

GOF 2341

Chapter 2341 Mighty Aura

The more Yue Tinghai took the Spiritual Power attack, the intense the sharp pain he felt in his brain. All of a sudden, he was worn out, and his body trembled. He couldn't help but bend his knees downward.

Roar!

Yue Tinghai let out an indignant roar.

"Zhang Ruochen, as a Supreme Saint, I must not tolerate insult... from now on... I will fight you to death!"

The space around Yue Tinghai shook violently.

Under the suppression of the Dimensional force, Yue Tinghai could not hold on any longer. He knelt on the ground hard, causing the earth to sink.

With Yue Tinghai's body as the center, the space within a five-mile radius was frozen.

The entire world fell into silence.

Whoosh

Lady Wind's beautiful figure flew onto the city wall. Shock appeared in her almond-shaped eyes. "You should not do this."

"What's wrong?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lady Wind said, "A Supreme Saint would rather get killed than endure humiliation.

"Moreover, Yue Tinghai is a talented elite with the potential to ascend. Not only him, but the forces behind him and even the entire Puresky Clan will view you as an enemy."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Yue Tinghai doesn't have that much influence. A loser has no honor in Infernal Court.

"The cultivators of Puresky Clan worship Yue Tinghai due to his achievement as someone who has attained Great Perfection at the Hundred-Shackle Realm. They won't worship the Yue Tinghai who knelt."

Lady Wind sighed softly, "Maybe you're right. As long as we lead the immortal vampires to win first place in Infernal Court's ten clans, all immortal vampires will regard us as their pride and respect us like they respect their deities."

The 23 streaks of Saint Light flew from afar and landed at Cloud City.

They were the 23 Supreme Saints of Puresky Clan.

The moment they saw Yue Tinghai kneeling on the ground, some were terrified; some were angry, and some rushed over. They wanted to save Yue Tinghai, but they were blocked by the frozen space.

“Zhang Ruochen, you’re humiliating the entire Puresky Clan. We’re no match for you. But when the Celestial-Hunting battle is over, the deities of Puresky Clan won’t let you go.”

A young female Supreme Saint in her twenties scolded angrily. She spread out her six red wings and slashed at the frozen space with a

sword.

Crack!

Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Power moved. A lightning bolt in the form of a dragon and serpent flew down from the clouds. It struck her and sent her flying. Her body was charred; she was severely injured.

“Yue Tinghai did something wrong, so he must reflect on it. On the Celestial-Hunting battlefield, the gods of Puresky Clan can’t discipline him, but I can,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Who do you think you are? How can you discipline the Supreme Saint of Puresky Clan?”

“Whether Yue Tinghai did something wrong or not, it’s not up to you to decide.”

Seven or eight Supreme Saints of Puresky Clan activated their murderous Blood Qi, intending to attack Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen’s voice became bone-chilling, “I did not kill Yue Tinghai because he could still take a punch from me,” he said. “Besides, he is useful. As for you guys, if any of you dare to offend me, I will kill you without mercy.”

Hearing this, those Supreme Saints of Puresky Clan felt like they had been splashed with cold water. Their heads became clearer.

The one they were facing Zhang Ruochen!

This guy was famous for being fearless. He had killed countless Infernal Court deities’ children, scions, and scionesses. Even the seventh son of the Ghost Lord had died at his hands. What else did he not dare to do?

Lady Wind was really afraid that Zhang Ruochen would start a massacre, she quickly said, “I heard that Yue Tinghai controlled the tsunami last night and wanted to kill 30 million immortal vampires on Bloodysky Continent. I can testify to that.

“Fortunately, he attempted such a serious crime on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. Otherwise, the Fane of Immortality would have taken him away and skinned him.

“Did you also participate in what happened last night?”

In Infernal Court, strength was indeed the most important thing. As long as one was strong, they could decide the life and death of the weak.

However, no clan would allow the strong to slaughter their own clansmen. Such a person would only end up like Saint Lord Zuo Mu.

In comparison, the punishment of the immortal vampires was even heavier.

Not to mention the 23 immortal realm Supreme Saints of Puresky Clan, even Yue Tinghai, who was kneeling on the ground, had a change in expression.

Even if he killed 30 million clansmen on the Celestial-Hunting Battlefield, it was not a big deal for a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. After all, he alone was worth more than 30 million clansmen. If the attack had succeeded last night, the deity of Puresky Clan would have protected him. The Fane of Immortality couldn't do anything to him.

However, the operation had failed last night, and Zhang Ruochen and Lady Wind had found out about it. Now that he'd lost so much face, the deity of Puresky Clan would definitely be very disappointed in him. Would the deity still protect him?

"No... No. We don't know what happened last night."

"Did Yue Tinghai really commit such a heinous crime?"

"I don't know what happened last night. It has nothing to do with me."

The Supreme Saints of Puresky Clan sensed that something was wrong. They all became obedient.

The reason why they dared to disobey Zhang Ruochen's orders was that they knew that Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell would never submit to Zhang Ruochen. They had thought Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell would definitely stand up to him.

However, Lady Wind was actually on Zhang Ruochen's side. Together with Lord Xia Yu, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Gu Chenzi, they had formed a force that even the other eight clans combined couldn't contend with.

"They're here!"

Zhang Ruochen looked up and saw the blood clouds rolling in the sky. He felt the powerful aura of the saintly way.

The Supreme Saints of the ten clans were coming from all directions on the planet.

Yue Tinghai's kneeling was a warning signal.

The cultivators of the other seven clans were afraid of the same fate. Who dared to wait for Zhang Ruochen to personally invite them?

"Yao Bing of Sealsky Clan is here. I've led seventeen Supreme Saints of our clan to greet Supreme Saint Ruochen."

Eighteen streaks of blood light descended from the sky and landed outside Cloud City.

"Saint Yihui of Demonsky Clan is here. I've led twenty-four Supreme Saints of our clan to pay respects to the Supreme Saint Ruochen."

Blood-red figures descended outside Cloud City.

Apart from one or two Hundred-Shackle Realm elites, the others who stayed behind to guard Immortal Vampires' home planet were all Supreme Saints who had just entered Neverwilt Realm.

A moment later, more than 100 Supreme Saints gathered outside Cloud City.

Apart from Qitian Clan, all the cultivators from the major clans had arrived.

Zhang Ruochen snorted and ordered, "Lord Xia Yu, go to Qitian continent personally and invite all the Supreme Saints of Qitian Clan here. Remember, you must invite Lord Bladehell."

Lord Xia Yu frowned and said, "Lord Bladehell is on our planet?"

"Even if he isn't here, there must be a Spiritual Power clone." Zhang Ruochen gave a meaningful look.

A dense blood cloud flew over from the horizon, rolling like a sea of blood.

A heavy and overbearing voice came from the blood cloud. "Don't bother Lord Xia Yu. I and the Supreme Saints of Qitian Clan are here!"

The blood cloud swooped down like a waterfall and crashed to the ground.

The Blood Qi instantly covered thousands of miles of land. When the blood Qi dispersed, Lord Bladehell and more than a dozen Supreme Saints of Qitian Clan appeared outside the city gate.

It was not Lord Bladehell's Spiritual Power clone, but he himself.

Seeing Lord Bladehell appear, the cultivators of other clans who obeyed Qitian Clan all breathed a sigh of relief. Their eyes shone with excitement. They seemed to have someone to rely on and were no longer afraid of Zhang Ruochen's might.

Without Hellblade Realm backing them, they didn't dare to challenge Zhang Ruochen.

Groups of people approached Lord Bladehell, ready to fight Zhang Ruochen.

The female Supreme Saint of Puresky Clan, who had been charred black by Zhang Ruochen's lightning strike, came to Lord Bladehell. She said weakly, "Zhang Ruochen acted arbitrarily. He started infighting and humiliated the Supreme Saint of Puresky Clan. Lord Bladehell, please do justice!"

"Yue Tinghai would never do anything to harm immortal vampires. Zhang Ruochen planted the evidence on purpose. He thinks he can be lawless just because he is strong," another cultivator said.

The other Supreme Saints of Puresky Clan all stood behind Lord Bladehell.

They radiated powerful Saint Might. They were full of fighting spirit. Lord Bladehell glanced at Yue Tinghai, who was kneeling on the ground. He snorted, "How could a figure like the Supreme Saint Ruochen and Lady Wind do something like this on purpose? Don't be presumptuous!"

All the Supreme Saints of Puresky Clan were stunned.

The Supreme Saints of the other clans looked at each other. They weren't sure what Lord Bladehell was trying to do.

Lord Bladehell stood straight and spoke righteously. He said, "I think that the more Tinghai does something wrong, the more he should be punished.

“The situation of the immortal vampires is great now. We should stay united as one and fight against outsiders. We should strive to achieve better results in the Celestial-Hunting battle. Only then will we live up to the expectations of our gods and the entire immortal vampires. “At this time, I will not let anyone who dares to create internal strife go.

“Let Yue Tinghai kneel first. Kneeling on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield is better than being sent to the Fane of Immortality to be skinned.

“The young cultivators in Infernal Court are still lacking in respect. It’s a good chance to temper his character.” When he said the last sentence, Lord Bladehell’s eyes were as cold as a blade. He glared at Yue Tinghai, obviously threatening him.

Yue Tinghai was extremely humiliated. He thought that his situation would change when Lord Bladehell returned to their home planet. Who would have thought that Lord Bladehell would cast him aside after using him and shift all the blames on him?

‘No, it shouldn’t be.

‘Lord Bladehell is a proud man. How could he give up so easily? There is no way he would willingly submit to Zhang Ruochen.

‘Why?’

‘Why?’

Yue Tinghai’s heart was filled with a grievance, confusion, resentment, and confusion.

“Supreme Saint Ruochen, let’s enter the city to discuss our big plans.”

Lord Bladehell waved his hand and took the lead to enter the city gate.

On the city wall, Lady Wind and Lord Xia Yu both showed strange expressions.

Zhang Ruochen had only been in Infernal Court for a short time, so he didn’t know Lord Bladehell very well. However, they had interacted with Lord Bladehell many times, so they knew what kind of person Lord Bladehell was. How he acted just now was definitely unusual.

Lord Xia Yu was puzzled. She muttered to herself, “What is Lord Bladehell planning?”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t seem to care. If Lord Bladehell was willing to obey, it would be a good thing.

If he refused to do so, Zhang Ruochen could just beat him into submission.

Lady Wind said, “Lord Bladehell is ranked in the top ten on the top Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivators. Since he took the initiative to show his goodwill, we have to show him something.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly. He walked down the city wall with Lady Wind and Lord Xia Yu to welcome Lord Bladehell.

From Afar, Lord Bladehell cupped his hands and bowed. He laughed and said, “Saint Ruochen is indeed the prodigy of the Xue Jue family. After the Celestial- Hunting battle, he will definitely be famous throughout the world. I admire him.”

Zhang Ruochen said calmly, "I haven't even reached the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. What's there to admire, Lord Bladehell?"

Lord Bladehell said seriously, "Being able to defeat Wu Jiang before attaining the Great Perfection stage makes your achievement even more impressive. Luo Shengtian can't do it, neither can Yan Huangtu, nor can Lan Ying."

Lord Xia Yu and Lady Wind suddenly understood, and then the two girls smiled.

The Supreme Saints behind Lord Bladehell who hadn't received the news that Zhang Ruochen had defeated Wu Jiang were all struck by Lord Bladehell's words.

They all understood why Lord Bladehell's attitude toward Zhang Ruochen changed drastically.

If Zhang Ruochen had only defeated Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong, even if Lord Bladehell knew that he was no match for him, with the support of the other clans, he still had the confidence to fight against Zhang Ruochen.

As long as Wu Jiang and Lan Ying made their moves, Zhang Ruochen would most likely die horribly and cease to become a threat.

However, just now, when Lord Bladehell received the news that Zhang Ruochen had defeated Wu Jiang, he instantly dismissed all ill thoughts against Zhang Ruochen. Zhang Ruochen, who could defeat Wu Jiang, would not be afraid of Lan Ying.

Whose presence could threaten him on the entire Celestial-Hunting battlefield?

Maybe Que could.

However, there were not many feuds between Que and Zhang Ruochen. He definitely wouldn't make someone enemies easily. All sorts of thoughts flashed through Lord Bladehell's mind. In an instant, he thought of the immortal vampires' gods. Now, immortal vampires had many elites. They could already rival Yanluo Clan and Asuras.

With such an advantage, the immortal vampires' gods must have hoped that the immortal vampires could fight for better ranking: second place, or even first.

If he, Lord Bladehell, interfered, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't let him go. The Immortal Vampires' gods would also be angry.

It was because of all these considerations that Lord Bladehell rushed back to his home planet, ready to discuss the big plan with Zhang Ruochen. Only in this way would he get a share of the achievements in the future.

The Spiritual Power clone of Supreme Saint Jinkun of Azuresky Clan asked Lord Bladehell telepathically, "Did Zhang Ruochen really defeat Wu Jiang?" Lord Bladehell said, "Don't harbor other ill thoughts against Zhang Ruochen. Not only did he defeat Wu Jiang, but he also killed Saint Lord Zuo Mu. Moreover, he has cultivated a Grade Two Saintwill and held two Supreme Artifacts in his hands.

"It's said that even his parasitic plant, the Saint Devourer, has the battle strength of the top 10 Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivators.

“With such strength, the number of people who dare to challenge him on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield is not more than five.”

The expression of Supreme Saint Jinkun became grave. He said, “In this case, in terms of power among the elites, the immortal vampires have already surpassed Asuras. Can we compete against Yanluo Clan?”

Lord Bladehell’s expression became grave as he nodded his head heavily and said, “This is indeed something that we didn’t dare to imagine before. I’m afraid the immortal vampires’ gods are also very surprised.

“The gods must have great expectations for us. After all, Yanluo Clan has been the number one clan in every Celestial-Hunting battle. If we can defeat them this time, all of our names will be listed in Fane of Immortality’s record.

