the Gate of Destiny, you will be baptized by Destiny. The Precepts of Destiny will automatically be born in your body, and you will become a cultivator of the Path of Destiny.

"There are very few cultivators who are qualified to enter the gate of fate in Infernal Court. Are we going to be qualified today?"

Not only them, but all the servants, maids, relatives, and friends who came to the festival along with the attendees showed joy on their faces. They could not calm down their excitement.

Screech!

At this time, a golden Saint Chariot arrived next to Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

It emitted an elegant and charming fragrance.

Lady Wind wore a golden silk mask. Her fair skin was faintly discernible. A pair of blood-red eyes as bright as amber peeked out of her veil. She stared at Zhang Ruochen in the palace and said, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, we meet again!"

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly at her in response.

Lady Wind did not show any displeasure because of his indifference. "Supreme Saint Saint Ruochen, you are the leader of Bloodsky Clan in this festival, but you have never participated in the Immortal Vampire council for the festival. You have even rejected my invitations and visits many times. Staying aloof is bad for our cooperation at the Celestial-Hunting Festival."

Zhang Ruochen admired Lady Wind's shrewdness and character.

No matter how he treated Lady Wind, she could maintain a friendly attitude. There was no trace of dissatisfaction or hatred. She simply showed the soft and tender temperament of a woman.

However, the more this was the case, the more wary Zhang Ruochen became of Lady Wind.

A woman's mind was difficult to read.

The mind of a powerful woman who could perfectly hide her true emotions was even more difficult to read.

Since he had agreed to Wargod Bloodximius to fulfill the two conditions given by Immortal Vampire deities, it was impossible for Zhang Ruochen to ignore Lady Wind like before.

At the very least, the two of them would work closely together at the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Countless thoughts flashed through Zhang Ruochen's mind. "It was my fault before. If you don't mind, you can come to Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Is it too late for us to discuss now?"

"It's my honor to be invited by Supreme Saint Ruochen."

Under the gaze of countless cultivators, Lady Wind walked into Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Whoosh

Dense Supreme Saint inscriptions and divine inscriptions appeared on the walls of the palace, preventing other cultivators from probing.

The cultivators from the other clans of Immortal Vampires looked angry. They felt that Lady Wind had placed too much importance and tolerance on Zhang Ruochen. She should teach someone as impudent and rude as Zhang Ruochen a lesson instead of trying to get close to him and pander to him.

Of course, they were angry because they were jealous.

All Immortal Vampires dreamed of taking the beautiful Lady Wind as their wife. However, no matter how hard they tried, Lady Wind did not spare most of them a glance.

Only the leaders of the major clans knew that Lady Wind had no choice.

They had received news that Zhang Ruochen would become the only cultivator in the Immortal Vampires to wield the Supreme Artifact. In this way, his status in the Immortal Vampires would become very important.

Although Lady Wind represented the interests of the lower three clans, Asura and Rakshasa clans competed with the Immortal Vampires for their own interests. Hence, their support for Lady Wind at the Celestial-Hunting Festival would definitely be limited.

Therefore, Lady Wind had to fight for the biggest support within the Immortal Vampires.

Zhang Ruochen had become the target she had to win over.

Lady Wind was a very attractive woman. Although she was wearing many pieces of jewelry, they didn't make her look unsophisticated. Her classy temperament and elegant demeanor would make men feel a strong desire to conquer her.

Lady Wind was tall. Her skin was as delicate as a water lily. She stood straight in the center of the hall and looked into Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

The limelight in the entire hall gathered on her.

Lian Xi was known as one of the most beautiful women in Celestial Court. She was the dream goddess of countless cultivators. However, at this moment, she felt that her limelight had been snatched away by Lady Wind. She faintly felt a sense of inferiority.

Lady Wind went straight to the point and said, "At the Celestial-Hunting Festival, I need full support from you. Our interests are tied together. No interest among cultivators is more closely related to ours."

Zhang Ruochen put down the scroll he was reading and said, "Oh? Lady Wind thinks so highly of me, a cultivator with only half of the Immortal Vampire bloodline?"

Lady Wind's eyes were as bright as the stars, but her tone was a little sad. She said helplessly, "Even Wargod Bloodximus thinks highly of you. How can I look down on you? Besides, you are my only choice. Whether I'm willing or not, I have to place my hopes on you."

Zhang Ruochen smiled. "Is that what Lady Wind says to every supporter?"

Lady Wind shook her head and said sadly, "Supporters? Who are you talking about?"

"Doesn't Lord Bladehell count?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lady Wind said, "Qitian Clan that Lord Bladehell belongs to is ranked first among the major ten Immortal Vampire clans. Yellowsky Clan is ranked second or third. Therefore, Yellowsky Clan that I belong to is a potential competitor to Qitian Clan."

"Even if Lord Bladehell supports me, he must first ensure that Qitian Clan is ranked above Yellowsky Clan. With this limitation, his support will be greatly reduced."

"Supreme Saint Jin Kun of Azuresky Clan and Yue Tinghai of Puresky Clan also compete with Yellowsky Clan for the same interests."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were indifferent. He continued, "What about Mad Whitejade Lion of Stone Clan? As far as I know, his love for you has reached madness. It once said that it would be willing to be your mount."

Lady Wind shook her head with a smile. "Regardless of whether his so-called love is true or not, he is far inferior to Bloodsky Clan in terms of strength alone. Besides, can a cultivator of Stone Clan really be completely trusted?"

"Then why should you trust me, Lady Wind?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lady Wind said, "Bloodsky Clan is ranked the bottom among the major ten clans. Even if Bloodsky Clan wins first place in the Celestial-Hunting Festival, Bloodsky Clan won't be ranked top three and won't pose a threat to Yellowsky Clan.

"Therefore, there is no competition between the two clans

"Second, I believe that Wargod Bloodximus, has already told you about the conditions set by the Immortal Vampire deities. Therefore, I have reason to believe that you will do your best to help me."

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly and smiled. "Then, let me ask a selfish question. If I help you with all my might, what benefits will I get?"

This time, Lady Wind took off her golden mask, revealing her flawless face. Her red lips were moist and crystal clear, and her nose was straight and delicate. In terms of beauty, she was no less beautiful than Lord Xia Yu and Lian Xi.

She gave a stunning smile. "As long as you do your best to help me take the position of Scioness, I can marry you in a thousand years. Even if you fail the mission, and I fail to take the position of Scioness, I can still marry you."

If other cultivators heard this, they would be ecstatic. They would want to sacrifice their lives for Lady Wind.

However, Zhang Ruochen only raised his eyelids slightly. He seemed indifferent.

He didn't think that Lady Wind would break her promise.

He thought of what Supreme Saint Qingsheng had said, "If you can condense two Grade Two Saintwills, I'm afraid that the forces of Infernal Court who held grudge against you will have to put down their hatred... They might even want to offer their favorite daughters of their clan to you as brides..."

Zhang Ruochen hadn't broken through to Hundred-Shackle Realm yet, but he had condensed a quasi Grade Two Saintwill.

The deities of Yellowsky Clan and Lady Wind most likely knew about this. If Lady Wind failed to be the Scioness of the Fane of the Destiny, marrying Zhang Ruochen, a Supreme Saint with a Grade Two Saintwill, would be a great option.

If she succeeded in the competition and became the Scioness, she would have to give up her feelings and desires for a thousand years.

And who could say for sure what would happen after a thousand years?

Hence, Lady Wind's promise might seem alluring, but in fact, it was not at all disadvantageous for her and her clan.

It was very likely that the deities of Yellowsky Clan had set up some strategy.

"Lady Wind, are you trying to use a honey trap on me?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lady Wind smiled sweetly and put on the golden mask again, "I just want to tell you, Supreme Saint Ruochen," she said, "As long as you desire, no matter what the result is, I will be your wife. I will be your closest friend."

"Among the three Scioness candidates, of course, you will choose your own wife to be the Scioness, right?"

After Lady Wind walked out of Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Moyin snorted coldly. "The candidates for Scioness chosen by the Fane of Destiny are just so-so. She wants to win master's support with her beauty."

Lian Xi said, "Indeed, she is not fit to be a Scioness."

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Lian Xi. Suddenly, she thought of something and quickly lowered her head. A sad and painful look appeared in her eyes. As a deity's daughter, she had been reduced to a handmaiden in Zhang Ruochen's harem. How could she judge Lady Wind?

How could she be qualified to be the future ruler of Soul Realm?

Zhang Ruochen had a different feeling at this moment.

As his cultivation became more profound and he proved himself with absolute strength time and time again, his voice among Immortal Vampires became more and more powerful. Now, even a peerless Supreme Saint like Lady Wind had to lower herself and flatter him.

Infernal Court was indeed a very realistic place.

As long as one was powerful, they could get everything they wanted.

Lady Wind returned to her golden Saint Chariot. Yan Beijun immediately went in to pay his respects.

The golden Saint Chariot was spacious. Lady Wind's exquisite figure stood in the center. Her fair left arms were behind her slender waist. She was in deep thought.

Yan Beijun was annoyed, his eyes cold. "Senior, you are ranked 12th on the list of Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection achievers. You are also a Scioness candidate chosen by the Fane of Destiny. Why should someone as powerful and noble as you lower yourselves to pay your respects to Zhang Ruochen, who's only in Neverwilt Realm?"

"How will other cultivators think about you?"

"Pan Ruo and Supreme Saint Yanhong are probably laughing at you in secret."

Lady Wind, standing with her back to him, said, "There are some things that you don't understand."



Yan Beijun sighed and said, "Senior, with the support of Lord Bladehell, Supreme Saint Jin Kun, and Mad Whitejade Lion, you still have a great chance to seize the position of Scioness. Why do you have to put yourself through this?"

"Although Zhang Ruochen was able to escape from the hands of Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong, it only proves that the Scion of Time and Space is skillful in escaping. That's all.

"His battle strength might not even be comparable to an ordinary warrior who achieved Great Perfection at Hundred-Shackle Realm, let alone an elite like you."

Lady Wind turned around and stared at him with a cold gaze that Yan Beijun had never seen before. She said, "You know nothing about Zhang Ruochen. From now on, he is our closest ally. You'd better not offend him."

Yan Beijun was frozen by Lady Wind's gaze. He didn't dare to speak again.

But his dissatisfaction grew stronger. He felt that Zhang Ruochen didn't deserve such treatment. Compared to Lord Bladehell, Supreme Saint Jin Kun, and Mad Whitejade Lion, Zhang Ruochen was still far inferior.

He felt that his senior must have been blinded to make the wrong decision.

"Get Out!" said Lady Wind.

After Yan Beijun exited the golden Saint Chariot, Lady Wind sighed. "Zhang Ruochen has a demigod physique, and he has condensed a Grade Two Saintwill. Even if I become a Scioness, I may not be able to compete with him in the future.

"Zhang Ruochen may not be strong now, but he has Lord Xia Yu and a Supreme Artifact by his side. No matter what, I have to make a bet. I should not lose if I follow Wargod Bloodximius."

Ding-dong!

Ding-dong!

...

A bell rang nine times in succession throughout the Divine Domain of Destiny.

