



Although Lord Sinluo was powerful, his performance today had disappointed them.

“I will continue to compete you with this Frostwood Bow,” Lord Sinluo said while gritting his teeth.

Zhang Ruochen shook Azuresky Bow in his hand and said, “Your bow is too low-level. I’m not interested.”

Zhang Ruochen did not really despise Lord Sinluo, he just didn’t want to continue competing with him.

He could beat Lord Sinluo because he had expected that Lord Sinluo would compete with him in archery, so he was confident of winning. However, who knew what Lord Sinluo would compete with him in the next round?

Zhang Ruochen was already satisfied with five Ampliofruits. As he could increase 500 million Precepts and 15,000 years of lifespan with it.

‘I’ve only won three from Lord Sinluo. How can there be five?’

‘Where did this extra one come from?’

‘Whatever, it’s just one extra!’

Downstream.

Xue Tu was finally relieved when he saw that Zhang Ruochen had won. He let out a long sigh and laughed, “My senior is such a peerless genius. How could a mere Lord Sinluo be his match?”

He looked even happier than Zhang Ruochen.

However, when he looked at Zhang Ruochen, he found that Zhang Ruochen did not seem to have any intention of returning Ampliofruit to him. His heart could not help but thump, and he suddenly had a bad premonition.

Could Zhang Ruochen be thinking of keeping Apliofruit to pay off his debt?

Thinking of this, Xue Tu could not laugh anymore. He immediately left his seat and walked towards upstream quickly.

When he came to Zhang Ruochen’s seat, Xue Tu stared at the five Ampliofruits on the table. He swallowed and was about to speak...

A gloomy voice sounded from the other side of Destiny’s Creek, “Supreme Saint Ruochen, why don’t we have a battle? Let’s bet five Ampliofruits this time.”

Xu stood beside Lord Sinluo and lifted five saint flowers with dark Ghost Qi. Each of the saint flowers had an Ampliofruit.

There were five in total.

Because of Zhang Ruochen, Xu missed the seat of honor and could only take up a secondary seat. As someone with high status, Xu had made a fool out of himself.

If Xu wanted to save his reputation and the Ghosts' morale, he had to severely injure Zhang Ruochen at Celestial-Hunting Festival.

This ritual battle was extremely important.

Zhang Ruochen obviously understood Xu's intentions, he shook his head and said, "You are Ghost Master's seventh son who's ranked top ten in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm. Aren't you afraid of being ridiculed for challenging me, a Supreme Saint who has just entered Neverwilt Realm? How about this? I'll challenge you."

During the ritual battle, the one who challenges and the one being challenged were two completely different concepts.

If Zhang Ruochen challenged Xu, then the way of the battle would be decided by Zhang Ruochen.

Xu — of course — would not agree. He chuckled.

Xu sat in Lord Sinluo's seat without asking Lord Sinluo's permission. Xu took out a giant sword from the bone ring on his finger and placed it on the jade table.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes fell on the giant sword. No matter how calm he was, there was a change in his expression.

"Where did you get this sword?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xu picked up Tripod Cup and drank a mouthful of water leisurely, "Half a year ago, I went to the Supreme Saint Battlefield of Merits outside Kunlun and met a Supreme Saint of Hundred-Shackle Realm from Guanghan. This saint sword is his saber."

"Where is he?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xu touched the sword with his fingers and smiled. "If you want to know the answer, you have to agree to fight with me."

Zhang Ruochen had seen that huge sword before.

During the battle on Mount Yueshen, Zhang Ruochen and Supreme Saint Manjian fought against the avatar of Blackheart Demonlord. This was the sword that Supreme Saint Manjian used.

Zhang Ruochen was then forced to leave Kunlun. After he went to Celestial Court with Moon Goddess, he followed Supreme Saint Manjian to cultivate in Red Dragon Domain.

At that time, Zhang Ruochen was only a saint, but Supreme Saint Manjian was all affability and condescension to Zhang Ruochen. Later, when Zhang Ruochen became Moon Goddess' emissary, the two of them even fraternized with each other.

Zhang Ruochen had faced death threats, including attempted assassinations by the cultivators of Soul Realm with Soul Holding Technique. It was Supreme Saint Manjian who had been protecting him.

In a sense, Supreme Saint Manjian was the protector that Moon goddess had arranged for Zhang Ruochen.

Now, Supreme Saint Manjian's sword had appeared in Xu's hand. How could Zhang Ruochen not be worried?

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was silent, Xu said, "You should know what will happen to Celestial Court cultivators who fall into my hands. He will either be sold as a slave, imprisoned in the ghost prison, extracted from his saint soul, or refined into Ghost Emperor soul."

Boom

Zhang Ruochen struck the jade table heavily, creating ripples of Saint Qi. But his expression remained the same.

Xu placed the five Ampliofruits on the table one by one. He smiled and said, "With your relationship with Supreme Saint Manjian, you must hate me very much. You must be very angry and want to avenge him. Unfortunately, you can't do anything at Celestial-Hunting Festival. You can only restrain yourself.

"Fight me and win all five of my Ampliofruits. This is the only way you can vent your anger."

Lord Xia Yu was worried that Zhang Ruochen got provoked and agreed. She said, "Zhang Ruochen, you are a cultivator from Infernal Court. What does the fate of a Supreme Saint from Guanghan have to do with you? You must know your identity."

Xu said, "Lord Xia Yu, what you said is wrong! People have feelings. Whether it's about Celestial Court or Infernal Court, what's the difference between Zhang Ruochen and a rock if he's without feelings?"

Zhang Ruochen had long calmed down. However, he showed anger on his face to trick Xu and said, "You're right. You've really angered me this time."

Lord Xia Yu showed an anxious look and said, "Zhang Ruochen, keep calm first..."

"Don't mind my business. I'm calm."

Zhang Ruochen snorted and looked at Xu again, "If you challenge me in this battle, I'll definitely lose. Why should I agree to it? Why don't we do it another way? Tell me what kind of fight you want, and I'll consider it."

Xu could see that Zhang Ruochen wasn't in a good mood. He knew that this was the best time. Naturally, he didn't want to miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Xu said, "I'm the strongest Ghost in Celestial-Hunting Festival. Even if we fight, I won't take advantage of you. You have the body of a Demigod, so you must be very powerful. How about we arm wrestle?"

Arm wrestling was a contest between mortals. It was a contest of pure power.

No one had expected that Xu would choose such a simple way of fighting.

However, they soon understood his intent.

Everyone knew that Zhang Ruochen was the most powerful one in Path of Time, Dimension, and Truth. Every kind of Path was mysterious and unpredictable, thus he could often kill enemies across cultivation realms.

But in arm-wrestling, most of Zhang Ruochen's methods would be useless.

The Demigod-level body was indeed powerful, but Zhang Ruochen hadn't broken the 100 shackles in his body yet. How much power could he unleash while the power of Demigod was still confined?

Xu, on the other hand, who had attained Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm, had ten times the power of Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Neverwilt Physique.

Zhang Ruochen's current Demigod-level body was absolutely no match for Xu's.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen knew more than other cultivators about Xu. Xu didn't just have ten times Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Neverwilt Physique. He had also refined more than ten million ghosts into his body. Once he unleashed the power, even a Supreme saint of Thousand-Koan Realm had to step aside.

If it was a competition of power, Zhang Ruochen would definitely lose.

But was arm-wrestling really a competition of strength?

"Zhang Ruochen has fought Xu before. He knows Xu's strength very well. As long as Zhang Ruochen still has a touch of sanity, he will definitely not agree," Gu Chenzi said.

In his opinion, Zhang Ruochen was not an impulsive person. Therefore, Xu was destined to fail.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan nodded and relaxed. He picked up the tripod cup and drank from the stream. 'Zhang Ruochen wasn't stupid. How could he jump into a trap knowingly he'll lose?'

"Okay, I'll arm-wrestle with you," Zhang Ruochen said.

"PFFT!"

Hearing this, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan spat out a mouthful of water. He stared at Zhang Ruochen, who was upstream.

'Had this guy been provoked into stupidity?'

Gu Chenzi looked puzzled. 'Zhang Ruochen knew that his opponent's power is far greater than his. Why did he agree?'

Xue Tu, who was standing behind Zhang Ruochen, staggered and almost fell to the ground.

'He had just won against Lord Sinluo, and now he was up to no good.'

'If you want to play with fire, don't bring me along!'

"Senior... Why don't you bet four? Return mine first," Xue Tu said with an expectant look.

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand and said, "You can leave! I'll take your Ampliofruit first."

"Senior,"

Xue Tu was unwilling to give up and called out again.

He licked his lips with a fierce look in his eyes. He clenched his hands, wanting to rush up and take the Ampliofruit that belonged to him.

“Go away. You’re disrupting my duel.”

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and flicked his finger. A space bubble condensed on his fingertip flew out. And like a glass ball, it covered Xue Tu in it. Xue Tu then bounced to the lower reaches of Destiny’s Creek.

Clap! Clap! Clap!

Xu felt happy that his plan had succeeded. He clapped his hands and laughed loudly. “Such courage. I admire you.”

Lord Sinluo, who was standing not far away, was dissatisfied with Xu. However, he hated Zhang Ruochen even more. Hence, it would indeed raise his spirit if Xu could make Zhang Ruochen suffer a great loss.

Above Destiny’s Creek, Xu was the first to stretch out his arm and turn it into a 100-foot-long hand.

Besides a bone ring on his palm, he also wore a purple glove emitting divine power. It was a divine artifact.

Arm-wrestling seemed to be a competition of strength, but it was not just a clash of strength.

Zhang Ruochen activated Armor of the Fire God and stretched out his arm. It also turned into a 100-foot-long hand and held it together with Xu’s ghost hand.

“Wait a minute.”

Luo Sha called out and stood up from her seat. She said, “Since it’s a competition, there must be a referee to make the rules and judge the winner. I think I’m competent to do it.”

Luo Sha knew very well that although it was a competition of arm wrestling, the different rules would have a huge impact on the winner.

Like other cultivators, she also thought that Zhang Ruochen could not win.

However, she wanted to help Zhang Ruochen in her own way, so he would have a greater advantage.

“With the relationship between Your Highness and Zhang Ruochen, it’s not suitable for you to be a judge, right?” Xu said.

The news of Luo Sha and Zhang Ruochen appearing together in Realm of Star Ocean and cultivated in Vastsea Manor for more than a month had long spread.

Many cultivators in Infernal Court knew that Luo Sha and Zhang Ruochen were very close.

Xu looked down and said, “Your Highness Pan Ruo, why don’t you be the judge of this battle?”

“It seems interesting for Supreme Saint to arm-wrestle. Well, I’ll make a few rules for you to see who will win.”

With a poker face, Pan Ruo slowly stood up and flew as light as autumn leaves to a place not far from Xu and Zhang Ruochen. She said, "First, since it's arm wrestling, your elbows must not leave the table. Whoever leaves first will lose the battle.

"Second, whoever dips their hands into the water of Destiny's Creek first will lose."

"You have no objections, right?"

Xu frowned and said, "Only these two rules?"

"Does arm wrestling have other rules?" Pan Ruo asked back.

Xu didn't say anything more. In fact, he felt that the rules could be stricter. At the very least, she could've added a few more rules.

For example, no Saint Path power Saint Aspect, sacred artifact, spiritual power could be used; they can't attack each other; they can't use their second hand... and so on.

The stricter the rules were, the more advantageous it would be for Xu. Zhang Ruochen would have less room to play.

Xu had chosen Pan Ruo as a judge for this purpose.

Although Pan Ruo represented the interests of the upper three clans in Fane of Destiny, she had no connection with Ghosts or Immortal vampires. However, Lord Sinluo had suffered a great loss due to Zhang Ruochen. She must be dissatisfied with him.

Choosing Pan Ruo as a judge was naturally advantageous to him.

However, Pan Ruo did not play by common sense. She set a loose rule, which benefitted Zhang Ruochen.

'It does not matter. Even if the rules are loose, the difference in strength is there. It's impossible for Zhang Ruochen to beat me. I want all his five Ampliofruits!'

When Xu won five Ampliofruits from Zhang Ruochen, he would have a total of six, including his own Ampliofruit.

After taking all six Ampliofruits, his strength would increase again. Perhaps it could help him reach the level of Wu Jiang and Luo Shengtian.

"Begin."

As Pan Ruo shouted, Zhang Ruochen and Xu's power rushed to their right arms while they mobilized their power at the same time.

Whoosh whoosh

Zhang Ruochen's right arm emitted a dazzling blood light.

The Fire God's Gauntlet and armor turned red and connected to the armguard, emitting a scorching power fluctuation. Then, the three elephant souls of Thousand-Koan Realm in his right arm were activated.

Xu's arm hung in the sky above Destiny's Creek. He didn't move at all. He smiled and said, "Zhang Ruochen, is this all you have in your Demigod body? What else do you have? Show it as soon as possible. Otherwise, you won't have a chance to show it later."

Clang

An ear-splitting cry of a Phoenix sounded.

A huge phantom of a Phoenix rushed out of Zhang Ruochen's body and floated behind him. It was the remnant of Divine Phoenix's soul from Divine Phoenix's saint blood Blood Empress had used to nurture Zhang Ruochen's Demigod body.

At the same time, the ten golden wings on Zhang Ruochen's back spread out as if they had turned into ten golden clouds.

When all the power burst out, it finally shook Xu's arm and moved it a little to the left. However, he quickly steadied himself and straightened his arm.

"You have some ability. Indeed, I should not underestimate your Demigod body and Five-element Chaotic Neverwithier physique.

"If you break the shackles in your body, your strength would definitely be ten times or even dozens of times stronger than now. At that time, my arm would be broken by you in an instant. But now, you are still far from it."

Then, he said, "Do you have any other tricks up your sleeves? Or are you at your limit already?"

### **Chapter 2282: Battle of Wits and Strength**

Xu was not an ordinary person. He had powerful cultivation and could kill enemies across realms. Zhang Ruochen was mentally prepared. However, Xu was so powerful that he only shook slightly even if Zhang Ruochen tried his best. It was far beyond Zhang Ruochen's expectations.

"As expected of the number one Ghost Emperor. It seems that I have to use the power of Truth."

Zhang Ruochen mobilized Precepts of Truth in his body and flowed them all into his right arm. At the same time, dense starlight spots appeared around his body and turned into a nascent starry ocean.

"Zhang Ruochen is finally going to use Path of Truth. It's said that Zhang Ruochen crossed the tenth level of Sea of truth, just like Magnogod Huang Tian."

"Zhang Ruochen's attainments in Path of Truth are indeed very high. He can amplify the attack power of his Saint Technique ten times stronger in an instant."

"Arm wrestling is a competition of Palm power to a certain extent. Zhang Ruochen has spent a lot of energy cultivating his palm strike. If his palm strike is boosted by Path of Truth, the power will be ten times more impressive. Will Xu be able to withstand it?"

"Why didn't Xu suppress Zhang Ruochen immediately when Zhang Ruochen mobilized Precepts of Truth?"



Many cultivators present were curious. If they were in Xu's shoes, the moment Zhang Ruochen mobilized Path of Truth, they would definitely strike first and counter with unstoppable force.

But Xu did not do that.

Did he think that he could withstand ten times the power of Zhang Ruochen's palm strike?

Supreme Saint Yanhong smiled. "Zhang Ruochen has Path of Truth, but Xu has Path of Destiny. Why should Xu be afraid of him?"

"Besides, this is Mount Destiny. Precepts of Destiny converge here. The power of Destiny is stronger here than anywhere else."

Xu was the top elite in Supreme Saint Yanhong's faction. Thus, she was confident in Xu.

*Whoosh—*

When Zhang Ruochen activated the Realm-frame of Truth, the Gate of Destiny, which was hundreds of feet tall, appeared behind Xu. The eyes of non-Supreme Saint-level cultivators were dazzled by the bright light.

*Boom!*

With the addition of Precepts of Truth, Zhang Ruochen displayed Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike. With the power of ten times higher, it charged at the Ghost hand.

At the same time, the power of three elephant souls from Thousand-Koan Realm reached its strongest state in an instant. They let out deafening roars.

Xu's ghost hand suddenly moved back and was half-pressed down.

The entire ghost arm was twisted.

Seeing this, countless cultivators in Infernal Court gasped. They couldn't help but hold their breaths.

Could it be that the strongest Ghost, Xu, had lost to Zhang Ruochen in Neverwilt Realm?

Ten times the power came and went quickly.

Xu's arm slowly turned upward, a mocking smile appeared on his face. "Your attainments in Path of Truth are indeed beyond my expectations. My Path of Destiny cannot completely weaken it. However, ten times the power in an instant is not enough to crush me."

Seeing that Xu was gradually turning his arm back, now it was the cultivators of Bloodysky Clan's turn to worry.

Among them, Lord Xia Yu, Gu Chenzi, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Supreme Saint Xueqi couldn't help but sigh. They had hoped that Zhang Ruochen could create another miracle.

But now, everyone could see that Zhang Ruochen had gone all out. He had used all his trump cards. However, Xu had taken them one by one without even using the ghosts that had been refined into his body.

In other words, Xu didn't use his full strength.

It was like a cat playing with a mouse. No matter how many tricks you used, you couldn't change your fate. When you get exhausted, you would be eaten in one bite.

Xu was the cat playing with the mouse. He always had victory in his hands.

The cultivators of Infernal Court laughed mockingly.

Most of them didn't think of Zhang Ruochen as a member of Infernal Court. He was an outsider to them. That was why they felt humiliated when Lord Sinluo was defeated by Zhang Ruochen.

Now, Xu had used his absolute advantage to play with Zhang Ruochen. Naturally, they felt a sense of joy as if it saved their reputation.

With victory in hand, Xu said, "Zhang Ruochen, don't be discouraged. You are only in Neverwilt Realm but you have the ability to fight with me. You should feel honored."

Zhang Ruochen was not angry. He said, "Do you really think that Path of Truth is that simple?"

"What do you mean?" Xu said.

"The most powerful part of Path of Truth is not the power of the Realm-frame of Truth."

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes. Suddenly, the starlight spots around his body became more extensive.

The light spots quickly became larger and turned into light orbs.

In Xu's field of vision, the light orbs turned into a boundless sea of stars. Each one was as big as a planet as if they were standing in the boundless universe.

The Realm-frame of Truth was actually a realm form that was constructed using Path of Truth.

However, this realm was constructed by various Precepts between heaven and earth.

The more powerful the Realm-frame of Truth, the wider the Precept Realm was constructed. Hence, the stronger the power it could draw.

Back then, Yu Wenjing — the disciple from Fane of Truth — had only cultivated the Realm-frame of Truth of "Heavens Up Above". The thunder and lightning that surged out of the Realm-frame of Truth forced Zhang Ruochen to use Secret Tome of Time and Space to resolve it.

Now, Zhang Ruochen's Realm-frame of Truth was "Shoreless Star Ocean," and it was still evolving into "Boundless Universe." The power it could unleash was naturally stronger.

In Sea of Stars, the starlight orbs flew rapidly toward Xu as if they had turned into real planets.

For other cultivators, they only saw the starlight orbs fly out one by one. They didn't think it was dangerous. However, in Xu vision, real planets were crushing towards him. They were vast and shocking

Xu gritted his teeth and snorted. "Zhang Ruochen, are you arm-wrestling, or do you want to fight?"

"I'm within the rules. Why can't I use other powers?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

The planets were getting closer and closer, releasing destructive pressure.

“Damn it. How could the Realm-frame of Boundless Starry Sea be so powerful? Are they really attacking powers or are they spiritual power illusions?”

Xu was caught off guard.

He had met cultivators who had cultivated the Realm-frame of Truth before. However, Celestial Court cultivators had only cultivated the Realm-frame of Heavens Up Above. Before they could use the power of the Realm-frame, Xu had swallowed and refined it.

There were too few cultivators who had cultivated the Realm-frame of Truth.

Naturally, Xu knew very little about the Realm-frame.

The Gate of Destiny flew in front of him. It was like a shining shield, blocking the incoming stars.

Rumble

With each collision, The Gate of Destiny shook violently.

A power wave passed through the Gate of Destiny and crashed onto Xu’s body.

The more powerful the Realm-frame of Truth was, the harder it was to control. Zhang Ruochen had cultivated his spiritual power — to the 62nd level — before he could barely use the Realm-frame to mobilize Heavenly and Earthly Precepts in the realm of Realm-frame of Truth. Only then it could be converted into attack ability for his own use.

“I can’t let my guard down anymore. I should first defeat Zhang Ruochen with absolute power and then look for classics to study the Realm-frame of Truth in detail.”

Finally, Xu felt threatened by Zhang Ruochen. Worried that something might happen, Xu stopped playing with him. He opened his mouth and spat out eight million Ghosts.

Ear-piercing Ghost cries spread throughout Destiny’s Creek.

The sky was covered by Ghost silhouettes. Black clouds scudded and it was dark and gloomy.

Eight million Ghosts quickly merged and turned into eight Ghost Emperor Souls at Thousand-Koan Realm level. They combined with Xu’s power and stood in eight different directions.

“Isn’t it too late to use the power of Ghost souls?”

Zhang Ruochen raised his left hand slowly. A corner from microworld of woodlands appeared in the void space and pressed down on his right hand.

The true form of microworld of woodlands moved gradually as if it was about to be fully revealed. It became heavier and heavier.

Inside the microworld was filled with mountains, rivers, plains, and deserts. At first, it was only a corner that was hundreds of miles long. Now, it had grown more than a thousand miles long.

“My God! Zhang Ruochen actually summoned a microworld to suppress Xu’s arm. Is this still arm wrestling?”

“I knew Zhang Ruochen controlled a microworld long ago. Could it be this one?”

“I suddenly feel that Xu was unwise to fight Zhang Ruochen by arm wrestling. It’s better to fight directly. At least when fighting, even if Zhang Ruochen summoned this microworld, he wouldn’t be able to suppress Xu. Xu could retreat or attack. But now, Xu can only passively take it.”

...

As the microworld of woodlands became wider, it exploded with a weight that even the eight Thousand-Koan Realm Ghost Emperor Soul couldn’t bear.

The contempt on Xu’s face had long disappeared. He let out a long howl and spat out four million more Ghosts, condensing four more Thousand-Koan Realm Ghost Emperor Soul.

The combined power of twelve Ghost Emperor Souls finally resisted the suppression of the microworld of woodlands.

“Watch me shatter your microworld.”

Xu’s entire body tensed up, and his expression was cold as he became completely serious.

He raised his left hand, and a seven-petaled ghost lotus appeared in his palm. Pleiades Lotus gave off a bone-piercing cold air as it rapidly spun toward the microworld of woodlands.

When Pleiades Lotus spun, the power it gave off condensed into a huge vortex.

Many cultivators present were analyzing and they quickly concluded. “With Pleiades Lotus, Xu will shatter Zhang Ruochen’s microworld of woodlands.”

Wu Jiang sat cross-legged beside the jade table. “I didn’t expect that Xu has been hiding his power. With the twelve Thousand-Koan Realm Ghost Emperor Souls and Pleiades Lotus, even if I fought him, I wouldn’t be 100% sure of winning.”

Luo Shengtian, who was sitting opposite Wu Jiang, looked at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Don’t you think Zhang Ruochen is even more impressive?”

Wu Jiang squinted and nodded slightly.

Zhang Ruochen hadn’t even broken his first shackle, but he could force Xu to use all kinds of trump cards. It really made them — who were ranked at the top of the list in Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackled Realm — feel great pressure.

Sitting at the top, Yan Huangtu said, “This battle is no different from a real battle.”

“At least Xu won. Zhang Ruochen is still a step behind,” Wu Jiang said.

Wu Jiang was shocked by Zhang Ruochen’s strength. Not only did he feel a sense of urgency, but he also felt a deep sense of loss. For if they were in the same realm, he doubted that he could even block Zhang Ruochen’s palm strike.

However, when he thought that he could kill Zhang Ruochen and stop him from becoming stronger by entering Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, the pressure and disappointment disappeared.

Boom

Pleiades Lotus hit microworld of woodlands and penetrated the entire world. The ground was torn apart, mountains collapsed, rivers were cut off, and all the plants were corroded by the power of Pleiades Lotus and turned into black pus.

A microworld was destroyed!

Many cultivators felt pitied for Zhang Ruochen because they could see that Zhang Ruochen's microworld of woodlands had already taken shape and could give birth to life.

Such a microworld was worth as much as a high-level Planet of Life above Class seven.

If sold, it could sell for tens thousand Godstones.

Without a doubt, the destruction of the microworld of woodlands meant that Zhang Ruochen was doomed to lose.

The corner of Xu's mouth rose.

However, what puzzled him was that Zhang Ruochen was as steady as a rock in the face of a certain defeat.

"How can he be so calm?"

This thought just emerged in his mind. Suddenly, Xu felt that the ground was spinning and the space around him was turning.

"Oh no, Zhang Ruochen used the microworld to suppress my arm just to attract my attention. His-real goal is to distort space."

He looked to the left and saw that Destiny's Creek, which was originally flowing on the ground, had strangely flown upwards towards the sky.

The cultivators of Infernal Court downstream were now sitting in the sky.

The space on his left turned 90 degrees.

"No-no, I can't lose..."

Xu growled silently in his heart. He exerted all his strength and pressed Zhang Ruochen's arm down.

But it was too late. Destiny's Creek on the left pressed down at an even faster speed. His 100-foot long ghost hand was soon soaked by the water.

It was a foregone conclusion!

According to the rules set by Pan Ruo, whoever hand-dipped into the stream first would be the loser.

Although Zhang Ruochen did not completely crush his arm, he distorted the space where Destiny's Creek was located and defeated him according to the rules of etiquette.

For example:

Zhang Ruochen had to walk from his original position to a pavilion 500 meters away. However, it wasn't necessarily that he had to walk this 500 meters. He only needed to use Power of Dimensions to shrink the ground into an inch and pull the pavilion in front of him. Now, he just has to walk into it in one step.

Pan Ruo floated in the air and looked at the distorted space. She stared at Zhang Ruochen and Xu, "The winner has been decided! The winner is Zhang Ruochen."

At the same time, Yan Huangtu, who was sitting at the top of Destiny's Creek, suddenly pressed his palm on the ground.

*Swoosh?*

The distorted space was pressed back to its original state by his Palm strike.

Xu was not someone who could not afford to lose, but at this moment, he was stunned and could not accept the result.

He knew that he should not lose, but he knew that he can't complain about losing. Although Zhang Ruochen was opportunistic, Power of Dimensions was also a part of his own power.

If Xu could be more careful and did not underestimate his enemy, Zhang Ruochen would not be able to succeed even if he used the Power of Dimensions.

The contest between Supreme Saints was never a simple contest of power.

Zhang Ruochen looked up at the sky and stared at it for a long time, he let out a long sigh. "In order to win you, I actually lost a Microworld. Now I finally understand that in the contest between Supreme Saints, a Microworld is just a chess piece. What about the contest between gods?"

*Whoosh!*

Zhang Ruochen waved his sleeve. Instantly, microworld of woodlands shattered into pieces of the ground. They flew into the sky and hovered above Divine Domain of Destiny, turning into space meteorites and cosmic dust.

*Boom!*

It wasn't until then that the cultivators attending the Festival in Destiny's Creek realized that Zhang Ruochen had won. He had won five more Ampliofruits.. Instantly, there was a deafening clamor.

### **Chapter 2283: The Food from The Fanes**

It was a high price to exchange a microworld of woodlands for five Ampliofruits, but Zhang Ruochen thought it was worth it.

He took the five Ampliofruits in front of him and put them on the jade table with the previous five. He smiled with satisfaction.

Looking at the ten shining Saint fruits, all the cultivators at the feast had eyes burning with greed, envy, and jealousy.

'If only they were mine.' Many cultivators had this thought in their minds.

Ten Ampliofruits represented one billion rules and 30,000 years of life.

Some thought that Zhang Ruochen had won too easily. It was only two rounds, and he had the most Ampliofruits among attendees in the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

However, more cultivators recognized Zhang Ruochen from these two battles and regarded him as a strong opponent of the Celestial-Hunting battlefield.

It could be said that Zhang Ruochen was lucky and opportunistic to win against Lord Sinluo.

However, who would dare to look down on Zhang Ruochen who had defeated Xu, whose cultivation strength was outstanding?

Lady Wind stared at Zhang Ruochen with her shimmering eyes. She couldn't help but smile. She finally understood why Wargod Bloodximius had made him the leader of Bloodsky Clan in the festival and supported him fully in taking control of the Supreme Artifact.

After the two battles, Lady Wind had a strange feeling. She felt that Zhang Ruochen's strength, despite him being at Neverwilt Realm, had become unfathomable.

"Even if I fail to be Scioness and end up marrying him, with his talent and my help, this era will belong to the two of us. We may even overshadow the Scioness of Destiny.

"I hope to see more miracles he can achieve on the Celestial-Hunting ground." Lady Wind's recognition of Zhang Ruochen's strength increased greatly.

When Yellowsky Clan's deities intended to marry her to Zhang Ruochen, Lady Wind had resisted.

But now, she felt that it might be a good alternative.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen had won again, Xue Tu could not be happy. He was depressed and hesitated. In the end, he gritted his teeth and walked upstream.

"I don't want anything, but I must eat this Ampliofruit. If Zhang Ruochen doesn't return it, I'll fight him to the death." Xue Tu clenched his hands. His eyes were fierce. He was ready to fight to the death.

Pan Ruo didn't stay. She didn't look at Zhang Ruochen or Xu. She turned and left. Her demeanor was as cold as ice.

Zhang Ruochen didn't look at her either. He looked at Xu on the other side of Destiny's Creek. More accurately, he looked at the huge sword. "Is he still alive?"

Xu knew who Zhang Ruochen was referring to. He stood up and held the huge sword in his hand. "He's alive! And you'll see him soon. He's on the Celestial-Hunting ground."

Zhang Ruochen's expression didn't change, but his heart was filled with all kinds of negative emotions.

There was killing intent, anger, pain, and helplessness.

Once Supreme Saint Manjian was sent to the Celestial-Hunting ground, he would become the prey of Infernal Court cultivators. He and Zhang Ruochen would become life and death enemies on the battlefield.

Xu's state of mind was clearly far superior to Lord Sinluo's. A smile appeared on his face. "I'm very curious. Would you be able to kill him when you meet him on the Celestial-Hunting ground?"

Zhang Ruochen stared at Xu and said nothing.

"The festival has just begun," Xu said. "And yet I've lost two rounds in a row at your hands.

"However, I am not angry.

"Instead, I'm grateful for these two defeats. After all, what I lost is not my life but my face and five Ampliofruits.

"These two losses show me my weakness. They remind me that I shouldn't underestimate my enemy. Even a lion needs to use all of its strength to kill a rabbit.

"When countering you and Lord Xia Yu, I only thought about how to humiliate you guys, but I forgot that my ultimate goal was to defeat you.

"I used to enjoy the process of crushing my opponents. The lesson you taught me made me realize that I need to change. The outcome is more important than the process

"So, in order to express my gratitude, I have to remind you that if you meet the owner of this sword, it's best to kill him with one strike.

"If your determination is not strong and you can't bring yourself to cut ties with Celestial Court cultivators, you won't be able to integrate into Infernal Court.

"A person who lacks determination won't achieve greatness.

"Zhang Ruochen, you're a very powerful opponent. I look forward to a real fight against you on the Celestial-Hunting Battlefield."

Zhang Ruochen's fingers tapped lightly on the jade table. He restrained himself and let out a breath.

"Okay, I'll see you at the hunting ground."

"Take this. It's yours now!"

Xu threw out the giant sword. The tip of the sword was in front, and the hilt was behind. It turned into a ray of sword light and flew toward Zhang Ruochen.

It was extremely fast.

Apparently, Xu threw it with all his might.

Zhang Ruochen turned, and the giant sword flew close to his face.

Zhang Ruochen's face was reflected on the body of the sword. His eyes were piercing.

*Swoosh!*



A large number of Marks of Time appeared, slowing down the flow of time in this space. Zhang Ruochen reached out his hand to grab the hilt of the giant sword and pressed his wrist down.

The body of the sword tilted downward and stabbed into the ground with a swoosh.

Even so, the impact force contained in the sword caused the sword to draw a distance of dozens of feet backward, forming a deep sword path.

Fortunately, Mount Destiny here had a strong geological structure and was densely covered with Divine Marks.