“Rewards are secondary. The meaning behind it is the most significant. Even the deities care about it.

“Defeating the most upper clan despite being a lower clan is what we, the immortal vampires, want the most. Whoever screws things up at this big-time will have to suffer the consequences after the Celestial-Hunting battle ends.

“This must be why Zhang Ruochen called us here.”

Chapter 2342 Bloody Shadowseed

Yue Tinghai was still kneeling outside the city. He was suppressed by the giant palm made of lightning and thunder. The ground beneath him was in ruins.

Close to 200 Supreme Saints from the ten great clans gathered at the Cloud City Governor’s mansion.

At the top, there were seven chairs. Lord Xia Yu, Lady Wind, Lord Bladehell, Supreme Saint Jin Kun, Gu Chenzi, and Saint Lord Yi Hui sat atop them.

Zhang Ruochen sat in the middle of the row of seven chairs. He appeared to be the leader.

Saint Lord Yi Hui of the Demonsky Clan was a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm hidden in the Immortal Vampires. He was only listed on the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm after entering the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Of course, most of the Supreme Saints were looking at Lord Sinluo, who was standing behind Zhang Ruochen.

They were all surprised. How could a top-tier powerhouse of the Deathkin come to the Immortal Vampires’ home planet and stand behind Zhang Ruochen like a guard?

Zhang Ruochen displayed a strong saint’s might, but his tone was calm. He said, “I asked you to come here today to discuss one thing. We are going to combine all the powers of the Immortal Vampires to take down the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. “I think the ten great clans shouldn’t have any more grudges. Those who have grudges should put them aside first. Those who have conflicts should restrain themselves first. This Battle of Celestial – Hunting is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. It’s the time for the Immortal Vampires to show off their power in the Infernal Court. We must unite and take first place among the ten clans.”

“First place among the ten clans?” everyone present muttered.

Everyone present was a Supreme Saint. They were calm, but many were still shocked. They had guessed why Zhang Ruochen had summoned the cultivators of the ten clans, but they hadn’t expected him to be so ambitious?

A Supreme Saint stood up with a serious expression and said, “It’s not easy to fight for first place. The Yanluo Clan and Asura are both powerful. We may not be weaker than them. But there’s still a big gap between the number of the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints. This was one of the reasons.

“Secondly, if the Immortal Vampires show too much of their abilities, they might become the target of public criticism and be suppressed by the alliance.

“Of course, we are not afraid of a single clan. However, if two or three clans join forces, we are definitely not their match.

“So, I want to know how Supreme Saint Ruochen plans to resolve these two points.”

Fighting for first place in the ten clans was not a slogan. Once they did it, they would face a huge challenge and resistance. It was very likely that a Supreme Saint among them would die in battle.

Dying in battle was not scary.

As long as they had a chance to win first place in the ten clans, they were not afraid of battle or death.

What they were afraid of was that fighting blindly was not worth dying.

Zhang Ruochen had already done careful thinking and deduction, he said, “First of all, my opponent is only the Yanluo Clan. As for the Asura, they are indeed very powerful. However, there are too many internal forces and they are divided into 24 fanes. The hatred between the fanes is very deep and there are many contradictions. It is impossible to unify them.

“If the Asura can not be unified, there is nothing to be afraid of.

“If we want to defeat the Yanluo Clan, we need two steps.

“First, we need to be united. We need to combine all our forces to kill the Celestial Captives to get more points. “Most of the Celestial Captives are hiding in the starfields near the seven Dark Stars. Besides the third Dark Star, which Lord Xia Yu and I have cleared once, we need to go to the other six Dark Stars.

“Secondly, I will personally go to the home planet of the Yanluo Clan and destroy more than half of the Yanluo Clan. This is my promise to everyone.”

All the Supreme Saints present were moved.

Zhang Ruochen’s promise was no small matter. The home planet of the Yanluo Clan was full of danger. The Ghost’s home planet couldn’t compare to it.

Just breaking into the home planet of the Yanluo Clan was almost impossible.

The Yanluo Clan had more than a dozen Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. There were also many powerful Array Masters, Talisman Masters, Illusionists, Summoners, and Necromancers. All of them were at the level of High-Saints.

Some of them had the strength to fight against Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

The Immortal Vampires had Zhang Ruochen, Lord Xia Yu, Lord Bladehell, and Lady Wind. They could fight against several Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm on their own. That was why they dared to challenge the supreme position of the Yanluo Clan. Otherwise, it would be like hitting a rock with an egg.

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Zhang Ruochen continued, "If the Immortal Vampires really try their best to fight for the first place among the ten clans, they will definitely be suppressed by the alliance. However, there is one condition: we must defeat the Yanluo Clan.

"Before we completely defeat the Yanluo Clan, the other clans will only watch from the sidelines.

"What I want to say here is that all of you are the most outstanding powerhouses of the Immortal Vampires in the past thousand years. If we can even defeat the supreme clan, why should we be afraid of a group of weaklings?

"Of course, we have to be fully prepared. If we are really suppressed by the combined forces of multiple clans, we have to be able to withstand them.

"Therefore, the most important thing is our defense. This matter will be handled by Lord Xia Yu. She's one of the most powerful Array Masters in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. She also has the Pleiades Lotus, a Supreme Artifact. The defensive array she has set up can make our home planet impregnable."

Yao Bing, the captain of the Sealsky Clan, stood up and said, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, I have a question."

"Speak," Zhang Ruochen said.

Yao Bing said, "Among the Celestial Captives, there's a Supreme Saint, Lord Hornless, in the Banshi Isshou Realm. No one knows where he is hiding. If we go on a large-scale campaign against the six Dark Stars, we will definitely suffer heavy losses. How can we guard against him?"

"Before we go on a large-scale campaign against the six Dark Stars, I will scout the way first. If I find Lord Hornless, I will attack him first. I may not be able to defeat him, but it shouldn't be too difficult to pin him down." said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen exuded a strong sense of confidence.

This confidence could not be shaken no matter how great the danger was. It infected the Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints in the mansion, making them feel confident. Their worries and worries were reduced.

Yao Bing stared into Zhang Ruochen's eyes and nodded deeply. "If Supreme Saint Ruochen really takes the lead, then I shall lead the Sealsky Clan to closely follow your footsteps." Following that, several other Supreme Saints stood up and voiced their concerns. Zhang Ruochen answered smoothly, showing that his decision to fight for the first place of the ten clans was not a spur-of-the-moment decision. It was a deliberate decision.

"The Azuresky Clan will listen to Supreme Saint Ruochen's orders."

"The Mendsky Clan will listen to Supreme Saint Ruochen's orders."

When all the cultivators had no objections, Zhang Ruochen spoke again. "There is one thing that everyone should have guessed. The home planets of the ten clans are not ordinary planets.

"There's a huge opportunity inside the home planet of the Ghost. There should be something extraordinary inside the home planet of the Immortal Vampires. Have any cultivators gone underground to investigate?"

The news of the home planet of the Ghost had long been sent back to the home planet of the Immortal Vampires. No one who could cultivate to the Supreme Saint realm was stupid. They could definitely guess the clues of the ten home planets.

How could the Fane of Destiny and the gods favor one over the other?

A pale-faced Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint shook his head. He said, "I've gone underground to investigate. I found that the entire home planet is like a huge living creature."

"What do you mean?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint said, "Thousands of meters underground, there are many underground rivers of blood. They're complex and endless. They're like blood vessels in a person's body.

"Furthermore, the river is very strong. It's very difficult to destroy by the Supreme Saint's power.

"I once followed a river and tried to find where the rivers of blood converged. However, I encountered a very strange thing. The blood in my body decreased unknowingly. Luckily, I retreated quickly. Otherwise, I would have turned into a dried corpse."

More than one person had entered the underground blood river. All of them had lost a lot of blood.

The most serious one had half of his body withered. His skin was like tree bark, and the outline of his bones could be seen. Furthermore, with his cultivation of the Supreme Saint realm, he found it difficult to recover.

"Could it be the Blood-devouring Curse?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Supreme Saints who had entered the underground shook their heads. One of them said, "No, it can't be. After being hit by the Blood-devouring Curse, the blood in his body disappears on average.

"In the underground, however, the blood begins to disappear from the surface of my body or concentrates in a specific area."

It was shocking to hear that the blood of the Immortal Vampires who were the best at manipulating with blood and those Supreme Saint's blood was taken without a sign.

Zhang Ruochen was deep in thought, he thought to himself, 'Although there are great opportunities inside the Ghost's home planet, there are also great dangers. If I didn't have the Violet Gourd, the Five-element Chaotic Neverwith Physique, and a powerful Demigod-level physique, I'd be in big trouble if I forced my way in.

'There must be great opportunities inside the Immortal Vampires' home planet, but there must be great dangers if I want to pass the

test.'

Zhang Ruochen had the experience of entering the Ghost's home planet. He had a certain degree of respect for the inside of the Immortal Vampires' home planet. He didn't dare to hope for the opportunities inside the planet.

Of course, just because he didn't dare to Hope didn't mean he didn't dare to try.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Lady Wind, wanting to know more.

Lady Wind had stayed behind to guard the home planet. It was impossible for her not to have been underground. With her cultivation, she might have already found some clues.

While Lady Wind was hesitating, Zhang Ruochen said, "The opportunity on the home planet belongs to every Supreme Saint of the Immortal Vampires. I said just now that we should all work together and obtain the same information. There's nothing to hide."

Hearing this, everyone nodded in unison. Their recognition of Zhang Ruochen grew. Lady Wind shook her head. "It's very dangerous underground," she said. "To be precise, it's very dangerous. If you're not a Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, you'll die if you try to break in. If you're not a Supreme Saint of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, you'll die if you try to force your way in.

"I did find something. The reason why everyone suffers blood loss might be related to the legendary Bloody Shadowseed."

'Bloody Shadowseed?' All the Supreme Saints present looked puzzled. None of them had heard of it.

Some even suspected that Lady Wind had made it up to hide the truth.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't suspicious. After refining part of the Heart of the Divine Tree, he had inherited a lot of knowledge and insight from the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. He had some clues about the Bloody Shadowseed.

The Fane of Destiny had the largest collection of books in the universe. They had collected countless books from the Macroworlds. As one of the candidate Scionesses, they were all knowledgeable. They read thousands of books and knew all sorts of secrets and strange things.

"The legend of the Bloody Shadowseed is very old," Lady Wind said. "It can be traced back to the birth of the Immortal Vampires.

“Some records say it was a tree, others say it was a humanoid creature, and still others say it was a dead spirit. There are too many records, but there is no unified explanation. Even its existence is a myth.

“The most important legend is that the Bloody Shadowseed grew out of the Pale Blood Soil. With the disappearance of the Pale Blood Soil, it also became extinct.”

Someone exclaimed, “Pale Blood Soil! What kind of treasure grew out of the Pale Blood Soil?”

The other Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires were also excited. Their eyes were shining and they could not calm down.

The Pale Blood Soil was the number one relic of the Immortal Vampires.

The Immortal Vampires were not a race that was born and raised naturally. They originated from the human race.

The first progenitor of the Immortal Vampires was called Yin. He was once a human and was buried in a patch of Pale Blood Soil after his death. It was unknown how many years later, he came back to life from the Pale Blood Soil, and that was how the Immortal Vampires came into being.

Yin lived in a time that predated the ten primogenitors who founded the ten great clans. He was a myth. Even the god of the Immortal Vampires was not sure if he really existed.

Yin was also known as the primogenitor. The Pale Blood Soil was known as the soil of immortality, the soil of resurrection, and the soil of rebirth. There were even rumors that the Pale Blood Soil was related to the secret of immortality.

Unfortunately, after countless years, the Pale Blood Soil had been used up.

Of course, many cultivators suspected that the Fane of Immortality definitely still had the Pale Blood Soil, which was used as a place for the gods to sleep. Perhaps one day, they could be awakened from the soil.

Lady Wind said, “Everyone, it’s best not to have too much hope. All of this is just my guess. Besides, the Bloody Shadowseed was indeed useful, but it was also very dangerous. It’s best not to go underground without reaching the Supreme Saint Realm.”

They were already connected to the Pale Blood Soil. How could the saints of the Immortal Vampires remain calm?

Even though they had a slim chance of survival, many Supreme Saints were willing to put their lives in danger. Zhang Ruochen saw the excitement in their eyes. He frowned and regretted asking Lady Wind to reveal this secret in front of everyone.

The more people who couldn’t control their desires knew, the faster they would die.

“How about this? I, Lady Wind, and Lord Bladehell will go in first to investigate and gain a deeper understanding of the internal situation of our planet. If we can control the danger, it won’t be too late for us to go in and try to seize the opportunity,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Chapter 2343 A Song

The water on the home planet of the Immortal Vampires was blood-red.

They arrived at the underground river after entering the hole. The water was not only redder but also stickier here. It had a faint bloody odor as if it had been formed from blood.

The river was complicated and had many branches. It was like a maze.

Cultivators without strong spiritual power couldn't get out of the river.

The river was made of sealed crystal rock. It was milky white in color, and there were streaks of spiritual light flowing inside. It was like a spiritual snake swimming inside, emitting white light spots.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen condensed his Saint Qi into a four-foot-long Saint Sword and slashed out.

The crystal rock was broken, leaving a meter-long and deep sword scar.

"How is it so strong? Lady Wind, what are these crystal rocks?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

With Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, a casual slash could create a fifty-meter-long sword qi canyon on the ground. From this, it could be seen how hard the crystal rocks were. They were comparable to the bones of Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints. They could be used to refine sacred artifacts.

"I've never seen them before," said Lady Wind.

Lady Wind shook her head and she added, "Actually, I can't even tell if they're natural materials, or if they're bones or fascia of some creature."

Lord Bladehell, who was standing aside, let out a soft exclamation.

The crystal rock that Zhang Ruochen had cut open with his sword began to show specks of light. They grew at a speed visible to the naked eye and returned to their original appearance. Zhang Ruochen, Lady Wind, and Lord Bladehell all had powerful cultivations, but at this moment, their backs were numb. A thought popped up in their minds, 'Is this planet really a giant blood-devouring creature?'