The Gate of Destiny opened, revealing the towering outline of Mount Destiny and the Fane of Destiny. An ancient and mysterious aura surged out at all the cultivators.

The cultivators from the ten clans rode on their mounts and Saint Chariots and entered through the Gate of Destiny one after another.

Sevenstar Imperial Palace was getting closer and closer to the Gate of Destiny with the help of the eighteen Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords. A strange thought emerged in Zhang Ruochen's mind.

Looking at the Gate of Destiny, he felt like he had stood in the void space of the universe and seen Death's Door up close.

Why did he have such a feeling?

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and cleared the thoughts in his mind. He carefully comprehended the energy released by the Gate of Destiny. He wanted to know if the legend was true. Could it be that he could condense the Precepts of Destiny just by walking through the Gate of Destiny?

Was it that simple?

The moment he passed through the Gate of Destiny in Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Zhang Ruochen had yet to experience the Precepts of Destiny. However, a strange image appeared in his mind. It was as if he had seen his own fate and the future.

It was in the most luxurious hall of Xue Jue Residence. It was decorated with red lanterns, red umbrellas, and red curtains. It was a wedding night.

He was wearing a red suit. As the groom, he was standing opposite a woman wearing a veil. It seemed like they were bowing to each other.

...

The joyous scene flashed past.

It was supposed to be a happy thing, but Zhang Ruochen became gloomy. He couldn't help but clench his fingers.

He was sure that the scene he saw wasn't a man-made illusion.

On the contrary, like what he had seen in Destiny Pool, he felt a sense of familiarity from his own experience, as well as a sense of strangeness and terror.

Why would he feel familiar with something he had never experienced?

Was everything in the world really pre-destined? Had fate arranged everything?

"Was it the power of the Gate of Destiny that allowed me to see my future? The location of the marriage was in the Xue Jue Residence. Who was that woman? Lady Wind?"

Zhang Ruochen unconsciously thought of what Lady Wind had just said. The two seemed to have a causal relationship.

If Lady Wind failed to be the Scioness, and the deities of Yellowsky Clan want her to marry Zhang Ruochen, would Wargod Bloodximus agree?

Wargod would definitely agree.

Perhaps the deities of Yellowsky Clan and Bloodsky Clan had already decided everything and arranged his fate.

"In that case, Lady Wind, it's better for you to be a Scioness."

Zhang Ruochen hated being controlled, planned, and bound. His eyes were cold. He decided to go against his destiny and break the fate that the Gate of Destiny had shown him.

**Chapter 2275: The Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms**

Destiny's Creek was located at the foot of Mount Destiny. It flowed along the mountain, and it was several hundred feet wide at its widest point. It was like a great river.

At its narrowest point, it was less than a foot wide.

Its water was crimson like blood, with rising dense mist. There was no smell of blood; instead, there was a faint fragrance like an orchid's scent, enticing people. Needless to say, the water was a drink that was even more precious than the Saint Spring.

They had yet to see the actual feast, but the spring water of Destiny's Creek had already made the eyes of the servants and maidservants who had reached the Saint realm shine. Every one of them was like mortals who had been hungry for three days and three nights, unable to restrain the desire in their hearts.

It was no wonder that Infernal Court cultivators would fight over the seats for the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Since there was a feast, of course, there was a hierarchy of seats.

Destiny's Creek was like a human's blood vessel, flowing from the highest point of the terrain all the way to the foot of Mount Destiny.

In the beginning, there was only one main stream that was hundreds of feet wide.

Not long after, the main stream split into ten, turning into ten great tributaries.

Each of the ten great tributaries was divided into ten small branches, turning into a hundred streams.

...

Just like that, one split into ten; ten split into hundred; hundred split into a thousand...

In the end, when the stream flowed to the foot of the mountain, it was actually divided into ten thousand small tributaries that were less than a foot wide.

The seats for the cultivators attending the festival were located on both sides of the stream. Some sat near the main stream, while others sat near the tributaries. The difference between the two was obvious.

The seats were divided into

ten seats of honor, a hundred prime seats, a thousand secondary seats, ten third-tier seats, and a hundred thousand fourth-tier seats.

As soon as they passed through the Gate of Destiny, the cultivators from the ten clans all accelerated their speed using their own methods so they could occupy the best seats.

The ten seats of honor were the most honorable. They had the right to choose the food first. Naturally, they became the primary targets for the top Hundred-Shackle Realm elites who achieved Great Perfection.

The representative of Immortal Vampires for the seats of honor was the most powerful Lord Bladehell.

Lord Xia Yu also joined in.

Zhang Ruochen didn't deliberately fight for the ten seats of honor. The so-called "right to choose the food first" wasn't that attractive to him.

After all, each Supreme Saint attending the festival was entitled an Ampliofruit, the most precious food in the feast. Sitting on the seats of honor would at most allow him to choose the biggest one. It was insignificant.

The top elites of the ten clans would compete for ten seats of honor mainly because they wanted to display and show off their strength for fame and fortune. If a clan did not have a representative sitting on any seats of honor, the clan — from deities gods to ordinary cultivators — would be ridiculed by other clans.

The seat of honor representing the glory of the cultivators of a clan, could boost the morale of a clan's cultivators. Hence, securing it became the top priority.

Above Destiny's Creek was a Spatial Divine Mirror. The entire Infernal Court cultivators could watch everything that happened here.

Zhang Ruochen had read countless books, so he knew the Celestial-Hunting Festival well. Of course, he knew that that Spatial Divine Mirror was called the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms.

It was indeed a Divine Artifact!

Legend had it that by activating the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms, one could project the scene of the Celestial-Hunting Festival to myriad Macroworlds at the same time across layers of dimensions.

Most importantly, the Fane of Destiny would deliberately project the projection to myriad Macroworlds in Celestial Court, jokingly calling it an act of "celebrating with the Celestial Court."

Of course, all Macroworlds in the Celestial Court knew that the Celestial-Hunting Festival held once every thousand years in Infernal Court was both a show of strength and a deliberate provocation and humiliation.

Therefore, the deities of all Celestial Court Macroworlds would destroy the projection.

The common living beings in all Celestial Court Macroworlds couldn't see the grand occasion of the Celestial-Hunting Festival at all. Only a very few high-level cultivators who followed the deities had the chance to witness it.

It could be said that every time the Celestial-Hunting Festival was held in Infernal Court, the cultivators of all Celestial Court Macroworlds would gnash their teeth in hatred.

Of course, the Macroworld, which had become a Battlefield of Merits, could not destroy the projection because its deity was not present. Hence, Infernal Court and Celestial Court cultivators on the Battlefield of Merits could witness all highlights of the festival with their own eyes.

Kunlun was one of such Macroworlds.

At this moment, a huge projection appeared in the sky above the major battlefields, cities, and sects of Kunlun, covering the entire sky. The projection was like an open picture scroll of blood vessels .

Upon closer inspection, they realized that the image projected was a blood-red creek.

The cultivators of Infernal Court were rushing into the two banks of that creek at their fastest speed, fighting for the best seats.

Except for Kunlun cultivators, almost all cultivators of other Macroworlds knew about the Celestial-Hunting Festival. They had long known that the Celestial-Hunting Festival would be held today, so they were not surprised.

On the contrary, they were looking forward to the Celestial-Hunting Festival as they wanted to understand the strength of the new generation of elites in Infernal Court.

After all, the Celestial-Hunting Festival was a grand event in Infernal Court. Although Kunlun cultivators didn't know about it before, they had heard about it recently. The sudden appearance of the projection only scared ordinary people.

Many Kunlun's Eastern Region cultivators gathered at Yunwu Commandery's Royal Mountain. It had become a major force in Kunlun. Therefore, the festival was projected on the sky above there.

Blackie stood on a towering city wall outside Royal Mountain. While looking at the sky with its round and agile eyes, it said coldly, "Two months ago, we caught a Five-Tribulation Ghost Lord who claimed that Zhang Ruochen had defected to Immortal Vampires. Moreover, Zhang Ruochen was going to represent Bloodsky Clan of the Immortal Vampires in the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

"I want to see if Zhang Ruochen, the traitor, is still alive."

BZZZZZZT!

Not far from Blackie, a 30-foot-wide black hole appeared out of thin air.

Han Qiu walked out of the black hole. Her piercing eyes were like lightning. She pointed her sword at Blackie and said coldly, "If you dare to curse again, I'll cut off your cat claws."

Blackie had recovered its Supreme Sainthood, but it was still afraid of Han Qiu, the increasingly powerful Master of Darkness.

The main reason was that this highly ambitious woman had a strong desire to dominate others. She was ruthless and intelligent. She had almost dominated all forces in Royal Mountain. Countless cultivators followed her lead.

When Zhang Ruochen had summoned Han Qiu back and given her a large amount of resources, he had asked her to unite Kunlun's Eastern Region cultivators, who wanted to join him. In fact, he was preparing a way out. He wanted to support a powerful figure who could subdue and dominate all cultivators.

In this way, Kunlun's Eastern Region wouldn't be in chaos and get disunited during his absence.

Behind Han Qiu was Guardian Dragon Pavilion , which was full of talented people and elites. Hence, it wasn't difficult for her to manage Eastern Region with the aid of a scholar like Shangguan Que, who was proficient in education, and a strong and powerful elite like Yan Liren.

However, what Zhang Ruochen didn't expect was that Han Qiu had moved the headquarter of Eastern Region from Eastern Region Holy City to Royal Mountain.

Seeing the dark sword in front of him, Blackie was a little scared. "I didn't curse him," he said. "Why would I curse him?"

"I'm just angry that he didn't bring me along to Infernal Court for such an exciting trip.

"What's more annoying is that he should have told us he was safe and alive. I should be the one who's been sad for a long time.

"B\*stard!"

After Blackie had recovered his Supreme Sainthood, it didn't dare to leave Royal Mountain for fear of being discovered by Emissaries Vigilants.

Otherwise, it would have gone to Infernal Court long ago. Not only to find Zhang Ruochen but also to find Empress of Thousand Bones.

"Although he went Infernal Court, that doesn't mean he has betrayed Kunlun. Until now, Heavenly Realm still prevaricate about what happened at Central Imperial City. They failed to give Kunlun a satisfactory explanation. However, everyone witnessed what master did in that battle. He had fought to the death for Kunlun. How many Infernal Court cultivators lost their lives to his sword?"

"Even if he really joins the forces of Infernal Court, I believe that it's either that he has no choice or there's something he must do."

Han Xue wore a spotless white robe. She was pure, like an immortal with graceful temperament. She stood at the edge of the city wall with Void Sword floating behind her back. Her bright and watery eyes looked at the projection in the sky.

Guardian Dragon Pavilion members, and Jin Yu and Bao Lie — the disciples of Emperor Ming — all showed up nearby.

...

Central Imperial City.

Ziwei Palace had been renovated. Although it was not as magnificent as it used to be, it had regained its majestic grandeur.

Divine Scripture Maiden, Qing Mo, and Warrior Saint Canglan stood side by side. One was elegant and graceful; one was young and tender; the other was heroic. They stood on the balcony above the clouds and looked at the projection of the sky.