Otherwise, the impact force of this sword could have spread thousands of miles away.

Zhang Ruochen pulled the huge sword out of the ground and held it in his hand. He looked at it carefully and couldn't help but recall the days when he practiced in the heaven. He said, "A Regal Artifact class battle sword. It's indeed a big gift."

Xu had already turned around and left. He waved his hand and said, "I've given away all five Ampliofruits. It's not a big deal to give you a sword."

Gu Chenzi transmitted his voice to Zhang Ruochen. "Xu gave you the sword to stir your state of mind."

Zhang Ruochen knew what Xu was thinking. Nevertheless, from the moment he saw the sword, his unwavering resolution was shaken a bit.

He had decided to ignore all subjects and to turn the world upside down.

But now..

Sigh!

"Senior!"

Xue Tu's voice sounded behind him.

Zhang Ruochen was in a bad mood. If it were not for the rules of the Celestial-Hunting Festival, he would have already attacked Xu. At this moment, he suddenly turned around and said, "What's the matter? What do you want?"

Zhang Ruochen's eyes emitted a cold light and contained killing intent.

How could Xue Tu know that Zhang Ruochen's killing intent was directed at Xu?

Being stared at by his eyes, Xue Tu felt a chill all over his body. His throat seemed to be frozen. He stuttered, "Se-Se-Senior, I-I-I con-congratulate you. Congratulations on defeating Xu and winning the second duel."

Zhang Ruochen completely restrained his emotions. He nodded slightly and said, "Okay. Go!"

Xue Tu's heart skipped a beat. He turned around and left. However, after taking two steps, he stopped. 'I came to ask for the Ampliofruit. Why did I leave just like that?'

Mustering his courage, Xue Tu walked over again. He said in a low voice, "Senior, you've borrowed my Ampliofruit as a bet. Could you please... Please return it to me now?"

"We must always return what we borrow, right?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu nodded. "That's right."

"But why didn't you return Seamless Purgatory Tower you borrowed from me? So use this Ampliofruit to pay off your debt!" Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu was speechless. He wasn't willing to accept this, "I can pay off my debt slowly in the future. Could you give me this Ampliofruit first? After I eat it, my cultivation will rise rapidly. It'll be good for Bloodsky Clan's performance on the Celestial-Hunting ground."

Zhang Ruochen stretched out a finger. The Precepts of Dimension started to gather at his fingertip.

Xue Tu's expression changed when he thought about how he'd been flicked away by Zhang Ruochen's finger. He quickly retreated and walked downstream. He muttered, "D\*mn Asurendra Samay, why did he capture Zhang Ruochen's daughter. If he didn't capture her, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't have come to Infernal Court.

"If Zhang Ruochen didn't come to Infernal Court, with my talent, I would definitely be famous in this era. How could I be suppressed by him?"

"Now I have to live without dignity. No! I can't take this anymore. I must resist."

Zhang Ruochen stared at Xue Tu's back. He thought for a moment and called out, "Xue Tu, I can lend you a Ampliofruit, but..."

Xue Tu was overjoyed. He rushed back and grabbed Zhang Ruochen's arm excitedly. "Senior, if you need anything, just tell me. I, Xue Tu, will definitely do it for you. I won't say no."

"Uh... forget it! Remember, you owe me a huge debt again." Zhang Ruochen handed him a saint flower that contained an Ampliofruit.

Xue Tu held the saint flower tightly. He was so moved that his eyes turned red. He nodded heavily.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't stand Xue Tu's puppy eyes anymore. He waved his hand, asking Xue Tu to leave.

After Xu's defeat, more cultivators came to challenge Zhang Ruochen. However, Zhang Ruochen declined them all. He didn't want to continue.

Winning two duels in a row had raised the morale of Bloodsky Clan to the peak.

Zhang Ruochen didn't have the confidence to win another duel. Secondly, if he lost, the morale he raised with hard efforts would collapse.

5,000 Altofruits flowed down from the upper reaches of Destiny's Creek to the hands of 5,000 top Saint Kings.

The duels became more frequent. They were everywhere.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Lian Xi, who was still kneeling beside him, and said, "Get up!"

Lian Xi's eyes were empty, and she stood up like a puppet.

Seeing her appearance, many cultivators felt heartache. They had wanted to embrace her in their arms and protect her from harm.

At the same time, many cultivators wanted to teach Zhang Ruochen a lesson. They saw him as a b\*stard who didn't know how to be gentle with women.

Especially the Celestial Court cultivators who were watching the projection. They shouted on all the Battlefields of Merits, "Charge into Infernal Court, kill Zhang Ruochen with a sword, and save King Daxi."

"Let's gather saint stones to hire the Terrestrial Assassins to cut off Zhang Ruochen's head at Infernal Court."

"Zhang Ruochen is now an Immortal Vampire and a Supreme Saint. He has strong vitality. Even if he is beheaded, he won't die. He has to be cut into pieces."

Zhang Ruochen didn't know that the Celestial Court cultivators had formed an?They regarded him as the biggest traitor of this Yuanhui.

*Whoosh! Whoosh!*

He poured a cup of Divine Jade Dew from the pot and handed it to Lian Xi. "You've helped me win an Ampliofruit. This cup of Divine Jade Dew is for you."

All the Fanes provided the food for the feast.

The Fane of Rakshasa provided "Divine Meat."

The Fane of Asura provided "Dragon Liver and Phoenix Gall."

The immortal Fane provided "Immortal Blood Marrow."

...

Zhang Ruochen's jade table was filled with all kinds of dishes, each of which could tempt even the deities. Some could advance cultivation, some could strengthen the soul, some could increase spiritual power... and so on.

The Divine Jade Dew was provided by the Fane of WineGod. It took 900 years to brew by mixing the essence of the Divine Jade with Divine blood and rare ingredients from all clans. After drinking one cup, one could enter a state of enlightenment.

Each Supreme Saint was only entitled to one pot.

Lian Xi didn't take the three-legged cup. She remained silent and motionless. No one knew what she was thinking. It was as if she was silently resisting.

"You don't know how to appreciate favors."

Zhang Ruochen snorted and drank all the Divine Jade Dew in one gulp.

However, when he raised his head to drink, a deep and sorrowful self-mocking smile appeared in his eyes.

In Infernal Court, free will did not exist for Zhang Ruochen despite him being a goddess' son, let alone a captive like Lian Xi.

Zhang Ruochen did not have any feelings for Lian Xi at the beginning. All he had was hostility and exploitation.

Even now, he remained the same. But something else grew in his heart.

No matter what motive Zhang Ruochen had in the beginning, Lian Xi had become his woman in the end. Zhang Ruochen was very clear that his action would lead to some inevitable consequences. No matter how bad the consequences were, he had to bear them; he had to face them.

Lian Xi had said that she wanted to go back, and Zhang Ruochen did promise to let her go.

However, if she went back like that, she would not end up well.

All the cultivators guessed that Zhang Ruochen deliberately humiliated Lian Xi and forced her to kneel. By doing so, he indirectly insulted Celestial Court and pleaded his loyalty to Infernal Court. However, Zhang Ruochen just wanted to play a villain's role more thoroughly. He wanted to let Celestial Court cultivators know that Lian Xi did not really submit to him. She was just a victim and a poor lady.

This way, there was still a place she could go back.

And when she escaped later, Infernal Court wouldn't think that Zhang Ruochen'd let her go on purpose.

After all, she was just a maidservant.

Lian Xi should be on her own when walking her own path.

"Drinking Divine Jade Dew can help me in the enlightenment of the cultivation Paths. Swallowing an Ampliofruit can help me practice high-level Saint Techniques. I wonder if their effects are really that amazing."

Zhang Ruochen swallowed an Ampliofruit and prepared to practice a high-level Thousand-Koan level Saint Technique.

It must be known that many people at the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm had practiced high-level Thousand-Koan level Saint Techniques. If someone used it, Zhang Ruochen could not resist it without using the Supreme Artifact.

However, the main purpose for a clan leader to wield a Supreme Saint Artifact was to intimidate others.

In the early stage of Celestial-Hunting, each clan would not expose the Supreme Artifact. In this way, no one knew who had the Supreme Artifact, so they would not simply attack an enemy.

That was why it was very important to practice a high-level Saint Technique of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

Without the dragon and elephant souls of Thousand-Koan Realm, Zhang Ruochen could not advance Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike to Thousand-Koan level for the time being. Therefore, he chose to practice the fifth level of Incarceration of Divine Demon.

In his plan, he wanted to achieve the fifth level for his Incarceration of Divine Demon. He also wanted to combine this Saint Technique with the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King as well as the five elements of yin and yang to become a real killer move.. It would become a weapon specifically used to counter Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivators at the Great Perfection stage.

#### **Chapter 2284: Release the Celestial Captives, Open the Hunting Ground**

When Zhang Ruochen was in seclusion in Sevenstar Imperial Palace, he spent a lot of time studying the fifth level technique of Incarceration of Divine Demon. He even took out Demonic Incarceration Portrait to comprehend it.

However, it was a high-level Thousand-Koan Saint Technique that even a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint would need a long time to master.

Probably due to the great difference in cultivation levels, even with the help of the Heart of Truth, Zhang Ruochen still felt that the fifth level technique was abstruse. There were still many aspects that he failed to understand.

Zhang Ruochen had asked Divine Sky-connecting Tree for advice. Divine Sky-connecting Tree had told him that when a cultivator executed a high-level Saint Technique, not only the person's power was activated. The technique would also activate or affect the surrounding energy.

It was like when a mortal was waving his palm, it would bring a slight wind.

The wind was the surrounding energy.

The more advanced a high-level Saint Technique was, the higher its compatibility with Heaven and Earth, and the more surrounding energy would get triggered.

That was why it was difficult for a cultivator to comprehend a high-level Saint Technique if his realm was not high enough.

Theoretical speaking, a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint should not be able to master a high-level Hundred-Shackle Realm Saint Technique; a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint could not master a high-level Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique.

In other words, it was highly unlikely for Zhang Ruochen, a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint, to master a high-level Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique.

Even for Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike, which Zhang Ruochen had practiced since young, he could only fuse three Thousand-Koan Realm dragon souls and elephant souls. His achievement could only be considered as Minor Completion. If he wanted to achieve the Grand Completion, he would need to fuse two more Thousand-Koan Realm dragon souls and elephant souls. He also needed to develop a deeper understanding of Palm techniques.

With the help of rare treasures, including an Ampliofruit and Divine Jade Dew, Zhang Ruochen's head was clear. He closed his eyes and could feel the various Precepts and inscriptions around his body.

The Precepts in his body became clearer.

Demonic Incarceration Portrait automatically appeared in his mind.

The runes of the Incarceration of Divine Demon floated around the portrait. He could finally understand the previously obscure parts quickly. It was as if they were enlightened.

After a long while, Lord Sinluo, who was sitting across from Destiny's Creek, realized that Zhang Ruochen unleashed massive demonic Qi.

The demonic Qi gathering behind Zhang Ruochen turned into a dark cloud. It evolved into different forms. Sometimes it was a demonic ancient mountain; sometimes it turned into a black tree; and sometimes it was an army of demonic ghosts...

"He is practicing a high-level Demonic Saint Technique with the help of the Ampliofruit and Divine Jade Dew."

Lord Sinluo widened his eyes and gritted his teeth. If he hadn't lost the duel against Zhang Ruochen, he could have used an Ampliofruit to advance the Deathkin's Mindspell that he had practiced for a hundred years to Great Perfection.

Lady Wind, who was sitting not far away, fixed her gaze and thought, 'What a powerful demonic aura. It has triggered the surrounding Precepts. Is Zhang Ruochen practicing a high-level Hundred-Shackle Saint Technique?'

There were many Supreme Saints practicing high-level Saint Techniques with the help of the Ampliofruits. However, there were only a few whose power fluctuations were comparable to Zhang Ruochen's.

It was indeed amazing for a Neverwilt Realm cultivator to be able to practice a high-level Hundred-Shackle Realm Saint technique.

The Supreme Saints who were qualified to attend the Celestial-Hunting Festival were all peerless talents. However, when they saw that Zhang Ruochen was about to succeed in practicing a high-level Hundred-Shackle Realm Saint Technique, they all sighed in admiration.

"This energy waves..."

With a thoughtful look on his face, Yan Wushen was staring at Zhang Ruochen, who was sitting cross-legged.

Boom!

All of a sudden, more demonic Qi condensed with Zhang Ruochen as the center. It emerged out of thin air, turning Destiny's Creek Valley into a Demonic Sea of Qi that extends further.

Behind Zhang Ruochen, strands of demonic Qi intertwined with each other and rose up.

Purple thunderous lightnings accompanied with the demonic Qi.

Demonic Qi and lightning interweaved and condensed into a huge phantom of a God and Demon. To be exact, it was a twin. The phantom's front was a demon's appearance, and its back was a god's appearance. The phantom was like an indomitable statue looking down on the cultivators in Destiny Creek.

"High-level Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique," Yan Wushen muttered to himself.

The cultivators of Destiny Creek could feel the terrifying pressure of the Phantom of God and Demon. How could they not know that Zhang Ruochen had practiced the high-level Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique?

They were even more shocked. They instinctively felt that it should have been impossible.

If Zhang Ruochen was so heaven-defying, then they, who had become the top elites among Saint Kings and Supreme Saints within a thousand years... No, they did not deserve to be called top elites. They were just a bunch of mediocre people.

How could they accept such an outcome?

"Zhang Ruochen must have hidden his cultivation rank. He must have attained Hundred-Shackle Realm long ago."

"That's right. It must be so. No wonder Lord Sinluo and Xu lost to Zhang Ruochen. Zhang Ruochen is so cunning. He has been hiding his real strength too well."

"It's said that regardless of one's cultivation rank, as long as one practices a high-level Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique, one can use it against a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. Does Zhang Ruochen already have the strength to fight against the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint?"

...

Zhang Ruochen had triggered heated discussion. He never failed to surprise others during the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

In the Divine Bone Pagoda hovering above, those Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints couldn't calm down either. They exclaimed. Among them, there were cultivators who hadn't practiced the high-level Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique to grand completion.

Zhang Ruochen withdrew the vast demonic Qi into his body. The Phantom of the God and Demon disappeared.

However, the domineering demonic temperament remained on him. His long hair fluttered in the wind, his eyes demonic.

The power of the Immortal Vampire blood in his body surpassed that of human blood.

His Demonic power grew even stronger.

The Kunlun cultivators watching the projection couldn't relate the current Zhang Ruochen with the former him. It was as if he was a gentle and elegant scholar who had completely fallen and turned into an unrivaled demon king who could wield a massive amount of evil power.

Many of them who stood firmly on Zhang Ruochen's side became silent at this moment.

They didn't doubt Zhang Ruochen. However, they perceived that the Infernal Court deities must have forced Zhang Ruochen into such a state, bewitched him, refined his saint soul, or planted an evil seed in him.

On the other hand, Bloodsky Clan cultivators were overjoyed and became more confident in Zhang Ruochen.

With the leadership of Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu, this year's Celestial-Hunting Festival would definitely change their fate. They would not get ranked bottom again.

Bloodsky Clan cultivators only worshipped the powerful ones. It didn't matter whether Zhang Ruochen had changed or not.

So what if he had become a demon?

Good and evil, deity and demon, existed within every living being and dead spirit. No matter what a person had become, it was still the same person.

There was no absolute good or pure evil.

With just a thought, one could become good or evil.

"My Precepts have increased by 100 million, and my lifespan has increased by 3,000 years. No wonder it's a rare fruit that can only be eaten once every 1,000 years." Zhang Ruochen exclaimed after examining his condition carefully.

However, what made Zhang Ruochen most satisfied was the fact that the Ampliofruit had assisted him in practicing high-level Saint Techniques.

Therefore, he did not continue to consume the remaining eight Ampliofruits. He planned to save them for the time he needed them the most. Now, improving his Precepts and lifespan was not an urgent matter.

Zhang Ruochen's number of Precepts — 1.6 billion — had already surpassed many Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints.

"Eh! The first shackle has loosened so much. Could it be the effect of the Ampliofruit?"

Zhang Ruochen found that the first shackle on his right arm was in plain sight. Moreover, he could shake it without consuming a Fugue pill.

If the Ampliofruit could help him break that shackle, then...

He had to reconsider his previous plan.

Nothing was more important than breaking through to Hundred-Shackle Realm.

During the time he was practicing Incarceration of Divine Demon, all duels at the feast had ended.

Most cultivators had eaten all the food, including Ampliofruits and Altofruits.



Altofruit could help a top Saint King practice one of the cultivation Paths to the Great Perfection.

Of course, the Great Perfection here referred to the state of a single Path. In other words, it meant a Saint King could attain one million Precepts of a single Path.

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen had reached the Great Perfection in their Saint Kingdom, which was to practice the total Precepts of all Paths to 100 million. It was more than ten times more difficult than practicing a single Path to Great Perfection.

Of course, cultivating a single Path to Great Perfection was not easy either. Without valuable support items like Altofruits, in a thousand years, only a few in the entire Infernal Court could achieve it.

Cultivators like Xue Chen, Luo Sha, and Pan Ruo were waiting for Altofruits. Their cultivation rank stopped at Saint King realm and did not break through to the next realm.

Before entering Supreme Sainthood, cultivating their main Path to the Great Perfection was very important for them to form a higher grade Saintwill in the future.

Almost all of the Saint Kings present were at Path's Anterior. Before they went to the festival, they had prepared some items that could help cultivate Neverwither physique. As long as they ate the Altofruits, they could immediately enter Supreme Sainthood.

Furthermore, most of the food they ate were ingredients that could help them form a Neverwither physique and resist tribulations.

That was why there were Saint Kings broke through to the Supreme Saint realm almost every second.

Saint Kings who could reach Path's Anterior had already overcome countless obstacles. They were only one step away from the Supreme Sainthood. Although there were cultivators who failed to break through, the proportion was less than 10 percent.

It was just an event in Infernal Court, but thousands of Supreme Saints were born in an instant.

The morale of Celestial Court cultivators on the Battlefield of Merits was unprecedentedly low. Some were envious; some had lost their combat spirit, and some were secretly in despair.

Especially the cultivators from the inferior worlds, their feelings were even more complicated. Not only did they suffer a great blow, but they also felt unequal strength. Why did Infernal Court have so many top-notch cultivation resources? Didn't Celestial Court have them?

The four dominant Macroworlds definitely had them, and the Celestial Palace definitely had them. Why didn't they share them?

Were they eaten by those pampered Scions and Scionesses, or were they enjoyed by the deities themselves?

What they didn't know was that the cultivators who could participate in the Celestial-Hunting Festival were mostly Scions and Scionesses. Some were descendants of deities, and some had huge backgrounds. It was very difficult for ordinary cultivators of Infernal Court to practice to the Supreme Saint realm within a thousand years.

The strong would always be strong.

In any case, Infernal Court's goal of sending the projection to all the Macroworlds had been achieved.

Zhang Ruochen released his Saint Devourer. A large number of vines reached into Destiny's Creek to absorb the water.

One couldn't drink as much water from Destiny's Creek as one wanted. If one's physique wasn't strong enough, it would soon reach saturation.

When Zhang Ruochen finished eating the food on the jade table, the Saint Devourer had just reached saturation.

"Master, with the help of the water of Destiny's Creek, I should be able to produce a more powerful Dharmakāya Fruit. Once I have cultivated a Dharmakāya, I should be able to fight against an elite like Xu."

The Saint Devourer did not dare to say too much. After all, Xu was not an ordinary cultivator. He had not used his full strength in the few times he fought against Zhang Ruochen.

The Dharmakāya Fruit was the fourth fruit of the Saint Devourer.

Once a Dharmakāya was cultivated, the Saint Devourer's strength would be comparable to a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint who had achieved Great Perfection.

Ever since the Saint Devourer followed Zhang Ruochen, it had absorbed many strong cultivators and treasures. The Dharmakāya it cultivated was, of course, extraordinary. Otherwise, it wouldn't dare to claim that it could fight against Xu.

"How much longer will it take for your Dharmakāya Fruit to ripe?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"During master's seclusion, I absorbed a lot of divine blood from the god corpse. My Dharmakāya is close to maturity. If I can absorb two Ampliofruits, I should..." the Saint Devourer said.

Zhang Ruochen interrupted it. "Don't even think about it."

In order to cultivate the Saint Devourer, Zhang Ruochen had spent resources enough for 20 Supreme Saints. What was important was that it didn't have the threshold of the realm. It could break through fast enough and had great potential in the future.

However, the Ampliofruit would never be given to it. That was Zhang Ruochen's core interest.

"I can give you Godstones for you to cultivate a Dharmakāya as soon as possible," Zhang Ruochen said.

If the Saint Devourer could cultivate a Dharmakāya, Zhang Ruochen would have four Hundred-Shackle Realm elites of the Great Perfection. It would be of great help to him to take first place in the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

At the peak of Mount Destiny, a figure tens of thousands of feet tall walked out of the towering Fane building. He wore a black robe and looked very old. Although he was huge, he looked as small as a bean before the Fane building.

“Greetings, High Priest.”

At the feast in Destiny’s Creek region, all cultivators sat upright and said in unison with cupped fists.

The feast had ended, and the Celestial-Hunting battlefield was about to open.

The twelve divisions of the Fane of Destiny: Life Palace, Death Palace, Disaster Palace, Fortune Palace, Joy Palace, Anger Palace, Luck Palace, Misfortune Palace, Past Palace, Future Palace, Illusion Palace, and Reality Palace, each controlling different kinds of power and authority.

The Celestial-Hunting Festival was hosted and organized by the Fortune Palace which played the most important role.

The Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest was the manager chosen by Fukurokuju. A high priest was in charge of everything below Divine Realm.

The Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest raised his voice and said, “Release the Celestial Captives and open the hunting ground.”

The space at the foot of the Fane of Destiny shook violently. Dimensional Gates appeared, connecting to different places.

Prisoners with their power sealed were chained. They walked out of the Dimensional Gates. They were all above Demi-Sainthood, and many of them had entered Supreme Sainthood.

There were humans, angels, and elves.

There were dragons and great rocs.

There were also plant-type creatures and stone clan cultivators.

There were monks and Daoist priests.

...

...

More and more prisoners walked out of the Dimensional Gates.

### **Chapter 2285: The Battle of Celestial-Hunting**

There was a vast field that stretched as far as the eye could see at the foot of Mount Destiny.

At that moment, the field was filled with captives in ragged clothes. They had been through the vicissitudes of life and were covered with whip marks. Some of them had been imprisoned and enslaved for a thousand years.

There were so many prisoners that it was impossible to count. It was like a sea of people.

*CRACK!*

A whiplash sounded.

“Move it, speed up! You guys are just a bunch of lowly prey. Now is the time for you to act your part.” said a Bone Clan Knight. He’s riding a bone beast and waved a whip that flashed with lightning. The whip struck Supreme Saint Manjian.

The whip was engraved with a special Divine Mark. Even the Neverwither physique could not withstand it.

*Whoosh*

Another deep wound appeared on Supreme Saint Manjian’s back. However, he did not say a word. He gritted his teeth and endured it.

Zhang Ruochen, who was looking for Supreme Saint Manjian, saw this scene and his eyes turned cold.

Xu stared at Zhang Ruochen and said with a smug smile, “Even if a Supreme Saint is reduced to a slave, he has to be obedient. Otherwise, he will suffer. It’s a good thing that you are a Scion and half of the Immortal Vampire’s bloodline run in your veins. Otherwise, you would be like them in Infernal Court.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled coldly. He didn’t argue with him.

Lian Xi stood not far away and she saw the captives at the foot of the mountain. Some of them were famous Supreme Saints, but they had been tortured to an inhuman state. Their vitality was in decline. They were like beggars.

Lian Xi knew some of the young talents. They were once peerless and had given pointers to the world. But now, their faces were bitter and skinny, their eyes were cloudy, and their essence, energy, and spirit had all been wiped out.

There were many, many more...

To the Infernal Court, this was a feast.

To the cultivators of the Celestial Court, what they saw was a miserable scene. It was a great blow to the young cultivators who had just embarked on the path of cultivation.

No matter a saint or even Supreme Saint, once they become Infernal Court’s captives, their lives are as invaluable as insects. They would be even more miserable than a mortal.

What was the point of cultivating?

Lian Xi stared at Zhang Ruochen in front of her with mixed emotions.

*Whoosh*

Two balls of white light appeared on the jade table in front of each cultivator.

A book and a diamond-shaped mirror appeared in the light.

Zhang Ruochen picked up the book and opened it.

In the book, there were records of the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting’s rules, the number of Celestial Captives, and information on their identity.

“There are more than 13 million Celestial Captives.”

“There are 2,274 Celestial Captives of the Supreme Saint Realm.”

Zhang Ruochen was shocked.

Supreme Saints were top-level fighters in any realm. They were the pillars of strength and kings of the Path.

One had to know that there were only dozens of Supreme Saints in the entire Guanghan.

More than 2,000 Supreme Saints had been captured by the Infernal Court and turned into Celestial Captives. This was something Zhang Ruochen had never dared to imagine before. How many Macroworlds had the Infernal Court destroyed in the past 1,000 years?

Zhang Ruochen finally understood as he continued reading the book.

It turned out that these Celestial Captives were not all prisoners of the Celestial Court. They also included cultivators from the Macroworlds, Primitive Worlds, secret places in the universe, and ancient civilizations that did not belong to the Celestial Court.

There were even some desolate creatures.

Not all the Macroworlds were the subordinate mortal worlds of the Celestial Court.

For example, the Macroworlds that did not give birth to gods were not qualified to become the subordinate mortal worlds of the Celestial Court.

These Macroworlds were discovered by the Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasa. At most, they were enslaved, ruled, and raised in captivity. They were reduced to a food source. However, if they were discovered by the Ghost, the Bone Clan, the Corpusian, and the Asura, they would only end up dead.

Other than that, some Celestial Captives were traitors of the Infernal Court.

Gradually, Zhang Ruochen understood why there were so many Supreme Saint Celestial Captives. In fact, many Supreme Saint Celestial Captives didn't come from the weak world. They belonged to the strong world.

Only a small number of Supreme Saints were captured on the Battlefield of Merits.

The Infernal Court and many worlds of the Celestial Court fought on the Battlefield of Merits. In addition, they also fought for all kinds of cultivation resources in the universe. Both forces would send high-level cultivators, either Saint Kings or Supreme Saints.

That's how many Supreme Saints and Saint Kings were captured.

‘Huh! There were five Celestial Captives in the Thousand-Koan Realm and one Celestial Captive in the Banshi Isshou Realm. The Gods of the Infernal Court are too bold. Aren't they afraid that the top cultivators of this generation of the Infernal Court will be killed in large numbers?’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

“Captain.”

All the cultivators from the Bloodysky Clan gathered around Zhang Ruochen with scrolls in their hands.

The rules of each Celestial-Hunting Festival were different. Before the cultivators received the scrolls, all the previous discussions could only be considered predictions.

Now, they had to reconsider and plan.

Gu Chenzi saw the page Zhang Ruochen had turned to and guessed what he was thinking. He said, "This is a passive hunt. No matter how powerful these Celestial Captives are, they were prey."

"What do you mean?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Gu Chenzi said, "The spiritual energy of all Celestial Captives is restricted. They can't use their spiritual energy to search. That is to say, we can use our spiritual energy to find them, but they can only use their eyes and ears to find us.

"To be exact, only the eyes can play a role. As for the ears... any cultivator's speed attending the banquet is many times faster than the speed of sound.

"If they are not a match for us, we can immediately escape and hide. If they are not a match for us and want to escape, how can they escape from the range of our spiritual energy?"

Gu Chenzi continued, "There is another point. We all have weapons and even Supreme Artifacts, but they have none. An elite at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm who wields a Supreme Artifact naturally has the chance to kill an armless Supreme Saint Celestial Captive of the Thousand-Koan Realm."

"As for the only Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm, it's recorded in the scroll. His hands and feet were bound by the divine iron chains, and his speed and combat strength were greatly reduced. Even if he wanted to slaughter the cultivators of the Infernal Court, how many could he kill? He's just a trapped beast. He can only be beaten passively."

Zhang Ruochen flipped to the last page of the scroll. The entire page was filled with the information of the Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm.

"Name: Lord Hornless."

"Points: 10,000,000."

"Age: 21,000 years."

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen's pupils constricted. He saw an eye-catching label—Avīci Pavilion.

This Celestial Captive, whose cultivation had reached the Banshi Isshou Realm, was actually a member of Avīci Pavilion, which was also a subordinate of Empress of Thousand Bones.

'Empress of Thousand Bones claims to be one of the gods that the Infernal Court wants to get rid of the most. How much power has she built in the Infernal Court over the past 100,000 years? With so many powerful figures, the strength of Avīci Pavilion is probably not inferior to that of the Macroworld,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

The ranking of the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was similar to the Battle of Merits. Both were based on points.

The higher the cultivation of the Celestial Captives, the higher the points one would get after killing them.

Xue Chen said, "I have roughly calculated the points. All the Celestial Captives added together are worth about 600 million points. The entire Immortal Vampires only need to accumulate 60 million points to reach the average level of the ten clans.

"Our Bloodysky Clan only needs to accumulate six million points to reach the median.

"According to the ranking of the Immortal Vampires in the Celestial-Hunting Festival, it will be very difficult to accumulate 60 million points. Therefore, we only need to accumulate six million points to be ranked in the top ten clans."

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan flexed his wrist and smiled. "As long as we kill Lord Hornless, we will get 10 million points. Six million points is a piece of cake, isn't it?"

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan stared at Lord Xia Yu, Gu Chenzi, and Zhang Ruochen. He was eager to give it a try.

The four of them and a Supreme Artifact might be able to kill the Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint.

If they wanted to do it, they had to do something big. Only then would they be able to shake the entire Infernal Court.

Xue Chen did not know that the Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi had already reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he shook his head and said, "Even if a Banshi Isshou Supreme Saint is bound by his hands and feet, his battle prowess is still very terrifying. Just like how I bound your hands and feet, it would be easy for you to kill a Saint King.

"Lord Hornless is a big challenge prepared by the gods for Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, Luo Shengtian, and Wujiang. We don't need to take it."

The cultivators of the Bloodysky Clan expressed their opinions and analyzed this year's Celestial-Hunting Festival in detail.

Zhang Ruochen had been reading the rules in the scroll. After reading it, he said, "The points are not only accumulated but also deducted."

"First rule, 5,000 points will be deducted if you attack your own teammates maliciously.

"Second rule, 500,000 points will be deducted if you kill your own cultivators on purpose.

"Third rule, one point will be deducted if ten people in the territory die. If all the people in the territory die, half of the total points of the entire tribe will be deducted."

...

"Therefore, although the offense is important, defense is also essential."

The Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was located in a vast starry sky in the Forest of No Return. There were huge life planets, asteroids, and meteorite fragments.

According to the scroll's records, each of the ten clans in the Infernal Court had a home planet.

There were many low-level clan members of the Immortal Vampires living on their home planet. They didn't have the battle strength of a half-saint. The cultivators of the Infernal Court who participated in the hunt had to protect them from being killed by Celestial Captive.

Zhang Ruochen understood the other meaning of the Celestial-Hunting Festival after he saw this rule.

The gods were clearly telling them not only to attack and kill but also to learn to protect their own race.

### *Rumble*

The Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting opened. A vast six-colored starry forest appeared on the mirror of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms above.

Seeing this six-colored starry forest, Zhang Ruochen immediately frowned and sighed. "The Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting is too big. This will be a very troublesome matter."

The other cultivators also nodded slightly.

Based on the magnificent starry sky before them, they estimated that there were at least thousands of planets and hundreds of millions of cosmic dust and star fragments on this battlefield.

The so-called cosmic dust was not real dust. The small ones were only the size of a fist, but the big ones were bigger than the mountains.

The cosmic dust could hide their appearances.

And the diameter of the entire battlefield was definitely more than 100 million miles, or even wider. Even if it was a spiritual-power Supreme Saint, he would only be able to detect a small area at a time.

As such, finding the Celestial Captives became the most difficult task. It was completely different from what they had initially thought.

Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest raised his voice and said, "The Celestial-Hunting Festival has officially begun and it will last for 100 days. The Celestial Captives will enter the battlefield two hours earlier. In these 100 days, you only need to kill one cultivator who is attending the festival or 100,000 low-level cultivators from the Infernal Court and live until the end of the Celestial-Hunting Festival. Then, the Fane of Destiny will restore your freedom."