After a moment of silence, Zhang Ruochen said, "Let's go! I'm looking forward to seeing what's beyond the blood pool? What secrets are hidden in the depths of this planet?"

Releasing the Profound Spatial Dimension, Zhang Ruochen formed an egg-shaped Qi shield. He followed the direction of the blood flow and headed deep into the planet's core.

Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell followed closely behind.

The deeper they went, the wider and sturdier the river became. It was almost impossible to breakthrough.

Suddenly, a melodious song entered Zhang Ruochen's ears. It sounded like a peerless beauty was singing a classic song. He couldn't help but be intoxicated by it.

Zhang Ruochen stopped and looked at Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell.

Obviously, they had heard the song as well. Their faces were filled with shock and doubt. The blood-red aura in their bodies surged.

"I didn't hear such a strange sound when I came in last time," Lady Wind said.

Lord Bladehell said, "Last time, you went underground from the Yellow Sky Continent. This time, we went underground from the Blood Sky Clan. We must have encountered something different."

Zhang Ruochen used his spiritual power to investigate, but found nothing. He said seriously, "Everyone, be careful. If you encounter an irresistible danger, don't fight. Retreat to the ground immediately."

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Lord Bladehell was confused, he said, "It's strange. We've been in the ground for so long, but our blood hasn't been sucked away. Is it because our cultivation is strong and we've made all kinds of defenses that the Bloody Shadowseed can't get close to us?"

Lady Wind's eyes also showed a hint of confusion. She said, "If it really is the Bloody Shadowseed, they definitely won't be afraid of us. Our defenses won't be able to stop them."

"Be careful."

Zhang Ruochen's low voice rang out.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen waved his Saint Sword like lightning and slashed at a certain spot in the blood pool.

Zhang Ruochen quickly retreated. He opened his hands and activated the Profound Spatial Dimension. It condensed into a rapidly spinning Dimensional Vortex as if it was defending against something.

The water in the underground blood river churned violently.

Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell didn't know what had happened, but they still tried their best to defend using the blood-red aura wrapped around their bodies.

"Leaving so soon? Get back here!"

Zhang Ruochen shouted. He stretched out his palm and strands of Saint Qi flew out from his fingertips. They trapped a ball of blood and dragged it back forcefully. The ball of blood made a sharp and ear-piercing sound. It made Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind's eardrums hurt.

SWOOSH!

The pool of blood suddenly disintegrated and turned into a gaseous state, much like a hungry wolf.

It was impossible to see with the naked eye because the blood-colored waves were flowing in all directions. Even with spiritual power, they were unable to detect the Qi fluctuation.

Zhang Ruochen was able to find it because he had the Profound Spatial Dimension.

Anything that entered the Profound Spatial Dimension could not escape his perception.

The gaseous wolf was more than five meters tall, but when it was suppressed by Zhang Ruochen, it became only the size of a fist. At this moment, it emitted a strong blood light. Its eyes were fierce, and it still let out a sharp cry.

Lord Bladehell closed his hearing and came to Zhang Ruochen's side. He looked at the blood wolf, surprised, and said, "Is this a wolf soul? Huh..."

The gaseous blood wolf suddenly turned liquid again, no different from the blood-red water around it.

Despite that, it was unable to escape Zhang Ruochen's palm.

"It's a Bloody Shadowseed. It must be it," said Lady Wind.

Lady Wind's eyes stared at Zhang Ruochen's palm with excitement and said, "Legend has it that if you can refine and absorb the Bloody Shadowseed, you can improve your Blood Qi and Saint Soul. You should give it a try and quickly."

The most important thing for the Immortal Vampires was Blood Qi.

As long as one could continuously strengthen their Blood Qi, their cultivation would increase quickly.

Zhang Ruochen didn't try to refine the blood in his hand because even if he just held it in his hand, his urge to devour blood would increase greatly. If Zhang Ruochen really refined it, he probably wouldn't be able to suppress his urge to devour blood in the future.

"I'll give it to you. You do it!" said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen handed the ball of blood to Lady Wind. Lady Wind was 90% sure that Zhang Ruochen was suppressing the Bloody Shadowseed, and it was a very powerful one.

So she immediately took it and carefully suppressed it between her hands. She refined it and destroyed the spiritual will of the Bloody Shadowseed.

When Lord Bladehell saw that, he couldn't help but lick his lips and think to himself, 'To be able to excite Lady Wind so much, it appears that the Bloody Shadowseed must be endowed with the ability to greatly improve one's Blood Qi and Saint Soul. This is not a dangerous thing, but a precious blood medicine.'

However, Lord Bladehell quickly realized that he didn't sense the aura of the gaseous wolf just now. If it weren't for Zhang Ruochen, he would have fled because his blood was being sucked.

'Since Zhang Ruochen can suppress the Bloody Shadowseed, it seems that I have to be friendly to him so that Lady Wind won't be the only one getting all the benefits.' Lord Bladehell thought.

Lord Bladehell stared at Lady Wind's graceful and beautiful figure with a strange look, he thought to himself, 'The Bloody Shadowseed is given away just like that. Zhang Ruochen and Lady Wind must have a special relationship. Maybe they've already had a good relationship. This woman is willing to fight hard to become a Scioness.'

If Lord Bladehell Blood Qi and Saint Soul were stronger in the same cultivation realm, his battle strength would naturally be stronger.

Lord Bladehell knew very well that if he wanted to improve his battle strength again, he could only work on his Blood Qi. It was already difficult to make big breakthroughs in other aspects.

The more he accumulated now, the stronger he would be when he broke through to the Thousand-Koan Realm in the future.

Lady Wind completely destroyed the spiritual will of the Bloody Shadowseed. It no longer turned into a gaseous wolf, nor did it make sharp sounds. It turned into strands of Blood Qi and was continuously absorbed by Lady Wind.

Lady Wind's Blood Qi kept rising, and her power fluctuated greatly.

Lord Bladehell approached Zhang Ruochen and asked him in hushed tones for advice on how to capture the Bloody Shadowseed. When Lord Bladehell discovered that he needed to practice the Profound Spatial Dimension, he immediately dismissed the notion. "Supreme Saint Ruochen, can you help me capture a Bloody Shadowseed?" asked Lord Bladehell.

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Lord Bladehell felt that it was inappropriate to make such a request. He quickly added, "I will definitely reward you handsomely."

"What handsome reward?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lord Bladehell glanced at Lady Wind and said, "I can give you double, no, ten times what Lady Wind can give you."

Zhang Ruochen raised his eyebrows and said, "What did Lady Wind give me?"

Lord Bladehell gave an evil smile that everyone understood, he said, "There are countless Immortal Vampires' beauties. With my cultivation and identity, it's not difficult for me to find ten beauties no weaker than Lady Wind. Lady Wind's status is nobler and her cultivation is stronger. That's why she's more attractive.

"Don't worry, Supreme Saint Ruochen. What I'm giving you is at least a Saint Realm. If you want, I can capture all the beauties of the Celestial Court."

Zhang Ruochen's expression didn't change. He smiled bitterly in his heart. It seemed that because of Lian Xi, he was already famous in the Infernal Court. Even Lord Bladehell was willing to do what he wanted to please him.

'This wasn't a bad thing!' Zhang Ruochen thought.

One had to reveal some weaknesses to make those who feared you feel at ease.

Zhang Ruochen said in a low voice, "Don't tell anyone about me and Lady Wind."

"I understand," said Lord Bladehell.

Lord Bladehell thought that he had something on Zhang Ruochen and Lady Wind. He was secretly pleased. If he left the Battle of Celestial-Huntingfield and the three of them fell out, he would have at least one trump card to use.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I don't need ten Saint Realm beauties for the time being. If I come across a Bloody Shadowseed, I can suppress it for you. But, you have to help me do one thing!"

"What is it, Supreme Saint Ruochen? Just say the word," Lord Bladehell said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "After we return to the ground, you must persuade Yue Tinghai to prioritize the overall situation and refrain from doing anything detrimental to the Immortal Vampires' interests. I believe he will definitely listen to you."

Lord Bladehell's heart tightened. He thought to himself, 'Does Zhang Ruochen already know that Yue Tinghai attacked the Bloodysky Continent because of my instructions?'

"Okay, I will persuade him to make up for his mistakes by hunting the Celestial Captives," said Lord Bladehell.

At this time, the melodious song was heard again. It was getting clearer and closer.

Zhang Ruochen's face turned solemn. He held up the Profound Spatial Dimension and wrapped Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind in it. He said, "The truly powerful Bloody Shadowseed should be here. You Go and protect Lady Wind. I will deal with it."

Chapter 2344 Saint Bloody Shadow

The song was pleasant to the ear, like the sound of nature.

However, Zhang Ruochen could not determine which direction it came from. He only knew that it was getting closer and closer, which made his hair stand on end. However, he could not block his hearing. Once he lost his hearing, it would only give the Bloody Shadowseed a greater opportunity to take advantage of him.

Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind blocked their hearing at once. However, they felt even more tormented when they could not hear anything.

The song contained powerful illusions. Gradually, it affected Zhang Ruochen.

As the song changed, Zhang Ruochen recalled all kinds of scenes in his mind.

There were scenes from his assassination by Chi Yao 800 years ago. Another scene occurred 800 years later when he encountered a white-haired Kong Lanyou in the bamboo forest. When he first saw Chi Yao's statue, this was the scene. Another scene involved him standing in front of Ziwei Palace. Then there was the scene where he saw Huang Yanchen sever her robe.

Every image and memory hit a weak spot in his heart.

"What a brilliant illusion. It merged with the song and made me lose myself," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual will was so strong that he woke up in an instant. He roared, "Break!"

His voice combined with his 65th level spiritual power and exploded with a powerful force.

The song disappeared. All the images in his mind faded away.

The underground river suddenly became extremely quiet. Only the sound of water flowing could be heard.

'Has the Bloody Shadowseed retreated? The underground is indeed terrifying. It's not a place to stay for long,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

"Supreme Saint Ruochen, what's wrong?" asked Lady Wind.

Lady Wind's swaying figure walked toward Zhang Ruochen in the Profound Spatial Dimension like a swaying willow. Her eyes showed concern and tenderness. Her gaze seemed to be able to melt everything in the world, including men's hearts. Zhang Ruochen did not have much psychological fluctuation. Lady Wind only cared about him because of his strength.

Otherwise, even if Zhang Ruochen died here, she would not give him a second look.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Where is Lord Bladehell?"

Lady Wind shook her head and said, "I don't know. He suddenly disappeared. Could he have been taken away by the Bloody Shadowseed?"

Zhang Ruochen frowned and immediately released his spiritual power to investigate.

But he found nothing.

It shouldn't be. Even the Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint could escape. How could Lord Bladehell be taken down so easily with his cultivation?

And even if he was taken away, he should have left his presence and traces.

'Could it be that Lord Bladehell has been completely swallowed by the Bloody Shadowseed?' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen's face became even more unattractive as a result of that.

Lady Wind's cultivation wasn't much higher than Lord Bladehell's. She was clearly terrified. She showed her frail and delicate appearance. Zhang Ruochen's arm was grabbed by her slender hands. Her tall and delicate body squeezed into his arms. She said, "We must have encountered the Saint Bloody Shadow of the Bloody Shadowseed. The Saint Bloody Shadow is the scariest. It has already gained wisdom."

Zhang Ruochen felt the warm and fragrant body of hers in his arms. He lowered his head and glanced at Lady Wind. A flash of doubt appeared in his eyes and said, "You are a candidate for the Scioness and a powerhouse among the Supreme Saints. You should have some courage and bravery. Isn't it just the Saint Bloody Shadow? Why are you so afraid?"

"Windy is just a girl after all. There will be times when Windy feels afraid and timid. Supreme Saint Ruochen, aren't you afraid that Windy will get angry at you for making fun of Windy?" said Lady Wind.

Lady Wind raised her snow-white neck. Her eyes were sparkling and full of resentment.

Zhang Ruochen said, "We can't stay here for long. Let's leave first." "But... Windy wants to refine another Bloody Shadowseed. Supreme Saint Ruochen, please help Windy."

Lady Wind kept calling herself “Windy”. She wasn’t as noble and sacred as before. Instead, she had a gentleness that could seduce a man’s heartstrings.

Fortunately, it was Zhang Ruochen who was standing here. If it were any other man who was still so affectionate after being embraced by Lady Wind, he would have surrendered long ago. Let alone a Bloody Shadowseed, he would do anything for her, including dying for her.

Zhang Ruochen looked at her closely and said, “Refining a Bloody Shadowseed has greatly increased your Blood Qi. Can you bear refining another one?”

“Of course, I can. If you are willing to help, Windy can satisfy you in everything,” said Lady Wind.

Lady Wind smiled and took off her golden mask, revealing an exquisite and flawless face. Her long eyelashes fluttered and her red lips were full of seductive luster, she said charmingly, “I will be your woman sooner or later. I don’t mind giving myself to you sooner.”

She untied her blood-red robe, revealing a crystal-clear snow-white body, as she spoke. Her curves were stunning, more enticing than any other scenery.

At the same time, her fragrant lips moved closer to Zhang Ruochen’s face.

“Do you really think that I’ll fall for that?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Zhang Ruochen’s expression did not change. He reached out a hand and pressed it roughly on Lady Wind’s face. He exerted force on his wrist and crushed her head with a bang, turning it into a cloud of blood mist.

A painful and sharp cry resounded throughout the Profound Spatial Domain.

Lady Wind’s headless body turned into a liquid and turned into a stream of blood that circled around Zhang Ruochen’s body.

The stream of blood flowed to Zhang Ruochen’s head and extended out a woman’s head. Her long hair fluttered in the wind, but her facial features and face could not be seen clearly. She said coldly, “So what if you have seen through me? I will still devour all your blood.”