"I see it! I see it! That should be Zhang Ruochen. He's really alive." Qing Mo clenched her hands tightly and said cheerfully.

Although Zhang Ruochen had merged with his physical body from his previous life, his appearance was still sixty to seventy percent similar to that of this life. He had not completely changed.

Divine Scripture Maiden and Warrior Saint Canglan looked at Zhang Ruochen at the same time and stared at him.

Then, they looked at each other and smiled bitterly.

They were different from Qing Mo. They thought further and deeper. It was a good thing that Zhang Ruochen survived. But now that he had joined Infernal Court, they were life and death enemies.

If Zhang Ruochen didn't treat them as life and death enemies and just pretended to join Infernal Court, he would be in danger and could die at any time.

In this way, they hoped that Zhang Ruochen had joined Infernal Court for real.

After experiencing so much, Warrior Saint Canglan's fiery temper had mostly subsided. Her prejudice against Zhang Ruochen had long disappeared. More than that, she admired and understood Zhang Ruochen, and even had a trace of sympathy for him.

Warrior Saint Canglan said, "Do you think that the Empress, who is now in Celestial Court, is also paying attention to the Celestial-Hunting Festival?"

Divine Scripture Maiden smiled and shook her head slightly.

The feud and enmity between the Empress and Zhang Ruochen was no longer a secret after Zhang Ruochen's identity was completely revealed. It had long been publicized by some forces with ill intention.

Some said that Empress Chi Yao had plotted to take over her fiancé's territory; some said that Chi Kunlun and Chi Kongyue were the children of Empress Chi Yao and Zhang Ruochen; and some said that Empress Chi Yao and Zhang Ruochen had a close relationship and they had been keeping in touch; they were not as hostile as outsiders had imagined.

There were many different opinions. The news had long spread throughout Macroworlds, as if it was intended to destroy Empress Chi Yao's reputation.

Surprisingly, Empress Chi Yao did not use divine power to block these opinions. Therefore, most cultivators guessed that these opinions were mostly true.

Some people pitied Zhang Ruochen, while others envied him.

After all, Empress Chi Yao was a female deity whose beauty could compete with Moon Goddess'. Zhang Ruochen was just a Supreme Saint, but he could share a bed with her. She was even willing to give birth to a son and a daughter for him. Who wouldn't be envious?

Divine Scripture Maiden suddenly realized something. She gazed at the sky and said, "The one behind Zhang Ruochen... is really Fairy Shadowless of Soul Realm?"

"That person really looks like her."

There was a strong light of hatred in Warrior Saint Canglan's eyes, she smiled and said, "There has long been a rumor that Zhang Ruochen has captured Fairy Shadowless, Lian Xi, and brought her to Infernal Court. She has already submitted to Zhang Ruochen and is willing to be his slave and sleep with him every day.

"Hehe, serve the cultivators of Heavenly Realm and their allies right. Zhang Ruochen has become a real man this time."

Divine Scripture Maiden frowned slightly and said, "The rumors may not be reliable."

Warrior Saint Canglan stared at her and shook his head, he said, "My silly sister, Zhang Ruochen didn't touch you. It isn't that he doesn't want to touch you, but he doesn't want to hurt you.

"However, he's a man after all. Moreover, the Lian Xi he captured is a peerless beauty, how could he let her go?

"If Zhang Ruochen acted so innocently in Infernal Court that he couldn't even subdue an enemy, I'm afraid no cultivator would be afraid of him. He would definitely be greatly disadvantaged.

"Go ask all the cultivators from all Macroworld. How many believe that Lian Xi was still a virgin?

"Hehe, this is great. It's really great. When I think of how Soul Realm cultivators, who see Lian Xi as a Scioness, wailing in pain, I feel so great."

...

Yanshen's divine plane, the Fane of Merit.

Shang Ziyang saw Lian Xi in the projected image. He was filled with agony. He couldn't help but let out a long howl to the sky. The howl made the flames in the divine plane burn even more vigorously.

"Ziyang, control your mind. Don't harbor demons in your heart because of this.

"Yanshen's voice sounded in the divine plane.

Shang Ziyang couldn't calm down. His chest rose and fell. The rage within him was so great as if it could burn the heavens. Gritting his teeth, he said, "Zhang Ruochen has been the demon in my heart for a long time."

In Kunlun, Shang Ziyang hadn't died at Zhang Ruochen's hands.

Bloodbairn had kept a large amount of Shang Ziyang's blood. Five-colored Merit Stele had preserved all of his soul fragments.

Shang Ziyang was a descendant that was highly valued by a big shot in the Heaven Realm. The big shot had sent him to the Fane of Merit to practice, intending to train him to become the future ruler of the Fane of Merit.

Now, with the help of that big shot, Shang Ziyang used his blood as the activator to forge Five-colored Merit Stele into a new body. In other words, he had the Five-colored Merit Physique.



Looking up again at Lian Xi, who was behind Zhang Ruochen, Shang Zitao wanted to cry. It was all his fault for losing to Zhang Ruochen. If he could kill Zhang Ruochen, Lian Xi would not have faced such humiliation.

It was hard to imagine how miserable and desperate she was in Infernal Court.

“Remember the humiliation and pain now. Practice hard. Next time you meet Zhang Ruochen, let him have a taste of pain.

“Today, I want you to see the projection of the Celestial-Hunting Festival so you can understand clearly how powerful the new-gen Infernal Court cultivators have become.

“Even Zhang Ruochen can’t rival them,” said Yanshen.

### **Chapter 2276: Contesting for Seats**

The ten seats of honor were on the left and right sides of the major stream of Destiny’s Creek.

There were ten major tributaries downstream of the major stream. Each major tributary was a hundred feet wide, and there were ten prime seats on the left and right sides. In total, there were 100 seats.

Zhang Ruochen did not fight for the ten seats of honor, but he would not let go of the prime seats.

There were 300 to 400 cultivators fighting for the 100 prime seats. Their cultivation strength was very powerful. They had broken more than ninety shackles or had reached the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

The contest for the prime seats was even more intense than the competition for the seats of honor.

Beside each chair sat several top Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints who were analyzing the restrictive inscriptions surrounding the jade stones used as the seats.

The competition for seats at the Celestial-Hunting Festival was not some combat battles. The one who cracked the restrictive inscriptions on a jade stone first could sit on it.

Once a seat was taken, other cultivators could not snatch it away.

That was why every cultivator had to make an accurate assessment of their own strength. They had to choose the seat that they were most confident of taking down and the one closest to the upstream.

If one made the wrong choice, even if they were Hundred-Shackle Realm elites who had achieved Great Perfection, they might end up sitting at the fourth-tier seats at the festival. Then they would lose their faces even before the festival began.

In this way, the one could analyze the restrictive inscriptions faster, the greater their advantage.

Zhang Ruochen appeared to be in no hurry. He came to a prime seat closest to the primary stream of Destiny’s Creek. His eyes covered by Precepts of Truth emitted a dazzling light. He looked over.

He found many restrictive inscriptions in a 30-foot radius around that prime seat.

There was only one Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint of Great Perfection next to the prime seat: the Deathkin's Lord Sinluo. Zhang Ruochen had met him once in Realm of Star Ocean. At that time, Lord Sinluo stood next to Pan Ruo.

According to Luo Sha, Zhang Ruochen had killed Lord Sinluo's younger brother.

Zhang Ruochen had killed too many cultivators in Infernal Court, so he had long forgotten who Lord Sinluo's younger brother was.

Lord Sinluo sensed a cultivator approaching. He sneered in his mind. 'How dare you compete against me for this seat? Don't you know your own strength?'

When Lord Sinluo opened his eyes and saw Zhang Ruochen, he was a little surprised at first, but then he displayed a strong hostility.

"You'd better fight for other prime seats. Don't humiliate yourself," Lord Sinluo said.

Zhang Ruochen didn't leave. He said, "It's just the restrictive inscriptions of one seat. Do you need to spend that much time to analyze it?"

Lord Sinluo stared at Zhang Ruochen as if Zhang Ruochen was an idiot.

'This is one of the best prime seats. Of course, the restrictive inscriptions are powerful that even a Hundred-Shackle Realm elite who achieved Great Perfection will take some time to analyze and crack them?

'Zhang Ruochen is really stupid to waste time here instead of looking for another seat that suits him.

Seeing that Lord Sinluo didn't answer, Zhang Ruochen mobilized the power of Truth to cover the 30-foot-wide space around the seat and decipher it as quickly as possible.

Half an hour later.

"300 Divine inscriptions, 30,000 Supreme-Saint level inscriptions, and 3,000,000 Saint-level inscriptions. There are 30 types of restrictions: Dimension, Darkness, Fire, Ice, Destiny... The restrictive inscriptions are overlapping with each other," Zhang Ruochen said.

The analysis of the restrictive inscriptions was complete.

Zhang Ruochen strolled to that prime seat. When he reached the edge of 30 feet, he stretched out a hand and pressed it forward. Instantly, the restrictive inscriptions were broken.

When Zhang Ruochen took the seat, Lord Sinluo was still sitting cross-legged on the ground. He was petrified as he stared at Zhang Ruochen's back.

'What kind of joke is this? He has completely deciphered the restrictive inscriptions this quick?'

Lord Sinluo was ranked 21st among the Hundred-Shackle Realm elites who had achieved Great Perfection. Although he was qualified to fight for a seat of honor, he thought it would be easy to take a prime seat. Never did he expect that when he had only deciphered a quarter of restrictive inscriptions, Zhang Ruochen, a latecomer, had already secured the seat.

'With such a speed in analyzing inscriptions, why did he come to take my seat instead of fighting for a seat of honor?

'He did it on purpose. Zhang Ruochen must have done it on purpose. He's deliberately targeting me. D\*mn it. I haven't even made trouble for him, but he provoked me first.'" Lord Sinluo gnashed his teeth in hatred. He felt that Zhang Ruochen was deliberately trying to humiliate him.

This time, Zhang Ruochen had just randomly picked a seat. He really didn't mean to target Lord Sinluo.

Seeing that Lord Sinluo was unwilling to leave for a long time, Zhang Ruochen frowned and said, "Why are you still here? If you don't speed up, I'm afraid that all 100 seats will be taken."

"Zhang Ruochen, don't be so smug. It won't be long before I settle new and old scores with you."

Lord Sinluo grunted heavily. He knew he couldn't waste any more time, so he quickly left and went for other seats.

Zhang Ruochen didn't care about Lord Sinluo's threat. He looked upstream and observed the group of Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivators, who were the Great Perfection achievers, fighting for the ten seats.

After carefully identifying each of them, Zhang Ruochen shook his head. He couldn't find a cultivator who matched the black figure practicing the Path of Oblivion.

'Is he not a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint? Or is he not a cultivator at all?' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Obviously, the higher tier the seats were, the harder it was to analyze and crack the restrictive inscriptions.

There was a total of 110 seats for the seats of honor and the prime seats. Zhang Ruochen was the first to sit. Hence, he attracted a lot of attention. Some were puzzled, some were surprised, and some were envious.