The Celestial captives heard that and those who thought that they would die for sure were fired up. Then, they released a sharp killing intent.

For the sake of freedom and revenge on the Infernal Court, their killing intent was triggered.

### *Whoosh*

The passage opened, and more than ten million Celestial Captives were teleported to different parts of the battlefield.



Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest looked toward the direction of the Destiny's Creek valley and said, "You have two hours to discuss the hunting plan. At the same time, each cultivator will immediately put all their weapons, pills, and talismans into a space container and place them on the jade table in front of you. Each cultivator can only keep one weapon or armor."

All the cultivators did as they were told. The gods were watching and no one dared to keep it.

Zhang Ruochen put everything into an Exquisite Dimensional Orb. He was only wearing a white robe and holding a Violet Gourd. Suddenly, he felt relaxed.

Lady Wind glanced at Zhang Ruochen without him noticing. She was puzzled after she saw that Zhang Ruochen had only left a gourd.

Lady Wind wondered, 'What kind of Supreme Artifact was this gourd?'

With Lady Wind's knowledge and experience, she couldn't figure out the origin of this gourd. She could only guess that it was the latest treasure refined by Wargod Bloodixmius. However, could a newly-formed Supreme Artifact fight against the Supreme Artifacts of the other nine clans?

'Please don't make any mistakes.' Lady Wind thought as she was a little worried.

Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest pointed with his finger, and a huge palace appeared in the sky above the Destiny's Creek valley.

He said, "In the palace, there are robes, storage containers, and various materials specially made for cultivators of various clans. Each cultivator can only take 5,000 kilograms of materials at most."

All cultivators of different clans flew into the palace.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the cultivators of the Bloodysky Clan and said, "Try to take as many materials for refining pills, setting up arrays, and making talismans as you can. Leave the materials for refining weapons as they are too heavy. It's also difficult to refine powerful weapons in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting in a short time."

As Zhang Ruochen entered the palace, he took 10 sets of blood-red robes and a storage bracelet.

The blood-red robes were very strange. They were not made for defense against the attack from the outside world, but they could withstand the cultivator's own power. In short, they weren't defensive at all, but they were very resilient.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't interested in all kinds of materials, but he was pleasantly surprised to find a Godstone.

Unfortunately, each cultivator could only take one.

Zhang Ruochen immediately transmitted his voice, asking each cultivator of the Bloodysky Clan to take a Godstone.

**Chapter 2286: One Hundred Thousand Sacred Pills**

Other than the Godstones, Zhang Ruochen had only chosen the materials to set up the dimensional teleportation array. The main material for it was the Dimensional Saint Jade.

The Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was too vast. If a cultivator could use the dimensional teleportation array to travel freely in the starry sky and across the planets, then he would have the greatest initiative.

Back in Destiny's Creek Valley, the captains of the ten Immortal Vampires gathered to plan the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, including Lord Bladehell, Lady Wind, Supreme Saint Jinkun, and Zhang Ruochen.

Although the ten great clans were competitors, their interests were closely tied together.

In the end, the captains of the ten great clans decided to go to their home planet first.

They didn't know the situation on their home planet yet. However, the Immortal Vampires on their home planet were the target of Celestial Captives and even the cultivators of other clans who were attending the festival.

If the home planet was destroyed, the total points would be cut in half. The consequences would be unimaginable.

Lord Bladehell stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, you are a Master of Time and Space," he said. "You must be incredibly fast. How about this? We'll take the Immortal Vampires and rush to the home planet as fast as we can to build a base. Then you will attack the home planet of the other nine clans."

Supreme Saint Jinkun was moved and he said, "That's a great idea! It's best to attack the home planets of the most powerful clans, such as the Nether Clan, the Yanluo clan, the Deathkin, and the Ashura."

If they could destroy all the beings living or dead on the planet before the other cultivators arrived, it would be the best for the Immortal Vampires.

Zhang Ruochen, on the other hand, knew that if he did that, he and the Bloodysky Clan would be everyone's target for the next 100 days.

The cultivators who had no enmity with him would also be enraged.

Lord Bladehell had laid a trap for him.

If we destroy the Nether Clan, Yanluo Clan, Deathkin, and Ashura's home planets now, the four clans will definitely see the Immortal Vampires as a thorn in their side, Zhang Ruochen said. "How long can the Immortal Vampires' home planets be preserved?"

Lady Wind shook her head and said, "I think Supreme Saint Ruochen is right. There's no need for the Immortal Vampires to start a war now and make enemies for ourselves for the time being."

Two hours later.

Just as Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest was about to announce the start of the Celestial-Hunting Festival, a demigod from the Yanluo Clan flew over from the sky with a three-foot-tall pill furnace in his hand and landed on the Mount Destiny.

Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest cupped his fists and asked, "Why did elixir attendant rush to the Mount Destiny at this time?"

To celebrate the 100th Celestial Hunting Festival, my master spent 800 years refining a cauldron of Saintwill Pills and was ready to give them to these juniors, the demigod elixir attendant smiled. "Unfortunately, the cauldron's opening was a little late, and it didn't make it in time for the main festival."

When Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest heard the elixir attendant mention about his master, his expression immediately became serious. He glanced at the pill furnace in the hand of the elixir attendant, and his eyes were filled with a trace of surprise and envy.

How could the Saintwill Pill refined by the Grand Supreme Elixir Master of the Yanluo Clan be ordinary?

One had to know that many gods went to seek the pill, but they were unsuccessful.

The cultivators who went to the festival in Destiny's Creek were all excited as if joy had fallen from the sky.

"I was curious earlier. Every time at the Celestial-Hunting Festival, the food provided by the Fane of Yama is the best. However, this year, there isn't any. Apparently, it's just arrived."

"What grade is the Saintwill Pill personally refined by the Grand Supreme? If I can consume one, I might have the chance to condense a fifth-grade Saintwill."

...

The most important thing for the Supreme Saints of the Neverwilt Realm and the Hundred-Shackle Realm was to break the shackles and condense the Saintwill.

Among them, condensing the Saintwill was related to one's future achievements, so naturally, it was the most important thing.

Generally speaking, the pills that aided in condensing the Saintwill were only of King Grade at most, and they were scarce in quantity. However, if a Grand Supreme Elixir Master were to make a move, the grade of the Saintwill Pill that he could refine was probably not as simple as King Grade.

All the cultivators, including Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, Luo Shengtian, Wujiang, and Yan Wushen, had high-hope written all over their faces.

The elixir attendant announced loudly, "You can bring this batch of Saintwill Pills that Grand Supreme Elixir Master has refined into the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. There are 100,000 top Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills, 10,000 King Grade Saintwill Pills, 10 Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills, and one Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

"The Elixir Spirit of a top-tier Heaven Grade Saintwill Pill is comparable to a Nine-Step Saint King.

The Elixir Spirit of a King Grade Saintwill Pill varies in medicinal effect and combat strength from the Neverwilt Realm to the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage.

“Ten Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills are extremely precious and can help to fuse with the Saintwill. However, their Elixir Spirit has the combat strength of an initial stage Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. Those Supreme Saints in Neverwilt Realm, do not try to take or consume it or your life will be in danger.

“The only Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill is the most precious. Even Grand Supreme Elixir Master did not expect it to be able to form a pill. This is because the Saintwill Pill can not reach Emperor Grade level. This is a pleasant surprise.

“The Elixir Spirit of this Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill has the battle strength of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint. Grand Supreme Elixir Master knew that you were no match for it, so he sealed its power. The battle strength of this Elixir Spirit is probably at the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm.”

*BOOM!*

As soon as he finished speaking, the entire place was in an uproar.

In the Divine Bone Pagoda, Supreme Saints of the Thousand-Koan Realm and the Banshi Isshou Realm were all envious.

If they had known that the Grand Supreme Elixir Master was refining the Saintwill Pills for the Celestial-Hunting Festival, they would have definitely suppressed their cultivation and not broken through.

With the help of the Saintwill Pill, they would definitely be able to condense a higher level Saintwill.

The cultivators from the Celestial Court, such as Lian Xi and Zhou Zhen, were all in a daze. They had only refined one batch of pills. 100,000 Nine-Step Saint King and 10,000 Supreme Saints.

What kind of existence was Grand Supreme Elixir Master?

One batch of pills was equivalent to the battle strength of a strong world.

Zhang Ruochen could not calm down either. He finally understood what a Grand Supreme Elixir Master represented. He was already an existence beyond the understanding of ordinary cultivators. He had reached a level that even Supreme Saint could not understand.

Of course, the resources required to refine such a cauldron of Saintwill Pills were unquestionably astronomical. He'd have to go through several Macroworlds to gather all of the medicinal herbs.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan quietly walked to Lord Xia Yu's side, he said telepathically, “Lord Xia Yu, you've already fused with a Grade Three Saintwill, but I haven't. Lend me a hand and help me obtain a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. I owe you one. From now on, I can help you with anything you want.”

Lord Xia Yu knew very well that she could fuse with a Grade Three Saintwill. It was already her limit. No matter how good the Saintwill Pill was, it wouldn't mean much.

However, she didn't agree immediately. She looked at Zhang Ruochen and asked, “Do you need help?”

Zhang Ruochen knew that Supreme Saint Yi Xuan was asking Lord Xia Yu for help. He said, “It's just collecting pills. It's not that hard. Go help Supreme Saint Yi Xuan!”

“HMPH! Conceited guy. Be careful not to get nothing.” said Lord Xia Yu as she was annoyed. She wasn’t happy with Zhang Ruochen’s ungrateful attitude.

Lady Wind didn’t cultivate the Grade Three Saintwill, so she was determined to get the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. However, she didn’t go to Zhang Ruochen this time. Instead, she contacted Lord Bladehell and the Mad Whitejade Lion.

Dozens of elites at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm all targeted the ten Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pills. Only Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, Luo Shengtian, and Wujiang were interested in Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

Of course, only they were interested.

Other cultivators were put off by the Elixir Spirit at the pinnacle of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

“Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill is too abnormal. Do you think it’s possible to condense a Grade Three Saintwill from a single path after consuming it?” Luo Shengtian asked.

Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, and Wujiang all guessed the same.

It was precise because of this that they wanted to take it down at all costs.

After all, condensing a Grade Three Saintwill from a single path means obtaining 25% of the Canon of that path after becoming a god.

One could completely become the main god of that path.

Lan Ying smiled sinisterly and said, “The battle strength of the Elixir Spirit has reached the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm. Can you take it down?”

Wujiang said, “We won’t know until we try?”

“It seems that Supreme Artifact of the Nether Clan is in your hands,” said Lan Ying.

Wujiang said, “That’s right, it’s in my hands. I want that Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill!”

Luo Shengtian’s gaze turned to the Yan Huangtu and said, “Why didn’t Grand Supreme Elixir Master of the Yanluo clan keep the good stuff for you and Yan Wushen?”

Wujiang interrupted, “The Grand Supreme treats everything equally. How could he be biased?”

Wrong,” Yan Wushen exclaimed. “That’s because Grand Supreme Elixir Master knew we’d definitely be able to take Emperor Grade Sacred Pill,” he said as he walked over and stood beside Yan Huangtu. “How could it have gotten into the hands of Outsiders?”

“That’s exactly the reason.” Yan Huangtu laughed.

Wujiang no longer spoke, and his face turned bitter.

The elites of the Yanluo clan were as numerous as the clouds. There were already eleven elites at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, two to three times more than the other clans. More importantly, the Yanluo clan did not have any factions. They were a unified clan, and there was no internal strife.

If they wanted to take that Emperor Grade Sacred Pill, indeed, no one would be able to compete with them.

After Lan Ying heard Yan Wushen and Yanhuang Tu's words, even she was in her deep thoughts.

Yan wushen said, "You should go and fight for the ten Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pills. Don't you want to fuse a Grade Two Saintwill? Fighting with the Yanluo clan for Emperor Grade Sacred Pill is just a waste of time."

Zhang Ruochen had been listening to their conversation because their decision would have a crucial impact on the fight for the pill.

It appears that Lan Ying, Luo Shengtian, and Wujiang will abandon the fight for the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill in favor of the Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill. Zhang Ruochen exhaled a sigh.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen also wanted to fight for Emperor Grade Sacred Pill and try to cultivate a single Path to Grade Three.

Unfortunately, even if he mobilized the power of the entire Bloodysky Clan to fight with the Yanluo Clan, the chances of getting it were very low.

The Yanluo Clan was too powerful!

"Yan Wushen, I'll give you the chance to fuse with a single Grade Three Saintwill. I hope you won't disappoint me."

Zhang Ruochen lowered his gaze to the Violet Gourd that hung around his waist. The most pressing matter, he believed, was gathering the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and fusing the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill into Grade One.

In fact, the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill had broken the normal level of the Saintwill Pill. It was very likely that the only ten pills in the entire universe were the work of the Grand Supreme Elixir Master.

His Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill had already fused four types of Saintwill. There were still three more.

Zhang Ruochen was still confident about fusing the fifth type.

However, according to the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, no living creature could fuse more than five types of Saintwill. In other words, fusing the sixth and seventh types would be very difficult. With the help of the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, the chances of success would be higher.

"I need at least two," said Zhang Ruochen. He didn't just want two. He had the Violet Gourd, so he was very ambitious. He looked up at the elixir attendant, his eyes sharp to the extreme.

All the cultivators present were rubbing their fists and rubbing their palms. Powerful auras burst out from their bodies. They were either ghostly qi soaring into the sky, blood qi forming a sea, or death qi forming clouds.

From a certain perspective, this battle will determine their future.

Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest released a wave of ghostly Qi that enveloped the ten thousand cultivators who were attending the festival. He swept them up and flew through a spatial door. They flew out of the Divine Domain of Destiny and arrived above the six-colored Forest of No Return.

The elixir attendant stood shoulder to shoulder with him, standing at the very front.

The ghostly cloud stopped and carried everyone. They floated in the pitch-black, cold, empty, and silent universe.

Below them was the starfield where the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was located.

It looked very close, but in fact, it was still 40,000 to 50,000 miles away.

The Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms also flew out of the Divine Domain of Destiny and hovered above the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

### *Whoosh*

Under the expectant gazes of the cultivators, the elixir attendant opened the lid of the pill furnace. Instantly, it emitted a strange light that was filled with a myriad of colors. It illuminated this universe that was tens of thousands of miles away in a mystical and resplendent manner, making it seem like a dreamy land.

The fragrance of the pills instantly drifted out for tens of thousands of miles, turning into a vast Qi stream of pill that extended toward the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

In the Qi stream of pill, more than 100,000 Saintwill Pills were floating in the air.

The Elixir Spirits of those Saintwill Pills were all manifested. They were of all colors and shone with dazzling brilliance. What was astonishing was that they actually took on the forms of various Saint Flowers.

The Elixir Spirits of the ten Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills were huge. They were very eye-catching. There were Emperor Sunflowers that were thousands of meters tall, Blood Clovers that were as big as clouds, and Yin-yang Jasmines that were like the Sun and the Moon, there were red Immortal Cactus...

The Elixir Spirit of Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was the biggest. It was like a small planet. It rushed at the front and was already 20,000 miles away.

What surprised Zhang Ruochen was that the Elixir Spirit of Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was actually a Lotus of Divine Reflection.

Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest announced, "The Battle of Celestial-Hunting has officially begun."

The elixir attendant said, "110,011 sacred pills have been released. How much you can collect depends on your abilities. I'm looking forward to your performance this time."

### *Swish*

The 10,000 cultivators from the Infernal Court could no longer contain their excitement and flew forward at top speed along the Qi stream of pill, like a swarm of bees leaving their nest.

The higher the grade of the sacred pill, the further they ran.

Whoever was faster had a greater chance of obtaining a high-grade Saintwill Pill.

### **Chapter 2287: Pill Snatching**

Dozens of Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm had cultivation levels that far surpassed other cultivators, so they were the fastest. They charged at the front and fought fiercely.

“The Yanluo Clan wants the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Whoever wants to fight for it, they should know their limits first!” Yan Huangtu charged at the front and let out a thunderous voice that reverberated throughout the universe.

Beside him, there were four Yanluo Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Each of them had a strong aura.

To subdue Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, the Yanluo clan was clearly well-prepared. With the strength of five Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, they could sweep away anyone who refused to submit.

The other Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm did not go with them. Instead, they went to seize the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and the King Grade Saintwill Pill.

*Swoosh*

*Swoosh*

...

Lan Ying, Wujiang, and Luo Shengtian were also very fast. They each rushed toward a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, just as Zhang Ruochen had guessed at the beginning.

Prosperous Black-robe High Priest smiled and said, “The Yanluo clan is indeed supreme. With just one sentence, even a proud figure like Lan Ying would withdraw from the fight. It seems that Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill will be in Yan Wushen’s pocket.”

The elixir attendant said, “Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, Wujiang, and Luo Shengtian are all peerless geniuses. Unfortunately, they have cultivated the Saintwill by studying the most profound path. Even if they can get Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, it won’t be of much significance.”

“As for other cultivators, let’s not talk about the fact that they can’t subdue the Elixir Spirit of Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Even if they succeed, the pill alone won’t be able to condense much of Saintwill.”

Prosperous Black-robe High Priest nodded, “Only when Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill falls into the hands of Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen can it arouse some expectations. Now it seems that the challenge has fallen on Yan Wushen.”



The elixir attendant understood that the so-called expectations and challenges referred to condensing a single Grade Three Saintwill and doing things that others couldn't.

Only Yan Wushen, Zhang Ruochen, and Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill had a chance.

Even if other cultivators got the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, it would be in vain.

The elixir attendant said, "The gods should have the same expectations. However, the possibility of condensing a single Grade Three Saintwill is too slim. I think the gods are more looking forward to whether there are cultivators who can use the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill to fuse a Grade Two Saintwill. It has been many years since a Grade Two Saintwill was born in the Infernal Court."

Prosperous Black-robe High Priest said, "The ten Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills refined by the Grand Supreme Elixir Master are extremely rare. Only 300,000 years ago, a Grand Supreme Elixir Master in the Celestial Palace refined a few. With its help, perhaps one or two of the four people, Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, Luo Shengtian, and Wujiang, can successfully combine a Grade Two saintwill."

The elixir attendant looked in the direction of the river of pill qi and said, "I think Zhang Ruochen has a better chance of fusing with the Grade Two saintwill. But... he has to get one Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill first."

"For him, it will be a huge challenge. The competition for ten Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills is the most intense and cruel. Many Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm have joined hands," Prosperous Black-robe High Priest said.

The appearance of the Saintwill Pills whetted the appetite of the gods in the Infernal Court. They were very interested in the outcome of the battle.

*Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!*

Dozens of Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm turned into beams of light and quickly caught up to the 100,000 top-tier Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills. However, they didn't stop or collect them. Instead, they charged forward with all their might.

Top-tier Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills were priceless. Each one could be sold for more than a Godstone.

However, they weren't of any help to them.

It wasn't worth it to waste time and lose the chance to take the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills.

*Whoosh*

Zhang Ruochen used the Great Dimensional Shift. Every time he disappeared, he would appear hundreds of miles away. A moment later, he surpassed Yan Huangtu, Lan Ying, and the others and charged to the front.

Lan Ying smiled coldly. "You're a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint. What's the point of rushing so fast? Collecting more Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills and selling them for Godstones is the right way."

The Elixir Spirit of a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was comparable to a Supreme Saint in the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

He knew this. Even though Zhang Ruochen was fast, Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm didn't see him as a threat.

Could a Supreme Saint of the Neverwilt Realm take a sacred pill of the Thousand-Koan Realm all by himself?

Yan Wushen was also on par with Zhang Ruochen.

Yan Wushen also used the Great Dimensional Shift. His speed wasn't any slower than Zhang Ruochen's, he raised his voice and laughed. "Zhang Ruochen, if you want to take a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, you should bring Xia Yu with you. As long as you can achieve your goal, it's not shameful to borrow external power."

"What if I want to take the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Yan Wushen's pupils were constricted. He couldn't figure out whether Zhang Ruochen was telling the truth or not.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen waved his sleeve. A large number of Marks of Time gathered into tidal light spots and flew toward Yan Wushen.

*Whoosh*

Yan Wushen stretched out a golden finger and drew a space crack that was more than 10 miles long. He put all the Marks of Time light spots in and dissolved them.

Taking this opportunity, Zhang Ruochen was one step ahead and caught up with 10 Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pills.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen still had no intention of stopping, Yan Wushen thought to himself, 'What is Zhang Ruochen up to? Does he really have the ability to take Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills or even Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills? Unless...'

Yan Wushen could only think of one possibility. The Supreme Artifact of the Immortal Vampires was in Zhang Ruochen's hands.

Of course, it was almost impossible.

No one knew Zhang Ruochen's strength better than Yan Wushen. In his opinion, before Zhang Ruochen broke his first shackle, there was still a big gap between him, Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind of the Immortal Vampires.

How could the Immortal Vampires' gods give the Supreme Artifact to him?

Besides, even if Zhang Ruochen had the Supreme Artifact, he couldn't defeat the Elixir Spirit at the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm. If he really fought it head-on, he would most likely be killed instantly. It was simply courting death.

Zhang Ruochen found his first target.

It was a Saintwill Pill of Quasi-Emperor Grade. The Elixir Spirit appeared as a Yin-yang Jasmine. Two bloomed flowers, one Yin and one Yang. It was as lovely as the sun and the moon.

It should be very suitable to help me integrate the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill.

An extremely dangerous aura approached just as this thought flashed through Zhang Ruochen's mind. The scorching airwave appeared to melt his Neverwither physique.

It was a flower from the Yin-yang Jasmine. It pressed down on him from above.

The flower was like a divine sun. It was very similar to the heat from Lord Ming's Stellar Sword. It could fuse with everything and destroy the Neverwither physique.

The flames from the flower were Divine Purification Flame of Emperor Flame level.

*Boom*

Zhang Ruochen had to raise his arm and unleash an absolute Yang Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike in a hurry. It collided with the flower of the Yin-yang Jasmine.

A fierce collision.

A terrifying power crashed down on him and sent him flying more than a hundred miles.

Zhang Ruochen's blood-red robe was riddled with holes from the Divine Purification Flame. Some of his hair was on fire, and his right arm was in great pain. Luckily, he had a powerful Demigod-level physique, so he wasn't injured. He was just in a sorry state.

'This is the power of a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. I'll probably have to cultivate the Hundred-Shackle Realm to fight it head-on,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

The cultivators of the Infernal Court Realm were all laughing behind him.

"What's the point of rushing so fast? You're overestimating yourself. How dare you try to take the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?" Wujiang snorted. His face was full of mockery and ridicule.

"Zhang Ruochen was indeed skillful to block the Elixir Spirit's attack."

Xu shook his head. "A Thousand-Koan Realm Elixir Spirit isn't so easy to deal with. Zhang Ruochen overestimates his own strength. However, that Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill suits me."

Including Xu, four Supreme Saints of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm rushed toward the Yin-yang Jasmine.

"You only know how to show off. Aren't you embarrassed?" Lord Xia Yu glanced in the direction of the Yin-yang Jasmine. Then, she and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan rushed toward another Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill.

The four Supreme Saints of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm came within a hundred miles of the Yin-yang Jasmine. They sensed the powerful ripples of power from the Quasi-Emperor Grade saint's Pill. They all stopped and took out a Regal Artifact each.

Before they could act, they heard Zhang Ruochen's voice coming from afar.

"Get out of the way, all of you."

The four Supreme Saints looked for the voice and saw Zhang Ruochen standing at the other end of the void space. He was pointing a Violet Gourd at them... No, at the Yin-yang Jasmine.

"You told us to get out of the way, and we should follow? What a joke," an Ashura Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm said coldly.

Another Corpusian Supreme Saint of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm suggested, "He's just a clown in the Neverwilt Realm. Why don't we cripple him first and then use our own abilities to take the Sacred Pill?"

"He's indeed a hindrance here."

Xu's eyes were fixed on the Violet Gourd in Zhang Ruochen's hand. Suddenly, he felt a slight fluctuation in the space. His expression changed, and he retreated quickly like lightning.

*Whoosh*

36 million Dimensional inscriptions at the mouth of the gourd were activated by Zhang Ruochen. They instantly turned into a circular dimensional array that covered hundreds of miles.

"Not good!"

"Why is there a dimensional array?"

The other three Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm realized that something was wrong. They immediately burst out with their fastest speed, trying to escape from the dimensional array.

*Boom*

Within a few hundred miles, space collapsed and contracted, forming a powerful suction force that gathered at the gourd's mouth.

The Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill's Elixir Spirit, Yin-yang Jasmine, was the first to bear the brunt of the suction force. Its massive body rapidly shrank and was sucked into the gourd.

Apart from that, more than ten King Grade Saintwill Pills within the dimensional array were also sucked in.

Even though Xu had escaped from the dimensional array, he has still been pulled back hundreds of meters by the Violet Gourd's suction force. His body was completely out of his control.

After stabilizing himself, Xu felt his scalp go numb. He stared at the gourd in Zhang Ruochen's hand from afar and immediately fled. He didn't dare to stay there any longer.

"What a terrifying gourd. Although it's not a Supreme Artifact, it's even more terrifying than some Supreme Artifacts. It looks like this is Zhang Ruochen's biggest trump card."

The feeling of weightlessness that was out of his control just now made Xu feel very uncomfortable.

The other three Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm had escaped from the dimensional array. They stabilized themselves and retreated immediately, not daring to get too close to Zhang Ruochen.

Fortunately, the huge body of the Yin-yang Jasmine blocked most of the suction force of the Violet Gourd. Otherwise, the three of them might not have been able to escape.

“Damn it! What kind of gourd was that of Zhang Ruochen? The suction force is too strong. It can’t be blocked at all.”

“I think it’s a top-tier Regal Artifact, and it has the property of dimension. If you meet Zhang Ruochen in the future, you’d better be careful. Don’t fail miserably.”

“Don’t be too nervous. In my opinion, the gourd is only within 300 miles. The suction force is the strongest. Moreover, it will take a long time to activate once. It’s nothing to be afraid of. If we launch a long-range attack or don’t give him a chance to activate the gourd, he’ll have to take a beating.”

Just now, Zhang Ruochen had only activated the dimensional array at the mouth of the gourd. He hadn’t activated the power of the Golden Sun of Destruction and the stellar core in the gourd, so he hadn’t released Supreme Power. The devouring power was also very limited.

“This gourd... is interesting...”

The surprised Lady Wind witnessed that from far away.

A Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill had been taken away so easily. Many cultivators became alert and thought about strategies to deal with the gourd.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t stop. He rushed toward another Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

The Elixir Spirit of the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was also a flower. It appeared to be a hand. It clenched its four fingers and stretched out its index finger. It emitted a bright red light.

The flower was called the Immortal Cactus.

The cultivator who fought with the Immortal Cactus was Wujiang of the Nether Clan.

The shockwaves from the battle between Wujiang and the Immortal Cactus turned into waves of energy that spread thousands of miles away.

There was no one else besides Wujiang.

No cultivator dared to fight with him.

With Wujiang’s powerful cultivation, it was obviously not easy to subdue an Elixir Spirit at the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm. One man and one flower. The fierce battle shook the space violently.

Zhang Ruochen had only flown 500 miles away when he was noticed by Wujiang.

When Zhang Ruochen had used the Violet Gourd to collect the Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill, it had caused a great fluctuation. Of course, Wujiang had noticed it, so he did not dare to underestimate him.

“This Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill is mine. You’d better not get your hands on it.”

Wujiang transmitted his voice in a threatening tone.

Zhang Ruochen wasn’t afraid of him. He said coldly, “You’ve spent so much time, but you still haven’t subdued the Elixir Spirit. I don’t think you can do it. You’d better step aside and let me do it.”

Zhang Ruochen said Wujiang couldn’t manage.

How could it be so easy to subdue the Elixir Spirit?

Not only couldn’t destroy the Elixir Spirit, but he couldn’t damage the pill itself.

It was harder than defeating a Supreme Saint in the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm or even killing a Supreme Saint in the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

“How dare you speak to me that way? Who gave you such courage to do so?”

Wujiang felt that Zhang Ruochen was deliberately provoking him. His eyes turned cold. During the fight with the Immortal Cactus, Wujiang put his hands together in front of his chest. A dark brilliance bloomed behind him, condensing 100 hand shadows in a circular formation.

*Swoosh*

100 black hand shadows each struck out a palm, turning into 100 palms that attacked Zhang Ruochen across the air.

Each palm grew larger and larger.

Finally, it seemed to turn into 100 Mount Wuzhi, releasing a bone-chilling power that completely enveloped Zhang Ruochen.

### **Chapter 2288: Myriad Eye Illusion**

Zhang Ruochen looked up and saw numerous Palm Prints flying toward him. The space was shaking, and the airflow was surging rapidly. The power fluctuated layer by layer. It was like the waves of the Milky Way.

The Palm Prints carried Dark power and swallowed the Saint Light emitted from Zhang Ruochen’s body.

“Such a powerful attack from a mere distraction. Wu Jiang is indeed a powerful enemy that can not be underestimated.”

Zhang Ruochen seemed to be here to take the quasi Emperor Grade Sacred Pill. In fact, he had another purpose. He wanted to test Wu Jiang’s strength so that he would not be caught off guard when they met on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield.

The Supreme Saints who could reach the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm within a thousand years were all extraordinary. They all had trump cards. Even a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint would suffer greatly if he underestimated them.

Furthermore, Wu Jiang was ranked at the top of the list of the Great Perfection at Hundred-Shackle Realm. Naturally, Zhang Ruochen paid great attention to Wu Jiang. He didn't dare to underestimate his opponent.

Without confronting Wu Jiang head-on, Zhang Ruochen used Great Dimensional Shift. Before the 100 Palm Prints landed, he crossed space and disappeared.

Wu Jiang noticed this and wasn't surprised. He seemed to have guessed that Zhang Ruochen would use Great Dimensional Shift to dodge the Palm Prints. A cold smile appeared on his face. He said to himself, 'Masters of Space aren't always successful.'

His lips moved. Instantly, the power of Curse spread out silently from his body. Like fog, like cotton, and like a net, it enveloped the universe within a thousand miles.

For the Nether Clan, the power of Curse was their most basic method.

It was like the sword of a sword cultivator, the devouring power of a Saint Devourer, the knowledge of a Confucian cultivator...

The mysterious and eerie power of Curse could rival the power of Time and Space.

At this moment, Wu Jiang was using the "Blood-devouring Curse" from the power of Curse. It was a curse specifically used to deal with humans, Rakshasa, Immortal Vampires, and other beings of flesh and blood

Once the curse hit a cultivator, the blood in his body would drain rapidly until he turned into a dried corpse.

Even the caster of the curse didn't know where the disappeared blood had gone and who had devoured it.

Whoosh

The space trembled slightly. Zhang Ruochen appeared. He was only a hundred miles away from Wu Jiang and the finger of the immortal. He stood in a triangle.

The Blood-devouring Curse caught Zhang Ruochen's aura and gathered toward him.

"Not good."

The power of Curse invaded Zhang Ruochen's body. His skin caved in, and his body withered quickly. Even if he mobilized Saint Qi and Divine Purification Flame as defense, he couldn't resist it.

The power of the Blood-devouring Curse was everywhere. Any defense was useless.

"Just enjoy the pain of losing blood!" Wu Jiang shook his head. He couldn't be bothered to watch anymore.

Killing Zhang Ruochen was just as difficult as killing an insect.

Zhang Ruochen folded his arms. His body shrank and quickly turned into a small light dot. The light spot jumped and used Great Dimensional Shift to escape thousands of miles away from the space covered by the Blood-devouring Curse.

“What a terrible Curse power. The curse attacks I encountered in Kunlun are far inferior to Wu Jiang’s ones.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t panic because he knew that there was still a big gap between him and Wu Jiang in terms of pure strength. This time, he fought against Wu Jiang for the quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill to see how big the gap was.

Half of Zhang Ruochen’s body had withered, and he had lost a lot of Saint Blood.

He tried his best to mobilize the Divine Purification Flame and refine the power of the Blood-devouring Curse in his body, but the effect was minimal. He was still losing the blood in his body, and a strong sense of weakness invaded him, making him sleepy.

Logically speaking, the Divine Purification Flame could break the power of Curse, but it depended on the strength of the Divine Purification Flame and the power of Curse. A drop of water could extinguish a candle fire but not a big one.

Divine Purification Flame was Emperor-level flames. But if the users’ cultivations were different, so the number of Fire Precepts they could intergrate was different. And the level of power unleashed was naturally different.