The blood-red liquid woman’s head was very close to Zhang Ruochen. If she stuck out her tongue, she could lick his face.

However, Zhang Ruochen remained calm and said, “You must be the Saint Bloody Shadow, right? You’re indeed powerful. In the beginning, I was fooled by you and completely fell into your illusion. It’s a pity that you don’t know me well enough. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have lost everything.

“Also, don’t be so arrogant in my Profound Spatial Dimension.”

The stream of blood snorted and contracted violently. Like a blood-red iron chain, it tried to entangle Zhang Ruochen.

At the same time, the liquid head bit Zhang Ruochen’s neck.

“Freeze!” Zhang Ruochen shouted.

The space in the Profound Spatial Dimension froze.

The stream of blood and liquid head became motionless in an instant.

Zhang Ruochen's body shrank to the size of a thumb. He flew out of the confinement of the stream of blood and became a normal person again.

"Moyin, can you absorb the Bloody Shadowseed?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Master, Moyin is more than willing," said Moyin.

The Saint Devourer extended from Zhang Ruochen's back and separated dozens of roots. It pierced into the stream of blood and directly refined and absorbed it.

Obviously, this Bloody Shadowseed was much stronger than the one given to Lady Wind. Zhang Ruochen almost fell into its hands.

Zhang Ruochen certainly didn't want to give such a powerful Bloody Shadowseed to Lord Bladehell.

"It seems that the Bloody Shadowseed prefers spiritual power attacks. Its physical attacks aren't strong. Once it's frozen in space, it can't break through space and escape." said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had a certain understanding of the Bloody Shadowseed. This kind of soul-like and liquid-like creature was similar to Ye Changzai of the Ghost. Both were good at hiding, making it impossible to guard against.

However, their weaknesses were also obvious.

Once they were found, they were no longer terrifying

Of course, each Bloody Shadowseed was different. Zhang Ruochen had only encountered two. He could not guarantee that the other Bloody Shadowseeds had the same weakness.

Furthermore, even if the Bloody Shadowseeds had obvious flaws, he would be extremely dangerous if he came into contact with someone with greater spiritual power and illusion attainments.

Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind were still in the area covered by Zhang Ruochen's Profound Spatial Dimension.

Lord Bladehell looked at the stream of blood being absorbed by Moyin and said, "It was so easy. Did you take down another one?"

"Easy? I almost died at its hands just now. The spiritual power and illusion attacks of the Bloody Shadowseeds are very terrifying. You should be careful. Don't let your guard down," Zhang Ruochen said seriously.

Lady Wind asked, "Did you fall into an illusion just now?"

Zhang Ruochen stared at Lady Wind. He couldn't help but think of the beautiful and seductive scene just now.

He said, "Yes! In the illusion, the Bloody Shadowseed turned into you. It used all kinds of tricks to lure me. I still remember it. Unfortunately, the illusion is just an illusion."

“Haha!”

Lord Bladehell let out a clear laugh. He only controlled the muscles on his face when he saw the cold eyes of Lady Wind staring at him, he said solemnly, “It was indeed very dangerous. The Bloody Shadowseed could actually choose cultivators’ weaknesses to cause hallucination. It seems that it has very high intelligence. Moreover, it must have heard our previous conversation and thus did so.”

“Your conversation? What did you say?” Lady Wind asked.

Lord Bladehell shrugged and said. “Nothing. Zhang Ruochen didn’t tell me anything. I don’t know anything.”

Lady Wind’s Blood Qi increased significantly after refining and absorbing the Bloody Shadowseed. The power waves from her body were stronger than before. With such strength, she didn’t think she would lose to Lord Lei, who was ranked sixth on the list of Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

The coldness in Lady Wind’s eyes disappeared. She said softly, “Supreme Saint Ruochen, can you help me capture another Bloody Shadowseed?”

Zhang Ruochen had heard this before in the illusion.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You can refine and absorb it?”

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“I have to try. The stronger I am, the more helpful I will be in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. Besides, you haven’t forgotten my promise to you, have you? Whether I become a Scioness or not, we are all on the same side.”

There was a charming smile in Lady Wind’s eyes.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen understood what she meant. He thought to himself, ‘So she also thinks that she can use me to work for her with her beauty.’

If it weren’t for the fact that Lady Wind was still valuable, Zhang Ruochen would have slapped her hard in the face with the method he used to deal with the Bloody Shadowseed.

There was no such thing as a free meal in this world. He didn’t want to give anything, but he wanted to take everything. Even Lord Bladehell knew better than her what a deal was.

If he wanted to take something, he had to give something.

Chapter 2345 A Treant

Zhang Ruochen said, “The Bloody Shadowseed contains thick Blood Qi. Refining one at a time can greatly increase a cultivator’s Blood Qi for a short period, but it will also have a strong impact on a cultivator’s body. I think, Lady Wind, you’d better not refine and absorb other Bloody Shadowseeds for a short period to avoid a backlash.”

Just as Lady Wind was about to say something, Zhang Ruochen continued, "There are still many Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints. They haven't refined the Bloody Shadowseeds yet. We should give them a chance."

Lady Wind's eyes sparkled beneath the golden mask. She had a good idea of what was going

on.

'It seems that Zhang Ruochen isn't stupid. A verbal promise won't make him support me wholeheartedly. We must give him some tangible benefits.' Lady Wind thought.

This was normal. After all, Lady Wind and Zhang Ruochen didn't have a deep relationship before.

How could Zhang Ruochen give her all the benefits for free?

After the Saint Devourer absorbed the Saint Bloody Shadow, it retreated back into Zhang Ruochen's body.

Zhang Ruochen carefully sensed and discovered that Saint Devourer's energy fluctuation had greatly increased. Even his spiritual power had grown. It was in a very active and full state.

Zhang Ruochen thought, 'If I can capture more Bloody Shadowseeds, the overall strength of the Immortal Vampires will definitely increase greatly in a short time. Then, what will the Yanluo Clan fear?

'No, that's not right.'

Zhang Ruochen quickly realized his mistake, 'I can find a way to increase the overall strength of the Immortal Vampires in the home planet. Yan Wushen and Yanhuang Tu are both extraordinary people. Can't they seize the opportunities in the home planet of the Yanluo Clan?'

After witnessing what occurred on the home planets of the Ghost, the Dark Star, and the Immortal Vampires, Zhang Ruochen realized that the so-called Battle of Celestial-Hunting was more complicated than simply killing the Celestial Captives.

There were too many opportunities in the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

The Celestial Captives were hunted to find the next pillar of the Infernal Court. This goal was the competition between different clans, as well as the distribution of opportunities across the battlefield.

"Let's not hurry to catch the Bloody Shadowseed. Let's go to the underground river where the blood water gathers. We might find something bigger." said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Violet Gourd and flew into it with Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind.

The gourd flowed down the river and swam toward the center of the planet.

It was unusual for the underground river to be filled with the Bloody Shadowseeds. There had to be a source.

That source must be even more precious.

Zhang Ruochen had achieved a breakthrough in his cultivation inside the Ghost's home planet. This news spread like wildfire across the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

The cultivators of the ten clans all guessed that their home planet must be extraordinary.

Thus, the Supreme Saints of the Infernal Court entered the underground of their home planet to look for opportunities. This became even more important than hunting Celestial Captives.

On the home planet of the Nether Clan.

The heavily injured Wujiang stood on the top of a towering black mountain. Beside him was a volcanic crater that was emitting thick smoke.

His pale and handsome face revealed a malevolent expression. He said in a low voice, "Zhang Ruochen, no matter how powerful you become, I will defeat you and avenge myself."

Wujiang jumped into the crater of the volcano.

On the home planet of the Bone Clan.

A pink skeleton stood on the vast and boundless field. It suddenly hit the ground with its palm. The ground was instantly torn apart and a bottomless hole appeared.

The pink skeleton walked in step by step.

In the Fane of Destiny.

The gods of various clans were talking about the opportunities in the home planet and the chosen figures among the Supreme Saints of their clans.

Even they cared about the opportunities in their home planet.

"This year, many talented heroes be born. Many opportunities will be taken away."

"I'm afraid it won't be that simple. In the last festival, only Sword God Feng Chen succeeded. The festival before, no one succeeded. How can you take the opportunities in the ten great home planets just like that?"

"Zhang Ruochen, Yan Wushen, Yanhuang Tu, Que, Lan Ying, Luo Shengtian, and Wujiang. Their talents are definitely among the best in the past. They can all succeed."

In the divine world of Wargod Bloodximius, a god asked, "What are the opportunities inside the Immortal Vampires' home planet? How can there be a Bloody Shadowseed?"

"Is it the Pale Blood Soil?" Another god asked tentatively.

"The opportunity in our home planet was planted by the Lord of the Fane of Immortality 5,000 years ago. Naturally, only the Lord knows the secret of it," said Wargod Bloodximius.

"In the past 5,000 years, countless geniuses have been born in the Immortal Vampires. Some have caught the Bloody Shadowseed, and some have reached the deepest part of the planet. However, none have been able to take away the opportunity. This shows that it's not easy to take the opportunity."

Another god said, "Zhang Ruochen is a genius of the Yuanhui level. It shouldn't be difficult for him to enter the deepest part of the Immortal Vampires' home planet after passing the test of the Intergold Tiger. Maybe he'll have a chance to take the opportunity."

Wargod Bloodximius's face was solemn. He looked in the direction of the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting and said meaningfully, "That little boy..."

That was all he said.

He didn't continue.

Of course, Wargod Bloodximius knew what was happening inside the Immortal Vampires' home planet. He knew that Zhang Ruochen had never been willing to consume blood. He had never truly regarded himself as a member of the Immortal Vampires.

Wargod Bloodixmius wasn't worried that Zhang Ruochen wouldn't get the opportunity. He was worried that Zhang Ruochen wouldn't take it even if he could.

Whoosh

The Violet Gourd was protected by the Supreme Power. It moved through the underground river.

BANG!

BOOM!

Along the way, the Bloody Shadowseed attacked the Violet Gourd, but it couldn't penetrate the gourd wall or the Supreme Power light membrane. The three of them arrived at the center of the planet safely.

When Zhang Ruochen, Lord Bladehell, and Lady Wind walked out of the gourd, they were shocked.

The core of the planet was empty.

At first glance, heaven and earth looked like a huge hollow ball with a diameter of more than 500 miles.

The Blood Qi in the core space filled the air, and the sound of water could be heard from all directions. It turned out to be blood waterfalls falling from the sky. A sarcophagus more than 3 meters long was supported by the Blood Qi in the center of the sphere-shaped space.

Zhang Ruochen and the other two were more than 200 miles away from the sarcophagus. They were fortunate to have good eyesight, so they could clearly see the ancient ley lines and unidentified characters on the sarcophagus.

A tree growing on the sarcophagus was more eye-catching than the sarcophagus itself. A Treant!

The tree was crystal white, more transparent and delicate than saint jade. It looked like a graceful and charming girl.

The hair of that beauty was straight up like a tree branch. It extended in all directions and pierced into the soil and rocks.

Lord Bladehell held his breath for a long time before letting out a long breath. He stared at the Treant in a daze and said, "So those river channels are her hair. No, no, it's her branch."

"She is the real Bloody Shadowseed. The ones we met before were mostly her Spirits or Blood Qi clones," said Lady Wind. Her eyes were filled with respect as she bowed to the Treant.

Lord Bladehell swallowed and said fearfully, "Let's go. Let's get out of here. If we wake it up, we'll all die here."

Lady Wind nodded. "We can just catch some Bloody Shadowseeds wandering in the branches. This will greatly increase the Immortal Vampires' overall strength."

Zhang Ruochen carefully observed the sarcophagus and the Treant. He had no intention of leaving. "What do you think is in the sarcophagus? Could it be the Pale Blood Soil?"

Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind, who had planned to leave, suddenly had a cold look in their eyes.

That's right!

Legend had it that the Bloody Shadowseed grew in the Pale Blood Soil and became extinct along with the Pale Blood Soil.

Since the Bloody Shadowseed had appeared, there might really be Pale Blood Soil in the sarcophagus.

Zhang Ruochen's Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill had already fused five types of Saintwill. He only needed the Earth Saintwill and Fire Saintwill to complete it.

According to the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, no one had ever fused six types of Saintwill together. It would be extremely difficult for Zhang Ruochen to break through, even with the help of the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

However, if he could get the Pale Blood Soil, his chances of successfully fusing the Earth Saintwill would be higher.

Zhang Ruochen walked along a stone path toward the floating sarcophagus.

The opportunity was right in front of him. He had to take it.

"Supreme Saint Ruochen, don't take any risks," Lord Bladehell called out.

Lady Wind also tried to persuade him. "It's too dangerous. The Immortal Vampires need you to lead them. If something happens to you, how can we compete with the Yanluo and Asuras for first place?"

Zhang Ruochen stopped and looked at the Treant. He was deep in thought, then he smiled. "You're right. We should put the big picture first. However, I'm only going to scout the way. If there's any sign of the Bloody Shadowseed itself, I'll retreat immediately."

With that, he continued climbing.

Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind looked at each other and followed.

They thought they were extraordinary. Of course, they wanted to take the opportunity in the sarcophagus, so they wanted to try.

Their expressions changed as they stepped onto the stone steps.

An invisible pressure fell on the two of them. Aside from that, a strange and unknown sound entered their ears, interfering with their thoughts and creating illusions.

Every step up a step, it was as if a mountain would fall from the sky and press down on them.

Before they had even walked 50 kilometers, the two of them were drenched in sweat and their cheeks were flushed red. It was extremely challenging.

The strange noises beside their ears became even louder. It was as if thunder was constantly rumbling, causing them to feel uneasy.

"I feel like... I feel like I'm carrying a planet on my back. Can you still continue moving forward?" Lord Bladehell panted heavily as he asked Lady Wind.

Lady Wind gritted her teeth and shook her head.