"Zhang Ruochen's speed of analyzing the restrictive inscriptions is so fast. He could have taken a seat of honor. Why did he choose a prime seat?"

"The restrictive inscriptions for a seat of honor is much more challenging to analyze than a prime seat's.

"Moreover, even if Zhang Ruochen can analyze the restrictive inscriptions of a seat of honor, he might not be able to break it with his Neverwilt Realm cultivation.

"In my opinion, he's not confident. That's why he chose the second-best seat."

...

All the cultivators watching the Celestial-Hunting Festival were talking about Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power focused on the entire Destiny's Creek.

In order to hide their strength, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi listened to Zhang Ruochen's instructions. They didn't fight for prime seats but went further downstream for secondary seats.

Zhou Zhen, Gaunt, Shentu Yunkong, and the eighteen Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords carrying Sevenstar Imperial Palace could only go to fourth-tier seats further downstream because they were only servants.

Officially, only 10,000 cultivators attended the festival in the entire Infernal Court. There were about 1,000 attendees from each clan.

Zhang Ruochen's main focus was still on upper reaches where Hundred-Shackle Realm elites, who had achieved Great Perfection, were competing for seats of honor. After all, they were the intimidating threats in the Celestial-Hunting battlefield.

"The two cultivators next to the top two of the ten seats of honor should be Lan Ying, who's ranked second, and Yan Huangtu, who's ranked third."

One was on the left side of Destiny's Creek; the other was on the right.

One was a Divine Fetus, and the other was a peerless talent of Yanluo clan.

No cultivator dared to compete for the top two seats of honor at the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Below Lan Ying was the fourth-ranked Luo Shengtian. Below Yan Huangtu was Wu Jiang, who was ranked fifth.

No cultivator dared to compete for the two seats.

However, the fight along the further spot became more intense. It was no longer an uncontested situation.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly understood obvious gaps present even among the top ten Great Perfection achievers at Hundred-Shackle Realm. Lan Ying and Yan Huangtu were the strongest. Luo Shengtian and Wu Jiang were close behind.

Behind them were Xue, Supreme Saint Yanhong, and Lord Bladehell. They were far behind the four of them. Because of this gap, no one dared to compete with them.

Three Great Perfection achievers at Hundred-Shackle Realm, including Yan and Lord Xia Yu, were competing for the four seats of honor on the left.

"It seems that Lord Xia Yu is not satisfied with my evaluation and wants to compete against Xu. Women like to take things to their hearts."

Zhang Ruochen could see that Xu's analyzing speed was faster than Lord Xia Yu's.

Lord Xia Yu would most likely lose this seat contest.

"If she loses to Xu, not only will she not be able to sit in a seat of honor, she might not even get a prime seat. As the strongest elite in Bloodsky Clan, if she loses so badly, it will hurt the clan's morale."

Zhang Ruochen suddenly felt a little regretful. He felt that he should not have let Lord Xia Yu compete against Xu.

At that moment, the Hundred-Shackle Realm elite, the Great Perfection achiever competing against Lord Xia Yu and Xu for that seat decided to give up. He left and went downstream to get a prime seat.

If he could not win, he had to retreat.

No matter what, he had to secure a seat.

As time passed, the situation became clearer. Cultivators were sighted retreating from upstream for prime seats.

However, Lord Xia Yu was still competing against Xu.

The gap of strength between them was not big. The speed of analysis and cracking was about the same. Even if Lord Xia Yu was ahead, she was still in a narrow lead.

However, Zhang Ruochen gradually realized that Xu was deliberately toying with Lord Xia Yu. He deliberately created the illusion that she would be caught up and kept her there.

Xu was trying to give her false hope and then pushed her into the abyss of despair at the last moment.

Many cultivators saw this, but Lord Xia Yu, who was in the game, could not see through it. In her mind, Zhang Ruochen's evaluation of her being inferior to Xu kept echoing, so she kept insisting, trying to prove herself.

'Zhang Ruochen, I ain't weaker than Xu. This time, you are wrong!' Lord Xia Yu thought. She bit her red lips and took another step forward.

The seat was right in front of her, only ten feet away.

Lord Mu Yang, Lord Zhiyuan, and five other Supreme Saints less than 1,000 years old also attended the Celestial-Hunting Festival. However, their cultivation had exceeded Hundred-Shackle Realm, so their feast was not held at Destiny's Creek but in a Divine Bone Pagoda above it. From the pagoda, they could look over the entire Destiny's Creek.

"Xu's speed of analyzing the restrictive inscriptions is much faster than Lord Xia Yu's. But he deliberately slowed down his speed. It's obvious that he's teasing her." Lord Zhiyuan was very angry as he clenched his fists tightly.

Every time at the Celestial-Hunting Festival, Dishastan would target Bloodsky Clan. The two forces had already formed a deep hatred.

"Lord Xia Yu is the top warrior of Bloodsky Clan. If she is defeated now, not only will her state of mind be affected, but it will also affect the morale of the entire Bloodsky Clan.

"Should I remind her?"

"Even if she can't secure a seat of honor, she should at least get herself a prime seat," Empress Xiyan said.

Heavenly Lord MUYANG shook his head gently and said, "Lord Xia Yu is stubborn. As long as she is set on something, no one can change her mind."

"I don't think so. I think her opinion of Zhang Ruochen has changed significantly," Lord of Spear said.

Lord Mu Yang was stunned for a moment. Then he smiled. "Then send Zhang Ruochen a message telling him to remind Lord Xia Yu. Maybe he can change Lord Xia Yu's mind..."

"Look! What is Zhang Ruochen doing?" Lord of Spear exclaimed.

Lord Mu Yang, Lord Zhiyuan, and others stared at Zhang Ruochen.

### **Chapter 2277: Seats of Honor**

After entering the Gate of Destiny, Zhang Ruochen had Moyin transform into a Saint Devourer and flew back into his body. Now, he was alone with Lian Xi.

During the festival, the attendees who were Supreme Saints could bring along a maidservant or servant with them to serve them at any time.

The Celestial-Hunting Festival was grand. 5,000 Supreme Saints and 5,000 top-tier Saint Kings were gathered, and they were all no older than 1,000 years old. Such a stunning event was extremely rare in Celestial Court.

There were Ghost Emperors, Supreme Saints from Bone Clan, and Deathkin's powerful figures emitting the death aura. Even though Lian Xi knew that she was in Infernal Court, she was still very shocked.

She didn't dare to imagine what would happen to her without Zhang Ruochen's protection.

'Infernal Court was too powerful. Celestial Court hasn't had so many Supreme Saints in the last 1,000 years. And these are just part of the total in Infernal Court. There more of them.' A deep sense of powerlessness welled up in Bright Xi's heart.

She finally understood why Celestial Court had been at a disadvantage in the Battles of Merits for the past 100,000 years. They could only be under attack.

'I wonder if Celestial Court cultivators who watched the Celestial-Hunting Festival feel the same way? If this continues, the gap between Celestial Court and Infernal Court will grow larger and larger. I'm afraid...'

Lian Xi didn't dare to think further. She felt at loss.

"Lian Xi, stay here. I'll be back soon."

Zhang Ruochen stood up at this moment and walked up Destiny's Creek.

Lian Xi stared at Zhang Ruochen's tall and straight figure. She was puzzled. 'What is he up to?' This question popped up in her mind. Then, her thoughts returned to where they had been. 'The elites among Infernal Court Supreme Saints and the forces they represent are way too many. Can an outsider like Zhang Ruochen really make a difference at the Celestial-Hunting Festival,' she thought.

Although she had already become a spiritual power Supreme Saint, she felt extremely inferior in the face of the elites attending the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

She felt like a weak girl who couldn't fight back. She was surrounded by thousands of burly men. Her heart was filled with despair, helplessness, inferiority, and fear.

However, Zhang Ruochen could stand in front of her by himself. The burly men didn't dare to act rashly.

This planted a subtle seed in her heart.

When Zhang Ruochen was walking upstream, Lord of Spear, Lord Mu Yang, and the others were looking at him. They were all very surprised.

'Did Zhang Ruochen feel regret and is targeting a seat of honor instead?' they guessed.

However, it was too late to go now, no matter how fast his analytic speed was.

The contest for the seats was coming to an end.

Beside the fourth seat of honor on the left, Lord Xia Yu and Xu were less than ten feet away from each other. They were only five or six steps away from each other.

"It's about time. There's no need to continue toying with her."

Xu smirked in triumph. He no longer held back.

One step, two steps, three steps.

He took three consecutive steps and completely widened the distance between him and Lord Xia Yu.

"What? How-How is this possible?"

Lord Xia Yu stared at Xu in disbelief as she took a step forward with all her strength. However, because the restrictive inscriptions within this step had yet to be completely resolved, she was attacked by a Dimensional restrictive inscription the moment she took a step forward; her arm was struck by a Dimensional Rift.

Bright red blood dripped from her arm.

She did not dare to advance any further.

"Xia Yu, your strength is already very strong. However, you shouldn't have come to compete against me. Why are you bringing shame on yourself?" Xu said.

How could Lord Xia Yu not know that Xu had toyed with her? Intense rage surged out from her pair of bright eyes. She almost could not control her anger and wanted to strike at Xu.

"You can't take it anymore?"

"You must restrain yourself. You're the only worthy opponent in Bloodsky Clan. If you're expelled from the Celestial-Hunting Festival, what's the point of Dishastan hunting Bloodsky Clan this year?"

Xu laughed.

He liked to watch other cultivators unable to do anything to him even though they hated him to the core.

Lord Xia Yu did not dare to break the rules of the Celestial-Hunting Festival. She had to restrain herself and look down the river.

“Stop looking and go down the river. You can forget seats of honor and prime seats. Perhaps you can try a secondary seat.”

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen came to Lord Xia Yu’s side. He stretched out a hand and said, “Give me your hand.”

“Why are you here?”

Lord Xia Yu was very surprised, but she understood Zhang Ruochen’s terrifying speed of analysis. She decisively reached out a fair hand and held his hand tight.

The next moment, Lord Xia Yu found that there were a lot of Marks of Time around her, and the time flow slowed down.

At the same time, she found that there were Precepts of Truth flowing from Zhang Ruochen’s palm into her body and converging into her eyes. Her eyes seemed to have become the eyes of truth, and she could quickly see the distribution of the restrictive inscriptions.

Although Zhang Ruochen’s appearance surprised Xu, Xu did not take it to heart.

He was only two steps away from the seat.

It was a foregone conclusion that he would occupy the seat.

He took another step and looked at the seat of honor in front of him with a satisfied smile.

However, his smile soon froze. He looked to the left and saw Lord Xia Yu and Zhang Ruochen standing next to him. They were only one step away from that seat.

‘How can they be this fast?’

The shock in his heart could not be any greater.

At this moment, the Celestial-Hunting Festival attendees as well as the cultivators watching the projection were in an uproar.

Nothing like this had ever happened in the Celestial-Hunting Festival. ‘Zhang Ruochen still has the ability to help other cultivators fight for seats?’