“It seems that I have to reach Hundred-Shackle Realm at least to refine the power of Curse with the Divine Purification Flame. Now... I’m still lacking.” Zhang Ruochen endured the pain of losing blood, he tried other ways to resist the power of Curse.

Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest nodded slightly and praised, “The Blood-devouring Curse is one of the Nether Clan’s six great Curses. Wu Jiang has already practiced to the seventh level at such a young age. “Logically speaking, only a Supreme Saint Netherkin can do it.

“For a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint to practice the Blood-devouring Curse to the fifth level is already considered an outstanding talent.”

The elixir attendant said, “Don’t forget, he’s the disciple of the Fane of Darkness. He has myriad hands and eyes. He’ll definitely reach the heavens in the future. With his strength, he could be invincible in the same realm.”

“Unfortunately, in this era, there’s a Divine Fetus and an elite with Royal Divine Frame. That’s why he’s being suppressed.”

“Zhang Ruochen hasn’t reached Hundred-Shackle Realm yet. It’s not wise to provoke Wu Jiang.”

Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest said, “Zhang Ruochen will die under the Blood-devouring Curse in a moment.”

“Well... right now, they are still in the stage of snatching pills, and they haven’t entered the Celestial-Hunting battlefield yet. It isn’t the official beginning, so I’ll help him. At least, I have to save his life so that it won’t be hard to explain it to Wargod Bloodximus.”



Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest was about to attack, but he noticed something. He stopped and let out a soft exclamation.

Swoosh

Zhang Ruochen, who was floating in the space of the universe, let out bright green light from his abdomen. It purified the power of the Blood-devouring Curse.

Even his shriveled body recovered in an instant. His skin became as smooth as jade again.

The green light was the light of the Heart of the Divine Tree. It contained endless life essence and was the nemesis of the Blood-devouring Curse.

In order to improve his spiritual power, Zhang Ruochen had already swallowed the Heart of the Divine Tree and absorbed Divine Sky-connecting Tree's knowledge. He didn't expect it to have an effect on the curse at this time.

The Blood-devouring Curse dispersed. Zhang Ruochen's essence, Qi, and spirit were full again. He rushed toward Wu Jiang and the Immortal Cactus' Elixir Spirit.

Wu Jiang's cultivation's level was profound. He had already suppressed the Immortal Cactus' Elixir Spirit. He was at the crucial moment of taking it.

When he found that Zhang Ruochen had dispelled the Blood-devouring Curse and was reapproaching, he couldn't help but look surprised.

"Zhang Ruochen can dispel the Blood-devouring Curse?"

It must be known a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint had suffered a great loss at the hands of Wu Jiang because of Blood-devouring Curse.

'The power of the Blood-devouring Curse covers an area of a thousand miles. Creatures of flesh and blood can't get close. How did Zhang Ruochen do it? How did he block the power of Curse?'

"Your Blood-devouring Curse is very powerful, but unfortunately, it can't do anything to me. Get out of the way, or I'll take you with me."

Zhang Ruochen held Violet Gourd with both hands. He stood under the Immortal Cactus and pointed the mouth of the gourd toward Wu Jiang.

Whoosh!

36 million Dimensional inscriptions appeared at the mouth of the gourd. They spread for hundreds of miles.

Wu Jiang knew the power of the gourd very well and dared not to underestimate it. He looked behind him and found an asteroid that was hundreds of miles long in the shape of a giant rock.

He released his spiritual power and condensed it into an invisible hand. He grabbed the asteroid across the air and threw it at Zhang Ruochen.

"Withdraw!"

Zhang Ruochen shouted.

The space collapsed and contracted violently. The asteroid was crushed into pieces in an instant and was put into the gourd.

The swallowing power was not completely blocked. It still fell on the bodies of Wu Jiang and Immortal Cactus's Elixir Spirit and pulled them over quickly.

"What a powerful suction force."

Wu Jiang's face changed slightly and he immediately released the power of darkness.

With his body as the center, the surroundings became dark and swallowed all the power that was close to him. Looking from afar, the area where Wu Jiang's body was formed a huge black hole.

The black hole also emitted a strong suction force. It tugged at the power of the gourd. It was difficult to tell the strong from the weak.

After putting the quasi-emperor-class saint's will pill and the Immortal Cactus Elixir Spirit into the gourd, 36 million inscriptions of space returned to the mouth of the gourd and were restrained.

In the black hole, Wu Jiang walked out and stood more than 10 miles away from Zhang Ruochen. His face was full of killing intent. He said, "Return the quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. I can spare your life for now."

Zhang Ruochen closed the lid of the gourd and stared at him without fear. He said, "I want to see what else you can do. Just show me."

"Okay, you're the one looking for death. Don't blame me."

The black lightning pattern on Wu Jiang's forehead released wisps of electric light. They slowly cracked and turned into an eye. Dense illusory light appeared in his pupils. They formed a myriad eyes lining up in front of him.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen's consciousness became blurry. He didn't know if he was in an illusion or reality.

He only felt that the world he was in was illuminated by myriad rays of light. Myriad eyes hung above his head like stars. Each of them gave off an aura that was as terrifying as a god.

If it were any other cultivator, even a Supreme Saint, being stared at by myriad divine eyes, he would probably be kneeling on the ground.

However, Zhang Ruochen held on with a strong will. His body was as taut as iron, and he didn't yield in the illusory realm of "Myriad Eye Illusion".

"Not bad. Your willpower is so strong. It's a pity that your cultivation and spiritual power are too weak."

Wu Jiang walked toward Zhang Ruochen step by step. His face was handsome but extremely cold. He said again, "Your spiritual power is only at the 62nd level, yet you dare to take the initiative to fight against me. Don't you know that with your poor cultivation, you should run from me as far away as possible?"

Zhang Ruochen could hear Wu Jiang's voice and sense him approaching. However, the myriad divine eyes locked onto him, forcing him to fight with all his strength. Other than that, he couldn't even lift a finger.

Rumble

Zhang Ruochen activated the will of the Immovable Wisdom King in his heart. He slowly raised his arms. Nine-storey divine palace appeared above his head to counter the myriad divine eyes.

He thought to himself, everything is an illusion. There was no way Wu Jiang could release myriad divine might. It's all illusion. I must overcome the illusion and seek the truth

...

In Qi Stream of Elixir in the distance, Luo Sha, who had just taken a King Grade Saintwill Pill, saw this scene, she was anxious. 'Zhang Ruochen is such a reckless person. How can he challenge an elite like Wu Jiang now?

'Wu Jiang's spiritual power has reached the 66th level. He has once defeated a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint with his spiritual power alone. If he performs Myriad Eye Illusion, even a Thousand-Koan Realm elite will have to retreat.'

Wu Jiang walked to Zhang Ruochen and extended an index finger. He spat the power of Darkness from his fingertip. It turned into a black sharp blade and slowly stabbed toward Zhang Ruochen's glabella.

Crash.

The space slightly shook.

"Stop!"

Luo Sha used the Great Dimensional Shift and appeared in front of Wu Jiang. Circles of spatial ripples appeared under his feet as if he was standing in the center of a lake.

Wu Jiang did not look at Luo Sha directly. He said casually, "Your Highness, you'd better mind your own business. You can't stop me. If your brother is here, maybe you have a chance."

"I'm not here to stop you. I'm here to save you," Luo Sha said.

A look of confusion appeared in Wu Jiang's eyes. He stopped the blade in his hand and stared at Luo Sha. "Save me?"

"The Celestial-Hunting battle has officially begun. If you kill Zhang Ruochen, you'll lose 500,000 points. Do you have 500,000 points now?"

Luo Sha's beautiful eyes were enchanting. A charming smile appeared on her face. "If you lose points, you'll be expelled from the Celestial-Hunting battle. Don't you want to participate in the Celestial-Hunting battle?"

Wu Jiang snorted and said, "Now, everyone is fighting for Saintwill Pills. Moreover, we haven't entered the Celestial-Hunting battlefield yet. Are you threaten me with the rules of the Celestial-hunting Battlefield? Will that work?"

Luo Sha's gaze turned to the Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest and asked, "High Priest, if I get the pill, other cultivators still want to snatch it by force. They even want to kill me. Does that count as violating the rules of the Celestial-hunting battlefield?"

Before the Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest could speak, Luo Sha continued, "The high priest had personally announced that the Celestial-hunting battle had officially begun."

The Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest helplessly smiled bitterly. Immediately, his voice spread across the Qi Stream of Elixir as he said, "Once the medicinal pills are taken, they can not be snatched again. Otherwise, it will be considered as violations in the Celestial-hunting battle and points will be deducted."

When Wu Jiang heard this, his gentle eyes became ferocious. He stared at Luo Sha and said, "Okay, I'll remember it! No one can take what belongs to me. Hmph!"

Wu Jiang waved his sleeve and left. His voice then sounded. "It's not good for Your Highness to get too close to Zhang Ruochen."

"Thank you for the reminder," Luo Sha replied.

Myriad Eye Illusion disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen recovered from the illusion. His face was solemn as he thought hard about how to crack Wu Jiang. Just like other cultivators who thought hard about how to crack the Path of Time and the Path of Dimension, there was always a way to resist.

The fragrant wind approached and floated in front of him.

Luo Sha's long hair fluttered in the wind. She looked alluring. She glanced at Zhang Ruochen and sized him up. She was relieved to see that Zhang Ruochen was not injured and he was still sane.

"I've told you not to provoke the top ten Hundred-Shackle Realm elites of the Great Perfection for the time being. How long have you been cultivating? How can you fight against them?"

"They might not look more than a thousand years old, but with the time spent cultivating in the arrays of Time, some of the Hundred-Shackle Realm elites who achieved the Great Perfection have been cultivating for close to ten thousand years.

"You have to at least break through the first shackle in order to start fighting against them.

"Wu Jiang's Myriad Eye Illusion is very terrifying. Your spiritual power and intelligence are not damaged, right?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head gently and said, "I'm forcing him to use the Myriad Eye Illusion. Seeing it from the info is different from experiencing it personally."

"Don't you think you're courting death?" Luo Sha glared at him with her phoenix eyes.

"I've figured out a way to break his Myriad Eye Illusion!" Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha was stunned, "Impossible," he said. "The difference in the strength of your spiritual power is too great. Even if he doesn't use the Myriad Eye Illusion and only uses his spiritual power to perform the illusion, you still won't be able to resist."

"Only my brother's innate divine eyes and the power of the two shining planets in his pupils can resolve it. That is why my brother's ranking is higher than his."

"Not necessarily. No matter how powerful the illusion is, if it is seen through, it will lose its power," Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha instantly understood Zhang Ruochen's thoughts. She said, "You mean you want to see through the illusion with the power of Truth? But the difference in spiritual power is too big. Unless you have one percent of the Canon of Truth and are the Envoy of Truth, you can do it."

"I don't need to be the Envoy of Truth."

Zhang Ruochen said thoughtfully. Then he turned around and looked at Luo Sha, saying, "Just now... Thank you!"

"Haha, you finally thank me?" Luo Sha narrowed her eyes and smiled like a little fox. She felt that she had gained a lot. Even if she had offended Wu Jiang, it seemed to be worth it.

Soon, Luo Sha stopped smiling and said seriously, "You need to feel the urgency to break the first shackle as soon as possible. Otherwise, you won't be able to move forward in this Celestial-Hunting battle."

"Yes, I do need to break the first shackle as soon as possible."

After Luo Sha left, Zhang Ruochen focused his attention on another quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill.

There were three Hundred-Shackle Realm?Supreme Saints of the Great Perfection stage fighting for the quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill. One of them was Yanhong, one of the three Scioness candidates.

"Perhaps I can try her strength."

### **Chapter 2289: Warlord Mara Attaining the Great Perfection**

Zhang Ruochen caused a huge sensation and become the focus of attention when snatching two Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills.

"How dare he snatched a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill straight from Wu Jiang's fingertips!"

"Who would have thought that Zhang Ruochen will be the biggest winner?"

"The gourd in Zhang Ruochen's hand is really suitable to snatch the pills. He succeed because he had this advantage that others don't, not because of his cultivation. "

...

So far, the only cultivators who had successfully taken Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills were Lan Ying, Luo Shengtian, and Zhang Ruochen.

Needless to say, Lan Ying and Luo Shengtian were well-known in Infernal Court. They were the pace-setters of this generation. However, each of them had only taken one Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

Zhang Ruochen, despite being a Neverwilt Realm cultivator, had snatched two pills in a row. Hence, people were jealous.

Even Yan Wusheng — who was as famous as Zhang Ruochen — was still fighting hard. He hadn't even secured one Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill yet.

Soon, the cultivators realized that Zhang Ruochen didn't stop there and found a new target. He rushed toward the Blood Clover's Elixir Spirit and was jumping between Dimensions at an extremely fast speed.

The main force fighting Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover was the beautiful Supreme Saint Yanhong.

"What is he planning to do? After stealing from Xu and Wu Jiang, he wants to go after Supreme Saint Yanhong's pill now?"

The cultivators watching the pill snatching competition through the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms were all stunned. They thought that Zhang Ruochen was audacious.

Was it really good to make enemies everywhere?

At first, everyone had been speculating how Zhang Ruochen would avoid Wu Jiang, Xu, and Supreme Saint Yanhong on the battlefield of Celestial-hunting. However, they had never thought that Zhang Ruochen would take the initiative to attack.

Thousands of miles away, Lan Ying looked in the direction of the Blood Clover's Elixir Spirit. He snorted and said, "Zhang Ruochen's combat strength is far from being first place. Yet there should be no dispute that he should win a prize for his courage."

Hong Futu, whose muscles bulged, stood beside Lan Ying. With a gravelly voice, he said "We've only snatched a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Why don't we fight for it? Meanwhile, we could teach this arrogant kid a lesson."

Lan Ying waved his hand, "That Pink Skull is one of the three candidates for Scioness. She's smart so she won't make the same mistake as Xu and Wu Jiang. It won't be easy for Zhang Ruochen to snatch the pill from her. Besides, it's just a mere Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill."

Lan Ying turned around. His eyes shone with divine light as he looked at the five elites — in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm — from Yanluo clan who were fighting with the Elixir Spirit of Lotus of Divine Reflection.

The Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was his target.

The weapon used by Supreme Saint Yanhong was a Class five Regal Artifact, a Purple Cauldron.

Hundreds of thousands of Regal Inscriptions surged out of Purple Cauldron and turned into a purple cloud that covered an area of hundreds of miles. The purple cloud churned non-stop and summoned 39 streaks of lightning that were as thick as rivers. They wrapped around the three branches of the Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover tightly and suppressed it.

The other two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm who were fighting for Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill did not dare to get close to the purple cloud and retreated to the side.

“It seems that this Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill is going to be snatched by Supreme Saint Yanhong. I can only snatch a few King Grade Saintwill Pills to make up for the loss.”

The two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm sighed, turned into two beams of light, and flew away quickly.

“At least you know your place.

“Oh no, it’s Zhang Ruochen!”

The smile on Supreme Saint Yanhong’s pale face disappeared. She released even more power to activate Purple Cauldron. She wanted to suppress the Blood Clover’s Elixir Spirit as soon as possible.

Zhang Ruochen held Violet Gourd in his hand and came behind Supreme Saint Yanhong. He said, “How could the number one powerhouse of Bone clan, the top-notch elite among the three candidates for Scioness, not use a Supreme Artifact?”

As he said this, Zhang Ruochen waved his hand and created a Dimensional Rift that was dozens of miles long. He slashed toward the spot between Saint Yanhong and the Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover.

*Crack!*

The dimension was torn apart. The connection between Saint Yanhong and Purple Cauldron was cut off instantly.

*Rumble*

Without Supreme Saint Yanhong’s control, Purple Cauldron’s power was greatly reduced. The Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover broke through its suppression and turned into a beam of blood light. It pierced through the thick purple fog and quickly headed toward the six-colored Forest of No Return.

“Zhang Ruochen!”

Supreme Saint Yanhong was about to succeed, but Zhang Ruochen had destroyed her chance. No matter how good her state of mind was, she could no longer control her anger. Her long hair fluttered like willow branches and grew longer. She flew through the air like a blade.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t dare to underestimate her. He released the Spatial Domain and Null Time realm and was ready to activate the power of Dimension and Time.

“Actually, I’m very curious. Is the true form under your skin really pink?” Zhang Ruochen deliberately provoked Supreme Saint Yanhong.

If he could defeat her state of mind and make her panic, her combat strength would be greatly reduced.

“If you have the ability, you might have a chance to see it. However, I’m afraid it’d scare you.”

Supreme Saint Yanhong's face was exquisite as if it was carved out of a Crystal Divine Jade. Her eyes shone with spiritual light. Every cultivator was mesmerized by her appearance even though they knew her true form was a skeleton.

Just as the battle between the two was about to erupt, Supreme Saint Yanhong and Zhang Ruochen sensed that the two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage in Hundred-Shackle Realm, who had left previously, returned. They bypassed them and chased after the Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover.

"HMPH! Wait till I take Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and condense a Grade Three Saintwill. I'll deal with you slowly after then."

Supreme Saint Yanhong turned into a beam of pink light and flew onto Purple Cauldron. She activated the Purple Cauldron and chased after Elixir of Blood Clover.

The Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill was very important to her. She couldn't afford to lose it.

Zhang Ruochen activated Precepts of Dimension. Just as he was about to use Great Dimensional Shift, a bright arrow cut through the dark universe and flew toward him.

"Lord Sinluo!"

Sensing the aura of the Divine Tree Arrow, Zhang Ruochen figured out who was attacking him. With a 'whoosh', he disappeared and moved a hundred miles away to avoid the arrow.

8,000 miles away, Lord Sinluo hovered in the air. Holding Frostwood bow, he smiled coldly. "With me here, you can forget about taking a Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Aren't the upper three clans supporting Pan Ruo? Aren't you afraid of being criticized for helping Supreme Saint Yanhong?"

"Do I need to explain my actions to you?"

Lord Sinluo drew Frostwood bow again. Another Divine Tree Arrow was placed on the bowstring condensed from cold air. The bow became crystal clear. He commanded, "All arrows fired at once."

Boom

A loud explosion was heard.

The Divine Tree Arrow flew at more than 5,000 times the speed of sound. It split into two in midair, then four, then four, then eight. Finally, it turned into a rain of arrows and flew toward Zhang Ruochen.

It was so fast that it could reach Zhang Ruochen in an instant even though they were shot out thousands of miles away.

Zhang Ruochen drew circles with his hands. Dense Precepts of Dimension flowed from his fingertips, distorting the Dimension in front of him by 180 degrees.

The rain of arrows that flew toward him suddenly flew back in the opposite direction.

"Instead of wasting time to attack me, why don't you collect more Saintwill Pills?"



Zhang Ruochen shook his head lightly. He didn't want to fight with Lord Sinluo so he left the space immediately. He jumped three times in a row and caught up with Supreme Saint Yanhong.

"Don't forget about me!"

A 300-meter-wide ax silhouette hacked down from the sky, carrying a strong wind force.

The fluctuation of power locked onto Zhang Ruochen. It forced Zhang Ruochen to freeze the space above his head and form a Spatial Shield to resist the attack of ax silhouette.

*Bang!*

When the ax silhouette and Spatial Shield collided, it formed waves of energy ripples.

With a crack, Spatial Shield was shattered by the blood-red ax. Seeing that the ax was about to land on Zhang Ruochen, Zhang Ruochen held the mouth of the gourd in his hand and hit the edge of the ax hard.

The ear-piercing sound of metal colliding echoed through the vast space.

Zhang Ruochen's body fell rapidly. He spread out his ten golden wings and gradually stabilized himself. He looked up and saw a thousand-foot-tall Rakshasa Warsoul standing in the starry sky, looking down at him.

Below Rakshasa Warsoul, a four-meter-tall burly figure stood on a cloud of evil Qi.

It was Warlord Mara, the most powerful man in Dhisan, one of the seven great kingdoms of the Rakshasa.

Holding a blood ax the size of a millstone, Warlord Mara glared ferociously and said in a low voice, "Zhang Ruochen, we meet again!"

Supreme Saint Yanhong was slightly surprised to find that it was Warlord Mara who had attacked Zhang Ruochen. But after a while, a smile appeared on her lips. She did not stay any longer and continued to chase after the Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover.

Zhang Ruochen glanced in the direction where Saint Yanhong had left. He frowned and felt helpless, "Am I that hateful? I can't believe that you and Lord Sinluo, the elites of the lower three clans and the upper three clans respectively would rather help Supreme Saint Yanhong just to deal with me?"

"What if Supreme Saint Yanhong gets Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill? If her cultivation improves again, it'll be your fault if Lady Wind and Pan Ruo fail to become Scioness."

Warlord Mara hated Zhang Ruochen to the bone. "Don't you know how hateful you are? Today, I'll fight you again to wash away the shame on Arena of Life and Death."

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to fight with Warlord Mara. He looked in the direction of Fortune Palace Black-robe High Priest and said, "High Priest, Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting has begun. Attacking the cultivators of Infernal Court will cost 5,000 points, right?"

Warlord Mara immediately stopped his ax. He was a bit nervous as he was afraid that he would be expelled from Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Black-robe High Priest said softly, "You'll only lose 5,000 points if you attack your own cultivators maliciously. Now, you're fighting for Saintwill Pill. Therefore, it's not against the rules if you attack each other."

"You're right, High Priest."

Warlord Mara bared his snow-white teeth and smiled coldly. He swung his ax again.

When Zhang Ruochen received Warlord Mara's ax, Zhang Ruochen had discovered that Warlord Mara's combat power had increased greatly compared to his strength on Arena of Life and Death. He must have broken through the last shackle and reached the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

It wasn't strange. In Realm of Star Ocean's Auction, Warlord Mara had spent 11,000 Godstones to buy a cauldron of Fugue Pills.

With the power of Fugue Pills, it was entirely possible to help him break through the realm.

The bone wings on Warlord Mara's back grew from eight to ten.

Even the ax in his hand was not Parashu, a Class two Regal Artifact. Instead, it was a divine relic, a Class Four Regal Artifact. The ax contained powerful divine power.

Zhang Ruochen did not clash head-on with Warlord Mara. Instead, he used Great Dimensional Shift to jump through Dimensions and rush toward Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover.

"Where do you think you're going? Zhang Ruochen, I must avenge myself today."

Warlord Mara spread his ten wings. His speed was as fast as Zhang Ruochen's, who had used Great Dimensional Shift. In an instant, he had caught up to Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover.

"Split clouds and break the sky."

The blood-red ax hacked down. With the aura like it could split heaven and earth apart.

"Why are they fighting here?"

"What great power. Warlord Mara has broken through to the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-shackle Realm."

The two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-shackle Realm who were suppressing Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover, immediately dodged. Even they didn't dare to touch Warlord Mara's ax.

One had to know when Warlord Mara broke through his ninety-nine shackles, he had fought a Supreme Saint at the early stage of Thousand-Koan Realm to a draw. Since Warlord Mara had breakthrough his cultivation base, his combat powers had increased dramatically, Luo Shengtian was probably the only Rakshasa who could suppress him.

Even a normal Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm would have to dodge his attack.

*Boom!*

Warlord Mara's ax fell from the edge of the Elixir of Blood Clover and injured the Elixir Spirit's ontology. Tens of thousands of petals light rain flew out from the wound.

One could imagine how terrifying the power of this ax was.

"How could he be so strong? Warlord Mara is a ruthless person who turns shame into courage. If I had known earlier, I would have dug out his heart of Supreme Saint on Arena of Life and Death and sold it. This way, he wouldn't have recovered to his peak so easily, and it would be impossible for him to break through to the Great Perfection stage before Celestial-Hunting Festival,"

Zhang Ruochen felt a little regretful. However, with a powerful Supreme Saint, Warlord Mara, messing things up. It would be very helpful for him to take Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill if he used Warlord Mara well.

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen flapped his ten golden wings and flew toward Supreme Saint Yanhong.

"If you're capable, stop dodging. Last time, I was careless and lost to you. Now, I have cultivated the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. I can suppress you with just one hand now."

Warlord Mara propped up his thousand-foot-high Rakshasa Warsoul again, and his eyes followed Zhang Ruochen's flight path.

"It seems that you have a bad memory as you still underestimate your enemy. If you really fight with one hand, you will only be suppressed by me and kneel on the ground again," Zhang Ruochen said.

Thinking of the humiliation of being suppressed by Zhang Ruochen on Arena of Life and Death, Warlord Mara's eyes were as red as blood. He roared and swung his ax horizontally.

This ax not only attacked Zhang Ruochen but also locked onto Supreme Saint Yanhong.

Supreme Saint Yanhong frowned. She had no choice but to control Purple Cauldron to defend in front of her.

*Whoosh-*

Zhang Ruochen took a step back and stepped into the space ripples. His body sank in.

When he appeared again, he was above Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover. He took out Violet Gourd and activated the Dimensional Inscription at the mouth of Groud.

"Be careful of Zhang Ruochen."

"Let's attack him together. We can't let him take Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill."

The two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm who was watching noticed Zhang Ruochen's actions. One attacked with a Regal Artifact, while the other spat corpse Qi. They turned into thousands of black-armored Corpse Kings and surrounded Zhang Ruochen.

However, they were too late. The Dimensional Inscription at the mouth of Groud was activated.

The Regal Artifact swords, as well as the densely packed black-armored Corpse Kings, fell into Dimensional Array.

## Chapter 2290: Battle For the Gourd

“Oh no.”

The two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm were afraid to be sucked into Violet Gourd. Unable to care for the sword and Black-armored Corpse Kings, they quickly shot out two mighty clouds of death. With the rebound force from the clouds, they flew backward like cannonballs.

*Boom!*

Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover, the Regal Artifact sword, and more than 3,000 Black-armored Corpse Kings within the area covered by Dimensional Array were sucked into Violet Gourd.

“That cauldron...”

In the reflection of Zhang Ruochen’s pupils, Supreme Saint Yanhong’s Purple Cauldron flew over quickly, but it did not shrink in size.

With a ‘bang’, Purple Cauldron crashed heavily into the mouth of Violet Gourd.

At the same time, a large amount of lightning surged out of the cauldron. Like a dragon or a snake, the lightning swam across the surface of the gourd and struck Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen’s reaction was extremely fast. In an instant, the ten golden wings on his back bent forward and wrapped around his entire body. The wings folded and turned into a Golden Orb.

Violet Gourd and the Golden Orb were sent flying after being struck by dozens of lightning bolts.

Supreme Saint Yanhong’s graceful figure flew out from behind Purple Cauldron like a ghost spirit. Her slender legs landed on the edge of the cauldron. A crisp sound rang out when the red jade bracelets on her ankles collided with each other.

“It’s not that easy to snatch my things.”

The lightning from Purple Cauldron turned the area within a hundred miles into a forbidden zone. It also reflected Supreme Saints Yanhong’s figure, which was both beautiful and demonic.

Suddenly, her eyes shone with a scorching light. She discovered Violet Gourd in the pitch-black dimension and revealed a look of joy. She immediately stretched out her snow-white hand and grabbed at it.

Her silhouette white hand reached over 80 miles in an instant.

*Boom!*

Just as she was about to retrieve Violet Gourd, Warlord Mara chopped down with his axe and cut off her hand’s silhouette.

Seeing that Warlord Mara had arrived and was rapidly approaching Violet Gourd, Supreme Saint Yanhong let out a cold snort. She kicked Purple Cauldron lightly with her feet, and it immediately flew out to collide with him.

On the other side, two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm were from Corpusian and Stone clan. Their gazes landed on Violet Gourd. They were overjoyed and immediately activated their secret techniques to fly toward the direction of the gourd at their fastest speed.

The gourd itself was a precious asset. Furthermore, there were three Quasi-Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills in it.

Whoever could obtain the gourd would be the biggest winner in this pill snatching competition.

After all, the deities and millions of cultivators from Infernal Court were watching. Whoever performed well would gain higher status and greatest fame in Infernal Court.

“Blood-dripped Corpse Emperor,”

Hundred-Shackle Realm Corpusian in the Great Perfection stage slit his right wrist. Large amounts of corpse blood flowed out and condensed into a Black-armored Corpse Emperor. The aura of a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint erupted from his body.

“Don’t try to fight with me. I, Black-Feathered Corpse Emperor, want Zhang Ruochen’s gourd!”

Black-Feathered Corpse Emperor’s true form moved to the right and blocked the Supreme Saint from Stone clone, Qiang Zun. A palm strike containing corrosive power crashed down.

At the same time, Black-armored Corpse Emperor condensed from corpse blood flew rapidly toward Violet Gourd.

The other cultivators of Infernal Court didn’t expect this to happen. After a moment of shock, they were all in ebullience.

“Quick, go and take Zhang Ruochen’s gourd. That’s the real treasure.”

“Taking the gourd is equivalent to taking three Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills.”

“Zhang Ruochen had thrown the helve after the hatchet this time. So what if he snatched three Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills? He was only paving the way for others.”

Violet Gourd was too valuable. The cultivators that were closer all rushed over.

Meanwhile, the Elixir Spirit of the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill that Lord Xia Yu and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan fought for was shaped like a peony, but it was dark green. The flower was more than 3,000 meters long and looked like a flower cloud. It was about to be taken.

However, Wu Jiang stepped in and snatched it.

Wu Jiang held Elixir Spirit of Peony in his palm. He was tall and handsome, he smiled proudly and said, “I know you guys are recalcitrant, but you can’t blame me. You can only blame Zhang Ruochen. Someone has to bear the price for Zhang Ruochen in stealing my Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.”

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Lord Xia Yu watched as Wu Jiang disappeared into the darkness of the universe. They were furious, but they restrained themselves due to the Celestial-hunting rules. Therefore, they didn't attack.

"Wu Jiang is too powerful. Even if the two of us join hands, we might not be his match." Supreme Saint Yi Xuan sighed. He was extremely disappointed, "I will keep my promise to you."

Lord Xia Yu stared in the direction where Wu Jiang left and said, "The Dharma Saintwill Wu Jiang unleashed earlier should be a top-tier Grade Three Saintwill. Otherwise, it would be impossible to suppress the Elixir Spirit of Peony with just one attack. Even though we managed to suppress the Elixir Spirit?at that time."

"Are you worried that he could fuse a Grade Two Saintwill after obtaining the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?" Supreme Saint Yi Xuan asked.

Lord Xia Yu said, "Forming Grade Two Saintwill is as difficult as ascending to heaven. But Wu Jiang's talent would be considered invincible if he was in another era. Hence, with the help of Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, the chances will greatly increase."

Faced with a figure like Wu Jiang, even if Lord Xia Yu thought highly of herself, she had to admit that there was a big gap between the both of them.

"Don't worry. Zhang Ruochen has already taken two Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills. Once he reaches the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he'll definitely be able to counter Wu Jiang," Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said.

"Not good."

Lord Xia Yu was in the deep space of the universe. Lord Xia Yu had a ghastly expression when she saw Zhang Ruochen and Violet Gourd being hit by Supreme Saint Yanhong.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan followed her gaze and looked over, "Our Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill has been taken away. It's impossible to take it back. Zhang Ruochen's Violet Gourd should have stored the third Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill already. We can't afford to lose that gourd."

"Let's go."

Lord Xia Yu was even more anxious. She knew that Violet Gourd was the only Supreme Artifact in Immortal Vampires. If it was taken away at the start of Celestial-Hunting battle, the entire Immortal Vampires would become the laughing stock of Infernal Court.

"This bastard Zhang Ruochen, doesn't he know that he should quit while he's ahead? Why did he steal from Supreme Saint Yanhong? Now we're in big trouble!" Lord Xia Yu was speechless. She spread the ten wings on her back and flew at full speed.

"Other than Lord Xia Yu, Bloodysky Clan has another Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm. When did Supreme Saint Yi Xuan breakthrough his realm?"

"This is incredible! Lord Xia Yu, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Zhang Ruochen. Just one Bloodysky Clan has three powerhouses. Who can compete with the ten major clans of Immortal Vampires?"

“If Dishastan continues to be enemies with Bloodysky Clan this year, I’m afraid they’ll suffer a great loss.”

...

After Supreme Saint Yi Xuan’s cultivation was exposed, everyone was shocked.

The forces that had a conflict of interest with the Bloodysky Clan were under even more pressure.