The two of them raised their heads and looked at the Treant on the sarcophagus. They noticed that the tree's trunk, which resembled the young lady's body, had suddenly grown incomparably tall and lofty. It was as if it had risen for ten thousand kilometers, and its body was emitting an incomparably brilliant divine might. Both Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind felt as if they had been struck by lightning. Their bodies trembled slightly, and they immediately retreated without thinking.

If they continued to move forward, they would most likely be unable to withstand the pressure of the Treant and collapse to the ground. They might even lose their lives on the road.

Zhang Ruochen walked nearly 200 miles. Suddenly, the spherical hollow world shook slightly.

"What's going on?"

He stopped and looked forward.

He saw wisps of blood-red light appear on the Treant's two snow-white slender arms. Its ten fingers moved rhythmically.

Chapter 2346 A Trade

Two bright red Blood Qi streaks flowed around the Treant's arms. They reflected a network of ley lines that looked like human bloodstream inside the arms.

Ten long, slender fingers hung on the thighs. They moved rhythmically as if they were strumming the strings of a zither.

FUH!

The gentle sound of breathing rang in Zhang Ruochen's ears, bringing with it a fragrant wind.

The tree-like hair swayed gently, shaking the heaven and earth space. It made the hollow underground world and even the entire planet tremble.

"We can't go any further," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen held his breath and carefully stepped back.

This Treant was no different than any other living being. It had blood and was alive. Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation would not be enough to land a hit on her if she was awakened.

When they returned to the bottom of the stone steps, Zhang Ruochen was still calm, but his back was wet with sweat.

Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind weren't much better than him. They restrained their Qi with all their strength and didn't move, as if they had become two stone statues.

When the Blood Qi on the Treant was restrained and the hollow world returned to peace, the three of them finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"Let's go back to the surface," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen and the other two entered the Violet Gourd again without saying anything else.

Riding the gourd, they swam upstream toward the surface.

On the way back to the surface, Zhang Ruochen captured three Bloody Shadowseeds.

The Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires were still waiting in the governor's mansion. Seeing that the three of them had returned safe and sound, they all went forward to ask about what had happened in the underground.

Lady Wind's aura was noble. She said coldly and arrogantly, "We can already confirm that the ones who entered the underground river and sucked away your blood are the Bloody Shadowseed.

"Although the Bloody Shadowseed is dangerous, it is also a treasure that can strengthen the Blood Qi and Saint Soul. Refining one is equivalent to decades of hard cultivation. It will bring unimaginable benefits to your cultivation in the future."

BOOM!

All of the Supreme Saints were ecstatic in the governor's mansion, and their eyes shone with fervent light.

Every increase in strength meant an increase in competitiveness on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

If refining one required decades of bitter cultivation, how terrifying would the Bloody Shadowseed be to cultivators Blood Qi and Saint Soul?

Perhaps, it would bring endless benefits to the cultivation of the Thousand-Koan Realm and the Banshi Isshou Realm.

"What are you waiting for? Let's attack together and hunt down the Bloody Shadowseed." said one of the Supreme Saints.

Some of the Supreme Saints could not wait any longer and were prepared to go underground.

Lord Bladehell snorted coldly, "Although the Bloody Shadowseed is good, it's not something you can capture. Even with the cultivation of the Supreme Saint Ruochen, he was almost at a disadvantage. If you want to go underground, you'd better think twice before you risk your lives."

The Supreme Saints who had gone underground were all fearful. They agreed with Lord Bladehell's words.

Lord Bladehell added, "Everyone, you should be more rational. If you're not powerful enough, you'll definitely die."

"Sigh! I've just broken through to the Supreme Saint Realm not too long ago, and my cultivation isn't stable yet. It seems like I'll miss the Bloody Shadowseed." said one of the Supreme Saints.

"Not everyone can get lucky. We should be more level-headed. If we get lucky, we'll be lucky. If we lose, we'll lose." said another Supreme Saint.

All the Supreme Saints shook their heads with bitter smiles.

Even though they were unwilling, they thought, if we don't even have our lives, why do we still need the Bloody Shadowseed? All of a sudden, the thoughts in their hearts disappeared, leaving only endless disappointment.

Zhang Ruochen saw all this and raised his voice. He said, "I've said before that I'll lead everyone to take first place among the ten clans for the Immortal Vampires. Naturally, I'll put improving the Immortal Vampires' overall strength first.

"I have a way to capture the Bloody Shadowseed. Everyone has a chance to refine and absorb it."

All the Supreme Saints' gloomy eyes brightened in an instant. They stared at Zhang Ruochen in disbelief.

Many people doubted whether his words were true or false?

They had no doubts that Zhang Ruochen would be able to capture the Bloody Shadowseed. They had a feeling Zhang Ruochen wasn't going to give them the Bloody Shadowseed to refine and absorb.

Everyone knew that capturing the Bloody Shadowseed was dangerous.

Why would Zhang Ruochen take such a risk?

Just because he wanted to increase the overall strength of the Immortal Vampires and lead everyone to win first place among the ten clans?

This...

How could there be such a selfless person in the world? Only a fool would do such a stupid thing.

Zhang Ruochen took out the three Bloody Shadowseeds and imprisoned them in the Profound Spatial Dimension.

The three Bloody Shadowseeds each took the form of three strange beasts. Their bodies shone with crimson light.

Lord Xia Yu used her spiritual power to analyze the three Bloody Shadowseeds and felt a huge amount of Blood Qi. She sent a voice transmission to Zhang Ruochen. "Are you crazy? You're giving the Bloody Shadowseeds to all the Immortal Vampires? They may listen to you now, but it's not certain whether you're friends or enemies after leaving the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting!"

Zhang Ruochen didn't respond to Lord Xia Yu. He turned to all the Supreme Saints and said, "I'm not giving you the Bloody Shadowseed for free. I'll take a certain amount of Godstones. If you're willing to buy it, you can find Xue Ningxiao and register with her."

"But we don't have any Godstones." some of the Supreme Saints sounded.

All the Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints were anxious and helpless.

"Just acknowledge your debt to me. I'm not afraid of you going back on your word, right, Xue Tu?" said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Xue Tu, who had just returned to his home planet. However, when he saw Xue Tu's appearance, he frowned deeply.

After Xue Tu came to the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, he left his home planet and claimed that he was going to hunt Celestial Captives.

However, his points were pitifully low these days. On the contrary, he had several more Regal Artifacts on him.

He wore leopard-print golden light armor. He held a sword in his left hand and a blade in his right. There was a string of bone beads around his neck, a chain around his waist, and a defensive white jade crown on his head. He looked nondescript, but the Supreme Saints around him were all envious.

Xue Tu had clearly robbed many Supreme Saints in a surprise attack. That's why he had such a bountiful harvest.

Zhang Ruochen did not know that he was the one who had stimulated Xue Tu. He had also made Xue Tu realize that robbing others was the fastest way to get rich.

That was why Xue Tu had always thought that the Battle of Celestial-Hunting was a great opportunity for him to make a fortune.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen staring at him, Xue Tu put away his happy smile and snorted. "If anyone dares to deny my senior brother's debt, I, Xue Tu, will be the first to refuse."

As he said this, Xue Tu cursed in his heart. 'I knew it. He wants to make a fortune again. It should be easy to capture the Bloody Shadowseeds. The reason why they made it sound so dangerous was most likely Zhang Ruochen's way of making money. I'm not buying from Zhang Ruochen. I'll catch them myself.'

While Xue Tu was thinking, Zhang Ruochen gave the three Bloody Shadowseeds to Lord Xia Yu, Gu Chenzi, and Lord Bladehell.

"Come here."

Zhang Ruochen waved at Xue Tu and called him to the side. Zhang Ruochen looked at the various Regal Artifacts on Xue Tu and patted his shoulder. Zhang Ruochen said, "You're right. Indeed, no cultivator can blame me. You've robbed many Supreme Saints, right? How many Regal Artifacts do you have?"

Xue Tu had a bad feeling. Instinctively, he wanted to retreat.

However, Zhang Ruochen's hand on his shoulder pressed him down.

“Six!” Xue Tu cried.

“Don’t lie to me,” Zhang Ruochen said. “My spiritual power has reached the 65th level.”

Xue Tu was filled with hatred and resentment, he thought indignantly, ‘How long has it been since he broke through to the spiritual power Supreme Saint? He’s already reached the 65th level. Is he still human? He was torturing me not only physically, but also mentally.’

In the end, Xue Tu chose to accept his fate and said, “Including my own weapons, there are nine in total. No more, really no more!”

Zhang Ruochen spread his hand and signaled him with his eyes.

Xue Tu appeared disheartened. He removed the Regal Artifacts one by one, mechanically and numbly, and handed them to Zhang Ruochen.

Xue Tu really wanted to slap himself. Why did he want to show off?

Why did he expose these Regal Artifacts to Zhang Ruochen?

He had learned his lesson!

He was still young. He had to be careful in the future.

Zhang Ruochen put away the eight Regal Artifacts that Xue Tu had handed him. He waved his hand, “Go. There are still many Regal Artifacts on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. You must seize the opportunity. After we leave the battlefield, it won’t be so easy to get rich again!”

Walking out of the governor’s mansion, Xue Tu looked back at the towering door. He gnashed his teeth and stomped his feet. “Just wait and see,” he said. “I’ll be more cautious next time. I won’t let you take what belongs to me again.”

In the next few days, Zhang Ruochen spent a lot of time capturing more than 100 Bloody Shadowseeds.

Not every Supreme Saint could refine a Bloody Shadowseed. In fact, most of the Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints could refine one at a time.

Lord Bladehell had once visited Yue Tinghai. He had no idea what Yue Tinghai had said to him. Yue Tinghai admitted his mistake and apologized to Zhang Ruochen and the Bloodysky Continent’s Immortal Vampires. He was eager to make amends.

All of this was within Zhang Ruochen’s expectations.

Whether Yue Tinghai was submissive or suffering humiliation, now was the time for extra hands, so Zhang Ruochen didn’t make things difficult for him.

On a tower in the governor’s mansion, Zhang Ruochen leaned against the railing and looked into the distance. He thought about the ancient sarcophagus and the Treant underground

Right now, fighting for the first place of the ten clans is the most important thing. I can’t take too much risk. But when everything is set, I must go again. There must be something amazing in the sarcophagus.

Next, I should get the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill first.’

Zhang Ruochen's palms erupted with Time Precepts, which condensed into Self-Defined Mark of Time light spots. He closed his eyes and focused intently.

Although Que had taken the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he was chased by Yan Huangtu and Lan Ying. He shouldn't have a chance to refine it in a short time.

However, after entering the Dark Star, Zhang Ruochen began to feel uneasy.

After all, the time ratio inside the Dark Star was different from the outside world.

Que had a part of Zhang Ruochen's Self-Defined Mark of Time on him. No matter how far he ran, Zhang Ruochen could find his position accurately.

Whoosh

A fragrant wind blew into the tower.

Lady Wind, wearing a blood-red robe, appeared beside Zhang Ruochen. She wasn't wearing a gold silk mask. Her face was exquisite, and her skin was as white as snow. She was as beautiful as a painting.

"You can buy a Bloody Shadowseed with at least 200 Godstones. Supreme Saint Ruochen, you're letting them off too easily." Lady Wind's voice was very pleasant and unforgettable.

Zhang Ruochen removed the Self-Defined Mark of Time from his hand and said, "Lady Wind was born from a prestigious family. You're talented and are an outstanding disciple of the Fane of Destiny. Of course, you wouldn't lack Godstones."

"But for most Supreme Saints in the Neverwilt Realm, 100 Godstones are all they have."

Lady Wind's eyelashes fluttered slightly, revealing her pearly teeth, she smiled and said, "I never believed that Supreme Saint Ruochen truly wanted to join the Immortal Vampires. Now that I see you are thinking of them and fighting for better results for the Immortal Vampires, I have no doubt."

"Tell me, why are you here?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lady Wind said, "Supreme Saint Ruochen should have guessed it already. Why do you pretend like you don't know?"

"If you want to buy a Bloody Shadowseed, you can look for Xue Ningxiao," Zhang Ruochen said.

Lady Wind said, "I want to buy a Saint Bloody Shadow. She doesn't have one. The Supreme Saint Ruochen must have one, right?"

me

"I'm not lying to you. Saint Bloody Shadows are extremely dangerous. I only caught two in total. The Saint Bloody Shadow could not only improve a cultivator's Blood Qi and Saint Soul, but also the spiritual power of the cultivator. Lady Wind should know that it's not worth it to sell something of this level on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting," Zhang Ruochen said.

Lady Wind said, "I'll give you 10,000 Godstones."

Zhang Ruochen turned around and looked directly into her starry eyes, "10,000 Godstones is not a small amount, but it's not enough to move me. If you can give yourself to me, I can consider it."

The two looked at each other as if they wanted to see through each other's hearts.

After a long while, Lady Wind smiled. "Supreme Saint, how can you be so forgetful? Have you forgotten what I said?"

"I don't want to make empty promises. We are all Supreme Saints. There's no need to play such tricks. It's better to be realistic," Zhang Ruochen said.

Many expressions flashed through Lady Wind's eyes. She thought to herself, 'Zhang Ruochen is really a womanizer. He wants to make me his woman now.'

Lady Wind didn't think that being a womanizer was a mistake. After all, how could there only be one woman for a strong man like him?

Zhang Ruochen had cultivated the Grade Two Saintwill and defeated Wujiang. He was destined to be the champion of this era. His future potential was limitless. However, if Lady Wind followed him now, it meant that she was betting all her chips on him.

What if he lost?

Zhang Ruochen watched Lady Wind's expression change, he laughed. "Don't think about anything else. I want you to give yourself to me. I don't want you to become my woman right now. I want you to come with me and help me get the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill."

Lady Wind felt that Zhang Ruochen was teasing her to test her bottom line.

Lady Wind said, "The Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was taken by Que. We don't know his location yet. How can we take it back from him?"

"Besides, Que's cultivation is unfathomable. Even if we work together, we might not be his match."