Everyone knew that the closer you reach the seat, the harder it was for you to crack the restrictive inscriptions. Therefore, although there was a huge difference in the cultivation strength among the attendees at the Celestial-Hunting Festival, the difference in the time they sat down was not big.

Hence, it was almost impossible for a cultivator to help another secure a seat.

Zhang Ruochen could help Lord Xia Yu because he had mastered the power of Time and Truth. He had practiced both Paths of cultivation to a very high level simultaneously.

If it were other cultivators, even if they were as powerful as Lan Ying and Yan Huangtu, they could only give limited aid to their fellow cultivators in the contest for seats.



Above Destiny's Creek, in the Divine Bone Pagoda, a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint from Dishastan said, "Cheating. This is cheating. Zhang Ruochen has broken the rules of the Celestial-Hunting Festival. He must be expelled from the venue."

Lord Zhiyuan snorted, "The Celestial-Hunting Festival has never set any rules. None of the rules says you can't help your fellow cultivators secure seats. How can it be considered a violation?"

"The deities are all paying attention to the Celestial-Hunting Festival. They haven't said anything. This means that Zhang Ruochen hasn't breached any rules," Lord of Spear said.

The several Supreme Saints of Bloodsky Clan were overjoyed. If Zhang Ruochen succeeds in helping Lord Xia Yu take a seat of honor, Dishastan will certainly lose face.

This was what Lord of Spear and his peers wanted to see the most!

As expected, Lord Xia Yu took the last step and sat on the fourth seat of honor on the left.

Whoosh!!

The white jade platform emitted a dazzling light and enveloped her. The word "Xia Yu" appeared on the jade platform.

Xu, who was only one step away, was stunned and couldn't accept this result.

He had wanted to tease Lord Xia Yu to lower Bloodsky Clan's morale, but he hadn't expected such an outcome.

Lord Xia Yu let out a long sigh of relief. She quickly withdrew her hand from Zhang Ruochen's grasp and glared at him. However, there was no anger in her eyes. She was just pretending to be angry.

Just now, Zhang Ruochen had done something she couldn't tolerate in front of all the cultivators in Infernal Court. Although he was helping her to get a seat, their action was too intimate and could easily spark gossip.

Just like Pan Ruo and Lady Wind, they would never let other male cultivators hold their hands. They were candidates for Scioness. Such a thing would affect their image.

Xu's state of mind almost collapsed. He gnashed his teeth and glared at Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu, who looked like an affectionate, flirting couple. He cupped his hands, bowed to the Fane of Destiny on the top of Mount Destiny, and raised his voice, "Zhang Ruochen and Xia Yu have violated the rules of the Celestial-Hunting Festival. Please expel them."

During the Celestial-Hunting Festival, the deities of all clans in Infernal Court would gather at the Fane of Destiny and enjoy a feast.

After a long time, the Fane of Destiny did not respond.

Lord Xia Yu sneered. "Stop shouting and go downstream. Forget about seats of honor and prime seats. If you don't hurry up, you won't even secure a secondary seat."

Xu was so angry that his lips trembled. "Don't get cocky too early. We'll see." His tone was harsh.

Xu rushed downstream.

Lord Xia Yu went to see Zhang Ruochen again, but found that he had left without a word and returned downstream.

She muttered to herself, "All I did was just glare at you. Don't tell me you're angry over a glare?"

"There're so many cultivators staring at us. I can't act like I'm cooperating with you. Cultivators who don't know the situation might think that we're related.

"Anyway, thank you!"

Regardless of whether Zhang Ruochen could hear her or not, she still said this.

Thinking of how she had been humiliated and Zhang Ruochen suddenly helped her and turned the tables, Lord Xia Yu couldn't help but smile. Her smile could wrap around others like a warm glove.

At Destiny's Creek, Pan Ruo and Luo Sha looked at Lord Xia Yu unconsciously and saw the smile on her face.

Pan Ruo quickly averted her gaze, lowered her eyes, and remained silent. No one could see through what she was thinking.

Luo Sha, on the other hand, revealed an angry expression and muttered something.

Holding hands in public at the Celestial-Hunting Festival was indeed too intimate an act. Moreover, Lord Xia Yu's beauty was no less than that of the nine immortals. So, the scene would naturally trigger speculations about the relationships between her and Zhang Ruochen.

### **In Royal Mountain.**

"Tsk tsk." Blackie pointed at the projection in the sky with its claws and spoke to Han Xue, "Did you see that b\*stard? Did you see that? You even said that maybe he was out of options or there's something he must do. In my opinion, he has already become a traitor. He must've enjoyed a blissful life there and long forgotten about Kunlun.

"He suffered losses from women back then, so he'd definitely seek revenge until he's satisfied at Infernal Court.

"I also want to go to Infernal Court. I can't let him continue to fall."

### **Central Imperial City, Ziwei Palace.**

Warrior Saint Canglan slammed her palm heavily on the stone platform, she snorted coldly. "It seems that I'm overthinking. Zhang Ruochen is a b\*stard. He isn't in any danger. He's doing too well in Infernal Court that he still has the mood to flirt."

Divine Scripture Maiden stared at Lord Xia Yu. Her bright eyes showed a hint of envy and gloom. She said in a low voice, "I didn't expect the Immortal Vampires to have such a beautiful woman. She must be very powerful to be able to sit in the seat of honor."

All of a sudden, Warrior Saint Canglan became serious. “Do you think Zhang Ruochen has really joined Infernal Court?”

Divine Scripture Maiden shook her head gently and did not answer Warrior Saint Canglan.

### **Chapter 2278: A Duel**

The battle for the seating ended quickly.

As expected, the ten seats of honor were occupied by the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints who were ranked in the top ten on the list of those who attained the Great Perfection stage. The only variable was that Lord Xia Yu claimed the seat that should have belonged to Xu.

However, that was only with Zhang Ruochen’s help.

From this, it could be seen that the ranking created by the Realm of Star Ocean was accurate. The top 10 elites were obviously stronger than the Supreme Saints who attained the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Zhang Ruochen sat at the top of the main seat by Destiny’s Creek. In front of him was a jade table.

There was a bony tripod cup and a jade plate on the table.

In front of him was a large tributary of Destiny’s Creek which was 30 meters wide. The water current was rapid, and the fog was hazy. Zhang Ruochen was surprised to find that the cultivator sitting across from him was Lord Sinluo across the fog.

At that moment, Lord Sinluo was staring at Zhang Ruochen with extreme coldness.

Zhang Ruochen ignored Lord Sinluo and looked at the flowing Destiny’s Creek. He fills up the bony tripod cup from the creek via a portal.

Destiny’s Creek flowed from Mount Destiny. It was like blood-red amber and more fragrant than the holy spring. It was one of the most mystical and precious drinks in the entire universe. In the outside world, no amount of saint stones could buy it.

Zhang Ruochen drank it in one cup and felt it carefully.

The creek water was cool and sweet. It was instantly digested when it entered the stomach. It scattered like silk all over the body, fusing with the blood, bones, Saint Soul, and Spirit.

When Zhang Ruochen passed through the Gate of Destiny, 600 Precepts of Destiny appeared in his sea of Qi and Heavenly Stream.

At that moment, 10 more Precepts of Destiny appeared after drinking one cup of the creek.

Of course, the hundreds of Precepts of Destiny were negligible compared to the cultivators who had comprehended the Path of Destiny since they were young, not to mention condensing the Gate of Destiny.

The water of Destiny's Creek can purify the physique, Saint Soul, Spirit and also benefit the cultivators who cultivate the Path of Destiny,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

The Celestial-Hunting Festival was to nurture the most top-notch power for the future of the Infernal Court.

Those highly talented cultivators in the Celestial Court had to cultivate the Path of Truth. Whereas those in the Infernal Court had to cultivate the Path of Destiny.

It could be said that almost every one of the 10,000 cultivators from the ten clans who attended the festival had cultivated the Path of Destiny and reached a very high level.

Otherwise, when cultivators of the same realm in the Celestial Court displayed the Path of Truth, their attack power would instantly increase several times. The cultivators of the Path of Destiny wouldn't be able to withstand it at all.

Of course, mastering the Path of Truth or the Path of Destiny didn't necessarily mean that they were invincible.

This was because it would take a very long time to integrate the Path of Truth and the Path of Destiny into one's own saint techniques.

The power was strong, but the outburst was slow.

Many times, when you meet an evenly matched opponent, you might not have the time to mobilize the Path of Truth or the Path of Destiny. Only by cultivating the Realm-frame of Truth and the Gate of Destiny could you shorten the time to fuse them and gain a greater advantage.

Of course, even if you had the Realm-frame of Truth and the Gate of Destiny, it would still take a long time. As long as the opponent was fast enough, they could suppress you, you wouldn't have time to unleash the power of the Path of Truth and the Path of Destiny.

The other seven Path of the Ancients could restrain them to a certain extent.

Path of Dimension could tear apart the Realm-frame of Truth and the Gate of Destiny.

Path of Time could prevent you from using the Realm-frame of Truth and the Gate of Destiny.

Path of Darkness could devour the Realm-frame of Truth and the Gate of Destiny.

...

Apart from the Path of the Ancients, if the Path of Flowing Light of the 72 Paths of Supreme Saint was cultivated to a profound level, it would be able to suppress them even if it was fast enough.

This was why no path could be absolute.

If one cultivated the Path of Dimension to the infinite level and the Path of Time to the eternal level, even the Path of Destiny and the Path of Oblivion wouldn't be able to shake them. Even the most powerful god wouldn't be able to reach such an extreme level.

Therefore, the strength of a cultivator depended on their realm attained.

As long as a Master of Darkness who cultivated the Path of Darkness to an intermediate level, he could easily slay the cultivators who cultivated the Path of Destiny and the Path of Truth in the same realm.

*Whoosh*

Along the creek, a Stone Clan cultivator at the Saint King realm drank a large amount of water from the creek. Specks of light appeared behind him and condensed into a gate of light. They turned into a Gate of Destiny gradually.

“I’ve succeeded! I’ve finally condensed the Gate of Destiny. Haha, My battle strength will once again increase by a large margin. As expected of the Destiny’s Creek—the spring of foundation of the Fane of Destiny,” The Stone Clan cultivator laughed loudly.

All the cultivators were agitated after that. They absorbed the water at a faster speed.

The water could only be drunk at the Celestial-Hunting Festival. It couldn’t be taken away.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Lian Xi beside him.

Although Lian Xi’s expression was calm, there was still a hint of interest and curiosity in her eyes. She would look at Destiny’s Creek from time to time. However, she was only a maid and was not qualified to take the initiative to drink from the creek.

Zhang Ruochen waved to her and said, “Come here.”

Lian Xi looked up at the divine mirror in the sky. In the end, she walked over helplessly.

Lian Xi knew that her every move must be watched by countless cultivators of the Celestial Court. However, with her current status, she had to bow to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen threw the bony tripod cup to Lian Xi and said, “Go fill the cup with creek water and feed me.”

Lian Xi took the bony tripod cup and stared at him coldly. She didn’t do as he said.

This was too much.