Xu stared at Lord Xia Yu and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, who was rushing to help Zhang Ruochen. He said to himself, “They’ve hidden their strength so well. It seems that Bloodysky Clan is very ambitious for this year’s Celestial-Hunting Festival.”

He opened his palm and lifted Pleiades Lotus. He attacked Lord Xia Yu and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan.

Even if he didn’t take the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he had to stop Zhang Ruochen’s reinforcements. He had to isolate Zhang Ruochen. At the same time, he was helping Supreme Saint Yanhong take Violet Gourd.

Black-armored Corpse King, formed by Black-Feathered Corpse Emperor using blood, was the first to arrive. It reached out to grab Violet Gourd.

Before the black corpse hand could touch the Gourd, crimson-gold flames that contained destructive heat surged out of the Gourd.

*Crack*

Even a Corpse Emperor’s power couldn’t withstand the gourd’s power. Its hand was melted by the flames and turned back into a ball of black corpse blood.

The Crimson-gold Flames were the power of Violet Gourd’s vessel spirit.

One had to know that a vessel spirit’s power was comparable to a Supreme Saint from Hundred-Shackle Realm.

30 miles away, Zhang Ruochen’s true form appeared from Golden Orb. He grabbed with his hand and Violet Gourd flew toward him automatically. However, Violet Gourd stopped after flying for a short distance.

Strands of hair wrapped around the Gourd. The strands of hair pulled the gourd tightly and stopped Zhang Ruochen from taking it away.

It was Supreme Saint Yanhong’s hair.

Each strand of hair was like a holy chain. It was extremely tough and contained Precepts.

Zhang Ruochen frowned. He took a step forward and stepped into the Dimensional Gate. He used Great Dimensional Shift and prepared to descend next to Violet Gourd.

Supreme Saint Yanhong’s technique was brilliant as she quickly got rid of Warlord Mara. Her hands emitted a pink fog of light and continued to smash into Purple Cauldron.

The Purple Cauldron flew above Violet Gourd and rotated slowly.

The first circle immediately brought a fierce squall that turned into a huge purple tornado.

The second circle made the squall even more terrifying. It shook the Dimension.

In the third circle...

Purple Cauldron spun faster and faster. It forced Zhang Ruochen — who was using Great Dimensional Shift — to fall out of the Dimension. He was thrown out and his body glided through the void space.

The power of Purple Cauldron was extremely shocking. It swept the sky and earth. Wind blades and lightning shuttled through the tornado. The wind pillar rose to a thousand miles high. The center became a forbidden land of death.

Even a Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm didn't dare to approach it.

"Supreme Saint Yanhong's methods are quite powerful," Having to suffer at the hands of Supreme Saint Yanhong twice, Zhang Ruochen had a new assessment of her.

She was an extremely difficult woman to deal with!

As expected, none of the candidates who could become Fane of Destiny's Scioness were easy to deal with.

The power of Purple Cauldron was fully unleashed. Energy ripples surged out like waves. Everyone knew that Supreme Saint Yanhong was suppressing Violet Gourd.

If she succeeded, they would be forced to follow the rules and stop competing.

Supreme Saint Yanhong stood at the edge of the Purple Lightning Storm. Her hair swayed in the void and her robes fluttered. Occasionally, the lightning that flashed by her side reflected her facial features clearly. She was both as beautiful as a fairy and a flirtatious demon.

*Boom!*

Warlord Mara was the most powerful one amongst everyone present. He was no weaker than a Supreme Saint who was in the top ten of the Great Perfection stage in Hundred-Shackle Realm. He waved the blood-red ax in his hand and slashed it towards Purple Cauldron.

The ax was once stained with the blood of Immortal Vampires' deity. It contained a powerful divinity.

"Such powerful strength,"

Even Supreme Saint Yanhong felt a sense of fear. She hit her palm strike at Purple Cauldron and summoned dozens of bolts of lightning that were as thick as water buckets. They interweaved into a pillar of lightning and clashed with the blood-red ax.

*Boom!*

The blood-red ax was a Class four Regal Artifact while Purple Cauldron was a Class five Regal Artifact.

When the two artifacts clashed, the power erupted shook the void within a thousand miles and turned the sky and earth upside down.



Warlord Mara's attack was blocked.

"Warlord Mara, I can give you one of the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills. Only if you help me take the gourd," Supreme Saint Yanhong said.

She needed time to suppress the gourd.

However, there were enemies all around her and they were eyeing the gourd covetously. At this moment, she could only have a chance of success if she win over her allies.

"I want two," Warlord Mara said.

"Aren't you too greedy?"

Supreme Saint Yanhong was furious. If it wasn't for Warlord Mara's cultivation base which had reached the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm — making his combat power increase exponentially and becoming a top-tier force — he wouldn't have even been qualified to be her ally in the past.

"More and more cultivators are rushing over. If you don't agree to my conditions, you might not even get one." Warlord Mara smirked. He was confident that Supreme Saint Yanhong would definitely compromise.

"That's my gourd. When is it your turn to discuss the distribution rights?"

Zhang Ruochen spread his hands and opened up a vast starry sky. He displayed the Realm-frame of Truth "Shoreless Star Ocean." He wrapped Purple Cauldron, Violet Gourd, Supreme Saint Yanhong, Warlord Mara, and all the cultivators of Infernal Court in this void dimension.

Without the limitation of dimension, the Realm-frame of Truth was perfectly displayed.

Each planet in the Realm-frame of Truth was enormous. They evolved into the geography of mountains and rivers, bursting out with powerful Qi fluctuations.

Zhang Ruochen spread out his hands and suddenly closed them.

"Incarceration of Divine Demon"

A huge phantom of a demon appeared behind Zhang Ruochen and merged with the Realm-frame of Truth. The aura it emitted was sometimes sacred and majestic, sometimes evil and sinister.

When Zhang Ruochen struck his palm strike, the Phantom of a Divine demon also did the same.

In the Realm-frame of Truth, many Precepts of Truth flew out and merged with the Phantom of Divine Demon. The aura emitted by the Phantom of a Divine Demon rose steadily. When the palm strike hit the Purple Lightning Storm, the explosive power reached ten times.

*Rumble*

The purple lightning storm was pierced through. The palm strike of the Phantom of Divine Demons collided with Purple Cauldron.

On the other side of Purple Cauldron, Supreme Saint Yanhong also made a hand mark. She activated all the Regal Inscription in Purple Cauldron and unleashed its greatest power.

Unfortunately, she did not have the time to activate the Gate of Destiny. She could only rely on her own strength to resist the explosive power of Incarceration of Divine Demon.

*THUMP!*

As if a god's bell had rung, Purple Cauldron shook violently and crashed into Supreme Saint Yanhong's body. She and the cauldron were thrown far away.

Without the weakening of the Gate of Destiny, no matter how powerful Supreme Saint Yanhong was, she was still far from being able to withstand the ten times the explosive power of the advanced Saint technique of Thousand-Koan level, 'Incarceration of Divine Demon'.

Supreme Saint Yanhong spat out a large mouthful of blood. Cracks appeared on her flawless body.

Pink light radiated from the cracks. It was as if her body was about to fall apart.

This beautiful skin was almost destroyed.

Even though Supreme Saint Yanhong was sent flying, Zhang Ruochen didn't relax. He only heard a shout from above. "Zhang Ruochen, taste the power of my ax."

An Axe with powerful divine power hacked down.

A blood-red rain of light fell from the edge of the ax and locked onto Zhang Ruochen.

The power of the ax compressed the Dimension, making it extremely stable and difficult to break.

Thus, Zhang Ruochen did not use the Power of Dimensions to escape. He reached out and grabbed Violet Gourd. He flipped his body and his left leg started burning. Ten million Crimson-red Divine Precepts appeared from it.

He stepped forward and turned into a flaming cloud that clashed with the ax.

After unsealing the third seal of Yanshen's Leg, Zhang Ruochen had completely refined the Ten million Divine Precepts.. The power he could unleash was far greater than before.

### **Chapter 2291: Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill**

After breaking through to the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm, Warlord Mara's combat strength was close to that of the top ten on the ranking. The full power of the ax, a Class Four Regal Regal Artifact, was so powerful that even the stars were about to shatter.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen kick the ax with his foot, cultivators watching the projection all over Infernal Court exclaimed.

Even those cultivators who knew that Zhang Ruochen had a divine leg looked solemn. They held their breath, thinking that his action was too risky. What he had was just a divine leg; he was not a real god. If he fought head-on with a Supreme Saint like Warlord Mara, he might be at a great disadvantage.

Just then, the red battle-ax and the flaming cloud emitted from Zhang Ruochen's left leg collided fiercely.

*Boom!*

The dark void space of the universe became dazzling like a flaming flower blooming.

In the next moment, Zhang Ruochen and Warlord Mara retreated at the same time like lightning. They were evenly matched. Neither of them had the upper hand.

"How could he...

...block it!"

Countless cultivators gasped. They had a deeper understanding of Zhang Ruochen's power. They immediately understood that their worries were unnecessary.

Warlord Mara was in disbelief. He couldn't defeat Zhang Ruochen, who was in Neverwilt Realm, with his cultivation at the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

"Again, try my Hundred Beast Combat Body Art."

Thunder and lightning surged out from behind Warlord Mara. They gathered into a sea of thunder and lightning. The illusory images of beast souls appeared. They all unleashed the aura of a Supreme Saint.

*BzzzzzT*

*RAWRRRRRRR!*

The sound of the lightning and the roars of the beasts resounded through the heavens and earth.

In the past, before Mara reached the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm, when he had only attained the minor completion for Hundred Beast Combat Body Art, he fought a Dhisn Supreme Saint, who newly entered Thousand-Koan Realm, to a draw.

Minor completion stage of Hundred Beast Combat Body Art meant that each of the Thunder Beast Emperors had the combat strength of a Nine-Step Saint King.

With the help of the power of the beasts, it was difficult for Warlord Mara to meet an opponent of the same cultivation rank.

Now, not only had he made a breakthrough in cultivation, but he had also made a breakthrough in his Hundred Beast Combat Body Art. His combat power had reached a terrifying level.

The power of each Thunder Beast Soul had reached the level of a Supreme Saint of Neverwilt Realm.

Each of his attacks had 100 Supreme Saints of Neverwilt Realm supporting him. Even an ordinary Supreme Saint of the Thousand-Koan Realm would be injured if he attacked with all his strength.

Before Zhang Ruochen broke through to Hundred-Shackle Realm, he did not plan to fight with a superior like Warlord Mara. He waved Violet Gourd in his hand and said, "If you don't want to be expelled from the Celestial-Hunting battlefield, feel free to attack me."

Warlord Mara thought of something and looked at the black-robed high priest in the distance. He gritted his teeth and said, "Zhang Ruochen, are you a coward? If you have the guts, then fight me openly."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head slightly and ignored Warlord Mara. He used Great Dimensional Shift and left the area.

A fight without benefits was a pure waste of energy.

Warlord Mara was not a brainless person. He was very calculative.

Just like back then, to pursue Luo Sha, he had secretly bribed the handmaidens around Luo Sha. To deal with Zhang Ruochen, he had used Mu Lingxi's Spatial Bracelet to lure Zhang Ruochen to the Arena of Life and Death.

At this moment, he seemed to be challenging Zhang Ruochen, but in fact, he wanted to snatch Violet Gourd.

Warlord Mara's angry roar spread throughout the universe. "When I have accumulated 500,000 points, I will personally tear you into pieces."

Saint Yanhong's skin recovered. Her skin was as smooth as silk, and her face was beautiful. However, there was a stern look in her eyes.

Qiang Zun's sword and more than 3,000 black-armored corpse kings of Black-Feathered Corpse Emperor had been taken away by Violet Gourd. Of course, they wouldn't allow Zhang Ruochen to leave so easily. They immediately chased after him.

Without weapons during the Celestial-Hunting battle, their combat strength would be greatly reduced.

3,000 black-armored corpse kings were one of the most important trump cards of the Black-feathered Corpse Emperor. They couldn't lose them.

Zhang Ruochen teleported himself 17 times until he was 10,000 miles away. When he sensed that the two powerful figures were still chasing him, he stopped.

"You two are so persistent. Do you want to take my gourd?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Don't misunderstand us, Supreme Saint Ruochen. The pill snatching competition is over. Of course, we won't break the rules and continue to attack. But..."

Qiang Zun's stiff face revealed a troubled expression. "We actually want to discuss something with you, Supreme Saint Ruochen."

Zhang Ruochen held the gourd in his hand and said, "You want to take back the battle sword and the black-armored Corpse King?"

Black-feathered Corpse Emperor let out a hoarse voice, "We fought because of the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. In reality, we don't have any deep enmity with you, Supreme Saint Ruochen.

"If you are willing to return my black-armored corpse king, I promise that I will not participate in the battle against you."

Qiang Zun said, "That's what I mean."

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen did not respond immediately, Black-feathered Corpse Emperor said, "You have made too many enemies of each clan. If Qiang Zun and I become your enemy too, your situation will be even more difficult."

Qiang Zun said, "If you don't return my sword and the black-armored Corpse King, I'm afraid we can only follow you. When that time comes, your movement will be restricted."

"Are you threatening me?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Black-feathered Corpse Emperor said, "No! I don't like to beat around the bush. If there's anything you want, just say it.

"There are no eternal allies or enemies on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. All cultivators only care about their own interest."

Zhang Ruochen said, "In that case, I won't beat around the bush.

"Qiang Zun, your sword is a Class Four Regal Weapon, right? Black-feathered Corpse Emperor, each of your 3,669 black-armored Corpse Kings is with combat strength close to a Saint King's, right?"

"If you didn't have them, your combat strength would definitely fall to the bottom of the list of Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm."

Qiang Zun and Black-feathered Corpse Emperor didn't deny it.

Zhang Ruochen said, "To be honest, a Class Four Regal Weapon is nothing to me. As for the black-armored Corpse Kings, even if I had 10,000 of them, I wouldn't be able to control them. They have no value to me.

"It's not a big deal to return them to you."

Qiang Zun and Black-feathered Corpse Emperor were overjoyed.

Zhang Ruochen changed the topic. "But if you want me to return them to you, you have to agree to two conditions."

"Go ahead," Qiang Zun said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "First, during the Celestial-Hunting battle, you are not allowed to participate in anything against Bloodysky Clan and me."

"Of course."

Qiang Zun and Black-feathered Corpse Emperor agreed without hesitation.

"Second, during the Celestial-Hunting battle, you have to do something for me," Zhang Ruochen said.

Qiang Zun and Black-feathered Corpse Emperor looked at each other and hesitated.

Zhang Ruochen knew what they were worried about. He said, "Don't worry. I won't let you do anything that will harm the interests of our clans. Both of you are Hundred-Shackle Realm elites at Great Perfection, first-class figures in the Celestial-Hunting battle. What's there to worry about?"

"Okay," said Qiang Zun. "As long as it doesn't harm Stone Clan's interests, I can help you with something."

Black-feathered Corpse Emperor nodded and agreed.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Swear first."

Black-feathered Corpse Emperor frowned. "We're all Supreme Saints. All the cultivators in Infernal Court are watching us with divine eyes. How can we break the contract?"

Zhang Ruochen insisted, "No, you have to swear in the name of the god of your clan. If you break the contract, the god of Stone Clan and Corpusians will die a horrible death."

Black-feathered Corpse Emperor and Qiang Zun felt a chill down their spines when they heard this. They stared in the direction of the Divine Domain of Destiny in fear and cursed in their hearts. 'Zhang Ruochen is a bastard. He dares to say anything and isn't afraid of being struck to death by divine punishment.'

"If you don't dare to swear, forget it. Don't waste my time."

Zhang Ruochen acted like he was about to leave.

"Wait."

Black-feathered Corpse Emperor and Qiang Zun made a vow in the end. However, they didn't dare to say anything like, "The gods of Stone Clan and Corpusians will die a horrible death." Instead, they asked the gods of the two clans to bear witness. If they broke the contract, they would die a horrible death.

Zhang Ruochen released the sword and the black-armored Corpse Kings from Violet Gourd and returned them to Black-feathered Corpse Emperor and Qiang Zun.

At the same time, he did a rough count. There were three Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills, 37 King Grade Saintwill Pills, and 458 top Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills in the gourd.

The King Grade Saintwill Pills and top Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills were what Zhang Ruochen took from Violet Gourd when he flew over the Qi Stream of Elixir after taking the first Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

He had also accidentally collected some other pills when he snatched the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills.

After all, once the spatial array at the mouth of the gourd was activated, it covered a vast area.

All the Saintwill Pills in Qi Stream of Elixir had been taken away.

Each of the ten Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills had an owner.

Apart from the three pills Zhang Ruochen had collected, Wu Jiang, Yan Wushen, Lady Wind, Luo Shengtian, and Lan Ying had collected one each.

Zhang Ruochen didn't pay attention to the other two. He didn't know who had snatched them.

At this moment, only the five Hundred-Shackle Realm elites, the Great Perfection stage attainer from Yanluo clan, led by Yan Huangtu, were still fighting with the Elixir Spirit of the Lotus of Divine Reflection.

Although the Elixir Spirit of the Lotus of Divine Reflection was sealed, it still had the peak combat strength of Thousand-Koan Realm. With Yan Huangtu's ability and the help of a Supreme Artifact, he could only trap it instead of defeating it.

The other four Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints were all injured.

Yanluo clan's other Supreme Saints rushed to the battlefield as fast as they could. If nothing unexpected happened, it was only a matter of time for Yanluo clan to collect the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill with their strength.

Zhang Ruochen looked from afar and found that the battlefield of the Yan Huangtu and the Elixir Spirit of the Lotus of Divine Reflection had moved into the Forest of No Return and entered the six-colored starry sky.

Countless cosmic dust and star fragments floated in the starry sky, showing six different colors.

Lord Xia Yu and the Supreme Saint Yi Xuan met up with Zhang Ruochen.

The Supreme Saint Yi Xuan felt rather guilty and said, "I'm sorry. We were stuck and couldn't rush over to help you in time."

"I saw everything!" Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Xia Yu's pretty face was as cold as frost, and her gaze was sharp, "I and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan could have snatched a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill," she said. "Unfortunately, it was taken away by Wu Jiang.

"Zhang Ruochen, you must be careful next time you meet him. The Saintwill he practices might be a top Grade Three Saintwill."

Zhang Ruochen nodded as he thought about his previous encounter with Wu Jiang.

When Wu Jiang fought with him, he did not use the Saintwill at all.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan noticed Zhang Ruochen's gaze and kept staring at the battle in the six-colored starry sky. He said, "All Yanluo clan elites have rushed over. The Emperor-Grade Saintwill pill is already in their possession. I'm really envious."

"I don't think so," Zhang Ruochen said.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan was stunned. "Does anyone still dare to fight against Yanluo Clan?"

"Why not? The Celestial-Hunting battle was a competition between different clans. There was no such thing as not daring? Look, Wu Jiang, Luoshengtian, Xu, Yanhong... the most powerful Hundred-Shackle

Realm elites on the ranking did not leave. Instead, they gathered in the direction of the Elixir Spirit of Lotus of Divine Reflection.

“Do you think they are going to watch the show?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan licked his lips and said, “It is indeed interesting. Why don’t we go and have a look? Maybe we will have a chance.”

Lord Xia Yu was also interested. Her eyes shone with a bright light.

“Since you are interested, let’s go and have a look. But...”

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes. He stretched out his hand and pinched in the void space.

Instantly, the space around the three of them distorted. They disappeared as if they were invisible.

Even though the distorted space was invisible, it couldn’t escape the radar of Spiritual Power Supreme Saints. However, the fight between Yanluo clan and the Elixir Spirit of Lotus of Divine Reflection had affected an area of 10,000 miles.

10,000 miles was too vast. Even if a person wasn’t invisible, standing in the void space of the universe was like a speck of dust. It was very difficult to be discovered.

After turning invisible, unless a Spiritual Power Supreme Saint looked closely, it would be impossible for them to be discovered.

The three of them entered the battlefield silently and landed on a yellowish-brown star fragment.

This star fragment was two hundred and seventy miles long. It was shaped like a giant mountain ridge. It had intersecting canine teeth, and there were many mountains. The rocks were tough, and some of them had already been metalized.

In the center of the battlefield, the 11 top Hundred-Shackle Realm elites and Yan Wushen activated a Supreme Artifact in the form of a ceremonial scepter. They had suppressed the Elixir Spirit of Lotus of Divine Reflection and were refining the Elixir Spirit’s progressively.

They weren’t like Zhang Ruochen, who could use the gourd to take a pill away before refining it.

If they didn’t refine the Elixir Spirit of Lotus of Divine Reflection, they wouldn’t be able to take it away.

The other cultivators of Yanluo clan protected them from sneak attacks. Their cultivations were all very powerful. There were close to 1,000 Supreme Saints, and more than 300 of them were in Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Even if powerful figures like Wu Jiang and Luo Shengtian dared to approach them, they would be turned into dust by 1,000 Supreme Saints in an instant.

After Zhang Ruochen observed, he looked thoughtful and said, “Something is wrong!”

“What’s wrong?” Lord Xia Yu asked.



Zhang Ruochen said, “Logically speaking, the elite that an Emperor-Grade Saintwill Pill will most likely to attract should be Lan Ying.. Wu Jiang, Luo Shengtian, and the others have appeared nearby. But why is Lan Ying nowhere to be found?”

### **Chapter 2293: Revelation of Each’s Power**

Lan Ying had long since hidden himself among the Supreme Saints of the Yanluo Clan. Furthermore, he had concealed himself from the perception of all the cultivators. This was precisely why he was able to injure a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

*Swish! Swish! Swish!*

Under Lan Ying’s control, the Bloody Slaughter was like a streak of blood. In the blink of an eye, it pierced through the bodies of six Yanluo elites at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Although it was not fatal, it greatly reduced their battle prowess. In a short period, they were unable to refine the killing aura that invaded their bodies and recover to their peak condition.

Of course, Lan Ying’s ability to succeed so easily was due solely to his own strength. It was also because the Yanluo’s elites at the Hundred-Shackle Realm’s Great Perfection stage were all controlling Supreme Artifacts and refining the Elixir Spirit of the Lotus of Divine Reflection. They were caught off guard.

If Yanluo’s elites and Lan Ying faced each other head-on, no matter how strong he was, defeating the seven Yanluo elite Supreme Saints at the Hundred-Shackle Realm’s Great Perfection stage would be a difficult task.

The seven elite Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm were injured in a row, which caused the power of the Supreme Artifact to be greatly reduced. Fortunately, the Elixir Spirit of the Lotus of Divine Reflection was almost completely refined.

“Quickly collect the Elixir Spirit of the Lotus of Divine Reflection and Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. I will deal with Lan Ying.”

Yan Huangtu’s eyes were as cold as ice. He turned into a streak of golden light and rushed out to meet Lan Ying’s eighth sword strike.

The Bloody Slaughter was formed from the Qi of Slaughter and Divine Qi in Lan Ying. It contained the murderous intent of billions of ancient creatures. Even if he did not swing his sword down, he would only be suspended in the sky, it was enough to frighten cultivators below the Supreme Saint realm.

Even a Supreme Saint would be greatly affected when faced with the Bloody Slaughter. He would not be able to unleash 70% of his full power.

However, Yan Huangtu’s will was extremely firm. He accurately caught the flight path of the Bloody Slaughter and sent a punch over.

The fist and the tip of the sword clashed.

*Slash!*

The tip of the sword instantly pierced through Yan Huangtu's skin and saint blood flowed out.

The sword aura of the Bloody Slaughter cut through the flesh of the right hand of the Yan Huangtu, revealing the golden finger bone and arm bone.

Yan Huangtu seemed to have no sense of pain as he roared loudly.

Instantly, the golden bone was covered in Nine Dragon Divine Marks.

Every single one of the Divine Marks was in the form of nine divine dragons. The number of Divine Marks was inexhaustible, as was the number of dragon shadows. It was as though there were billions of golden dragons flying out of his body domineeringly.

*Bang!*

The shockwave shattered the Bloody Slaughter, causing it to revert to a gaseous state.

The flesh on Yan Huangtu's arm grew back automatically, returning to its original state. However, the Nine Dragons Divine Marks continued to revolve around his body, emitting a divine light that illuminated the world.

It was a true divine light.

The nine dragon Divine Marks on his bones were not carved by a god. Instead, they grew out from his bones. They were the 'Royal Divine Frame', and their defensive power was unparalleled. Even a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint would find it difficult to destroy his bones.

One was a Divine Fetus, and the other was a Royal Divine Frame. It could be said that when Yan Huangtu and Lan Ying were born, they already possessed God's Destiny. They had the potential to become the God of the Galactic and King of the Gods.

It was precisely because of this that Yan Huangtu and Lan Ying suppressed the Wujiang of Myriad Hands and Eyes during this period.

A strange smile appeared on Lan Ying's child-like face. He said, "Ever since I broke through to Supreme Saint Realm, I have been looking forward to fighting with you. Today, I finally have the chance to determine the victor."

Yan Huangtu glanced at a spot not too far away. He realized that the Elixir Spirit of the Lotus of Divine Reflection had been completely refined and was hidden in the body of Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

Yan Wushen and the three Supreme Saints at the peak of the Hundred-Shackle Realm were using the Supreme Artifact to collect Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

As long as he could stall Lan Ying for a while, Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill would belong to the Yanluo clan.

As for the outer forces, it was almost impossible for them to break through the Yanluo Clan's Supreme Saint formation in a short period. Naturally, there was nothing to be afraid of.

“Great! I’ve long had my objections about the ranking of Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm in the Realm of Star Ocean. Why are you ranked second while I’m ranked third? This ranking has to be changed!”

Yan Huangtu floated in the air, and the soles of its feet lightly stepped downwards.

*Whoosh*

A golden map unfolded beneath his feet. There were rivers and lakes, mountains and peaks, deserts and oceans... all sorts of landforms and structures were delicate, so fine that the outline of every tree’s leaves on the mountain peak could be seen.

It was more like a world than a map.

Lan Ying’s smile grew even wider as he said, “With the Qi of Yanluo, you’ve easily developed the world’s map. It seems that you’re only one step away from the Thousand-Koan Realm.”

As he said this, Lan Ying spread out his right hand.

A nine-colored embryonic universe appeared in his palm. In the universe, numerous stars converged into galaxies. Some converged into rivers, some converged into flowers, and some looked like beautiful women...

Lan Ying lifted up the embryonic universe as if he was holding up a lamp. A deep expression appeared on his child-like face, he said, “The path you developed is only a world. I, on the other hand, have developed a universe. In terms of structure, you have already lost!”

Yan Huangtu did not change his expression, he said, “The universe is boundless and the ocean of stars is shoreless. You don’t know what the universe is, nor do you know where the edge of the universe is. How can you develop the universe? The universe you have developed is definitely not complete. Perhaps it has already walked on the wrong path.”

“When the Grand Supreme preached the Path, he once shared an old tale. The ant asked the mole cricket how big the sky was and how thick the earth was. The ant said that the sky was three hundred and thirty meters high and the earth was three hundred and thirty meters thick. You and I are unable to reach it.”

“In the universe, what is the difference between you and the ant? Don’t you find it ridiculous that an ant can change the sky and earth?”

An unnoticeable strange look flashed across Lan Ying’s eyes. Then, he actually directly threw the embryonic universe in his hand. Space trembled and the golden world under Yan Huangtu’s feet shattered.

“Good timing.”

Yan Huangtu sensed the enormous energy contained in the embryonic universe. He wrapped his arms around it, and a large number of Precepts flew to the top of his head. They condensed into the shape of the sun and moon, which resonated with the golden land under his feet.

The Sun and Moon revolved and collided with the embryonic universe.

## *Rumble*

The embryonic universe shattered and turned into a star fog the moment they touched.

“This...”

Yan Huangtu found it hard to understand. How could Lan Ying’s attack be so easily broken?

In almost an instant, Yan Huangtu realized that something was wrong.

The star fog formed after the embryonic universe shattered and enveloped the Yan Huangtu and the golden world that he had developed.

Each wisp of fog had the Precepts and the inscription of the array. It was tougher than the sacred chains and trapped Yan Huangtu like a cage.

“I originally wanted to fight you to see who would win today. However, I care more about Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. This battle can only be decided next time.”

Lan Ying’s eyes shone with an evil light as he said this. Then, he used his fastest speed to rush out.

He was very clear that the star fog could only trap Yan Huangtu for a moment.

And he had to snatch away Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill at that moment. Otherwise, he would never have another chance.

“You guys keep taking it. I’ll go block Lan Ying.”

After saying this, Yan Wushen retreated and charged at Lan Ying decisively. As he flew, his body grew larger, turning into a Golden Giant Mode.

His body shone with golden light, and there were no pores on his skin.

“You won’t be able to block me for even a second.”

Lan Ying smiled maliciously. As he charged forward, he raised his right arm.

It was just a right arm, but it was like a divine sword that could split the world. It contained an unparalleled sword intent. Sharp Sword Qi shot out from the tips of his five fingers.

“Not good, Lan Ying used the Murderous Bane!”

The expressions of Yanluo Clan’s Supreme Saints changed. They immediately rushed over, worried for Yan Wushen.

The Murderous Bane was even more terrifying than the Bloody Slaughter.

One Bloody Slaughter could injure seven Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

How could Yan Wushen, who was only in the Neverwilt Realm, block the Murderous Bane?

Unfortunately, a slow remedy does not address the current emergency. Lan Ying and Yan Wushen had already clashed together.

One stood 31 meters tall, like a colossal Vajra God. The other resembled a child. His body glowed with nine lights and eighteen different colors. He was quick and agile. He waved his sword... no, his arm, slicing toward Yan Wushen's neck.

"I was going to cut off Zhang Ruochen's Demigod-level physique. Since I met you first, I'll break your Half-Buddha Physique. The biggest difference between you and Zhang Ruochen is that you were born in the Yanluo clan, so you won't die."

Lan Ying's arm was about to cut off Yan Wushen's neck.

Suddenly, he lowered his arm and cut at Yan Wushen's left shoulder. As his arm fell, the smile in Lan Ying's eyes became even more intense.

"How can it be so easy to break my Half-Buddha Physique?"

Yan Wushen, who was originally much slower than Lan Ying, snorted and a circle of Rainbow Buddhist light appeared between his brows. In the depths of the circle of Buddhist light, a stone bridge was suspended there. It seemed to exist in Yan Wushen's Sea of Qi, but it also seemed to exist in a certain place in the vast universe.

"Impossible. How could the Yanluo Clan bring two Supreme Artifacts into the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?" A look of disbelief appeared in Lan Ying's eyes.

Scepter of Heaven's Pass was here, why did the Bridge of Vaitarna appear as well?

*Whoosh*

A beam of light of death condensed on The Bridge of Vaitarna. It flew out from between Yan Wushen's brows and landed close to Lan Ying.

Lan Ying had no choice but to retract his arm and hack his way towards the death ray.

*Rumble*

It was only a stalemate for an instant before the death ray was shattered by Lan Ying.

The difference in cultivation level was too great. Even if Yan Wushen's calculations were deeper than Lan Ying's, it was still impossible for him to defeat him.

However, he managed to seize this moment, giving Yan Wushen the time to neutralize the Murderous Bane. He used the Power of Dimension to distort the space, causing the sword strike from Lan Ying's arm to only slash past him.

Even so, the sword Qi from the Murderous Bane still forced Yan Wushen back more than ten miles, unable to stop Lan Ying anymore.

"To be able to take one strike from me and still be able to escape unscathed. You are indeed worthy of being called a Yuanhui level genius. I look forward to your growth as soon as possible."

Lan Ying laughed lightly and flew towards the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

'Yan Wushen knew that he could no longer stop Lan Ying. 'With my current cultivation level, if I were to face him head-on, I definitely wouldn't be able to block the five of Lan Ying's attack,' he thought to himself as he stared at his back.

Yan Wushen was very clear that facing Lan Ying head-on was actually the easiest.

That was because everyone was in the open. Even if they could not defeat him, they would still have a certain degree of confidence in surviving with the profoundness of the Path of Dimension.

However, the scariest thing was that Lan Ying did not fight him head-on. Instead, he hid in the dark and attempted to assassinate him. In that case, he felt that he could not even survive.

'I have to break through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm as soon as possible, no matter the cost,' Yan Wushen thought to himself.

Lan Ying easily neutralized the attack power of the three Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Then, he used the three Bloody Slaughters to send them all flying.

Then, he reached out his hand to retrieve Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

Although the Elixir Spirit of Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill had been refined, its power was still extremely strong. The closer Lan Ying's hand got, the stronger the obstruction.