Zhang Ruochen looked up at the sky and said, "Of course, I can find him. No matter how strong he is, he is only one person. How can he be stronger than the entire Immortal Vampires?"

Chapter 2347 The Home Planet of Yanluo Clan

Zhang Ruochen wouldn't let all the Immortal Vampires attack together. It was too risky to deal with Que. Besides, Que cultivated the Path of Oblivion. An army wouldn't be effective against him.

Only Lady Wind, Lord Bladehell, Lord Sinluo, and Yue Tinghai were traveling with Zhang Ruochen.

Lord Xia Yu stayed on the home planet and continued to set up the array.

Taking the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill represented Zhang Ruochen's personal interests, not the interests of the entire Immortal Vampires.

Lord Bladehell and Yue Tinghai were willing to help Zhang Ruochen because they had no choice. After all, both of them had participated in the plan to attack the Bloodysky Continent.

If Zhang Ruochen wanted to take revenge on them, he would definitely send them to charge into the battle and do the most dangerous thing.

Since that was the case, they might as well agree to help Zhang Ruochen deal with Que and help him get the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Even if Que could breach the heavens, he would have to admit defeat with so many powerhouses working together.

Whoosh

The space shook slightly as a light flashed.

Zhang Ruochen and the others arrived in a distant starry sky via the dimensional teleportation array in Cloud City.

Six-colored star fog surrounded them. They were thousands of miles away from the Immortal Vampires' Home planet.

"We're not far from Que. Wait for me. I'll set up a dimensional teleportation array first."

Zhang Ruochen released his spiritual power and found a rock meteorite that was more than 600 miles long in the nearby starfield. He released 100,000 Spirits and placed several purple Dimensional Saint Jades and a Godstone on the ground.

The Godstones of the Bloodysky Clan had been used up by Zhang Ruochen in the Dark Star.

However, many Godstones from the cultivators of the other nine clans had fallen into Zhang Ruochen's hands.

"With this teleportation array, we can attack and retreat. We have the initiative. I'll set up a Cloaking Array to hide this rock meteorite."

Lady Wind's spiritual power was not insignificant. She also possessed the abilities of a High-Saint Array Master.

In the myriad worlds of the Celestial Court, there wasn't even a single High-Saint Array Master in the weak worlds, besides the gods who expertise in arrays. But there were many new generation Supreme Saints in the Infernal Court.

The competition in the Infernal Court was strong

An hour later, the Dimensional Array and Cloaking Array were formed. Zhang Ruochen and the others restrained their aura and flew quickly in the direction of Que.

Not long after, a blue planet appeared in front of them.

The closer they got, the bigger the planet became.

"Que is hiding on that planet?" asked Lady Wind.

She added, "There seems to be a lot of life on that planet. It's not a barren planet. No... almost all the living planets in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting are home planets of other clans."

Zhang Ruochen also realized that something was wrong. He stopped first and said, "A home planet? This is the center of the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. Which clan's home planet is it?"

Lord Bladehell's face had a strange expression and he said, "The Yanluo Clan's."

Everyone looked at each other with fear in their eyes. Then they looked at Zhang Ruochen.

How could Que be on the Yanluo Clan's home planet?

There were only two possibilities.

First, Zhang Ruochen's senses were wrong.

Second, Que had been captured by the Yanluo cultivators and locked up on the home planet.

Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind had all seen Que's extraordinary methods. They were obviously more willing to believe the former.

"My senses are correct," Zhang Ruochen said with certainty.

Zhang Ruochen then added, "There are two possibilities. First, Que hid in the home planet of the Yanluo Clan. After all, the most dangerous place is the safest place.

"Also, hiding here can make the Yanluo Clan afraid to attack.

"Secondly, Que discovered the mark I planted on his body and purposely lured me to the Yanluo Clan's home planet. He wants to use the Yanluo Clan's hand to deal with me, and he also wants to use my hand to restrain the Yanluo Clan.

"No matter what, the first step is to enter the Yanluo Clan's home planet first."

Lady Wind said, "The Yanluo Clan's home planet must be protected by layers of arrays. It's the most difficult place to breakthrough in the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. With our strength, even if we activate the Supreme Artifact, we can't break-in."

"Even if we force our way in, we'll die. This is the Yanluo Clan's headquarters," Yue Tinghai said.

"Of course, we can't force our way in," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen picked up the Violet Gourd and said, "You guys enter the gourd first. I'll think of a way to enter the home planet of the Yanluo Clan myself."

After putting Lady Wind, Lord Bladehell, Yue Tinghai, and Lord Sinluo into the gourd, Zhang Ruochen thought carefully for a while. Then he used a Dimensional Warp and disappeared.

Not every cultivator in the Yanluo Clan had the surname "Yan".

In fact, the surname "Yan" was the prominent surname in the Yanluo Clan. It represented the noblest lineage and the most powerful inheritance.

The surname Wu was the 19th surname in the Yanluo Clan.

Wu Wuji had cultivated for more than 800 years and reached the Neverwilt Realm of the Supreme Saint. Among the Wus, he was considered the pride of his generation and the son of tomorrow.

Wu Wuji stepped on a rainbow and flew through the void space. This time, he had earned 50,000 points from hunting Celestial Captives. He had heard that the inner parts of his home planet contained great opportunities, so he rushed back immediately.

BANG!

Suddenly, Wu Wuji crashed into an invisible wall. His body was in immense pain, and his vision blurred. He nearly fainted from the impact.

“Oh no, there’s an ambush,” said Wu Wuji.

Wu Wuji was punched in the back of the head just as this thought crossed his mind. His vision abruptly went black, and he lost consciousness.

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the space and looked at Wu Wuji carefully. Then, he pressed his palm on Wu Wuji’s head and mobilized his spiritual power to invade.

Zhang Ruochen did not forcefully erase the divine power of the defensive consciousness in Wu Wuji. He only peeked at his memories after he entered the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

“From now on, I am Wu Wuji, a Supreme Saint at the pinnacle of the Neverwilt Realm,” said Zhang Ruochen

Zhang Ruochen changed into Wu Wuji’s robe and held Wu Wuji’s scissor-like Regal Artifact in his hand. He used the Divine Purification Flame to refine the vessel spirit.

Then, he transformed.

Zhang Ruochen reshaped himself into Wu Wuji’s appearance. He was tall and sturdy. His shoulders were wide and his eyes were like copper bells. The scissor in his hand looked like a scorpion’s pincer.

Zhang Ruochen threw Wu Wuji into the Violet Gourd and flew toward the home planet of the Yanluo Clan.

“Halt.”

Two Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints walked through a light screen and stopped Zhang Ruochen when he was still a thousand miles away from his home planet. It was a man and a woman. They were both very young

Zhang Ruochen looked at them carefully. He was shocked. Although they weren’t at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, they had both broken 92 shackles.

The Yanluo Clan was indeed full of powerhouses.

Zhang Ruochen cupped his hands and said in a deep voice, “Wu Wuji greets both Supreme Saints.”

The male Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was called Xue Kai. He said in a calm tone, “So it’s you. How come you came back to our planet so quickly? How many Celestial Captives did you kill?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "I heard that there was a great opportunity on our planet. I wanted to try my luck, so I came back early."

The female Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was called Xue Ling. She snorted with ridicule.

Even Xue Ling and Xue Kai were hesitant to enter their home planet. A mere Supreme Saint of the Neverwilt Realm wished to go. He had no idea where he stood.

Xue Kai said, "This is a critical period. Any cultivator who wants to enter or leave the home planet has to pass the verification of the Mirror of Revelation."

"What happened? Why is it so troublesome to return to the planet?" Zhang Ruochen looked at the ancient mirror in Xue Kai's hand and asked.

Xue Ling said coldly, "It's not in your place to ask."

Four days ago, Que had sneaked in behind a Yanluo cultivator who had returned to the planet.

Because of that, Xue Ling and Xue Kai were severely reprimanded by Yan Huangtu. Now that hundreds of millions of people on the planet were in danger, they couldn't escape the blame. Naturally, they weren't in a good mood.

Zhang Ruochen did not continue to ask. He calmly accepted the reflection of the Mirror of Revelation.

The Mirror of Revelation could not reflect his true body with the current strength of Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power and the Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification.

"You may pass," said Xue Kai.

Xue Kai put away the Mirror of Revelation and opened a corner of the Grand Array of Defense of the home planet.

Zhang Ruochen flew to the gap of the array and paused slightly. He memorized the dimensional coordinates and flew through the clouds toward the ground.

More than 80 percent of the Yanluo Clan's home planet was covered in water. Islands were scattered everywhere. Each island was full of life, with trees and seabirds.

The sky was blue and the clouds were white. The water was clear and the sand was white.

The environment here was different from other places in the Infernal Court. Zhang Ruochen felt as if he had returned to Kunlun.

Flying in the direction he sensed, Zhang Ruochen came to a halt outside a large city.

This city was the biggest city on the planet. There were 40 million Yanluo clansmen living in the city.

"Que sure knows how to pick a place and hide here. Even if the Yanluo Clan's Supreme Saint finds him, he probably won't dare to fight him. This way, he can focus on comprehending the Path and refining the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill." said Zhang Ruochen.

Que cultivated the Path of Oblivion. Once he hid in a crowded place, Yan Huangtu wouldn't be able to find him in a short time.

Zhang Ruochen did not use his spiritual power to deliberately investigate after entering the city, but he still sensed the powerful presence of the Path.

Among them, the presence emitted from a 17-story tower in the center of the city was the most powerful.

Zhang Ruochen carefully observed the geographical structure of the entire city and studied the inscription of the array in the city. He muttered to himself, "That should be the array hub of the entire city. There are several powerful Array Masters gathered there. It seems that Yan Huangtu also guessed that Que would hide in this city. They are all smart people and not easy to deal with."

Que's position became clearer.

Zhang Ruochen stood at the busy intersection. He looked up and could see through the buildings and layers of array enchantments. He saw an ancient Bloodbeast carriage passing by the river, it was driven by a 12-or 13-year-old boy.

The river was 40 meters wide and paved with bluestones on both sides.

The Bloodbeast looked like a cow or a giant wolf. It had blood-red fur all over its body. The carriage was made of redwood and hung with a string of wind chimes. It made a bell sound when it moved, which was very pleasant to hear.

When Zhang Ruochen crossed dozens of streets and saw the ancient Bloodbeast carriage, Que, who was sitting cross-legged in the carriage, suddenly opened his eyes and said to himself, "Have I been discovered?"

"Stop the carriage," said Que.

The boy who was driving the carriage pulled the rope tightly and the Bloodbeast stopped immediately.

At that time, Zhang Ruochen's figure had already silently stood on the other side of the river with his hands behind his back. He stood quietly and became one with the surrounding environment.

The boy who was sitting in the carriage looked back and asked, "Sir, why did you want to stop the carriage?"

"Because the person I was waiting for has arrived." A low voice came from the car.

The boy looked around with a pair of bright eyes, looking for the person that Que was talking about.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Do you know who I am?"

"There is only one person in the world who can find me because he has left a Self-Defined Mark of Time on me," said Que. His voice was vague and uncertain.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I can't believe you discovered me. It seems that you are stronger than I thought."

“If I can’t even do that, how can I be the strongest in this era? I have studied the Path of Time as well,” Que said.

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised. Just like he was the Master of Time and Space, he was still cultivating and studying the Path of Truth, Darkness, and Destiny.

Zhang Ruochen studied the Path of Darkness and Destiny because he was terrified of them, not because he wanted to master them.

The more Zhang Ruochen was afraid of power, the more he had to understand it and study it.

Only when Zhang Ruochen knew himself and his enemy could he be calm and unhurried.

This was probably the reason why Zhang Ruochen lacked studying the Path of Time. It meant that the Power of Time made him feel danger and he had to understand it.

“You can’t be the strongest in this era because of me,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Que said, “You’re impressive. You weren’t even qualified to fight me the last time I saw you. But this time, you’re much stronger. To be exact, you’re stronger than I expected. But you are still weak. You’ve only broken 30 shackles and are far from being my match.”

“I think it’s just the right time. We can’t wait until you’ve refined the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, right?” Zhang Ruochen said.

Que said, “How can you be sure that I haven’t refined the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?”

“Because you’re still comprehending the Path. That means you’re not ready to take the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill to condense the Saintwill,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Que said, “Then can you tell which Path I’m comprehending?”

Zhang Ruochen looked at both sides of the river and said, “Water! These days, you have been sitting in the carriage and driving along the river. There are traces of wheels on the stone slabs.

“Moreover, compared to the first time I saw you, you have less sharpness and more flexibility and patience.

“After the first time I met you, I discussed with the cultivators of the Bloodysky Clan. My evaluation was that you are competitive and narrow-minded. But after practicing the Path of Water, you slowly make up for your weakness in character.

“Water benefits all things without fighting for it. It flows downward and does not reverse the formation. This is the first Major Path of cultivation.

“I’m guessing you cultivate the path of Water not only to compensate for your spiritual weakness but also to compensate for the flaw in your Saintwill. If your Saintwill still has a flaw, it means that the Saintwill you cultivate must be extremely brilliant. You have likely reached Grade Two.”

In the carriage, there was a long silence.

The boy driving the carriage scratched his head in confusion and asked, "Sir, are there any marks on the ground? Why can't I see them?"

"There are some marks that you can't see, just like how you can't see the precepts of heaven and earth. However, the precepts are there, and the marks are there too." Que sighed softly.

Chapter 2348 Xi and The Eight Sons of Life and Death

"Water nourishes all living things, but it flows calmly. It doesn't compete with all living things, and it doesn't ask for anything in return. Who can achieve such a state of mind?" said Que.

Following that, Que continued, "You say that I'm competitive, but what about yourself? Aren't you the same? Once you step onto the path of cultivation, if you don't compete, you'll only become mediocre.

"I'm very curious. How can a person like you, who fights with people, gods, and heaven, cultivate the Path of Water to the Great Perfection stage in the Saint King Realm?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "You're curious, and so am I. Why don't we each ask each other two questions to resolve the doubts in our hearts?"