If it was in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Lian Xi would just obey, but this was the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

At that moment, many cultivators of the Infernal Court at the festival noticed what took place. They smiled playfully and stared at Zhang Ruochen.

“Zhang Ruochen really knows how to enjoy himself. He actually asked Fairy Shadowless to feed him at the Celestial-Hunting Festival. Isn’t he afraid of being attacked by the cultivators of the Celestial Court?”

“There are countless admirers of Fairy Shadowless in the Celestial Court. Zhang Ruochen is truly fearless.”

“The god of the Soul Realm must be watching the Celestial-Hunting Festival. I wonder if he’ll be so angry that blood will spurt out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth? Haha!”

...

Luo Sha felt that Zhang Ruochen was behaving abnormally. She believed that there was a reason for his action.

Was Zhang Ruochen forcing Lian Xi to completely submit to him and never return to Celestial Court?

Or was Zhang Ruochen trying to tell the gods of the Infernal Court that he had completely regarded himself as a member of the Infernal Court and didn't care what the Celestial Court thought of him?

Or was it just an act of revenge?

"Is this guy really not planning to return to the Celestial Court?" Luo Sha frowned and wondered. She always felt that Zhang Ruochen was staying in the Infernal Court for another reason and didn't join them wholeheartedly.

Zhang Ruochen saw Lian Xi did not move and only glared at him angrily. His face turned cold and said calmly, "As a servant girl, you actually disobeyed your master. How dare you, Lian Xi. Kneel!"

"A Supreme Saint must not be humiliated," Lian Xi said defiantly.

In fact, Lian Xi felt extremely wronged and wanted to die. However, every time she thought of dying, Zhang Ruochen's words would ring in her mind, 'Those with a divine heart will never be defeated.'

Sometimes, Lian Xi wondered if Zhang Ruochen had said this to her on purpose to prevent her from committing suicide.

"It seems that I have spoiled you too much in the past. I haven't taught you enough," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen pointed at Lian Xi. Suddenly, a vigorous Power of Dimension pressed down on her slender body, making her tremble.

Lian Xi resisted for a moment, then her slender legs knelt down.

Lian Xi couldn't resist at all!

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were cold and emotionless the whole time.

The entire Destiny's Creek was filled with noise.

"Zhang Ruochen is deliberately provoking the Celestial Court and the Soul Realm. Hehe, who knows how many cultivators will be angered."

"Who said that Zhang Ruochen is a spy sent by the Celestial Court to the Infernal Court? Based on what he did today, he would definitely die when he returned. Would the god of the Soul Realm let him go? Couldn't the magnates of the Celestial Court see that he was deliberately humiliating the Celestial Court? Even Moon Goddess couldn't protect him."

"In my opinion, Zhang Ruochen is trying to prove himself and telling the gods of the Infernal Court of his determination. Otherwise, he would never be able to enter the core level of the Infernal Court. Back then, the Great God Huang Tian wasn't as smart as Zhang Ruochen. So, no matter how talented Great God Huang Tian was, even when he ascended to godhood, he was always ostracized and marginalized. It wasn't until he killed his master, Ancient Buddha Yuan Xu, that he proved himself."

...

There was no lack of genius present who thought they had seen through Zhang Ruochen's intentions. They were all speaking with confidence.

Yan Wushen sat in the highest seat of another large branch. He stared at Zhang Ruochen from afar. Yan Wushen smiled, he picked up the tripod cup and took another sip.

Yan Wushen had long guessed that Zhang Ruochen would definitely perform well at the Celestial-Hunting Festival and prove himself to the gods.

However, Yan Wushen did not expect that Zhang Ruochen would destroy his own reputation by doing such a despicable thing.

If Zhang Ruochen bullied a woman, he would definitely be despised by all the cultivators of the Celestial Court, including his former friends.

Although it's despicable, being a despised scum is more reassuring to the gods. A bad move, a really bad move.' Yan Wushen thought. He shook his head slightly, but thinking about it carefully, he felt that there was no other way for Zhang Ruochen other than self-destruction.

It was too difficult to deceive the gods.

But by self-destruction, even if the gods in the Infernal Court knew that Zhang Ruochen did it on purpose, they could still accept him. Because he couldn't go back, there was no place for him in Celestial Court. He could only stay in the Infernal Court from now on.

Lord Sinluo sitting across from Zhang Ruochen sighed and said, "Fairy Shadowless, how come you met such a master who doesn't know how to take care of women? Why don't you join me? I won't make you my slave."

Lian Xi stared at Lord Sinluo sitting across from the creek. She didn't say a word. She just silently endured Zhang Ruochen's suppression.

Zhang Ruochen stared coldly at Lord Sinluo and said, "You want to steal my servant? Do you have a death wish?"

Lord Sinluo's eyes were even colder, but he quickly retracted them. He smiled and said, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, you are so mighty. I wouldn't dare steal from you. However, there is an interesting segment at the Celestial-Hunting Festival called the duel."

"Duel?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lord Sinluo said, "To us, the Ampliofruit is the most precious treasure at the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

"But the Ampliofruit is too precious. Each Supreme Saint can only get one. What can we do if we want to eat more? We can only duel and win other people's Ampliofruits.

"If you win, you get the prize. If you lose, you have to give the prize.

"The prize is the Ampliofruit.

“What I knew was, in the previous Celestial-Hunting Festival, there was a Supreme Saint who won eight Ampliofruits and enjoyed nine alone. He instantly increased his Precepts by 900 million and his lifespan by 27,000 years.

“There was also a Saint King cultivator who won four Altofruits and enjoyed five alone. He instantly cultivated five types of Path to the Great Perfection stage.

“This is the joy of the festival. I wonder if Supreme Saint Ruochen is willing to duel with me?”

Be it the Ampliofruit or the Altofruit, they were both the main dishes of the Celestial-Hunting Festival. They were many times more precious than the water from Destiny’s creek.

The Ampliofruit could instantly increase the Precepts by 100 million. It could also increase a cultivator’s lifespan by 3,000 years. It could help a cultivator cultivate high-level saint techniques at the fastest speed.

It was a treasure that all Supreme Saints below the Thousand-Koan Realm dreamed of.

Because it was precious enough, no Supreme Saint dared to take it out for a duel. If they lost, even a Supreme Saint would probably cry.

Lady Wind’s voice rang in Zhang Ruochen’s ears. “Don’t fight with him. Be careful. Normally, the duel at the Celestial-Hunting Festival is between the weak and the strong.

“First, it’s to win the Ampliofruit. Second, it’s to become famous by stepping on the strong.

“Lord Sinluo’s cultivation is far higher than yours, but he’s fighting with you. He’s bullying you because you don’t know the rules of the duel. If you’re impulsive, you’ll play right into his hands.

“You have to know that the rules of duel are proposed by the challenger. It doesn’t have to be a battle. It can be chess, painting, the challenge of speed, or sword moves...

“Once you agree with him, he will definitely use what he is best at to fight with you.

“So, among 10,000 cultivators at the Celestial-Hunting Festival who will agree to duel can be counted with one hand.

“The Supreme Saint who won eight matches is now the world-shaking Sword God Feng Chen. He is a miracle-like existence. He is known as the most perfect cultivator in the last millennium. He has no shortcomings and is the strongest in every aspect. He can learn anything as soon as he learns it.”

As Zhang Ruochen listened to Lady Wind’s voice, Lord Sinluo spoke again. He teased, “Are you afraid, Supreme Saint Ruochen? Don’t worry, I don’t want your Ampliofruit. If you lose, just give me Fairy Shadowless.”

“So you like her,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen lifted Liax Xi’s snow-white chin with his finger. Then he stared at her jade-white face and said, “Okay, I agree to duel with you.”

Lord Sinluo was overjoyed.



But fear appeared in Lian Xi's eyes.

It was not easy to stay by Zhang Ruochen's side, but it was obvious that it would be even worse to fall into the hands of Lord Sinluo. Was this her fate?

She was angry and desperate.

She was angry that Zhang Ruochen was too heartless.

She was desperate that if Lord Sinluo really won over her, she felt that she would not be able to hold on and would choose to end her own life. What indomitable spirit? What is the heart of becoming a god? Zhang Ruochen was deliberately scheming against her.

The Celestial-Hunting Festival was heating up once more. All the cultivators were excited and ready to watch a good show.

Zhang Ruochen changed the topic and said, "But what's the point of only betting on one Ampliofruit? If you want to bet, I'll bet three with you."

"If Fairy Shadowless is a virgin, it doesn't matter. But she's already your woman. How can she be worth three Ampliofruits?" Lord Sinluo laughed mockingly.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Of course, she's only worth one Ampliofruit. But I still have one."

"There are only two," Lord Sinluo said.

Zhang Ruochen looked down and locked onto Xue Tu. He pointed and said, "Xue Tu is my junior brother apprentice. He'll help me with one."

Xue Tu had been watching the show. He thought that Zhang Ruochen would definitely suffer at the hands of Lord Sinluo. He laughed inwardly.

He had been tricked by Zhang Ruochen many times. He really wanted to see how Zhang Ruochen would be tricked as well.

Xue Tu felt as if he had been struck by lightning. His face lost all color.. It really was a disaster from heaven.

### **Chapter 2279: Archery**

There were only 5,000 Ampliofruits and Altofruits in the entire universe.

They took root and sprouted in 500 years, and took another 500 years to blossom and mature.

After one consumes the fruit at the Celestial-Hunting Festival, one can replant the seed. Only after 1,000 years could another 5,000 of the fruits grow out.

*Whoosh*

In the upper reaches of Destiny's Creek, the banquet food was placed among the sacred flowers and floated down along the current.

The first dish was Ampliofruit.

The Ampliofruit looked like a ball-shaped jade bead. It was sparkling and dripping, and the fragrance of the fruit was overflowing. It glittered in the sacred flower, and the precepts of heaven and earth naturally revolved around it, forming a vortex that could not be seen by the naked eye.

“I can finally taste the legendary Ampliofruit. I hope that I can use it to cultivate the star-slaying saber technique to great success.”

“Will my vitality add 3,000 years more after I eat it? Then I will have more time than other cultivators to break into the Divine Realm in the future.”

“Adding 100 million precepts in an instant will improve my cultivation greatly.”

...

All the Supreme Saints looked over. Their eyes were burning like fire, and their hearts were filled with anticipation.

The ten seats of honor at the most upper reaches of the river quickly picked out the ten highest quality Ampliofruits.

Then, the Ampliofruits flowed along with the current and entered the 10 main creeks, then the fruit came to Zhang Ruochen.

“Keep.”

With a wave of his hand, Zhang Ruochen used his Saint Qi to take the two saint flowers containing the Ampliofruit and flew to the jade table.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the pale-faced Xue Tu and said, “Junior Brother, I’ll keep this Ampliofruit for you first. I’ll return it to you after the duel. Any objection?”

Of course, Xue Tu had objections.

Zhang Ruochen agreeing to duel with Lord Sinluo was no different from giving away the Ampliofruit for free.