However, how could the obstruction stop Lan Ying?

The hand got closer and closer.

The Yan Huangtu broke through the star fog, but it was too late. I could only watch this scene.

When the other cultivators vying for Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill saw that it was about to fall into Lan Ying's hands, they all stopped fighting. Their eyes were filled with helplessness and apprehension.

"So many elites of the Yanluo Clan can't stop Lan Ying. The Divine Fetus is too terrifying. If Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen don't succeed, they'll definitely be defeated by him. He'll become the most dazzling genius of this Yuanhui period."

Lady Wind thought to herself, 'if I can invite Lan Ying to help me, won't the position of the Scioness of Destiny be easy to get?'

Lan Ying was also a member of the lower-three clans.

However, Lan Ying was even more difficult to invite than Zhang Ruochen. She had been rejected many times, and all the gifts she had sent had been returned. It was as if nothing in the world could move his heart.

Zhang Ruochen also had a weakness of being lustful. So a beauty trap could break through his heart.

But Lan Ying had no weakness. He was someone that no one could invite.

Just as everyone expected Lan Ying to take Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, another hand reached out and grabbed it before him.

Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill's obstruction didn't seem to exist to him.

*Whoosh*

The owner of that hand appeared out of thin air. No one could see what he looked like. He was just a black figure. He was as skinny as a stick and as tall as a bamboo pole.

Lan Ying, who was close by, was slightly startled. Then, his eyes became extremely cold.

Pursue a narrow gain while neglecting a greater danger.

He assumed he had the upper hand, but he had no idea that another person was lurking around the corner.

No matter who it was, whoever dared to plunder his prize would be punished with death.

“Courting death.”

Lan Ying once again condensed the Murderous Bane.. He raised his arm, which was emitting nine lights and eighteen colors, and slashed at the black figure.

### **Chapter 2294: Que, Ranked First on the List of Cultivators Achieved Great Perfection Stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm**

*Swoosh*

Lan Ying’s arm was cut off and sent flying.

Everyone was too far away, so no one could see clearly what the black figure was doing?

Every cultivator was so shocked that their hearts were trembling.

That... That was Lan Ying. The person who was able to defeat the Yanluo Clan’s 12 great elites by himself had his arm severed in just one meeting.

Earlier, Lan Ying had used the Murderous Bane. Since he dared to use his arm as a sword, it meant that he was confident that his arm was tougher and sharper than a Regal Artifact.

‘How terrifying.’ All the cultivators who saw this thought appeared in their minds.

Lan Ying was sent flying for dozens of kilometers. He couldn’t believe his eyes when he saw the tall and thin black figure holding Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. He had never thought that there would be a cultivator who could hurt him in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

*Whish*

The broken arm that was sent flying gave off an intense nine-and-eighteen-colored light. Then, it disintegrated and turned into creeks of air that flew back to the wound on Lan Ying’s shoulder.

A new arm grew back.

“Interesting! Tell me, who are you?” Lan Ying asked with an evil grin.

Obviously, he wasn’t hurt by the broken arm.

There was no response.

Without a sound, the black figure disappeared.

Everything that happened just now happened in a very short period. The black figure only appeared in the blink of an eye.

Only a few of those in the pinnacle of Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints saw him and felt his presence.

As for the cultivators who were watching the projection through the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms, most of them did not see him. They had no idea what had just happened.

It was too fast!

“Did Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill get taken away by Lan Ying?”

“What happened just now? I think I saw Lan Ying being sent flying.” A Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint from the Infernal Court who could not participate in the Celestial-Hunting Festival stared at the projection in the sky and asked curiously.

“Are you hallucinating? Lan Ying has been standing on the same spot the entire time. Who could hurt him on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?”

“You’re right. It seems like Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill has fallen into Lan Ying’s hands.”

...

At this moment, Lan Ying’s expression was extremely stern. He shouted coldly, “You want to leave? Dream on.”

*Whoosh*

Nine-colored light burst out from Lan Ying and illuminated the entire universe. It turned into a nine-colored nebula and instantly spread across tens of thousands of miles. Many cultivators watching the projection couldn’t open their eyes.

Countless precepts of heaven and earth became completely active. With him at the center, they trembled slightly.

The ripples spread over 100,000 miles.

At the same time, Lan Ying’s eyes turned into nine-colored divine eyes. A large amount of Ashura divine qi turned into dragon-snake form and circulated around his body. A terrifying aura completely burst out.

At this moment, Lan Ying finally became serious.

When all the cultivators present used their own methods to find the black figure, Zhang Ruochen stood in the Ninth Stratum Array set up by Lord Xia Yu and immediately released the Realm-frame of Truth, The Spatial Domain, and Null Time realm.

“It’s him. He did participate in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. But who is he?” Zhang Ruochen was very confused.



With such powerful cultivation, it was obvious that he must be ranked first on the list of Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

That black figure was Que. His name means insufficient.

If that's the case, why didn't Que attend the Celestial-Hunting Festival? Why didn't he take the first row?

Was it because he was low-key?

Or did he have other tasks?

After all, the purpose of entering the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was to hunt Celestial Captives. They wanted to be high-profile and show off their power in front of others. Hiding their identity and keeping a low profile seemed too deliberate.

He would not have appeared if it hadn't been for Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

Lord Xia Yu and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan were still in a daze. Earlier, the other cultivators did not understand what had happened. However, with their cultivation, they saw it clearly.

There were cultivators below the Thousand-Koan Realm who could cut off the arm of the Lan Ying?

Their first thought was, 'Is that black figure a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint among the Celestial Captives?'

"Get ready, he's here!"

Zhang Ruochen shouted softly. His face was full of joy, but his eyes were full of caution.

He was right. After taking Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he had broken out of the encirclement from this direction.

Even someone as powerful as Que did not dare to fight against so many Supreme Saint powerhouses alone. He had to escape.

At that moment, Lord Xia Yu had already sensed an extremely weak aura intruding into the formation she had set up.

The aura was so weak that it was as if a mosquito had intruded into a planet with a diameter of a thousand miles.

Fortunately, this was the void of the universe, so it was impossible for there to be such fluctuations. Furthermore, the array had been set up beforehand, so Lord Xia Yu was able to sense it. If it was in a certain living Macroworld, Lord Xia Yu might not even be able to sense Que's presence at all.

Lord Xia Yu released her spiritual power and formed a seal with her hands. Instantly, a Ninth Stratum Array appeared. Dense array inscriptions interweaved and condensed into a sea of fire formed from the Grim Soul-devouring Flame.

After all, Lord Xia Yu was one of the top elites below the Thousand-Koan Realm, and she had set up the array in advance.

Even though Que was extremely powerful, he was forced to reveal himself by the array.

“Haha! Zhang Ruochen, you’re really amazing. This kid actually barged into the formation on his own.”

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan wasn’t afraid. Instead, he was extremely excited. He formed a palm with his right hand and released crystalized icy ley lines that spread out like an icy spider web.

In his eyes, no matter how powerful you were, you were only in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. How Brilliant could you be?

You might not be a match for him in a one-on-one fight.

But who was easier to annoy, him, Lord Xia Yu, or Zhang Ruochen?

How could the combined power of three powerful figures not take care of you?

Que was still just a black figure. His appearance couldn’t be seen clearly. He only spoke in a cold tone, “Zhang Ruochen, you didn’t disappoint me too much to be able to set up here in advance and figure out my movements. Unfortunately, this array is far from enough to deal with me.”

*Boom*

Que pointed out with his finger. Instantly, the inscriptions in the array broke one by one and disappeared.

A Ninth Stratum Array that could suppress Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints was like paper in front of him.

Lord Xia Yu controlled the technique formation and condensed the Grim Soul-devouring Flame into a flaming storm. She took the initiative to attack Que.

The Grim Soul-devouring Flame was Lord Xia Yu’s trump card. It was the fire of absolute Yin and evil. Under the support of the Ninth Stratum Array, its power was even more terrifying. Even elites like Wujiang and Yan Huangtu would not choose to clash head-on with her, most likely, they would not choose to clash head-on with her.

Lord Xia Yu’s battle strength was at the top of the Thousand-Koan Realm. The array had pushed her battle strength up another step.

Zhang Ruochen knew that Que’s speed was terrifying. He used all his strength to mobilize the Power of Dimension, Time, and the Realm-frame of Truth to suppress Que’s speed and power.

Zhang Ruochen had already distorted many spaces and set up Dimensional Traps in the area where the Ninth Stratum Array was located.

The Power of Time surrounded Que, slowing down the flow of time there.

Zhang Ruochen thought that such a strict arrangement was enough to deal with a powerhouse like Lan Ying. However, Que, who was standing in the array, was unusually calm.

“Zhang Ruochen, with your current Time and Dimension attainments, it seems to me that you are just a piece of cake. Don’t show off in front of me before condensing the Time and Dimension Saintwill. Otherwise, I will look down on you even more. In comparison, Xia Yu’s Grim Soul-devouring Flame plus the array can make me take you more seriously.” said Que.

Que turned into a black creek of light and flew in a straight line in the Ninth Stratum Array, crashing into the Grim Soul-devouring Flame storm.

*Bang Bang*

The distorted space and Dimensional Traps that Zhang Ruochen had set up in advance did not affect him at all.

Even the Power of Time only reduced his speed by half.

The reduced speed was still far faster than Zhang Ruochen, Lord Xia Yu, and Supreme Supreme Saint Yi Xuan.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Time Saint Soul and mobilized the dense Precepts of Time. He kept pointing his finger at Que. As long as Que was hit, time in his space would stop for a short while.

Time had stopped, which meant that no matter how fast Que ran, he had to come to a halt.

*Swoosh!*

*Swoosh!*

...

Que easily dodged Zhang Ruochen's Power of Time. He couldn't lock onto it at all.

Que's figure collided with the Grim Soul-devouring Flame storm.

He had thought that there would be an earth-shattering impact, but the Grim Soul-devouring Flame seemed to have been swallowed and disappeared without a trace.

"Impossible!" Lord Xia Yu blurted out in shock.

It wasn't easy for even a mid or late-stage Supreme Saint of the Thousand-Koan Realm to take her attack, let alone a Supreme Saint of the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm. How could it be resolved without a sound?

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, who was hiding behind the Grim Soul-devouring Flame, couldn't care less. He struck out with the Frozen Universe Palm that he had formed a long time ago.

In front of the palm strike, cold air soared into the sky. Large amounts of ice crystals appeared and formed many icy mountain ridges that extended towards the gap.

These were real icy mountain ridges. There were mountain peaks, an abyss, and a bone-piercing killing intent from the palm.

Lord Xia Yu and the Supreme Saint Yi Xuan did not attack because they owed it to them. Instead, they used a combination of attacks. There was no time lag, and they did not give Que a chance to catch their breath.

Only by using this method would they have a chance to defeat it.

However, no matter how well-prepared they were, they were still a little too optimistic. The mountain ranges of ice and snow shattered as soon as the Supreme Saint Yi Xuan struck out with his palm.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan's vision blurred. He did not know what kind of attack he had received. It was as if his chest had been hit by a sacred mountain. He was sent flying. His ribs were shattered, his body collapsed, and his internal organs turned into a bloody mess, he spat out a mouthful of blood.

Fortunately, he had reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. If he had been in his previous realm, his body would have been blown up by this attack.

The third wave of attack, which had no time gap, was launched by Zhang Ruochen.

*Whish*

Zhang Ruochen activated the Yanshen's Leg, which turned into a red light column to attack Que in place of Supreme Supreme Saint Yi Xuan.

Que punched out a simple punch and hit the bottom of Zhang Ruochen's foot.

The divine power contained in the Yanshen's Leg was dissolved in an instant. An overwhelming power hit Zhang Ruochen in the opposite direction, and his body flew backward at an even faster speed.

"Not only the Path of Oblivion, but the power is also so terrifying."

Zhang Ruochen cursed in his heart. He immediately folded the ten golden wings on his back and wrapped them into a golden ball.

Sure enough, the golden ball was struck by an extremely bright black light the next moment.

The golden ball spun rapidly, accompanied by a layer of spatial light fog.

When the black light pierced through the spatial light fog, the power was reduced by more than half. When it landed on the Golden Ball, it dissolved part of the power because of the rapid rotation of the ball.

*Boom*

The golden ball flew out, and drops of golden blood spilled out.

Zhang Ruochen only dissolved the power contained in the black light after flying for 300 miles. The golden ball opened and revealed itself. Its face was extremely pale, and two of its golden wings were badly mutilated.

Although it suffered serious internal injuries, it did not hurt its root.

In fact, in the eyes of many spectators, Zhang Ruochen was already quite impressive. It must be known that even with Lan Ying's cultivation, he would lose an arm if he was caught off guard by an attack from Que. Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, who had reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, was severely injured in an instant.

It could be said that it was already a great achievement to survive an attack from Que.

Zhang Ruochen had his own analysis. Que was indeed powerful, but he was only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm after all. If he was so powerful that he couldn't be defeated, why did he run away after taking the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?

It meant that the top elites in the Hundred-Shackle Realm still had the power to threaten him.

Even if he was ranked first, the difference between him and Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, Luo Shengtian, and Wujiang might not be that big. The top ten elites might be able to fight him. After all, they were not simple characters. They represented the ultimate strength below the Thousand-Koan Realm.

However, Zhang Ruochen had underestimated Que's speed and the strangeness of the Path of Oblivion.

He had mistakenly thought that Que's strength would be his weakness.

It turned out that Que's strength was far superior to battle Warlord Mara, who had reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He could easily defeat Zhang Ruochen's Yan Shen leg. It was very likely that he was also number one below the Thousand-Koan Realm.

Warlord Mara was below the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He was the representative of Pure Power Masters. Except for a few cultivators, very few Supreme Saints dared to confront him directly.

Because Zhang Ruochen and the others, Lan Ying, Yanhuang Tu, Wujiang, Luo Shengtian, Supreme Saint Yanhong, Lady Wind, and Lord Bladehell had chased him from eight different directions.

Other cultivators didn't dare to make an enemy out of Que.

Supreme Saint Yan Hong and Xu had already formed an alliance, while Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind were another alliance. They dared to attack and had a certain amount of confidence in taking Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill because they worked together.

Que broke through the Ninth Stratum Array and immediately escaped.

A light appeared in Zhang Ruochen's eyes. He condensed a Spatial Wormhole Mirror and activated a large amount of Mark of Time light spots in the world. He shot them in.

His palm condensed a special Mark of Time from the Precept of Time. He hid it in it and flew out.

He had only recently realized that the Mark of Time light spot wasn't captured from Celestial Court and earth. It was condensed from his own Precept of Time. It was a new time created.

It was his time.

It was called the "Self-Definite Mark of Time".

*Whoosh*

Behind Que, a Spatial Wormhole Mirror appeared.

The dots of light from the Mark of Time flew toward him like a rain of light.

**Chapter 2295: Home Planet**

“This again? If you only have this bit of power, it means that you, as a Master of Time, have failed quite a bit.”

Que didn't even look back. He ignored the light spots of Marks of Time coming from behind.

*Whoosh*

As soon as the dense light spots of Marks of Time approached him, they immediately dimmed and then disappeared. Like the lights being extinguished, they did not cause any damage to him.

Only the “Self-Defined Mark of Time” condensed by Zhang Ruochen using his Precepts of Time silently touched his body.

The Marks of Time existed everywhere in the world, including in Que's body.

When a special Marks of Time fell on the body, it was almost imperceptible.

The other cultivators were unaware of the “Self-Defined Mark of Time”. Seeing that Zhang Ruochen's Mark of Time was dissolved without any counter-measures, they all gasped.

What level was he?

Was he really only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm?

Was the Power of Time so weak?

To deal with Zhang Ruochen, many cultivators in the Infernal Court were thinking of ways to suppress the Power of Time. They had indeed thought of some ways, but it required a lot of manpower and material resources, and they needed to make careful arrangements.

It was beyond their understanding that Que easily dissolved the Power of Time.

Only a few cultivators thought of the Path of Oblivion at the first moment, and their faces became more serious.

Lord Xia Yu's eyes showed a deep sense of powerlessness, she sighed and said, “He's the person you're talking about, right? It seemed that everyone was wrong, including the gods. Que of first place on the list of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was a person, a living person. He was too powerful. It was impossible to defeat him. Is there anyone in the Thousand-Koan Realm who can be his match?”

In her opinion, Que was no longer invincible in the same realm. He was invincible even if he crossed a realm.

Even if Zhang Ruochen, a genius of the Yuanhui level, cultivated to the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he might not be his match.

Zhang Ruochen said, “He may not be as powerful as you think. What you see is just the tip of an iceberg.”

Lord Xia Yu looked sideways, she said, "Just now, the three of us kept unleashing the most powerful combined attacks. Even Lan Ying and Yan Wushen might not be able to withstand it. However, he easily dispelled it. This means he's a lot stronger than us, and he's also a lot stronger than Lan Ying and Yan Wushen. All the cultivators attending the festival are on a completely different level from him."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, "You think that the combined attacks of the three of us can fight against Lan Ying and Yan Wushen. That's because you know their strength and their height."

"However, you know nothing about Que."

"There is no information and records of Que's battle achievements. It is precisely because of this that you feel that he is as unfathomable as the abyss and as tall as a mountain, unable to see the top. You feel that he is already undefeatable. Even before the official fight, your heart has already been crushed. In terms of the state of mind, you have already lost."

"You stood at the apex of the Abyss, looking down. There was a white fog 33 meters below. There was no way to see all the way to the bottom. Fear was pounding in your chest. However, if you saw that the abyss was only 33 meters deep when the weather was clear, you'd have a good idea of how deep it was. That fear would be significantly reduced."

Lord Xia Yu couldn't understand why Zhang Ruochen was so optimistic, she said, "You think that Que's strength is not much stronger than Lan Ying and Yan Huangtu? However, the three of us, you, and the Supreme Saint Yi Xuan have worked together and made arrangements in advance. They were all easily defeated by him. Moreover, the Power of Time that you used just now was also silently neutralized by him. His various methods have reached an unimaginable level."

Zhang Ruochen said, "The fog that hides the abyss makes it difficult for people to see its depth. However, the abyss is very clear about its depth. That's why Que chose to run away when he was being chased by the eight powerhouses, instead of staying behind to defeat them all and further expand his battle achievements."

As he said this, Zhang Ruochen pointed in the direction where Que escaped. Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, and the others were chasing after him.

Lord Xia Yu said, "Even if what you said is correct, Que's strength is unquestionably superior to Lan Ying and Yan Huangtu. We can't beat him because he's an absolute superior. He deserved to be ranked first in the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage. His strength will undoubtedly increase with the assistance of Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill."

Lord Xia Yu continued, "You're just jealous and afraid. You're afraid that you won't be his match even if you cultivate the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Your reputation as a Yuanhui level genius will be taken away."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed and he smiled indifferently when he heard this. "One of these days, I'll defeat him myself. I'll tell you that there isn't an enemy you can't defeat. The only thing you can't beat is yourself. Set aside everything else. Let us travel to the home planet of the Immortal Vampires."

In the pitch-black void.

The elixir attendant and Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest stood side by side.

When Que appeared, their expressions revealed shock, confusion, and astonishment. They both recovered after a long time.

The elixir attendant sighed and said, "I didn't expect so many monsters to be born in the Infernal Court in this thousand years. They can be called the golden generation of this Yuanhui period. What's the origin of the Master of Oblivion?"

Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest, shook his head and smiled bitterly. He said, "I'm not sure! He didn't appear at the festival, but he appeared at the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. This is very strange."

The elixir attendant was surprised. "Isn't he one of the ten thousand cultivators attending the festival of the ten clans?"

Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest, nodded, said, "In the hundred years since the Celestial-Hunting Festival, there has never been such a special case. Since even I don't know about his existence, it can only mean that he must have a deity-level figure behind him. His appearance on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting must also have a special meaning."

"A cultivator who shouldn't have appeared on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting appeared miraculously," said the elixir attendant. "Furthermore, no deity took action to kill him. In other words, he violates the rules?"

Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest said, "The Battle of Celestial-Hunting represents many meanings. The cultivators of the ten clans are fighting for the distribution of their own interests. The three candidates are fighting for the position of Scioness. Including Zhang Ruochen, Yan Wushen, Lan Ying, and Yan Huangtu... Every cultivator has a reason to participate in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. I'm very curious now. What was Que's?"

The elixir attendant said, "Now that Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill has fallen into Que's hands, this pill battle should come to an end. Aren't you going to stop them?"

Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest nodded slightly. Just as he was about to attack, he suddenly heard a voice transmission. He immediately showed a respectful expression and listened attentively.

"I understand. So that's how it is."

After listening to the voice transmission, Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest gave up, he said to the elixir attendant beside him, "I already understand Que's appearance on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. The deity has issued an order. On the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, there's no need to interfere with the matters of Que, Zhang Ruochen, and Yan Wushen. The three of them aren't within the rules of Celestial-Hunting."

The Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was vast and boundless. It was filled with star fog and was six-colored.

The Immortal Vampires' home planet had a diameter of 30,000 miles.

Standing in the starry sky, there were ten continents and a blood-red ocean on the planet. It was like a huge blood-red eyeball that was flying from east to west.



There were a total of 240 million Immortal Vampires on the Immortal Vampires' home planet. They had established cities and civilizations.

Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell went after Que and failed. After returning to the home planet, they immediately contacted the leaders of the ten Clans, including Zhang Ruochen.

After some discussion, they named the ten continents of the home planet after the titles of the Ten Clans: Azureky, Yellowsky, Qitian, Demonsky, Bloodysky...

Each clan was responsible for a continent.

For example, there were 30 million Immortal Vampires on the Bloodysky Continent guarded by the Bloodysky Clan. If the Bloodysky Continent was invaded by Celestial Captives and ten clansmen died, one point would be deducted.

This point would be deducted from the Bloodysky Clan.

If the entire clansmen were killed on the Bloodysky Continent, half of the Bloodysky Clan's total points would be deducted and given to the other nine clans.

Zhang Ruochen led the 98 Supreme Saints of the Bloodysky Clan and the two saint kings who had failed to break through to the Bloodysky Continent. Then, Zhang Ruochen told them the details of the discussion.

In the mansion of the governor of Cloud City, the largest city on the Bloodysky Continent, all the powerful figures of the Bloodysky Clan gathered in the lobby.

Lord Xia Yu's face was cold, she said, "The ten great clans will be in charge of a continent. This will divide the powers between the clans and increase competition and internal conflicts. If they were attacked by the Celestial Captives, the other nine great Clans might stand idly by. Lord Bladehell and Queen Wind are making a huge mistake."

Gu Chenzi said, "There's nothing we can do about it. The ten great clans are in competition with each other."

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said indignantly, "What do you mean there's nothing we can do about it? Why should the Immortal Vampires want Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind to make the decision? There are so many powerful figures in our Bloodysky Clan. Can't we seize power? I support Zhang Ruochen to be the leader of the entire Immortal Vampires!"

Gu Chenzi said, "It's useless for you to support him. If we seize power now, it will be an internal conflict. Even if we succeed, the Immortal Vampires will be greatly weakened, and the internal conflict will increase. Isn't this a joke for the other nine clans?"

...

Just as they were arguing endlessly, Zhang Ruochen finally spoke, he said, "Stop arguing. Everyone listened to my arrangements. Lord Xia Yu, immediately contact the array masters of the ten great clans and set up a Defensive Array, a Cloaking Array, and an Offensive Array in the outer space of our planet. This is something that the leaders of the ten great clans and I have discussed beforehand. There should

be no opposition. You are the Immortal Vampires' most powerful Array Master. You'll be in charge of this situation.

"Gu Chenzi, search every secret hideout on the continent carefully. Find all the Celestial Captives hiding on the continent and kill them without mercy.

"Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, you will lead all of the Bloodysky Clan's Supreme Saints in the Hundred-Shackle Realm to the Cosmic Battlefield to kill the Celestial Captives and earn points for our clan. How are your injuries healing?"

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan stood up abruptly. His external injuries had already healed, and he was full of energy. He said, "I am a Supreme Saint of the Immortal Vampires. Sucking more saint blood is more effective than taking healing pills. As long as I don't meet Celestial Captives of the Thousand-Koan Realm, I promise to kill them all."

Zhang Ruochen nodded, and he continued to give orders. "Xueqi, you will lead all the spiritual-power Supreme Saints of the Bloodysky Clan to form an intelligence group to investigate the Celestial Captives' whereabouts. Then, you will send a message to Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and let them finish them off. In addition, we must closely monitor the movements of the other nine clans and find the location of their home planet. Remember, safety first."

"Those cultivators who have just broken through to the Supreme Saint Realm should stay in the Bloodysky Continent for the time being. After their realms have been consolidated, they will hunt the Celestial Captives."

...

The orders were given one after another, and everyone began to take action.

Everyone knew very well that Zhang Ruochen had taken a cautious and steady approach. This way, he might get fewer points, but it was safer.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Supreme Inscription in the gourd and activated the Supreme Power. He subdued 3 Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills, 37 King Grade Saintwill Pills, and 458 top-tier Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills.

Then, he sent the cultivators of the Bloodysky Clan who had just broken through to the Supreme Saint Realm into the Violet Gourd to cultivate.

With the help of the Godstones, the time ratio in the gourd could reach 1:9.

Unfortunately, the Sundial could not be brought into the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. Otherwise, Zhang Ruochen would have a greater time advantage.

"According to Lady Wind, only Lan Ying and Yan Huangtu are still pursuing Que. With their hindrance, Que should not be able to consume Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill in a short time. I still have a chance. However, before that, I must break through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

Even if Que could get rid of Lan Ying and Yan Huangtu, Zhang Ruochen predicted that he wouldn't be able to take Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill anytime soon.

First of all, Que must have condensed the Saintwill in the Path he was best at. If he wanted to take Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he had to cultivate another Path shortly.

Only by cultivating a single Path to an extremely profound level could it be meaningful to take the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

Zhang Ruochen didn't think that Que could cultivate a single path to produce a Grade Three Saintwill. The only worry was that Que had already condensed nine types of saintwill. With Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he had condensed the tenth type.

A Supreme Saint condensing the tenth type of saintwill meant that he had surpassed the Ancients and was of epoch-making significance.

No one knew if condensing the tenth type of saintwill would obtain some special power and change?

After all, a cultivator who broke the limit would definitely be favored by Heaven.

Secondly, Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was essentially equivalent to a Supreme Saint. Even if the spiritual will of the Elixir Spirit had been refined, it would still be difficult to refine it with the cultivation of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Even if Zhang Ruochen got Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he didn't dare to take it on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. If he was disturbed, the consequences would be unimaginable.

"I hope the Ampliofruit can help me break the shackles."

Zhang Ruochen took out an Ampliofruit and held it in his hand. His eyes were blurred, and his heart was filled with anticipation.

Zhang Ruochen had consumed a cauldron of Fugue Pills before entering the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting because he couldn't bring any pills in. They numbered in the hundreds.

The medicinal effect of the Fugue Pills couldn't be digested in a short period, so it was all sealed and suppressed by Zhang Ruochen in his blood vessels and heart. Only when the shackle was broken would part of the seal be broken and the efficacy is released.

Besides the Fugue Pills, Zhang Ruochen also swallowed a lot of substandard soul pills, which could improve Spirit, and King Grade pills with healing effects. All of their efficacy was still sealed.

This was a loophole in the rules of the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting!

Any cultivator with a bit of brain would do this.

Of course, not every cultivator had a body as strong as Zhang Ruochen's, who could withstand the effects of so many pills and the impact of the Elixir Spirit on his body.

**Chapter 2296: Into the Hundred-Shackle Realm**

Zhang Ruochen's first shackle was located in his right arm and embedded in the fascia. It was like an iron chain wrapped around his wrist, restricting the power of his right arm and locking the powerful divine power contained in the demigod body.

Because his physical body was strong, Zhang Ruochen's shackles were also tougher.

It was not until he drank "The Twelve Blossoms" that he showed signs of weakening.

It had been two hours since he swallowed the Amplifruit. Zhang Ruochen mobilized the Divine Purification Flame to refine it with all his might, and then he performed the Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture to absorb it speedily.

At the same time, he unsealed part of the Elixir Qi from the Fugue Pill locked inside his heart.

The Elixir Qi fused with the blood and surged toward his right arm like a tide, constantly battering at the shackle.

"Break!"

Zhang Ruochen shouted.

*BANG!*

A clap of divine thunder came from his body. His bones shook while the Saint Qi and divine flames transformed into circles of ripples that spread in all directions.

It was not broken.

The shackle remained tough.

"Break!"

Zhang Ruochen attacked again. The power in his body burst out and dispersed like clouds and mist.

The first shackle was like a bowstring stretched to its limits, and it let out a frightening sound.

But he failed again and could not break it.

"Break!"

Zhang Ruochen persevered and continued his onslaught.

"Break!"

"Break!"

...

Even with Zhang Ruochen's powerful physical body, he could not withstand the tenth attack. Blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

"I'm almost there. I have to break it no matter the cost and enter into the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth and did not give up. He continued to attack.

“Break!”

“Break!”

...

After attacking consecutively for the 15th time, cracks developed on Zhang Ruochen’s skin. Blood dripped from his pores. Even his Saint Soul was damaged, showing signs of cracking.

Zhang Ruochen’s physique was amazing. He had also taken Divine Herbs before so he recovered at an exceedingly fast rate.

Therefore, he wasn’t afraid of hurting his origin and continued his attacks.

The first shackle had become very fragile. He needed to break it off in one go. If he gave up now, all his previous efforts would be wasted.

“Break it.”

Zhang Ruochen shouted loudly. He gathered all the power in his body and struck hard against the shackle.

He had experienced the process of breaking the shackle countless times, but this time, he felt an unrestrained tide of energy flowing within. His right arm felt like an unstoppable flood that had broken through the bank.

*BANG!*

Like a bowstring being pulled apart, a deafening sound came from Zhang Ruochen’s body.

Then, Zhang Ruochen felt his body becoming lighter. It was as if the chains that had once bound him had broken. His body became relaxed and his Saint Soul was set free.

The first shackle was finally broken.

He had successfully broken through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm!

From now on, Zhang Ruochen would be considered a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint.

His entire body was covered in blood and sweat. His right arm was in so much pain that it was on the verge of splitting apart. His flesh was badly mangled, but it was still full of power. Rays of divine Qi and multicolored light spread out and shone in the realm space within Violet Gourd.

The demigod’s blood boiled over, and the divine force of the demigod body was released.

Zhang Ruochen slowly raised his right hand and gathered it above his head.

The wound on his arm that was emitting the bloody divine light healed quickly. It quickly became as good as new. His skin was crystal clear, and his blood flowed like a river.

“Divine force... I can finally release a portion of my divine force. Before this, I possessed a demigod body, but the divine force I can use is very limited.”

He felt that he could unleash a devastating attack with a casual sweep of his palm.

The Thousand-Koan Realm elephant souls in his right arm quieted down. They didn't bring adverse effects to their master like before.

"Now that I've broken the first shackle, the next shackle should be much easier." Zhang Ruochen looked at his right arm with satisfaction. He really wanted to test his might with a Great Perfection elite of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

However, he restrained himself and continued to meditate and practice.

The Ampliofruit was very precious. Its most important function was not to assist in breaking the shackle but to help him comprehend high-level Saint Techniques.

Since he had swallowed one, he naturally could not let it be wasted.

Because Zhang Ruochen wanted to cultivate the "Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill" with all his strength, he mainly focused on practicing the Luoshui Fist technique, Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike, Divine Purification Flame, Incarceration of Divine Demon, and Yanshen's Leg, while his swordsmanship and the paths of space and time were temporarily put aside.

His Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike had reached a bottleneck period.

The practice of Divine Purification Flame needed to be done step by step. It was very difficult to be mastered immediately.

Meanwhile, there were no practicing methods for the Luoshui Fist technique. He could only use his own understanding of the fist technique to further deduce the practice methods.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen ultimately decided to continue practicing Incarceration of Divine Demon with the power of the Ampliofruit.

Instead of being greedy, it was better to practice a Saint Technique to perfection.

One move that he could utilize in every battle.

The Incarceration of Divine Demon had already reached the fifth tier of high-level Thousand-Koan Saint Technique. It was unrealistic to advance it to the sixth level in a short time. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen's idea was to combine the Incarceration of Divine Demon and the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King.

He put his hands together.