"Okay!"

Que agreed.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Since you asked first, I'll answer first. The Path of Water means not only not fighting, but also tolerating everything "My Path of Water gives birth to all kinds of things, including all good and bad, praise and abuse, justice and evil. I can accept all of them because that's who I am and the world I live in. I can live along with the good and evil no matter what."

Que fell silent again and thought carefully about what Zhang Ruochen had said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "I am very curious. Why did you appear on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting? If I remember correctly, you were not among the cultivators of the ten clans at the Celestial-Hunting Festival."

Que said, "Every cultivator who enters the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting has his own mission. The mission of the weak is to hunt Celestial Captives, while the strong have other goals.

"Just like the three candidates for the position of Scioness.

"Before you entered the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, the God behind you also gave you a mission, right?"

"I entered the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting with two goals.

"First, to kill the only Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint, Lord Hornless.

"Second, to make up for the flaw of the Saintwill and cultivate the complete Grade Two Saintwill.

"To me, the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting is a cultivate, a trial, and a test."

Zhang Ruochen believed that Que was not lying, but he did not believe him completely. Who knew how much truth Que was telling and how much he was hiding?

Que asked, "Second question, the Saintwill that you have combined now should have nothing to do with the Path you are cultivating. But why can you reach the Grade Two level?"

Undoubtedly, what Que cared about the most was the Grade Two Saintwill.

Although Zhang Ruochen did not guess wrong, he had indeed cultivated a Grade Two Saintwill. However, this Grade Two Saintwill had a huge flaw.

In other words, he still could not be considered to have cultivated the Grade Two Saintwill.

The harder it was to cultivate the Grade Two Saintwill, the more incomplete the Saintwill was. It was nearly impossible to cultivate a complete Grade Two Saintwill.

Until recently, only one or two Supreme Saints could cultivate a complete Grade Two Saintwill in a single Yuanhui period.

Que thought that his talent for cultivation had surpassed Sword God Feng Chen from a thousand years ago. However, he still could not complete the flaw and take the final step.

The Battle of Celestial-Hunting was his last chance.

Now, Zhang Ruochen was in front of him, making him feel pressure and urgency.

Zhang Ruochen said, "My Grade Two Saintwill is not perfect, but as long as the Saintwill is strong enough, it can naturally burst out the power of the Grade Two Saintwill."

Zhang Ruochen's Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill had already fused with five kinds of Saintwill, which was considered top-class among the Grade Two Saintwill.

Even if it was not complete, it could still burst out the power of the middle-lower Grade Two Saintwill.

However, the Grade Two Saintwill that Que cultivated obviously could not reach that level. Its power was probably still at the level of the Grade Three Saintwill.

Zhang Ruochen did not tell Que the whole truth. At least, he did not tell him that he was walking on the path of perfection of the Saintwill.

However, this path was too difficult. Although Zhang Ruochen was very confident, he was also very clear that the chance was slim. He needed to seize the good fortune of heaven and earth to succeed.

Que sighed and said, "So your Grade Two Saintwill also has flaws. The hardest part of a Grade Two Saintwill is having no flaws.

"Generally speaking, a Grade Two Saintwill is formed by the fusion of four Saintwills. It's like putting a four-corner scale on the ground and placing four Saintwills on the four corners. The selection of the four Saintwills, their strength, and compatibility with the cultivators themselves are all very high requirements if you want the scale to be the most stable. It's almost impossible.

"If it's a Grade Two Saintwill formed from five types of Saintwill, the difficulty would be ten times higher.

“I wonder how Wargod Bloodximus and Huang Tian managed to form two perfect Grade Two Saintwill. I thought Wargod Bloodximus taught you the experience of fusing Saintwill, but I didn’t expect you to be a failure as well.”

Fusing Saintwill did not mean that the higher the grade, the better it was. It had to be perfect and stable. The higher the grade, the more difficult it would be. This wasn’t a good thing.

For a top-tier Supreme Saint, fusing the third and fourth Saintwills wouldn’t result in more than Grade Seven.

The lower the grade, the greater the chance of success.

Only when he discussed the Path with Zhang Ruochen would he mention fusing four and five Saintwills.

It was already a great achievement for other Supreme Saints to be able to fuse two kinds of Saintwills into one.

Zhang Ruochen said, “It’s my turn to ask the second question. You don’t belong to the camp of the ten clans, but you appear on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. This is very unusual. I think you don’t have the right to interfere in the fight between the ten clans. Or rather, you have some kind of restriction. What is this restriction?”

“Why do you think I have a restriction?” Que asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Because... I found out that you don’t dare to kill people. Or rather, you don’t dare to kill the cultivators of the Infernal Court who participated in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. When you fought for the Saintwill Pill, you held back everywhere. You didn’t dare to use your full strength.”

Que laughed. “So, you think I don’t dare to kill people, so you don’t want to live?”

Without any warning, Que flew out of the frame, crossed the river, and appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen.

Almost without any time, he was already close to Zhang Ruochen. The index and middle fingers of his right hand merged, and the two fingers pointed like swords, directly piercing Zhang Ruochen’s glabella.

In the past, Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation was too low, so he had never seen Que’s real face clearly. He could only see a black shadow.

This time, Zhang Ruochen finally saw his face and figure clearly. His face was thin and his gaze was sharp. Other than these two points, there was nothing else.

Facing an opponent like Que, Zhang Ruochen was naturally on high alert at all times.

Whoosh

The Profound Spatial Dimension, Null Time realm, the Realm-frame of Truth, and Spiritual-power Domain were all released in an instant. At the same time, Zhang Ruochen spread out the ten golden wings on his back and retreated rapidly.

Zhang Ruochen had seen Que’s speed before. Not to mention being invincible in the same realm; even among the Supreme Saints of the Thousand-Koan Realm, few could catch up with Que.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen's speed was not slow either.

Rumble

Zhang Ruochen instantly retreated 6 kilometers and knocked down a long string of buildings.

Que's fingertip slowly approached his glabella. Even if he used the Power of Dimensions to block it, the suppression of the Power of Time was still useless.

"Even if I try my best, my speed is still inferior to his."

Zhang Ruochen was already prepared. The two fingers of his right hand formed a sword gesture, releasing a dazzling divine light. He stabbed out like a golden rainbow.

"Sword Eleven."

In the ten years Zhang Ruochen was on the Dark Star, he had consumed the Ampliofruit and cultivated Sword Eleven to the top level. He was only one step away from the Great Perfection stage.

A ray of light flashed across the sky above the Yanluo Clan's home planet as he stabbed out with his sword.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen's fingers collided with Que's fingertip, directly shattering his fingers, arms, and body. Que's body was like mud and sand, shattering into smoke.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen's sword only shattered Que's clothes, turning them into shreds of ribbons that fell to the ground.

"Just as I thought, a trap." Although he had expected this to happen, Zhang Ruochen was still a little depressed after it happened.

Que's robe clone sat in the carriage from start to finish. He didn't know where his original body was hiding in the city.

Such a big commotion naturally alarmed all the Yanluo cultivators in the city.

Whoosh

Whoosh

Eight light shadows descended in an instant, forming eight Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. They surrounded Zhang Ruochen in the center.

At the same time, the 17-story tower in the center of the city had dense array inscriptions. A thick pillar of light shot up. The pillar of light shot up to a height of 30,000 meters. It split into eight parts and fell down. It crashed into eight directions of the city where Zhang Ruochen was.

In this short period, the city was imprisoned. The eight light pillars held up an upside-down light bowl, turning this place into a cage.

The Yanluo Clan's quick reaction and thorough preparation surprised Zhang Ruochen.

However, he didn't panic.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the eight Supreme Saints of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm standing in eight directions. He said calmly, "Won't Yan Huangtu and Yan Wushen come out personally? I'm afraid the eight of you won't be able to keep me."

"If Supreme Saint Ruochen underestimates them, I'm afraid you'll suffer a great loss. Be careful not to lose your life here."

A handsome young man, Xu, wore a loose black robe and held an ebony staff. He crossed the light wall of the array's membrane and walked 300 meters to Zhang Ruochen.

Although Zhang Ruochen retained Wu Wuji's appearance, the Yanluo Clan cultivators were able to deduce his true identity after he used the Power of Time, Dimension, and Truth?

Zhang Ruochen looked at the young man in front of him and asked, "Who are you?"

"Xi," he said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I didn't expect you to be so young, Xi, ranked 13th on the list of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Xi, isn't your real name? As far as I know, the word 'Xi' originated from ancient times."

"In ancient times, the Path of Wiccan was very popular, and there were many Wiccan cultivators."

"Women were called witches, and men were called warlocks."

Xi shook his head and smiled. "Supreme Saint Ruochen is very knowledgeable, and I admire you. Xi cultivates one of the Ten Deva Paths of the Yanluo Clan, the Deva Path of Great Wiccan. It was created by the ancestors of the Yanluo Clan based on the Path of Wiccan."

Xu ranked 13th was definitely not a simple character. With eight Supreme Saints of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm and the help of the array, even with Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, he still felt great pressure.

Zhang Ruochen looked carefully at the eight cultivators standing in all directions again.

When they were fighting for the Saintwill pill, all eight of them showed up. However, their main focus at that time was to suppress the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. When Lan Ying attacked them from behind, they were all severely injured in an instant. It was impossible to judge their strength.

After careful observation, Zhang Ruochen's expression became more and more serious.

The eight of them breathed in and out in unison. Their auras intersected and weaved into a net. They were one and the same.

Xi said, "Of the eight of them, four of them cultivate The Book of Life and the other four cultivate The Book of Death. In the Yanluo Clan, they're called The Eight Sons of Life and Death. The Indestructible Great Array formed by the eight of them once trapped Yan Huangtu for ten days and ten nights.

“Supreme Saint Ruochen shouldn’t have come to the home planet of the Yanluo Clan. You’ve become a pawn for Que.”

Zhang Ruochen shrugged and smiled. “Will the Yanluo Clan let me go?”

“Of course not.”

Xi said straightforwardly, “The fact that Supreme Saint Ruochen was able to defeat Wujiang and unite the Immortal Vampires demonstrates your desire to challenge the Yanluo Clan’s supremacy.

“I have to say that the Immortal Vampires have indeed become one of the few opponents of the Yanluo Clan. Since Supreme Saint Ruochen is here, we must kill you even if we know that we are being used.

“As long as you die, the Immortal Vampires will not be a threat to the Yanluo Clan.”

On a ship outside the city.

Que looked into the city and saw the array activated. The saint light shone for thousands of miles, he chuckled. “O’ Zhang Ruochen, you think you’ve seen through my weakness in my state of mind, but you don’t know that I deliberately let you see it. Only when you see my so-called weakness will you underestimate your enemy and fall into my trap.

“I hope you’re stronger than I thought. How boring it would be if you died at the hands of the Yanluo Clan.”

The ship moved away, leaving only a clear stream of water.

Yan Huangtu stood at the top of the 17-story tower in the city. Behind him sat 64 Array Masters of the Supreme Saint realm, six of whom were High-Saint Array Masters.

With his hands behind his back, Yan Huangtu looked at the city in the distance, he said coldly, “Bring me Xue Kai and Xue Ling. Allowing Que and Lan Ying to sneak in was already a big mistake. Yet Why was Zhang Ruochen able to break in? Was the defense of the Yanluo Clan’s home planet so weak?”

At every Celestial-Hunting Festival, the Yanluo Clan could control the overall situation no matter how big the challenge was.

But this time, as the strongest warrior of the Yanluo Clan, Yan Huangtu felt that he was more than capable. Even if all the powerhouses were sent back, he still felt that he could not control the situation.

Que, Lan Ying, and Zhang Ruochen were not easy to deal with. Each of them was more scheming than the other. They were powerful and had plans. It was difficult to deal with them.

They could turn the world upside down wherever they went with their abilities. A cultivator in a wide black cloak stood behind Yan Huangtu. There was no head, only two balls of spiritual fire dancing in the cloak.

The cloak emitted a hoarse voice, “Que came to our home planet to escape from you and Lan Ying. He wanted to comprehend the Path in peace so that he could refine the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Lan Ying came to our home planet to take the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. However, besides coveting the

Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, Zhang Ruochen also came to our home planet intending to kill our clansmen. This person is the most dangerous.”

Yan Huangtu said, “Once the battle breaks out, a large number of Yanluo Clansmen will die. Que or Lan Ying, it’s the same. However, we can only kill one now.”

Chapter 2349 Breaking the Array

The Eight Sons of Life and Death’s Indestructible Great Array might be powerful, but Zhang Ruochen was not alone. It might not be impossible to break the array if he released Lord Bladehell, Lady Wind, Lord Sinluo, and Yue Tinghai from the Violet Gourd.

However, this was the home planet of the Yanluo Clan. Not only did they have The Eight Sons of Life and Death and Xi, but they also needed Yan Huangtu, Yan Wushen, and a large number of Supreme Saints.

If Lady Wind and the others were released, the Yanluo Clan would definitely view him as their greatest enemy and would only mobilize stronger forces to deal with them.

Zhang Ruochen reverted to his true form and said, “Wu Wuji is still in my hands. Do you not care about his life or death?”

“If Supreme Saint Ruochen kills Wu Wuji, there will naturally be someone with the surname Wu to avenge him,” said Xi.

As Xi said that, his eyes emitted a dark ray. He softly chanted two words, “Soul Capture.”

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen’s vision darkened and he felt dizzy.

Soul Capture was one of the most powerful techniques of the Path of Wiccan. With Xi’s cultivation, if he wanted to, he could control all living beings within a radius of 10,000 kilometers and be controlled by him.

Xi’s spiritual power was one of the best in the Yanluo Clan. It had reached the 65th level and was no weaker than Zhang Ruochen’s.

That was why he could use the Path of Wiccan to influence Zhang Ruochen.

Whoosh

Whoosh

The Eight Sons of Life and Death, who had reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, all put their hands together. The power of the Path exploded from their bodies.