‘Arrogant, imperious, and blindly confident. Zhang Ruochen, you’re courting death. Why did you bring me along? Who did I offend? I just want to eat an Ampliofruit at the Celestial-Hunting Festival. My 3,000 years of vitality... sigh... ‘

Xue Tu thought of Zhang Ruochen’s peerless cultivation, and his remaining will to resist also disappeared. He could only swallow his anger.

Xue Tu could only regard that he had fed the Ampliofruit to dogs.

Some of the Supreme Saints next to Xue Tu looked at him sympathetically, while others mocked him mercilessly. They all thought that Xue Tu had met with an unexpected disaster. He had been tricked too miserably by Zhang Ruochen this time.

Lord Sinluo was a top-tier superior of the Deathkin. He had great influence. After promising benefits to the two Deathkin Supreme Saints, he had successfully collected three Ampliofruits.

In the eyes of all cultivators, Lord Sinluo was bound to win. Naturally, the two Supreme Saints of the Deathkin also thought so.

That was why they were willing to do Lord Sinluo a favor.

The battle between Lord Sinluo and Zhang Ruochen attracted the attention of all cultivators. Many of them were talking about it, while some were sneering, thinking that Zhang Ruochen would suffer a double loss.

“Zhang Ruochen doesn’t understand the rules of the Celestial-Hunting Festival, does he? How dare he agree to the duel with Lord Sinluo? Does he think that the duel is a competition of combat power?”

“Lord Sinluo is the third strongest among the Deathkin. Even if it’s a competition of combat power, Zhang Ruochen is still far from it.”

“Zhang Ruochen’s talent may be at the top level, but he’s too confident. Only the courage of a boorish man can make a big difference. In comparison, Yan Wushen is brave and resourceful. The gap between the two was tremendous.”

...

Gu Chenzi, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, Supreme Saint Xueqi, Lord Xia Yu, and even Luo Sha all secretly transmitted their voices to Zhang Ruochen. They told him the rules of the duel and advised him not to agree. However, Zhang Ruochen ignored them and showed a determined attitude.

Lady Wind was even more confused. After all, she had already told Zhang Ruochen the rules of the duel.

No matter how impulsive Zhang Ruochen was, he shouldn’t have done it knowing that he would lose, right?

Lord Sinluo smiled brightly and said, “I admire your courage, Supreme Saint Ruochen! However, you have to understand that the way of the duel is decided by the challenger.”

Lord Sinluo paused deliberately. He thought that Zhang Ruochen would be shocked and even go back on his words. If that was the case, he would naturally have other means to make Zhang Ruochen lose face, and he would have to continue to compete with him.

Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen’s expression remained unchanged. He just quietly waited for Lord Sinluo to continue.

This made Lord Sinluo tense up. He felt that it was very unusual. Thinking that he would never lose and he calmed himself down again.

“For this duel, let’s compete in Archery.”

Lord Sinluo took out a stringless divine tree bow and it’s shaped like a dragon bone. It was about 27 meters long and emitted cold air. Clearly, it wasn’t an ordinary bow.

Gu Chenzi and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan seemed to have guessed that Lord Sinluo wanted to compete in Archery. They looked at each other and sighed. They knew that Zhang Ruochen would definitely lose.

Lord Sinluo specialized in Archery and he combined a Grade Four Archery Saintwill—Pinpoint Piercing Saintwill.

In the entire Infernal Court, Lord Sinluo could be said to be the top-notch Archery Supreme Saint below the Thousand-Koan Realm.

There were only a handful of Supreme Saints in the Thousand-Koan Realm who could compete with Lord Sinluo in archery.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen's specialization had nothing to do with archery.

Besides that, there had to be a peerless bow to compete in Archery.

Lord Sinluo's Frostwood Bow was made from the center of the trunk of a divine tree. It was the best material in the world. Moreover, it was a precious Three Element Regal Artifact. When its power was fully unleashed, it could shoot down the stars in the sky from thousands of miles away.

Did Zhang Ruochen have such a bow?

Lord Sinluo thought that victory was within his grasp, he smiled and said, "If Supreme Saint Ruochen doesn't have a bow, I can lend you one. However, I only have one bow of the Regal Artifact-class. I can only lend you a bow of the Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact-class."

"No need. I have one."

Countless cultivators were shocked as Zhang Ruochen summoned the Azuresky Bow and the Whitesun Arrow.

Zhang Ruochen was holding the bow in one hand and the arrow in the other, then his temperament changed greatly. He was full of vigor and a strong sense of confidence.

Zhang Ruochen had been cultivating in seclusion for decades. He had read a lot of books with his Spirits, including the detailed information of every cultivator at the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Only by knowing yourself and your enemy, you will never be defeated.

Zhang Ruochen even knew the rules of the duel. He had pretended not to know it just to numb Lord Sinluo. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen had expected Lord Sinluo to propose an Archery competition.

If a Supreme Saint who had cultivated Archery to the extreme could not compete with Archery, what could he compete with?

"It seems that Zhang Ruochen is not completely unprepared. The bow and arrows he took out are not ordinary Artifacts. Most of them have reached the class of a Regal Artifact."

"With a bow and arrows, can he compete with the Lord Sinluo? Archery is not that simple."

"Archery not only involves shooting an arrow, but also tests a cultivator's strength, eyesight, judgment, arrow intent, and so on. These skills require long hours of cultivation with the Precepts of Archery and the Archery Saintwill to reach the most perfect level. If Zhang Ruochen has not been immersed in Archery for more than 100 years, competing with Lord Sinluo in Archery is just asking for trouble."

Lord Sinluo didn't think that Zhang Ruochen had a chance to win either. He walked toward Supreme Saint Yanhong with more confidence than Zhang Ruochen and said, "To be fair and just, please set a target for us, Supreme Saint Yanhong."

Supreme Saint Yanhong belonged to the Bone Clan, which was a different clan from Lord Sinluo and Zhang Ruochen.

At the same time, Lord Sinluo supported Pan Ruo, while Zhang Ruochen supported Lady Wind, who was on the opposite side of Supreme Saint Yanhong.

It seemed fair for her to set the target, but it was actually unfair to Zhang Ruochen.

After all, Supreme Saint Yanhong had publicly said that she wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen.

Just as Supreme Saint Yanhong was about to agree, Yan Wushen stood up and laughed. He said, "Since Supreme Saint Yanhong is in such a difficult position, why don't I set a more difficult target for the two of you?"

Supreme Saint Yanhong was actually very willing to help Lord Sinluo. However, Yan Wushen had already taken the initiative to suggest it. If she refused, it would undoubtedly embarrass Yan Wushen.

There was no need to offend Yan Wushen for the sake of Lord Sinluo.

Hence, Supreme Saint Yanhong said, "Since Lord Yan is so interested, Lord Sinluo, why don't you ask him for help?"

Of course, Lord Sinluo could not refuse. He could only smile and nod at Yan Wushen.

Everyone in the Celestial and Infernal Court knew about the fight between Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen, so there was no need to worry that he would side with Zhang Ruochen.

Yan Wushen took out a translucent crystal talisman. It was about an inch long and very delicate, he said, "Both of you are Supreme Saints. A normal Archery contest would not be difficult for you. The more difficult the task, the better. The talisman in my hand is the lowest grade Interstellar Communication Talisman. The furthest distance can be traveled at an infinitely close speed to the speed of light for a day, which is about tens of billions of miles.

"Next, I will activate it and shoot it out."

"Whoever can shoot it with an arrow will be the winner."

Of course, Lord Sinluo hoped that the difficulty would be higher. However, Yan Wushen's task could not be called difficult. No Supreme Saint could do it.

"Lord Yan, once the Communication Talisman passes the acceleration stage, its speed will be completely unleashed. No arrows can catch up to it. Furthermore, no Supreme Saint can shoot an arrow tens of billions of miles away," said Lord Sinluo.

Yan Wushen said unhappily, "If an ordinary Supreme Saint can do it, why would I use it to test you?"

Lord Sinluo did not continue to say anything. After all, he was the one who suggested the duel and he was the one who elected Yan Wushen as the taskmaster. At that moment, if he continued to argue, it would only show that he was not decisive enough and did not have the courage.

Moreover, it was not that he did not have the opportunity.

As long as Lord Sinluo seized the moment when the Communication Talisman was accelerating, there was still a chance to shoot it through.

Yan Wushen said, "Forget it. Seeing that you are so reluctant, I will reduce the difficulty for you. I will shoot this Interstellar Communication Talisman towards a desolate asteroid in the sky above the Divine Domain of Destiny."

"If you can not shoot the Communication Talisman, whoever shoots through that asteroid first will win."

"Remember, shoot through, not hit."

"Besides, I won't tell you which asteroid it is. You have to judge it by your own ability."

Yan Wushen activated the Communication Talisman without any warning and shot it out.

The talisman turned into a light beam and flew to the sky.

Before most cultivators could react, Lord Sinluo and Zhang Ruochen drew their bows almost at the same time and pointed their arrows at the sky.

It could be seen that the two of them were extremely quick to react.

The Communication Talisman was too small and too fast.

Moreover, it became faster after every moment.

Lord Sinluo was indeed the top-notch Archery Supreme Saint in the Infernal Court. Almost at the moment when Yan Wushen shot out the Communication Talisman, a Divine Tree Arrow flew out at its tail.

It was as if Lord Sinluo didn't aim at all. He shot the arrow based on feeling.

After that, a smile appeared on Lord Sinluo's face. The victory was within his grasp.

"I'm far inferior to Lord Sinluo in Archery."

Zhang Ruochen had never aimed at the Communication Talisman. He couldn't do that.

Zhang Ruochen was aiming at the Divine Tree Arrow shot by Lord Sinluo.

The moment Lord Sinluo let go of the arrow, Zhang Ruochen activated The Spatial Domain and felt the space fluctuation of the Divine Tree Arrow as it flew rapidly. He then shot the Whitesun Arrow..

**Chapter 2280: Spatial Wormhole Mirror**

'This arrow will definitely pierce through the Communication Talisman. I will definitely win!' Lord Sinluo thought.

Just as Lord Sinluo thought he was winning, the Divine Tree Arrow was hit by white light and flew out diagonally.

*BANG!*

A moment later, there was a loud collision sound.

Lord Sinluo's face changed again and again. He stared at Zhang Ruochen coldly and said, "Are you shooting the talisman or the arrow?"

"It doesn't matter if you're shooting a talisman or an arrow. You didn't hit it, and I didn't hit it either. So, we're even now." Zhang Ruochen said calmly as he summoned the Whitesun Arrow and held it in his hand again.

No matter what, Zhang Ruochen was able to hit Lord Sinluo's arrow enough to prove that he had high attainment in Archery. He mustn't be underestimated.

"A tie? That's impossible."

Lord Sinluo's pupil turned golden. He shot out two beams of light that were dozens of feet long, staring in the direction of the Communication Talisman.

The Communication Talisman had completely burst out its speed. If Lord Sinluo shot out another Divine Tree Arrow, he would not be able to catch up.

Even the extension speed of Lord Sinluo's spiritual power could not keep up with it. He could not detect it or lock onto it. He could only roughly estimate its flight path based on the fluctuations it left behind.

"The difficulty level has increased. Next, we'll see which asteroid the Communication Talisman will crash into."