*Whoosh*

Torrential saint light surged out of Zhang Ruochen's body. It was bright and extremely hot, reflecting together with the light emitted by the Golden Sun of Destruction in the gourd's inner realm. It was like a Gemini star.

The thousand-mile-tall Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King appeared. It was formidable and sacred. Above its head, nine heavens formed from the heavenly and earthly precepts in addition to Saint Qi that resembled an imperial palace.

Ever since the power of within his blood vessels was activated, Zhang Ruochen had a Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King in his body. At the same time, the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King had transformed. It was much stronger than before.

‘Now that I’ve reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm, I should be able to use my Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King to fuse with the Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King and make the Saint Aspect stronger.’

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen activated the Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King in the saint’s heart.

The Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King was not in the likeness of the Immovable Wisdom King. It was sacred and majestic, like an unrivaled being.

The Immovable Wisdom King Saint Aspect looked like Zhang Ruochen. He was young, handsome, and had a keen temperament.

From afar, it looked like Zhang Ruochen and the ancient Immovable Wisdom King was facing each other. He seemed like a pile of dirt beside a towering mountain. However, If Zhang Ruochen wasn’t afraid of the towering figure, he must have possessed a powerful strength within that could devour heaven and earth.

At the God-ascension Ceremony, when Zhang Ruochen had just achieved Supreme Sainthood, He had defeated Lord Xia Yu and Gu Chenzi together because he had used the combination of the Saint Aspect and the Divine Shadow Will.

However, that combination only lasted for a short moment.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen wanted to completely refine the two and merge them into one.

No matter how powerful the Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King was, it was only a wisp. Zhang Ruochen was confident that he could refine it.

Moreover, Zhang Ruochen was extremely ambitious. He would never allow other wills in his body to affect him. Only by refining it into a part of himself could he feel at ease.

After the Immovable Wisdom King Saint Aspect and the Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King were recombined, Zhang Ruochen immediately shot out the divine purifying fire. It turned into a sea of fire and enveloped them.

During the refining process, Zhang Ruochen’s consciousness entered a mysterious state.

Some obscure and cryptic content kept entering his mind. There were incomplete exercises, Saint Techniques, and even spells, witchcraft, and secret arts.

It was the bloodline inheritance.

Generally speaking, only high-tier savage beasts or divine beasts could inherit their bloodline. When they reached a certain level, the bloodline inheritance would be released, allowing them to naturally learn some innate divine abilities.

Some could release lightning, some could spit fire, and some could travel thousands of miles in a day.

The difficulty for humans to obtain the bloodline inheritance was far greater than that of savage beasts. Only if the ancestor's bloodline was strong enough was it possible for him to pass on some things to his descendants through the memory of the bloodline.

For example, a son who looked like his father was a manifestation of the bloodline inheritance.

However, the bloodline memory would become thinner and thinner, making it harder for the descendants to obtain the inheritance.

Even if they obtained it, it was often incomplete.

The bloodline memory that Zhang Ruochen had obtained by fusing with the Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King was also incomplete. Most of them were scattered fragments, making it difficult to combine them into a complete spell.

However, he had a vague glimpse of the practice exercises contained within Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture.

At present, Zhang Ruochen had practiced the Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture to the highest level. The ninth heaven, "Chi Ming and Yang Tian," was enough to support his practice to the Paramount Realm.

However, if he wanted to achieve divinity, he had to practice higher-level techniques.

If Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture only had nine heavens, it meant that if he practiced to the Paramount Realm, he had to change to a divine level exercise. Not only would it take time, but the compatibility would also be much worse.

According to the bloodline inheritance, at least he knew that "Ciming Heyang Heaven" was not the last level of the Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture.

There was still the 10th, 11th, 12th heaven..

Zhang Ruochen did not think about where the complete Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture was for the time being. Because at this moment, the Immovable Wisdom King Saint Aspect and the Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King had completely merged into one.

The Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King disappeared, leaving only Zhang Ruochen's Immovable Wisdom King Saint Aspect floating in the air.

The Saint Aspect was thousands of miles tall. It gave off a blinding saint light and an explosive aura. It was so powerful that the Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints who were cultivating in the inner realm of the gourd felt great pressure.

It was as if they were facing a Supreme Saint from the Paramount Realm and a demigod. They couldn't help but feel awe and respect.

"There's great difference in Zhang Ruochen's Saint Aspect, compared to the time during God Ascension Ceremony."



“The thousand-mile-tall Saint Aspect contains unimaginable power. It could easily destroy the stars with a swing of its arm.”

“Cousin has reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm. How many cultivators left in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting could be his opponents?”

“Zhang Ruochen’s aura doesn’t look like a Supreme Saint who has just entered the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Even a Thousand Koan Realm Supreme Saint might not have such power.”

..

In the gourd world, the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires sighed and discussed amongst themselves.

Some were extremely envious, some were full of respect, and some had eyes that shone excitedly.

At the moment that the Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King merged with Zhang Ruochen’s Saint Aspect, the Divine Shadow Will of the Progenitor Bloodximus flew out of the heart and merged with the five pairs of golden wings on Zhang Ruochen’s back.

The Divine Shadow Will of the Progenitor Bloodximus was also born during the baptism in the immortal blood pool. At that time, it even competed with the Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King.

The Progenitor Bloodximus had 24 pairs of golden wings. He was a great figure in the history of the Bloodysky Clan and the Immortal Vampires. His cultivation skill was almost at the pinnacle of gods.

The moment it was combined with the five pairs of golden wings, Zhang Ruochen felt that the five pairs of golden wings became extremely heavy as if they had turned into ten mountains of gold.

*Whoosh*

Strange blood-colored lines appeared on the five pairs of golden wings, emitting a demonic light.

A burning pain came from his back. Half of his body seemed to be melting.

*Roar*

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were scarlet. Blood-red evil lines appeared on his face and body. Two sharp fangs grew out of his mouth, and he let out a long roar.

The deafening sound spread throughout the gourd world, and the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires all felt a piercing pain in their eardrums.

What was even more terrifying was that the aura from Zhang Ruochen’s body caused their blood to gradually solidify and had difficulty in flowing.

Even their spiritual willpower was suppressed.

“What a terrifying aura, has Zhang Ruochen become the reincarnated primogenitor of the Immortal Vampires?”

Two Nine-Step Saint Kings who had not reached the Supreme Sainthood could not withstand the pressure from their blood vessels and consciousness. Their legs trembled and was compelled to kneel before Zhang Ruochen.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen turned into a bloody streak of light and flew out of the gourd world. He shot into the sky like a pillar of blood. The powerful energy in his body instantly swept throughout the entire Bloodysky Continent.

He flew out of the planet's atmosphere and flew thousands of miles away before stopping.

His long hair was blood-red, but his face was as pale as paper and looked extremely handsome and ferocious. The five pairs of golden wings on his back had become extremely large, with multiple blood patterns interweaving on them.

Every time the ten wings flapped, they would form a blood qi storm that would send the space meteorites flying, causing tidal waves to form.

The sky above the entire Bloodysky Continent turned blood-red. Clouds rolled and pressed down on the ground.

On the continent, the 30 million of those from the Immortal Vampires knelt on the ground, trembling in fear.

Gu Chenzi, who was guarding the Bloodysky Continent, stood in the mansion belonging to the lord of the Cloud City. He looked up at the sky with a smile on his face. "He has finally broken through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Who still dares to make an enemy of the Bloodysky Clan?"

Lord Xia Yu was leading a team of array masters to inscribe array inscriptions in the cloud layer of the clan's planet.

Sensing that the void was shaking and the precepts of heaven and earth were in disorder, she hurriedly raised his head and looked into the distance. Tens of thousands of miles away, on the other side of the planet, a large amount of bloody light emerged over the horizon, forming a frightening storm.

Her eyes narrowed. "It's just breaking through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Why did you cause such a stir? But... now that you've broken through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm, I can finally have a good fight with you again."

Ever since she had broken through to the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, Lord Xia Yu had always wanted fight with Zhang Ruochen to redeem herself.

However, Zhang Ruochen had only reached the cultivation of the Neverwilt Realm before. Even if she defeated him, she would not be able to regain her face. Therefore, she had been waiting for Zhang Ruochen to break through and reach the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

"Why are his Qi movements so strange? It seems to contain an ancient and powerful divine power. Even the blood within my body has been affected from tens of thousands of miles away. Could it be the aura from the ten great progenitors of the Immortal Vampires?" Lord Xia Yu muttered to herself in confusion.

The ten great progenitors of the Immortal Vampires had established the ten great clans. They were the oldest great divine arts practitioners.

Because the ten great progenitors had existed for too long, their identities had always been in dispute. The great families all said that their progenitors were one of the ten great progenitors who had established their clans.

Therefore, there exist dozens of progenitors.

It was near impossible to find the real ten great progenitors.

However, even if the progenitors' bloodline had awakened, how could it appear in Zhang Ruochen?

He was not a pure Immortal Vampire but a half-human.

### **Chapter 2297: The Power of Golden Wings**

Zhang Ruochen had caused such a huge commotion that it shook his entire clan planet.

In the Yellow Sky Continent

Lady Wind wore a golden mask and displayed a noble temperament. Her tall figure stood by the churning bloody sea looking up at the sky.

Although Zhang Ruochen stood thousands of miles up in the sky, the energy waves that erupted from his body caused the sea on his clan's planet to behave erratically. There were tsunamis and hurricanes, and blood-red light beams flying through the sky.

Yan Beijun looked at the rolling blood clouds in the sky with unconcealed terror, "How can he be so powerful if he had just broken through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm... And how can the ten golden wings on Zhang Ruochen transform? The blood-red lines on the golden wings are very similar to the legendary Divine Marks of the progenitors."

There was a legend among the Immortal Vampires that anyone among the cultivators who could awaken the Divine Marks of the progenitors on their wings was the descendant favored by them. They would be blessed with great luck and an extraordinary future.

Every time such a cultivator appeared, the Fane of Immortality would appear and guide them inside to hone their cultivation.

The appearance of the Divine Marks of the progenitors was not only a symbol of power and talent but also of extraordinary significance.

"Zhang Ruochen must have awakened the bloodline of Progenitor Bloodximus. His aura is very ancient and can exert a great spiritual suppression on the Immortal Vampires." Lady Wind said with a smile in her eyes.

The more outstanding and powerful Zhang Ruochen was, the more advantageous it would be for her.

Only in this way could Zhang Ruochen become the sharpest weapon in her hands against Pan Ruo and Supreme Saint Yanhong.

Yan Beijun said, "Throughout history, all the cultivators who could awaken the progenitor's bloodline were born with pure blood. Zhang Ruochen's mother may be a deity, but she is a concubine with an impure bloodline. Furthermore, Zhang Ruochen is only a half Immortal Vampire. How could he be favored by Progenitor Bloodximus?"

"Zhang Ruochen talents are practically unseen before. He's a person who can create miracles," Lady Wind replied.

Not far away, there was a tall and sturdy man who radiated saint light.

His long hair was disheveled, and the muscles on his chest, abdomen, and arms bulged. They shone with a metallic luster. He was the Stone Clan's Supreme Saint that has achieved the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, the Mad Whitejade Lion.

Hearing Lady Wind praise Zhang Ruochen, the Mad Whitejade Lion felt a strong sense of jealousy, and he grunted. "It's still unknown whether he has awakened the progenitor's bloodline or not. Besides, he has just broken through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm. No matter how strong he is, how strong can he be? I'd like to meet him and measure his strength."

Under the golden mask, Lady Wind's sparkling red lips curled up slightly. She didn't stop the White Jade Mad Lion.

She was also curious about how strong Zhang Ruochen was.

When they were fighting for the Saintwill Pill, Zhang Ruochen had hit Supreme Saint Yanhong so hard that blood flew from her mouth. Although there was an element of surprise in that palm, it was a truly glorious accomplishment in battle.

It was enough to make even the top ten Great Perfection elites of the Hundred-Shackle Realm wary and not underestimate him.

Now that Zhang Ruochen had reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm, how strong was he?

Zhang Ruochen's blood boiled violently. A strong bloodthirsty impulse repeatedly attacked his consciousness. He wished he could drink up all the seawater in the blood-red sea below.

The Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms hovered above the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, and it just so happened to reflect Zhang Ruochen's current image. It projected the scene onto the various planets in Infernal Court and also onto the Battlefield of Merits.

Kunlun cultivators were all shocked to see Zhang Ruochen's ferocious and evil appearance.

The cultivators who had been on good terms with Zhang Ruochen felt a tremor in their hearts. They felt that Zhang Ruochen had become unfamiliar and terrifying.

"Something must have happened to my master. How did he become like this?" Han Xue frowned deeply. She was worried for Zhang Ruochen and felt that his current state was extremely abnormal.

Shangguan Que sighed deeply. "He must have fused with his previous body, and the bloodline of the Immortal Vampires has finally fully shown itself."

...

Zhang Ruochen used his strong will to suppress his bloodthirsty impulse. He looked closely. Six figures had appeared in the void not far from him. They all emitted the aura of an elite Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saint.

*Roar*

The Mad Whitejade Lion let out a lion-like roar that formed into sound waves and spread out towards Zhang Ruochen.

"Zhang Ruochen, let's spar. I really want to know how strong the so-called Yuanhui grade genius is."

Regardless of whether Zhang Ruochen had agreed or not, the Mad Whitejade Lion clenched its claws and pounced forward. Instantly, two claw prints of a few dozens of miles long appeared in the void and flew towards Zhang Ruochen.

The two lion claws instantly surpassed the speed of sound.

The Mad Whitejade Lion wasn't just jealous. He wanted to test Zhang Ruochen's strength. Thus, it used all of his strength to strike out the claw attacks which were high-level Saint Techniques of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Lion King's Heaven Chaos Attack.

The dense precepts interweaved tightly in the two claw prints, and the strong force caused the void to cave inwards.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes darkened as if they had turned into two sharp swords.

Who did you think you were to do as you please?

If it were Lord Xia Yu or Gu Chenzi, Zhang Ruochen would not be angry, and happily spar with them. But who are you to me, the Mad Whitejade Lion. Do I know you very well?

By attacking without permission it could already be judged as a malicious attack on your opponent. As long as Zhang Ruochen was willing, he only needed to send a consciousness signal to the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms, and 5,000 points would be deducted from the Mad Whitejade Lion.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not do that.

Since he had broken through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he was going to find someone to practice with. Although the Mad Whitejade Lion was only ranked 33rd on the list of Hundred-Shackle Realm Great Perfections, it was still acceptable.

*Whoosh*

Zhang Ruochen spread his ten wings flat, emitting a dazzling golden light. He turned into a streak of light and flew directly toward the Mad Whitejade Lion.

*Bang! Bang!*

The golden wings and the two giant lion claws collided, and the claws were torn apart as if they were bubbles.

The Hundred-Shackle grade high-level Saint Technique, "Lion King's Heaven Chaos Attack" was easily broken by the golden wings.

Seeing this, all the cultivators present were shocked. Zhang Ruochen's ten golden wings were too terrifying. They were stronger than the Hundred-Shackle grade high-level Saint Technique, and even seemed to be tougher than the Regal Artifacts.

The ten wings flew toward the Mad Whitejade Lion like knives.

The Mad Whitejade Lion's expression was extremely grave. He stared at the rapidly approaching Zhang Ruochen and immediately activated a crimson iron ring on its wrist. Instantly, hundreds of thousands of Regal Inscriptions appeared.

It was a Class Four Regal Artifact.

The iron ring spun rapidly and became 330 feet in diameter. It released a powerful aura of death.

*Boom*

Zhang Ruochen's body tilted slightly. The five golden wings on his left slashed at the iron ring, and a piercing sound of metal colliding rang out. A large number of sparks flew out.

The iron ring was knocked back.

Zhang Ruochen's body stopped in mid-air for a moment. Following that, he flapped his ten wings strongly and flew at an extremely fast speed zig-zagging towards the Mad Whitejade Lion.

On the planet, many Supreme Saints of the Neverwilt Realm couldn't see clearly Zhang Ruochen's face. They could only see the unpredictable golden light streaks flying rapidly.

Compared to before, Zhang Ruochen's speed was much faster now.

His speed had increased with his cultivation. More importantly, the Divine Shadow Will of the Progenitor Bloodximius had merged with the golden wings. This allowed Zhang Ruochen's ten golden wings to unleash explosive bursts of unparalleled speed.

It was like the innate higher knowledge power of the beast's bloodline inheritance.

The Mad Whitejade Lion's nerves were stretched to the extreme. It released all of its spiritual power and shrank it to a radius of 10,000 feet to capture Zhang Ruochen's figure while striking out constantly with the iron ring.

It could only passively defend.

*Bang*

A deafening collision sound resembling a clap of thunder rang in the sky above the planet.

With each collision, the Mad Whitejade Lion would be knocked backward for a long distance. After dozens of collisions, he was flustered and shocked beyond words, and thought to himself, "Are Zhang Ruochen's golden wings harder than the Class Four Regal Artifact?"

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen stopped his attack and stood in the air.

The Mad Whitejade Lion let out a long sigh of relief. No matter what, he managed to block Zhang Ruochen's attacks and had gained a general understanding of Zhang Ruochen's strength.

He couldn't fight anymore.

If he fought again, he would most likely lose.

Zhang Ruochen, who had reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm, was indeed terrifying.

"He has just broken through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm, and he could already fight equally with me. He is indeed worthy of being a favorite on par with Yan Wushen, and I admire him." Mad Whitejade Lion spoke neutrally.

The cultivators of the Immortal Vampires who were watching the battle nodded slightly, acknowledging Zhang Ruochen's strength.

"To be able to fight equally with the Mad Whitejade Lion, Zhang Ruochen's battle strength is enough to rank within the top five of the Immortal Vampires. It seems that he really has the strength to injure the Supreme Saint Yanhong and it was not merely a lucky blow."

"No matter what, the Bloodysky Clan has another top elite. Together with Lord Xia Yu and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, both of which had achieved the Hundred-Shackle Great Perfection, the Bloodysky Clan's strength makes them the first among the top ten clans."

...

While everyone was discussing animatedly, Zhang Ruochen snorted coldly. "It was not a tie, I was just testing the toughness of the golden wings. Do you think you are qualified to be my opponent?"

"What did you say?" the Mad Whitejade Lion asked.

Zhang Ruochen did not answer him. He turned into a streak of golden light and flew out again with an even faster speed.

Even with the Mad Whitejade Lion's eyesight, it was difficult to track him.

*Whoosh*

The iron ring flew out. It tried to knock Zhang Ruochen back like before.

However, this time, Zhang Ruochen did not meet it head-on. He only turned his body to the side and flew over the iron ring. Then he flew straight towards the Mad Whitejade Lion.

"Such speed."

The Mad Whitejade Lion's expression changed greatly. He spread his arms and transformed them into a pair of pure white divine lion claws. His human head transformed into a huge lion head.

Zhang Ruochen flew above the Mad Whitejade Lion's head. The five golden wings on his left slashed down like five demonic sabers.

The Mad Whitejade Lion raised its claws above its head and released huge amounts of Saint Light.

*Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!*

The five wings continuously slashed down, causing the Mad Whitejade Lion's body to plummet from the sky. He felled to the ground from a height of a thousand miles and caused a ridge of mountains to collapse, which revealed a huge pit with a diameter of a hundred miles.

The pit was so deep that the bottom could not be seen.

Following that, Zhang Ruochen suppressed the Class Four Regal Artifact iron ring and flew to the sky above the pit.

The Mad Whitejade Lion climbed up from the rubble at the bottom of the pit. White blood flowed out of its mouth and five deep cuts could be seen on his jade-like arms which were accompanied by multiple cracks.

With his Sacred Imperial Jade's hard physical quality, how could his arms be almost crippled by Zhang Ruochen's golden wings?

"Is he really that strong?"

The Mad Whitejade Lion did not dare to fight anymore. If he continued fighting, his arms would be wasted.

Once his arms were broken, he wouldn't be able to recover for the Celestial-Hunting battle.

He looked up and his face froze. He saw that Zhang Ruochen was using the Divine Purification Flame to refine his Class Four Regal Artifact, the Thousand Dipper Ring.

This Regal Artifact didn't belong to him. It was given to him by a deity from the Stone Clan before he attended the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

The Celestial-Hunting Festival had just begun not long ago, but his weapon had already been taken away. He would become a laughingstock of the Stone Clan. That deity would be very disappointed in him.

"Zhang Ruochen, we're just sparring. Why did you take my weapon?"

The Mad Whitejade Lion flew out of the pit and glared at Zhang Ruochen with gritted teeth. For the moment, he did not dare to take it directly out of his hands but instead tried to reason with him

If he could not win, the only option was to try and reason with him.

"Since when are we sparring?"

Zhang Ruochen continued to refine the Thousand Dipper Ring.

When he came to the Celestial-Hunting Festival, he only had a Violet Gourd, which was far from enough. This Thousand Dipper Ring could even be used as a defensive weapon. It had to be said that the various



clans regarded the Celestial-Hunting Festival with importance as high-grade weapons could be obtained from it.

Taking one was equivalent to taking a large number of Godstones.

A bold idea suddenly appeared in Zhang Ruochen's mind.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Two streaks of blood light flew down from the sky.

Lady Wind and Yan Beijun hadn't expected that the Mad Whitejade Lion, a majestic Great Perfection Hundred-Shackle elite, would be defeated so quickly.

They immediately went back to the ground to witness this scene.

Zhang Ruochen had snatched the Mad Whitejade Lion's war weapon and was still refining it. He had no intention of returning it. The Mad Whitejade Lion was furious. He pointed at Zhang Ruochen and cursed him loudly, but did not dare to attack him.

Both of them were stunned.

They were shocked that Zhang Ruochen would be so merciless. After all, Mad Whitejade Lion and Lady Wind were allies.. They were surprised that the usually hot-tempered Mad Whitejade Lion could be restrained.

### **Chapter 2298: Forced Him Away**

Mad Whitejade Lion was an elite in the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm after all. Lady Wind did not want to lose this powerful ally. She welcomed Zhang Ruochen. "Mad Whitejade Lion had indeed been disrespectful towards you. However, we are now allies together. Please don't take this to heart and return the Thousand Dipper Ring to him."

Yan Beijun was dissatisfied with Zhang Ruochen's behavior. He snorted and said, "You were just sparring, and Mad Whitejade Lion lost. There's no need for you to take his weapon right?"

Zhang Ruochen stared at him and replied, "Did I agree to spar with him? If my strength was inferior to his, what do you think the result of this battle will be?"

Yan Beijun said, "At least Mad Whitejade Lion won't take your weapon. Not to mention, he won't be so aggressive."

"Is that so? What if I want to spar with you now?"

Regardless of whether Yan Beijun agreed or not, Zhang Ruochen let out a breath.

*Whoosh*

The Qi condensed into a sword and turned into a beam of light that flew towards Yan Beijun's heart.

Although it was a breath of Qi, it contained Zhang Ruochen's Precepts of Swordsmanship and Swordwill. Its power was no less than a high-level Saint Technique.

This breath of Qi was no different from a real Saint Sword.

Yan Beijun's face changed in shock and he quickly dodged.

However, he had just broken through to the Supreme Saint Realm. There was a huge gap between his cultivation and Zhang Ruochen. How could he dodge it?

*Poof*

The Sword Qi hit Yan Beijun's heart. The tip of the sword plunged in, impaling his body and knocking him flying back for more than 10 miles.

The Sword Qi pierced through his heart and passed through his body.

A large amount of Supreme Saint's blood flew out and splattered on the ground, burning the soil and melting it into lava.

Then, Zhang Ruochen's five fingers turned into claws. He reached out and grabbed something across the air, taking away one of Yan Beijun's weapons in the form of a jade pendant.

The vessel spirit of the jade pendant resisted fiercely but was strongly suppressed by Zhang Ruochen. It couldn't escape from his palm.

Lady Wind and Mad Whitejade Lion were both stunned on the spot. Zhang Ruochen was acting too unreasonably and did not play by the rules. All it took was just a disagreement for him to retaliate.

Although Lady Wind thought highly of Zhang Ruochen and hoped for his support, Zhang Ruochen's arrogant behavior and his disregard for her made her feel angry.

Did it mean that he could do whatever he wanted just because he was strong?

Zhang Ruochen refined the Thousand Dipper Ring and put it on his wrist. Then he landed on the ground. The ten wings on his back returned to his body. His pupils returned to black and his temperament was no longer as evil as before. He displayed elegant and handsome looks again.

Yan Beijun was a Supreme Saint with strong vitality. Even if his heart was pierced, he wouldn't die.

However, the heart was one of the most important vital points for Immortal Vampires. Once damaged, its vigor would be hard to recover.

Yan Beijun pressed his palm on his heart and slowly got up from the ground. His face was pale white, and he said. "Zhang Ruochen, you're so cruel. Aren't you afraid of being expelled from the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting by the vessel spirit of Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms?"

"Why would the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms expel me?" Zhang Ruochen replied while walking towards him step by step.

Yan Beijun had seen how powerful and cold Zhang Ruochen was. He resignedly stepped back, "You..." he said. "You maliciously attacked a cultivator who is on your side. It will lose you 5,000 points, and once the points are negative, the vessel spirit of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms will expel you."

"Maliciously attacked? You're wrong. We were sparring just now," Zhang Ruochen said.

"Did I agree to this....."

Suddenly, Yan Beijun was at a loss for words. He understood Zhang Ruochen's intention.

Zhang Ruochen said, "If Mad Whitejade Lion had severely injured me and stolen my Violet Gourd, would you still think that we were sparring?"

"He wouldn't have done that," Lady Wind said.

Zhang Ruochen turned his face and stared at her. "What if he did? Have you thought about the consequences?"

Lady Wind wanted to argue, but after thinking carefully, she fell silent.

In the end, Mad Whitejade Lion was not from the Immortal Vampires, but instead, he was a Stone Clan cultivator.

For the benefit of the Stone Clan, he could beat Zhang Ruochen so hard until Zhang Ruochen could not continue to participate in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. For the entire hundred days of the battle, Zhang Ruochen could have ended up hiding in his home planet to recuperate.

What was more frightening was that if the Supreme Artifact of the Immortal Vampires was taken away, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Did she have any means to counter Mad Whitejade Lion?

Mad Whitejade Lion spoke with a glum face. "What's the point of saying so much? Just state your conditions for you to return the Thousand Dipper Ring to me."

Zhang Ruochen said lightly, "Be my mount."

"What did you say?"

Mad Whitejade Lion roared furiously.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Be my mount during the Celestial-Hunting battle. I'll return the Thousand Dipper Ring to you in 100 days."

"Haha!"

Mad Whitejade Lion was so furious that couldn't help but laugh.

"You're too arrogant in thinking everyone is below you. I only restrained myself to save Lady Wind's face. Do you think you can defeat me? A Hundred-Shackle Realm Great Perfection Supreme Saint isn't as easy to defeat as you think."

*Roar!*

Mad Whitejade Lion roared into the sky. A dazzling white light radiated from its skin.

His body grew bigger and bigger, and it continued to expand until it became its true form.

A Jade Lion with a body large as a mountain appeared on the ground. Nearly all of the divine light emitted from its body condensed into a liquid state, forming a sea of divine liquid.

*Rumble*

The mountains in this area could not withstand the aura from the Jade Lion and collapsed one by one.

Lady Wind quickly stopped the two and said, "Why aren't you stopping yet. Are you trying to destroy our home planet?"

"Fighting against him would not destroy this planet."

Zhang Ruochen raised his right arm and slapped at the huge jade Lion.

Divine light shot out from his palm and three elephant souls of Thousand-Koan Realm fell together. The elephant's impact sunk the area where the Jade Lion was and formed a huge five-fingered basin.

The ground between the five fingers rose upwards, forming four ridges that were 1,000 meters high.

Mad Whitejade Lion struggled desperately under Zhang Ruochen's palm print. He roared angrily, but it was useless. He was firmly trapped underneath.

Seeing this, Yan Beijun's expression underwent several cycles. A deep fear rose in his heart.

Lady Wind also held her breath. She was also shocked.

Zhang Ruochen was too strong, wasn't he?

Mad Whitejade Lion used to be ranked 18th out of all the Hundred-Shackle Realm Great Perfections. After he transformed into his true form, his combat power would increase greatly. Even she had to be careful.

But Zhang Ruochen had suppressed him with one slap?

Because of the hidden powerful elites that kept popping up, along with the elite Supreme Saints of the Hundred Shackle Realm, many of them had eaten rare food items including festival food that contains the Ampliofruit and the Saintwill Pill at the Celestial-Hunting Festival. As a result, many of them broke through their bottlenecks and reached the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

The number of Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm increased from the original forty-seven to eighty-eight ones.

The ranking of the Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was also reshuffled.

Mad Whitejade Lion, who was once ranked eighteenth, fell to thirty-third.

Lady Wind, who was once ranked twelfth, fell to the fifteenth.

Before entering the Celestial-Hunting Battlefield, the Fane of Destiny gave all the cultivators a scroll and a diamond-shaped mirror.

The diamond-shaped mirror was born from the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms. It was of the same origin as the mirror, and it could occasionally display some information about the Celestial-Hunting Battlefield.

For example, the list of Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Once a new Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was born, the list would be displayed, and the latest rankings would appear.

For example, once a Celestial Captive killed a cultivator from the Infernal Court, his position would be tracked by the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms and transmitted to the diamond-shaped mirrors of every cultivator who attended the festival.

...

### *Rumble*

The geological structure of the clan planet was stable. Even so, a large number of canyons still appeared in the thousands of miles around Zhang Ruochen's palm print.

The entire Bloodysky Continent was shaking.

Fortunately, the 30 million Immortal Vampires living on the Bloodysky Continent had gathered in the three big cities. Otherwise, a large number of them would have been killed by accident.

When Zhang Ruochen raised his arm, Mad Whitejade Lion was already exhausted. More cracks appeared on its body.

Deep fear appeared within his massive eyes. Zhang Ruochen's strength was far beyond its expectations. Even the top 10 on the list of Hundred-Shackle Realm Great Perfection might not be this strong.

"Lady Wind, I wholeheartedly admit my defeat today. I cannot stay on the Immortal Vampires home planet anymore. Farewell."

A small white cloud appeared beneath Mad Whitejade Lion. He flew into the sky and broke through the layer of clouds.

"Hold on."

Lady Wind wanted to urge him to stay, so she flew up.

Zhang Ruochen was faster than her, and he stopped her in mid-air, "Let him go!" he said, "An elite of the Stone Clan staying on the Immortal Vampires' home planet is a danger concealed in plain sight. If we're not careful, we'll lose everything."

Lady Wind said, "But..."

Zhang Ruochen interrupted her abruptly, "You don't care about the lives of the 240 million Immortal Vampires on this planet," he said. "But I do, and I also care more about the Immortal Vampires' points. I don't want half of their points to be removed."

Lady Wind said, "So, you forced Mad Whitejade Lion away on purpose?"

"You have to understand that he attacked me first. Besides, didn't you suspect that the reason that Mad Whitejade Lion was close to you? Since you had, you should get rid of him immediately. Don't you understand that there is no need to treat suspicious people normally?"

Zhang Ruochen flew back to the ground. He slowly raised his hands and released a large amount of Saint Qi. Instantly, the destroyed land rose again. Lush vegetation grew and became full of vitality.

Lady Wind's anger gradually abated. She felt that Zhang Ruochen's words made sense.

More importantly, Zhang Ruochen's strength was strong enough to play a crucial role in her fight for the position of Scioness.

The Scion and Scioness of the Fane of Destiny might not be the strongest in an era, but they had to have a strong influence in that era.

As long as Zhang Ruochen was the strongest in this era and she could control him, who would dare to disobey her?

She came to Zhang Ruochen's side and said, "All-knowing almighty one, everyone knows that Mad Whitejade Lion is my ally. You should have given me some face and shown mercy just now."

"I did give you face, so I didn't kill him," Zhang Ruochen said.

When she heard the word "Kill," Lady Wind felt a wave of intense murderous intent and suddenly felt cold all over.

It turned out that Zhang Ruochen already had a desire to kill.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Before Mad Whitejade Lion left, he said, 'I admit defeat.' while in fact, he said that to save his life."

"From this, it can be seen that the so-called mad lion is not crazy at all. On the contrary, he is very shrewd."

"He knows very well that if he dares to say anything refusing me or threaten to take revenge, he will not be able to leave the Immortal Vampires' home planet alive today. If I want to kill him, he won't be able to escape."