Some of the Supreme Saints present released their spiritual power, some used their extraordinary eyesight, and some relied on their talent in perception to perform all sorts of tricks.

However, how could the Communication Talisman be so easy to detect?

If it was so easy, who would use it to send messages?

After a short while, most cultivators present lost their trail on the Communication Talisman.

"It's too fast and too far. Even with Supreme Saint's Saint Eyes, I can only see a faint shadow within a thousand miles."

"The advantage of Lord Sinluo will be fully displayed. The red-gold mystic eyes he cultivated were not inferior to the eyes of gods. This was the most fundamental reason why he could become the number one Archery Supreme Saint below the Thousand-Koan Realm in the Infernal Court. Even if Zhang Ruochen has the eye of a demigod, he is still far from it."

...

Zhang Ruochen's eyesight was not weak. However, he had only tracked for 10,000 miles before the Communication Talisman disappeared from his vision.

Zhang Ruochen did not panic. He immediately snapped his fingers.

*Snap!*

The space on the right side of his body collapsed and a spatial mirror with a diameter of three meters appeared.

At the same time, a spatial mirror appeared where the Communication Talisman had disappeared thousands of miles away. It was shaped like a hole and flashed away.

After the spatial mirror disappeared, Zhang Ruochen immediately snapped his fingers a second time.

*Snap!*

The second spatial mirror appeared.

*Snap!*

Then came the third one.

...

Many cultivators looked puzzled. They didn't know what Zhang Ruochen was doing.

As a Master of Space, Luo Sha could roughly guess Zhang Ruochen's purpose. She said, "This is the Spatial Wormhole Mirror. It can connect two spatial coordinates in an instant. One is beside Zhang Ruochen, and the other must be near the Communication Talisman."

"Zhang Ruochen used the Spatial Wormhole Mirror to sense the trajectory of the Communication Talisman through space."

A Deathkin Supreme Saint who had lent the Ampliofruit to Lord Sinluo sneered and said, "You want to sense the Communication Talisman just by opening the spatial wormhole? Are you kidding me?"

Luo Sha stared at him mockingly and said, "It's not a spatial wormhole, it's a Spatial Wormhole Mirror. The difference between the two is that the former is a stable space passage, while the latter can only exist for a moment."

Zhang Ruochen did not draw the Dimensional Inscription. He simply snapped his fingers and accurately opened a Spatial Wormhole Mirror. This was the embodiment of cultivating the Path of Dimension to its peak.

Other Supreme Saints who cultivated the Path of Dimension might not have such attainments even if their cultivation had reached the Paramount Realm.

Perhaps only the god who cultivated the Path of Dimension could surpass Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Sha was extremely envious!



'Zhang Ruochen's attainments in the Path of Dimension have reached such a high level,' Shentu Yunkong thought. He stared at the Spatial Wormhole Mirror that kept flashing beside Zhang Ruochen and was deeply shocked again.

Shentu Yunkong, the number one genius of the Fane of Dimension in the past 10,000 years was also a Master of Space. However, compared to Zhang Ruochen, his attainments in dimension were still far behind.

Luo Sha continued, "The moment the two Spatial Wormhole Mirrors were formed, they became Zhang Ruochen's pair of Dimensional Eyes. He could see the Communication Talisman at a close distance. Even if he could not see it, he could still sense its spatial fluctuations flying past. In addition, Zhang Ruochen's powerful deductive and analytical abilities mean that the Communication Talisman can not escape his perception."

The two Supreme Saints who had lent the Ampliofruit to Lord Sinluo became nervous after hearing Luo Sha's explanation.

This duel, which was originally a huge disparity in strength, became unpredictable. Lord Sinluo was no longer certain of victory.

The pressured Lord Sinluo suddenly took out a Divine Tree Arrow and put it on the Frostwood Bow. He mobilized all his strength to pull the bow open.

Hundreds of thousands of Regal Inscriptions appeared on the bow. A terrifying chill that could freeze thousands of miles burst out.

At that moment, Yan Wushen informed the cultivators telepathically, "The Communication Talisman landed on a 70-mile-long asteroid about 300,000 miles away. All of you wait and see who can accurately shoot it and pierce through it."

No one dared to inform Lord Sinluo or Zhang Ruochen telepathically.

After all, they were not the only ones paying attention to the duel. The Immortal Vampires and the Deathkin's deities were also paying attention.

Who dared to show off in front of the gods?

The tense atmosphere enveloped the entire Destiny's Creek, including the divine bone jade tower above, the Fane of Destiny on the mountaintop, and all the cultivators watching the projection of the festival.

The 70-mile-long asteroid looked very big, but it was much more difficult to shoot a sesame seed from 300,000 miles away than standing hundreds of meters away.

More importantly, it had to be shot through.

Even if with the power of a Supreme Saint flew for 300,000 miles, how much could be left?

In the eyes of most cultivators, this was impossible.

Lord Sinluo had accumulated his power to the peak and also infused the Pinpoint Piercing Saintwill into it. He loosened his fingers, and a thunderous sound rang out.

The earth shook violently.

*SWOOSH*

The Divine Tree Arrow flew through the air, forming a long light path.

In the Fane of Destiny, a god nodded slightly, he said, "Lord Sinluo's arrow is successful! With his talent, he might become the new god of Archery in the Infernal Court in the future. Xue Jue, it seems that your boy hasn't found his way yet?"

Wargod Bloodximus looked at Zhang Ruochen without saying a word.

Lord Sinluo was confident in this shot. At least he was sure that he had found the right target and didn't miss it. The only variable was whether the arrow could pierce through the asteroid?

But even if it couldn't, it wasn't a big deal.

Zhang Ruochen hadn't even drawn his bow. It was very likely that he hadn't found the Communication Talisman at all.

After a while, Zhang Ruochen finally figured out where the Communication Talisman hit through the spatial fluctuation.

He put the Whitesun Arrow on the Azuresky Bow and poured his Saint Qi into it.

*Whoosh*

Dense inscriptions appeared on the bow and arrow at the same time. They exploded with rippling powerful waves of power.

The light from the Azuresky Bow dyed the sky where Destiny's Creek was. The Whitesun Arrow was like a white sun hanging in the center of the blue sky.

When Zhang Ruochen was in the short period of seclusion, he had completely subdued the vessel spirits of the Azuresky Bow and the Whitesun Arrow. He could fully display their power.

A cultivator exclaimed, "Zhang Ruochen's bow and arrow have reached the level of Class Five Regal Artifact. Its power is far greater than Lord Sinluo's Frostwood Bow."

Supreme Saint Jinkun, a cultivator at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm in the Azuresky Clan, recognized the Azuresky Bow and the Whitesun Arrow, he said, "That was the bow and arrow of Lord Whitesun, the number one Wargod among the Azuresky Clan's Supreme Saint. Back then, with the Azuresky Bow and the Whitesun Arrow, he could shoot down stars thousands of miles away. Compared to him, Lord Sinluo is more than a hundred times weaker."

Lord Sinluo was very jealous of the Azuresky Bow and the Whitesun Arrow in Zhang Ruochen's hands. If he could get them, his combat power would definitely rise again. His ranking on the list of those who attained the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm would also be higher.

“Bows and arrows are treasures. It’s a pity that they fell into the hands of someone who doesn’t know the way of Archery. What a waste. Zhang Ruochen, even if you shoot your arrows, it’s already too late! If you admit defeat now, I won’t take your two Ampliofruits. I just want your bow and arrows,” Lord Sinluo said.

“Admit defeat?”

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. He pulled the Azuresky Bow and pointed the Whitesun Arrow at Lord Sinluo.

Lord Sinluo’s face changed as he was being pointed at by a Class Five Regal Artifact at such a close distance. He couldn’t help but take a step back and said, “Zhang Ruochen... What do you want?”

This unexpected turn of events shocked many cultivators.

They all stood up abruptly, and their eyes became serious.

Wujiang snorted and said, “Zhang Ruochen, are you a sore loser? If you dare to shoot Lord Sinluo, I will kill you myself.”

“Then I must try,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Three dragons and three elephants appeared on Zhang Ruochen’s arms as he pulled the Azuresky Bow to the limit. He loosened his fingers and the Whitesun Arrow turned into a white beam of light and flew out. It rushed toward Lord Sinluo’s glabella with the thunderous sound.

“Such impudence!”

“Zhang Ruochen, don’t be rash.”

“How disrespectful!”

...

Angry shouts rang out one after another.

Who would have thought that Zhang Ruochen was so audacious that he would actually dare to kill Lord Sinluo at the Celestial-Hunting Festival?

The cultivators who were watching the projection of the Celestial-Hunting Festival were also shocked. They thought that Zhang Ruochen must have lost his mind because he couldn’t afford to lose. Otherwise, how could he dare to do such a crazy thing?

“You...” said Lord Sinluo as his eyes widened. He saw the Whitesun Arrow flying toward him and he had no time to retreat. He was so scared that his legs couldn’t help but tremble. He fell back.

No one could remain still when facing death.

No matter how strong one’s mind was, if they were suddenly scared and lost their mental defense, they could also do something shameful.

*Whoosh*

Just as the Whitesun Arrow was about to pierce through Lord Sinluo's head, a Spatial Wormhole Mirror appeared in front of him.

The Whitesun Arrow shot into the mirror and disappeared.

### *Rumble*

In the sky above the Divine Domain of Destiny, the Whitesun Arrow flew out from another mirror and struck a 70-mile-long asteroid, piercing through it.

Large cracks appeared on the asteroid as it shattered and turned into rubble.

At that moment, a God controlled the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms to project the scene of the asteroid being pierced through by the Whitesun Arrow. When the Divine Tree Arrow flew over, there was only a gravel belt left.

All the cultivators were stunned by the sight of it.

Zhang Ruochen had won! He had defeated Lord Sinluo, who was known as Lord of Archery.

Even the gods who were paying attention to the Celestial-Hunting Festival found it unbelievable. Not to mention the other cultivators, they all stared at Zhang Ruochen and did not dare to underestimate him anymore.

Lord Sinluo was so scared by the Whitesun Arrow that his legs went weak. He fell to the ground as if he didn't know that he had lost all face. His eyes were fixed on the divine mirror in the sky. He couldn't believe that it was real.

"Impossible, impossible... How could Zhang Ruochen do it? I... How could I lose..."

Lady Wind's beautiful eyes gaze deeply at Zhang Ruochen. Her face under the golden mask also showed a look of shock and doubt, she thought to herself, 'This man has already predicted everything, including the fact that Lord Sinluo will compete with him in Archery. It is most likely within his expectations. Zhang Ruochen, Zhang Ruochen, it seems that I have underestimated you in the past. I only saw your cultivation talent and did not see that you have such a terrifying scheme. Lord Sinluo has suffered a great loss this time.'

Luo Sha looked at Zhang Ruochen, who was standing upright with the Azuresky Bow in his hand, and then looked at Lord Sinluo, who was so scared that he collapsed on the ground, she secretly laughed in her heart, 'The person I have chosen should be so high-spirited.. Other Supreme Saints are far from him.'