"Moreover, he attacked me first. Even if I kill him, he deserves it."

Lady Wind trembled with fear. Zhang Ruochen was even more ruthless than she had imagined.

With Zhang Ruochen participating in the Celestial-Hunting Battle, this year's battle would be even bloodier than the previous ones. There would probably be a lot of casualties.

Lady Wind sighed deeply. "It's a good thing that Mad Whitejade Lion left. We don't have to be on guard against him at all times anymore."

Yan Beijun heard the conversation between Zhang Ruochen and Lady Wind and realized that Lady Wind had suspected Mad Whitejade Lion all along. Now that he thought about it, he also felt that something

was wrong. An elite of the Stone Clan had disregarded the interests of his own clan and helped the Immortal Vampires. How could the deity of the Stone Clan still bestow him with a Class Four Saint Artifact?

It was indeed suspicious.

Unfortunately, he had realized it too late. For Mad Whitejade Lion, he had offended Zhang Ruochen. Now that he was seriously injured, there was almost no chance of recovery during the Celestial-Hunting Battle period.

A bitter and self-mocking smile appeared on Yan Beijun's face.

It seemed that he deserved to be severely injured and let his weapon be snatched away.

"Take it."

Zhang Ruochen threw the jade pendant-shaped weapon to Yan Beijun.

Yan Beijun was overjoyed at the unexpected good news. He held the jade pendant with both hands with an awkward and grateful smile, replying. "Thank you, Great Saint Ruochen. I was the one who didn't know the situation. Sorry for causing trouble!"

Zhang Ruochen mobilized the life essence in the Heart of the Divine Tree and pressed his palm on Yan Beijun's chest.

With a large injection of life essence, Yan Beijun's injury healed quickly.

Yan Beijun felt even more ashamed inside. He lowered his head and didn't say anything, but only cupped his hands to show respect for Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen patted Yan Beijun's shoulder and stared at Lady Wind. "I remember you took a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Have you refined it yet?"

"Fusing with the Saintwill is a major event. I'm still adjusting the state of affairs," Lady Wind replied.

"Try to refine it as soon as possible. If you can merge it with a Grade Three Saintwill, you should be able to enter the top 10 among the list of Great Perfections in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. A bloody battle is coming. I have to prepare too."

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand and turned into a bloody streak of light, and departed by flying away.

Yan Beijun frowned and asked, "Senior sister apprentice, how did Zhang Ruochen know that a bloody battle is coming?"

Lady Wind said, "He must be referring to Mad Whitejade Lion." Since Mad Whitejade Lion had left, he must have spread the news that Ruochen had broken through the Hundred-Shackle Realm back to the Stone Clan or the top elites of the upper three clans. In this way, the forces that want to kill Zhang Ruochen must act immediately to prevent him from becoming stronger."

"Will Mad Whitejade Lion do this?" Yan Beijun still did not fully believe it.

Lady Wind said, "I don't know either, but if Zhang Ruochen's guess is right, I will teach him a lesson personally when I meet that lion next time."

"Zhang Ruochen is indeed a figure on par with Yan Wushen. Not only is he powerful, but he is also decisive and ruthless. Fortunately, he is our ally." Yan Beijun sighed.

...

"Zhang Ruochen has broken through the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Come to the home planet of the Stone Clan and discuss the plan to kill him."

After Mad Whitejade Lion returned to the home planet of the Stone Clan, he immediately sent people to contact Lord Sinluo and Supreme Saint Yuan Fei of the Deathkin, the Ten-Thousand-Hand Wu Jiang Supreme Saint of the Nether Clan, and Pan Ruo from the Fane of Destiny.

After this battle, Zhang Ruochen's strength had left a deep impression on Mad Whitejade Lion. He only wanted to get rid of this troublesome being immediately.. With this person by Lady Wind's side, Pan Ruo would find it much more difficult to become the Scioness herself.

### **Chapter 2299: Pan Ruo's Plan to Kill Zhang Ruochen**

The home planet of Stone Clan was covered in yellow sand. There was no ocean or vegetation. If you stood mid-air and view it from the starry sky, you would think it was a lifeless planet. It was no different from hundreds of millions of barren planets.

The north pole of the home planet was dark and cold. There were only streaks of aurora that filled the sky.

Beneath the aurora fog, there was a grand building in the shape of a pyramid. It was covered with many Supreme Saint Inscriptions. It emitted white light that could illuminate a thousand miles.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, Scion Yuan Mo, and Lord Sinluo of Deathkin were the first to arrive. They stood in the tower and listened to Mad Whitejade Lion's narration of the battle between him and Zhang Ruochen.

Of course, Mad Whitejade Lion was hiding something.

After all, he had been beaten so badly. He would not be proud to tell the whole story.

It was very embarrassing!

After listening to the story, the three Supreme Saints of Deathkin in the tower all looked very serious.

Scion Yuan Mo was very upset. He said, "How long has it been since Zhang Ruochen broke through to the Supreme Saint realm? How can he have the ability to defeat you? How did he attain Hundred-Shackle Realm so easily?"

When he was in Kunlun, Scion Yuan Mo didn't see Zhang Ruochen as a worthy opponent.



Even though Scion Yuan Mo had suffered losses in the battle of Xianji Mountain, he felt that Zhang Ruochen had relied on external forces. Hence, he was unwilling to admit his defeat.

But now, Zhang Ruochen had reached Hundred-Shackle Realm, while Scion Yuan Mo had just entered the advanced stage of Neverwilt Realm. In other words, there was a huge gap in their cultivation strength.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei was the elder brother of Scion Yuan Mo and the top Deathkin elite in the Celestial-Hunting battle. He said calmly, "Zhang Ruochen controls Sundial and has a lot of cultivation training resources. It's understandable that he can practice so fast."

"He could defeat Warlord Mara when he was in Neverwilt Realm. Now that he has entered Hundred-Shackle Realm, it isn't a surprise that he could defeat Mad Whitejade Lion."

Then, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei stared into Mad Whitejade Lion's eyes as if he could see through it. He asked seriously, "Did you and Zhang Ruochen really fight dozens of rounds?"

"What do you mean? Would I lie? Zhang Ruochen is indeed very strong, but I'm not much weaker than him," Mad Whitejade Lion said angrily, his eyes wide.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei quickly tried to calm him down, "That's not what I mean. I just want to understand Zhang Ruochen's current strength more clearly so that I don't make an inaccurate assessment of his strength.

"Based on what you said, I think Zhang Ruochen might have awakened the ancestral bloodline.

"But we have never seen how strong the ancestral bloodline is. Only you know best."

Mad Whitejade Lion's expression was solemn. "The ancestral bloodline has greatly increased Zhang Ruochen's speed. Without using time and space, his speed can even surpass some Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints."

"When I fight with him, I can only defend passively. It's hard for me to take the initiative."

Scion Yuan Mo snorted. "In a battle between Supreme Saints, the speed advantage doesn't play a crucial role. A single strike from a Supreme Saint can cover an area of a thousand miles. No matter how fast he is, can he escape to a distance of a thousand miles in an instant?

"Furthermore, formations, the Will of Death, curses... there are many methods that one cannot dodge with just high speed."

"Scion Yuan Mo, you shouldn't underestimate a Supreme Saint's speed. Be careful. You might not even know how you die."

A clear voice sounded in the tower.

It sounded like a young cultivator.

Scion Yuan Mo looked in the voice's direction and noticed a figure wearing black armor had appeared in the tower.

That person was standing at the edge of the stone tower. His back was facing them, and he was facing a stone window. The light that shone in from the window cast a long shadow on the ground.

Scion Yuan Mo touched his neck and a bloody mark appeared on his fingertip. He thought to himself, "What a terrifying speed! Not only did he walk in from outside in an instant, he even left a bloody mark on my neck. Did he send me a warning?"

Lord Sinluo and Supreme Saint Yuan Fei looked at each other and nodded.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said probingly, "Are you Que Fei from Nether Clan?"

The man in black armor turned around and said, "That's right."

Que Fei turned around. However, the black armor on his body was very strange; it appeared to devour the light. Any cultivator who looked at him could only see a black outline, but they could not see his face.

It was like a human-shaped black mirror, which was bizarre.

"So it's Que Fei, the second strongest person of Nether Clan. No wonder he's so powerful," Scion Yuan Mo thought to himself.

Que Fei was a hidden elite of Nether Clan. He had only recently risen to fame. Now, he was ranked 16th on the list of those in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Mad Whitejade Lion said, "Where's the Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint? Why isn't he here?"

Que Fei's tone was distant. "The ten thousand hands Supreme Saint is refining a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill pill to try and condense a second-grade Saintwill.

"Once he succeeds, Nether Clan will definitely take first place in this Celestial-Hunting battle. Even the Yan Huangtu and Lan Ying will be trampled under his feet.

"Even that mysterious Que won't be able to win against the second-class saint's will."

Hearing this, Yuan Fei, Lord Sinluo, Mad Whitejade Lion, and the others didn't show any displeasure. After all, Deathkin and Stone Clan were indeed weaker in the Celestial-Hunting Festival, they could only follow the lead of the ten thousand hands Saint.

Mad Whitejade Lion said, "If the Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint doesn't come, it will be difficult for us to kill Zhang Ruochen with our strength."

Que Fei snorted. "Why would we need Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint to deal with a mere Zhang Ruochen? We have four Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm here. killing him is like slaughtering pigs and dogs."

Mad Whitejade Lion knew how powerful Zhang Ruochen was. However, when he thought about how Yuan Fei and Que Fei were both unfathomable elites, the weight in his heart lessened.

Tap. tap

Light footsteps sounded.

Pan Ruo, who was dressed like a man, walked in from outside the tower. She was tall and had a mysterious aura. She said faintly, "You underestimate Zhang Ruochen so much. Be careful not to kill him and die in the Celestial-Hunting battlefield."

Pan Ruo had already broken through to the Supreme Saint realm. The bright Gate of Destiny hovered behind her. Her figure was sometimes clear and sometimes dim as if she was shuttling between light and darkness.

This was a manifestation of the Path of Destiny that would only appear when one cultivated it to an extremely profound level. It was called the Door of Trueself.

The Door of Trueself was also the Gate of Destiny.

However, the Door of Trueself had already completely fused with the cultivator. It was not separated from each other. The power of Destiny would always remain and never disappear.

With the Door of Trueself, Pan Ruo could weaken her opponent at any time and suppress her opponent at all times. Of course, the degree of suppression was proportional to her cultivation level.

Those whose cultivation level was higher than hers, the lesser the effect of suppression on them.

The few people in the tower all went up to greet her. They cupped their hands and said with a smile, "Congratulations, Your Highness. You have cultivated the Door of Trueself. The position of Scioness is already within your reach."

According to the tradition of the Fane of Destiny, a cultivator who cultivated the Door of Trueself could directly become a Scion or Scioness.

However, Pan Ruo had only cultivated the Door of Trueself after entering the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. Her case was unusual.

Pan Ruo's cultivation wasn't as high as the others. However, with her eyes cold and disdainful, she had an aura that surpassed them. She sat at the top, "Don't let your guard down when dealing with Zhang Ruochen," she said. "It's fine if you don't make a move. But once you do, you must send him to a place of eternal damnation."

There were rumors that Pan Ruo was backed by one of the twelve deities of the Fane of Destiny, Skywrath, who was powerful. Hence, although Que Fei and Lord Sinluo were arrogant, they didn't dare to be presumptuous in front of her.

Furthermore, Pan Ruo's talent in the Path of Destiny was shocking. Her potential was limitless.

Scion Yuan Mo was Pan Ruo's unwavering supporter. He quickly asked, "What's your plan, Your Highness?"

Pan Ruo stared at Mad Whitejade Lion. "Did Zhang Ruochen use the power of Time and Space to defeat you?"

Mad Whitejade Lion looked troubled and shook his head.

Pan Ruo asked again, "Did he use any Saintwill?"

Mad Whitejade Lion shook his head again.

Pan Ruo asked again, "Did he use any weapon?"

Mad Whitejade Lion still shook his head.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, Lord Sinluo, and Scion Yuan Mo were all shocked. They didn't expect Mad Whitejade Lion to hide so much from them.

He defeated Mad Whitejade Lion without using the power of Time, Space, the Saintwill. Not even a weapon?

They must reassess Zhang Ruochen's strength.

Pan Ruo said, "Zhang Ruochen, who has reached Hundred-Shackle Realm, is definitely more terrifying than you think. What's more terrifying is that we don't even know how powerful he is."

Que Fei said, "He only broke his first shackle. No matter how strong he is, I'm confident that I can defeat him."

"Saint Que Fei, you must know that our goal was not to defeat him but to kill him. Are you confident that you can kill him?" Pan Ruo said.

Que Fei fell silent.

Killing someone was much harder than defeating someone.

Pan Ruo said, "I think there are three steps to dealing with Zhang Ruochen."

"The first step is make someone kill him."

"Make someone kill him? Your Highness, are you referring to Lan Ying, or are you referring to Supreme Saint Yanhong and Xu?" Supreme Saint Yuanfei asked.

Pan Ruo said, "Lan Ying and Yan Huangtu are still tracking him. They are fighting for the Emperor-Grade Saintwill pill. I'm afraid they have no time to deal with Zhang Ruochen. If we want to chose someone, Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong would be the ones."

Scion Yuan Mo quickly said, "Great idea! Let Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong deal with Zhang Ruochen. First, we can test out Zhang Ruochen's strength. Second, we can let them drain each other's energy. It's best if both sides are wounded."

Pan Ruo said, "Let Mad Whitejade Lion do it. You tell Xu and Yanhong that Zhang Ruochen has broken through to Hundred-Shackle Realm.

"Supreme Saint Yanhong has always wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen to gain the support of all the big forces. She'll definitely be eager to take action."

"Moreover, Supreme Saint Yanhong and Xu suffered a great loss at Zhang Ruochen's hands during the Celestial-Hunting Festival and the fight for the Saintwill Pills. They hate him to his core."

Lord Sinluo said, "Supreme Saint Yanhong and Xu aren't stupid. They could figure we are using them. Why would they allow others to use them?"

Pan Ruo shook her head, "That's why I asked Whitejade Lion to inform them," she said. Everyone knew that Whitejade Lion was Lady Wind's supporter. He had offended the entire stone clan and even us. Now, he had been humiliated by Lady Wind. Even his weapon had been taken away. He had no choice but to leave. Of course, he wanted to take revenge. "However, we definitely wouldn't accept him. He had no choice but to seek refuge with Supreme Saint Yanhong."

Mad Whitejade Lion laughed loudly. "Your Highness is the most thoughtful."

Scion Yuan Mo said, "If Supreme Saint Yanhong and Xu can't kill Zhang Ruochen, the second step will be our turn to attack?"

Lord Sinluo smiled. "Even if Zhang Ruochen can escape from Pink Skull and Xu, he must be seriously injured. At that time, I can kill him alone."

Pan Ruo shook her head. "We will get penalty of 500,000 points for killing Zhang Ruochen. Unless it's a last resort, we don't have to do it ourselves. So the second step is still get someone to kill Zhang Ruochen."

"And that someone will be?" Scion Yuan Mo asked.

Pan Ruo said, "The Celestial Captives."

Everyone immediately looked enlightened.

Celestial Captives were a huge force on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. Although they were prey, many of them were strong cultivators. More importantly, they were hostile to Zhang Ruochen, the traitor. They wanted nothing more than to turn him into ashes.

Pan Ruo said, "I've received news that a large number of Celestial Captives have gathered in the starfield near the third Dark Star. There are even Celestial Captives in the Thousand-Koan Realm guarding it.

"Supreme Saint Que Fei, I heard that your attainments in illusions have reached the level of a High Saint Master. Your task is to inform Celestial Captives and tell them about Zhang Ruochen."

Que Fei let out a long laugh. "Your Highness is amazing. Another brilliant plan to kill two birds with one move. No matter who wins, Zhang Ruochen or Supreme Saint Yanhong will be surrounded and killed by Celestial Captives. We will always be in an invincible position. When Celestial Captives kills them, we can kill Celestial Captives to earn points. Haha!"

Pan Ruo was calm. "The third step. If Celestial Captives can't kill Zhang Ruochen, then we have to do it ourselves."

Scion Yuan Mo laughed. "With these three strategies, no matter how high Zhang Ruochen's cultivation is, he'll definitely die this time."

...

On the Immortal Vampires' home planet, Zhang Ruochen stood in the sea and practiced Incarceration of Divine Demon repeatedly.

The huge phantom of the fiend appeared. It merged with the Immovable Wisdom King Saint Aspect at times and separated at other times. It formed a huge whirlpool that swept to the bottom of the sea thousands of meters below.

The combination of Incarceration of Divine Demon and Immovable Wisdom King Saint Aspect was not too difficult. What was difficult was that Zhang Ruochen wanted to merge the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill into it.

He rehearsed it dozens of times and failed.

“Combining two powers is not an easy thing. I am still too impatient.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped and let out a long breath. He flew to a nearby island and sat on a rock. He quickly fell into a state of thinking and comprehension.

How can I become stronger in a short time?

With the help of the Heart of Truth, Zhang Ruochen had found the second shackle on his left arm.

However, even with the Fugue pill and the Ampliofruit, it would take more than a few days to break it.

Other than that, Zhang Ruochen could only think of using the Saintwill Pill to fuse the fifth type of Saintwill. If he could truly make his Saintwill reach Class Two, he would be able to deal with powerful figures like Wu Jiang and Lan Ying.

*Rumble*

At this moment, an ear-piercing sound came from the sky.

Zhang Ruochen looked up and saw a streak of fire flying from the sky. It passed through the atmosphere and crashed into the sea where he was like a meteorite.

*Boom.*

The fire rushed into the sea. The surface of the sea sank under the pressure, raising huge waves that were hundreds of feet high.

A black meteorite the size of a stone mountain appeared there.

Zhang Ruochen sat on the side of the island. His long hair fell on his shoulders. He was elegant and calm. The waves that hit his face automatically split into two sides.

Looking closely, he saw a line of words carved on the meteorite. “Supreme Saint Manjian is in my hands. Within three days, come and fight against me alone on the ghost clan’s home planet. It will be a dead or alive fight.”

A letter of challenge flew over from the starry sky.

Based on the Saint aura in the words on the meteorite, Zhang Ruochen naturally knew that the person who sent him the letter of challenge was Xu, the strongest of the ghost clan.

**Chapter 2300: The Inescapable Snare**

Lord Xia Yu, who had carved the formation patterns in the outer area of their home planet, followed the trajectory of the meteorite and landed on the island behind Zhang Ruochen. Her clothes fluttered.

Seeing the inscriptions on the meteorite, her eyes darkened. "It's a trap. You can't go."

Zhang Ruochen sat on the reef calmly. "Whether it's a trap or not, I have to go."

"Are you crazy?" At the festival, Xu had suffered so much at your hands. He must be holding a grudge. "After that, you stole his Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. If I were him, I wouldn't endure it. I would try every means to kill you."

Then Lord Xia Yu said, "If you go to the home planet of the Ghost Clan, you'll be walking into a trap. Whether you can defeat Xu or not, you won't be able to leave that planet alive in the end."

Zhang Ruochen stood up and said, "You should have confidence in me."

Lord Xia Yu's beautiful and cold face showed a hint of regret. She said, "Zhang Ruochen, you have to understand that this is not only a battle between victory and defeat, but also a test for you by the gods.

"After all, you used to belong to Celestial Court. You have countless connections with Celestial Court. If you can't sever these connections, how can the Infernal Court deities let you continue to grow? The stronger you are, the more reason they will oppress you.

"For the sake of a Celestial Court Supreme Saint, you fought against the Infernal Court cultivators. So what if you win? What will the deities think of you?

"As long as you go, you will lose.

"If Supreme Saint Manjian really sees you as a good friend, he will understand your difficulty.

"Besides, since he had become a Celestial Captive on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield, Supreme Saint Manjian's fate has already been decided. You can't change it. Why do you need to give away your future for a result that has already been decided?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Must he die just because he became a Celestial Captive?"

"If I'm captured by Celestial Court and become their prey, do you think the Celestial Court deities will let me survive? Saving me means challenging the deities," Lord Xia Yu said.

Zhang Ruochen remained silent and avoided the topic. He said, "In this Celestial-Hunting battle, what place do you think the Immortal Vampires will get?"

Lord Xia Yu didn't know why Zhang Ruochen suddenly asked this question. She thought about it carefully and said seriously, "There are seven Great Perfection elites of Hundred-Shackle Realm among the Immortal Vampires now. The total is eight, including you. It shouldn't be difficult for us to get sixth place. I can even try to secure the fifth."

"My goal is to be first," Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Xia Yu was stunned.

“Isn’t Zhang Ruochen overambitious?”

“First place?!”

“He is probably the only one in the entire Immortal Vampires who dares to think about it.”

Zhang Ruochen said again, “Accepting Xu’s invitation to the Ghost Clan’s home planet was indeed very dangerous. I’m likely to face not only the Ghost elites, but also the top Supreme Saints of the Bone clan and Corpusians.

“But, isn’t this also an opportunity?”

Lord Xia Yu figured out Zhang Ruochen’s intention. She was moved. “You want to take this opportunity to destroy the Ghost Clan’s home planet?”

“If the Immortal Vampires want to take first place, the only way is to destroy the home planets of the other nine clans. At the same time, we have to protect our own home planet. Since Xu has sent me an invitation, I’ll go along with his plan.”

Zhang Ruochen’s expression was cold. He spoke of destroying the home planet of the nine clans and killing billions of living beings and dead souls as calmly as water, without a trace of mercy.

The defensive array of the Immortal Vampires’ home planet had been set up. Now, they would go to exterminate the Ghost Clan’s home planet. They didn’t have to worry about retaliation from the Ghost Clan cultivators.

They had to seize the right time to exterminate the other nine clans’ home planets.

Lord Xia Yu sensed Zhang Ruochen’s determination. She knew that he wasn’t reckless and ignorant, so she didn’t try to dissuade him. “I’ll go with you.”

“You stay at our home planet and continue to set up the array. The stronger the array the better. In the future, we might have to stay here and resist the attacks of the nine clans,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“The first defense array has been set up. Even if ten Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints, who have achieved the Great Perfection, attack, the home planet can still resist it. It should be enough for now.”

Lord Xia Yu continued, “Since Xu dares to invite you to his clan’s home planet, it means that the defense array of the Ghost Clan’s home planet has been set up. If you can’t break the array, how are you going to destroy that planet?”

Zhang Ruochen finally agreed to take her with him.

Lord Xia Yu also proposed to let Gu Chenzi go with them, but Zhang Ruochen turned down her proposal.

The Bloodysky Continent was the foundation of Bloodysky Clan. They needed a top elite to guard it at all times. If they were attacked by the enemy, they would lose.

The Celestial-Hunting battle was too important to be careless.

...



The Ghost Clan's home planet was located northwest of the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. Thick dark fog covered the planet, which was floating in the starry sky. It looked almost invisible.

It was like a dark fog in the universe.

Xu stood at the peak of the highest mountain on the planet. With one hand behind his back, he looked at the sky.

Beneath his feet was white snow.

A cold wind blew in the air.

Supreme Saint Manjian was nailed to the northern cliff of the mountain by five ice pillars. His long hair was disheveled, and his saint blood was flowing. The aura of his cultivation Path became weaker and weaker.

"It's useless. I... am just a cripple who has lost Saint Source. Using me to threaten Zhang Ruochen is meaningless. He won't come," Supreme Saint Manjian said weakly.

Xu smirked, "Whether he comes or not, he will lose. However, if he comes, he will suffer a greater loss. His journey will end here."

Ming, Ghost Master's eighth son, stood at the foot of the mountain. He smiled and said, "If he doesn't come, he, a so-called genius of current Yuanhui, will be known as a coward and will be laughed at."

He said, "If Zhang Ruochen doesn't come in three days when your blood runs out, I will extract your Saint Soul and refine you into a ghost slave.". "This way, my cultivation can be improved.". When Zhang Ruochen fights with me, his state of mind will also be fatally affected.

"No matter what, I won't lose."

Supreme Saint Yanhong and Mad Whitejade Lion stood in a concealing array not far from the mountain peak.

In addition, there were three Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Ye Changzai of?Impermanenton<sup>1</sup>.

Four-eyed Ghost Emperor of?Umbramont<sup>1</sup>.

Popobawa Ghost Emperor of?Bluewindon<sup>1</sup>.

Half of the most powerful saints of the nine Ghost Cities were here.

Killing Zhang Ruochen was a unanimous decision of the Ghost Clan.

The other Ghost Clan Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm didn't join because they were hunting Celestial Captives in the starry sky and couldn't come back for the time being.

With such a lineup, it could be seen how much they valued Zhang Ruochen.

Mad Whitejade Lion asked, "Your Highness, have the Bone clan Supreme Saint of the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm really arrived? Why can't I sense their aura at all?"

Supreme Saint Yanhong smiled, "If you can sense it, won't Zhang Ruochen also be able to sense it? Don't worry. The Bone Clan's Moon-Bull Emperor and Lord Sparrow Bone came with me. At the critical moment, they'll definitely give Zhang Ruochen a fatal blow.

"Apart from that, I've also invited Corpusians' top elite, Mauve Pupa, to hide in a secret place outside the Ghost Clan's home planet and cut off Zhang Ruochen's path of retreat."

Four-eyed Ghost Emperor's body was 760 feet tall. His four eyes were like four magic lamps illuminating the world. He laughed. "With such a lineup, even if Lan Ying and Yan Huangtu come, they'll definitely die, let alone Zhang Ruochen."

"If we don't attack, then so be it. Once we do, we must make him die a horrible death." A shadow emerged on the ground. His voice was hoarse.

It was Ye Changzai.

He was always around but rarely appeared in plain sight.

He was the most mysterious elite of the Ghost Clan. Even with Xu's strength, Xu didn't dare to provoke him.

Popobawa Ghost Emperor was like a bat hanging upside down on a mulberry tree. His voice merged with the wind, "The Supreme Artifact of the Bone clan have been brought here, right? Together with the Supreme Artifact of our Ghost Clan, our side has a total of two Supreme Artifacts. If Zhang Ruochen dares to come, he will be turned into ashes."

Mad Whitejade Lion was both excited and worried. "This is clearly a killing scheme. Anyone who comes will die. What if Zhang Ruochen doesn't come?"

Supreme Saint Yanhong said, "It'll only take three days. If he doesn't come in three days, we'll go to the Immortal Vampires' home planet. With our strength, we can exterminate the Immortal Vampires first."

Mad Whitejade Lion was secretly happy. If that was the case, it would be even better.

Supreme Saint Yanhong glanced at Mad Whitejade Lion without leaving a trace. Seeing through his thoughts, she sneered in her heart. 'You want to use me as a knife, but you have no idea I want to take this chance to get rid of Lady Wind. Before I get rid of Lady Wind, I'll definitely get rid of you first. But now, you still have some value.'

The reason why so many powerful figures responded to Supreme Saint Yanhong's attack on Zhang Ruochen was not only because Zhang Ruochen had many enemies, but also his many treasures.

Eight Ampliofruits, three Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills, a large number of King Grade Saintwill Pills, and top Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills.

These powerful cultivators were all here for benefit.

Supreme Saint Yanhong could use this to complete her plan to counter Lady Wind.

If it were any other time, it would not be easy to assemble the top masters of the three middle clans. After all, the three middle clans were also in competition with each other.

Mad Whitejade Lion added, "We'd better be careful. Zhang Ruochen is proficient in the Path of Time and Space. If he sneaks in quietly, we will be caught unprepared."

Four-eyed Ghost Emperor laughed and pointed to the top of his head. "Do you see the seven stars? They are the seven nodes of the Star-Shield Grand Formation of the Ghost Clan's home planet. They are also Pleiades Lotus, the supreme artifact."

"With Xu in control of the supreme weapon and the combination of the supreme weapon and the Star-Shield Grand Formation, he can sense every single movement on the planet."

Mad Whitejade Lion looked up, and his pupils contracted, "Why are there eight stars?"

"Eight stars?"

Supreme Saint Yanhong, the four-eyed ghost emperor, and the Winged Ghost Emperor looked up and saw that the eighth star had indeed appeared in the dark ghostly fog. Furthermore, that star was getting bigger and bigger. It became the size of a pan, a dustpan, a stone mill.

In the end, it covered half of the sky. It was grand and magnificent.

A huge planet was crashing towards the Ghost Clan's home planet. The powerful gravitational force of the planet caused the wind and clouds to surge on the Ghost Clan's home planet. Mountains collapsed, rivers collapsed, and the sea surged.

"It's here!"

Supreme Saint Yanhong was not alarmed. Instead, she was delighted.

Standing at the peak of the mountain, Xu narrowed his eyes and revealed a carefree smile. He raised his palm. The chilly winds of heaven and earth gathered in his palm and condensed into a bone-piercing cold air.

He thrust his palm toward the sky.

This palm contained boundless ghost Qi and hundreds of millions of laws interweaved.

After charging out of the atmosphere of the planet of the Ghost Clan, the size of the palm print was already half the size of the planet of the Ghost Clan. It was like the hand of the heavens.

### *Rumble*

In outer space, the planet that had crashed into them was dented and shattered by the palm print.

The densely packed fragments of the planet continued to fly toward the Ghost Clan's home planet like a meteor shower. They activated the Star-Shield Grand Formation of the home planet and formed a layer of black ghost mist.

### *Boom Boom*

All the meteor showers were annihilated and turned into dust.

The Ghost Clan's home planet shook nonstop. The ghosts on the planet were all scared out of their wits and let out heart-wrenching howls.

When the world calmed down, Zhang Ruochen, dressed in a blood-red robe, appeared above the Ghost Clan's home planet. He was straight and handsome. His long hair swayed. He gave off a majestic aura.

The Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms locked onto him again. The projection of the starry sky around the Ghost Clan's home planet spread to all parts of Infernal Court.

At this moment, countless pairs of eyes were staring at the image in the sky — Zhang Ruochen and a star.

Many cultivators didn't know what had happened. They also didn't know why Zhang Ruochen had gone to the Ghost Clan's home planet alone, so they had all sorts of guesses.

No matter what, the projection in the sky had attracted all the cultivators.

They wanted to know what would happen next?

Xu used his spiritual power to explore the surrounding starry sky and said with a smile, "As expected of the Scion of Time and Space. You kept your promise and actually came alone. I wonder if you dare to enter the Ghost Clan's home planet?"

After saying this, Xu swiped his finger toward the sky.

*Whoosh*

A crack dozens of miles long appeared in the star-protecting formation. The black clouds were pushed open and appeared in the sky like a Heavenly River.

"There are hundreds of millions of ghosts on the Ghost Clan's home planet, but I'm alone. If you dare to invite me in, why wouldn't I dare to go?"

Zhang Ruochen took a step forward. The space distorted and he instantly appeared on the planet.

Just now, Zhang Ruochen had moved a planet thousands of miles in diameter from the universe and crashed into the Ghost Clan's home planet. He was testing the strength of the planet's defensive formation. He was certain of it.

That was why he dared to come to the planet without any scruples.

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power spread out and found that there was not a single ghost on the continent under his feet. It was dead silent for thousands of miles.

It seemed that Xu had cleared the battlefield long ago and left.

When Zhang Ruochen's gaze fell on Supreme Saint Manjian who was nailed to the cliff by the five icicles, his cold and ruthless eyes became even more murderous.

"You-You shouldn't have come."

Supreme Saint Manjian's turbid eyes revealed a sorrowful and bitter light. His heart was moved beyond words.

Even though Zhang Ruochen had joined Infernal Court, even though he knew there was an inescapable snare here, he still came without hesitation!

Supreme Saint Manjian felt deeply guilty. He felt that he had dragged Zhang Ruochen down.

“Hurry...”

Supreme Saint Manjian was about to speak, but the icicle nailed to his head pierced into it. The cold air numbed his will, and the pain made him scream.

Zhang Ruochen clenched his fists and controlled his emotions. He looked around and said, “Call out all the powerful figures who are lying in ambush on this continent. What’s the point of continuing to hide?”

“Zhang Ruochen, I really want to fight against you and defeat you personally... No, I want to kill you and refine your soul into my slave. So, no outsiders will interfere in this battle,” Xu said.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen wouldn’t believe him. He pointed to the mountaintop and said resolutely, “Fighting against me alone will be the stupidest decision you’ve ever made.”