Four of them were covered in white light. Four of them were covered in black light.

The Power of Death and the Power of Life interweaved. Each of the eight was accompanied by a book. In addition, the book emitted both white and black light. A slew of enigmatic words jumped on it.

“The Indestructible Great Array is about to take shape. Zhang Ruochen’s defeat is already set. I didn’t expect to take him down so easily.” The cultivator in the wide black cloak on the 17th floor laughed hoarsely.

Yan Huangtu's tensed nerves relaxed slightly, "Xi and The Eight Sons of Life and Death are working together. Even though I know them very well, I'm still afraid of them. Zhang Ruochen has never fought with them before and lacks vigilance. That's why he was ambushed by Xi.

"Coming to the Yanluo Clan's headquarters, even the Lan Ying and Que have to hide carefully. Zhang Ruochen exposed his tracks, so he's doomed to die today," said the cultivator in the wide black cloak.

Yan Huangtu did not let his guard down completely. His eyes stared at the array in the distance.

Xi chanted an ancient incantation. The ebony staff in his hand gave off a gray light.

Xi looked at the drowsy Zhang Ruochen and could not help but smile.

Killing Zhang Ruochen was something that many people wanted to do.

If Zhang Ruochen died in his hands, there would be endless benefits for him in the future.

All of a sudden, Zhang Ruochen's eyes, which had been dull, opened wide and burst with a fierce and terrifying light. His whole body trembled as if he had been struck by lightning, and his brain hurt.

"Oh no, it's a spiritual power attack. How could he attack me with spiritual power?" said Xi.

Xi didn't expect Zhang Ruochen had already divided his Saint Soul into six parts. Although the Soul Capture technique was powerful, it could not target the six Saint Souls at the same time. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen was only slightly affected.

The reason why he looked sleepy just now was that he was waiting for an opportunity.

The more Xi wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen, the greater the flaw in his state of mind and the weaker the defense of his spiritual power.

Zhang Ruochen took advantage of the situation. His spiritual power of the 65th level erupted in full force. It flew out like thousands of needles and rushed into Xi's body. Even though Xi was shocked in time, he was unable to completely block it. His spiritual power was severely harmed.

Xi's face turned extremely pale. He took a few steps back.

'Zhang Ruochen... Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power is actually not weaker than mine... how is this possible? This is impossible...' Xi thought. He was shocked. He quickly adjusted his state of mind and recuperated from the spiritual power injury. Xi cultivated the Deva Path of Great Wiccan, and his spiritual power was far superior to Zhang Ruochen's.

The main reason Xi was injured by Zhang Ruochen was his desire to win.

The more Xi wanted to kill his opponent, the bigger his weakness would be.

Zhang Ruochen did not continue to attack Xi. In his opinion, the biggest threat was still The Eight Sons of Life and Death. His hands formed palm prints and struck out like lightning toward a Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm in front of him.

After breaking 30 shackles, Zhang Ruochen's Demigod-level physique released a large amount of divine power. As he struck out, the air instantly exploded with a thunderous sound.

The Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was calm and collected. The white Book of Life hovering above his head flipped quickly. His hands formed a mark to meet Zhang Ruochen's palm print.

Boom

The moment the palm prints collided, dense words flew out from the other seven books and rushed into the light of the Book of Life above the Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

The combined power of The Eight Sons of Life and Death contained a certain degree of amplification.

Zhang Ruochen's palm seemed to hit an iron wall. The other side did not move at all, but he was thrown backward.

The Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm behind Zhang Ruochen took advantage of the situation and took a step forward. His right hand formed a finger print and poked at Zhang Ruochen's back.

Both his speed and strength had reached an incredible level.

He would be pierced through if he was hit by Zhang Ruochen's fingertip, no matter how strong Zhang Ruochen's physical body was. Swoosh

as

The space was distorted. The finger that was clearly aimed at his back pierced through Zhang Ruochen's armpit.

Zhang Ruochen twisted his body in mid-air. Using his arm as a sword, he slashed at the neck of the Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm with a brilliant light.

The body of the Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm suddenly shrank and turned into a streak of black light. He retreated to his original spot.

Zhang Ruochen's sword cut through the air.

In the other direction, another Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm seized the opportunity. He clenched his fist and shot out a thunderlight pillar as thick as a bucket.

The thunderlight pillar swooped down on Zhang Ruochen. It circled around Zhang Ruochen and flew back in the opposite direction, affected by the Profound Spatial Dimension. It collided with the Supreme Saint's fist in the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage.

Rumble

The exchange just now seemed to be one move after another.

In fact, their speed was extremely fast. Other than a few elites like Yan Huangtu, the other cultivators could only see human figures flashing. Lightning flashed and thunder roared. Ear-splitting sounds kept ringing.

Only the true elites understood the danger.

“Bell of Time.”

A large bell slowly condensed and formed from countless Mark of Time’s light spots, spinning rapidly, with Zhang Ruochen’s body as the center.

“Return to your positions.”

Any cultivator knew how terrifying the Power of Time was. The Eight Sons of Life and Death stopped attacking and returned to their positions. The power in their bodies burst out completely. They activated The Book of Death and The Book of Life above their heads.

BOOM!

The Bell of Time rang, and a large number of Mark of Time’s light spots fell down. Together with the sound waves, they rushed in all directions like waves.

The light of The Book of Death and The Book of Life collided with the Mark of Time’s light spots and quickly annihilated them.

BOOM!

The bell rang again.

Dense ancient characters flew out of The Book of Death and The Book of Life and collided with the Mark of Time’s light spots. The two disappeared into nothingness once again.

BOOM!

BOOM!

The bell kept ringing, but the Mark of Time’s light spots could not reach 900 meters away.

Xi’s spiritual power recovered. He stood at the edge of the array and observed Zhang Ruochen in the Bell of Time, he said, “It’s pointless. No power can break the Indestructible Great Array once it is activated. The Eight Sons of Life and Death can trap a Supreme Saint of the Banshi Isshou Realm for a moment, let alone you.”

An eight or nine-year-old child stood in a city courtyard filled with seven-colored begonias. His entire body was bathed in silver light.

That boy was the number one powerhouse of the Asura, Lan Ying.

Lan Ying looked in the direction of the battle ripples and revealed an evil smile. “What a powerful Indestructible Great Array. The Eight Sons of Life and Death of the Yanluo Clan are not easy to deal with!”

Hong Futu was four meters tall and his blood-red muscles were exposed. He stood not far away and his fists were bigger than an ordinary person’s head, he said in a deep voice, “That’s only if they have the chance to form an array and surround their opponent. Only then can they unleash their strongest power.”

Lan Ying nodded. "Que is more powerful than I thought. He actually found a scapegoat like Zhang Ruochen."

"No matter how powerful he is, he'll still be chased by us until he can only escape," said Hong Futu.

Lan Ying shook his head and said, "If he didn't have the Supreme Artifact, even if the two of us joined hands, we might not be his match. Que is very powerful. As long as I can devour him, I will definitely rise to a higher level."

Hong Futu said, "Why don't I devour Zhang Ruochen first? It is said that Zhang Ruochen has cultivated the Grade Two Saintwill. If I devoured him, I would definitely grow to be stronger than Que."

"You're probably right. However, Zhang Ruochen has fallen into the Indestructible Great Array. I'm afraid he has no chance of survival. What a delicious dish. I can only watch him be destroyed." said Lan Ying. He shook his head and sighed.

Yan Huangtu's spiritual power had always covered the entire city. Even if Lan Ying wanted to sneak attack The Eight Sons of Life and Death and let Zhang Ruochen out, the chance of success was slim.

Zhang Ruochen stood upright in The Indestructible Great Array, still calm and collected.

"Come out."

Zhang Ruochen opened his left hand. A black droplet appeared above his palm. He said to himself, "I can only test your power."

The black droplet was a Dark Space-time Matter.

BANG!

Zhang Ruochen's five fingers shot out. He activated the Precepts of Time, Dimension, and a small number of Precepts of Darkness. The Precepts hit the Dark Space-time Matter. Instantly, the black droplet exploded and released a strong dark ray.

The entire world turned pitch-black in an instant.

The entire planet of the Yanluo Clan was covered by a black light screen at this moment. The outline of the star became dark and blurry.

The city where the Indestructible Great Array was located fell into an extremely dark state.

At the same time, the space expanded violently and attacked in all directions. The powerful space shock wave hit The Eight Sons of Life and Death. Even with the protection of the Indestructible Great Array, they were still thrown back.

"Oh no, this power..."

Xi gathered the ebony staff above his head. In front of him, a 10-meter-wide round Mark of Wiccan condensed. However, his body still flew out and fell into the ruins.

“The power of the Dark Space-time Matter in an instant is so powerful. Furthermore, I have only released about one-third of the power of Time, Dimension, and Darkness with my current enlightenment.”

With that in mind, Zhang Ruochen transformed into a ray of golden light and flew into the sky.

The Precepts of Dimension in his body surged out at the same time, condensing into dozens of swords and circling his body as he approached the light screen of the array.

“Dimensional Sword Dance, break.”

Dozens of swords condensed from Power of Dimension merged together and stabbed out.

Wherever the sword tip passed, space shattered into pieces.

The Sword Qi ripped the space where the array’s light screen was torn apart with a bang, creating a massive hole.

Zhang Ruochen followed behind the Dimensional Sword and flew out.

The Dimensional Sword Dance was a spatial technique that Zhang Ruochen had cultivated in the Dark Star. It was harder to cultivate than the high-level saint technique of the Thousand-Koan level. Of course, this technique was extremely powerful and could break through anything.

Zhang Ruochen vanished after flying out of the array. It was almost as if he had vanished into thin air.

Yan Huangtu rushed to the city at the first moment. There was a vast area of ruins under his feet. It was filled with broken walls, and the ground was filled with potholes. It was pitch-black.

The dark power corroded the entire city and the area covered by the array.

“What happened just now? What power did Zhang Ruochen use?” Yan Huangtu shouted and questioned The Eight Sons of Life and Death and Xi.

Although The Eight Sons of Life and Death were blown away by the dimensional shock wave, their defense was strong and they were not seriously injured.

However, everyone was weak, as if they had aged hundreds of years in an instant.

With blood on the corner of his mouth, Xi crawled out of the ruins and said, “Darkness... Dimension... Time... is... is a Dark Space-time Matter. It was discovered by Zhang Ruochen. Cough, cough.”

Yan Huangtu’s figure flashed and came to Xi’s side. He pressed his palm on his back.

Divine Qi surged out of Yan Huangtu’s palm, helping Xi refine the Power of Darkness that had invaded his body.

Xi’s hair turned white, and his face looked like a dead person. He said, “It’s a liquid Dark Space-time Matter. Even though it’s just a drop, it expanded the space thousands of times in an instant. A speck of dust can expand to the size of a palace, or even larger.

“Even if the space around Zhang Ruochen expanded, the space shock wave that burst out could kill a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm in an instant.

“In addition, a large amount of Power of Time and a small amount of Power of Darkness gushed out. It must be because Zhang Ruochen’s Path of Darkness is still in its early stages, with little Power of Darkness in the Dark Space-time Matter.

“That’s why I’m still alive.”

Yan Huangtu’s face turned ugly. He said, “If the Dark Space-time Matter is so terrifying, doesn’t that mean Zhang Ruochen is invincible? Who can control him on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?”

Xi shook his head, “It’s not that simple! Although the Dark Space-time Matter could erupt with unparalleled power in an instant, it was difficult to control this power. Just now, the space was so small. Zhang Ruochen was also in the attack range of the Dark Space-time Matter.

“If I’m right, Zhang Ruochen must be injured. And it’s quite severe.”

Chapter 2350 Communicating with Lan Ying

The entire city that was enveloped by the array had been razed to the ground. The Power of Darkness, Time, and Dimension had yet to completely dissipate.

This place had become a restricted area for cultivators below the Supreme Saint Realm.

Rumble

In the sky, the wind and clouds raged as a golden vortex with a diameter of more than 50 kilometers appeared.

The vortex stirred up a whistling hurricane and emitted a terrifying energy fluctuation, causing the members of the Yanluo Clan on the ground to keep quiet out of fear.

Yan Huangtu raised his head and looked over. His expression became even more unsightly as he roared, “Be on guard! Lead all the Yanluo clansmen away from the city!”

It was too late!

Swish

A Dimensional Tide erupted from the golden vortex, bringing with it countless Dimensional Rifts as it slammed towards the ground.

Rumble

Wherever the Dimensional Tide passed, buildings collapsed one after the other, streets were cut off, and the array’s light patterns were ripped apart... The entire city was then engulfed in thick black smoke, becoming deathly silent and dilapidated.

Countless Yanluo clansmen had died an unnatural death.

The defensive light barriers that the various Yanluo Clan’s Supreme Saints had erected only protected a small portion of their clansmen.

This was a war where there was no right or wrong. As long as you killed others and others killed you, everything would be bloody. To obtain the final victory, you had to be ruthless. There could be no mercy at all.

This was how the laws of the Infernal Court worked.

“Zhang... Ruo... chen...”

Violent waves of divine Qi surged out from the body of Yan Huangtu. Veins bulge on his face.

The ground beneath Yan Huangtu’s feet sank with a thud. He shot into the sky, wrapped in divine light, and punched at the golden vortex. The vortex was ripped apart, and the sky was shattered.

In the shattered vortex, Yan Huangtu didn’t find any trace of Zhang Ruochen. He disappeared again.

Lan Ying’s childish eyes flashed with surprise in the courtyard filled with seven-colored begonias. “As expected of the Master of Time and Space,” he said. “Zhang Ruochen can vanish without a trace. I can’t pick up on his presence.”

Lan Ying had some experience in the art of concealment.

When Lan Ying had seized the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, Lan Ying had avoided the perception of nearly 1,000 Supreme Saints of the Yanluo Clan. He had hidden inside them to successfully launch a sneak attack. If Que had not come out of nowhere, the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill would have been in his pocket long ago.

Hong Futu said, “What’s more terrifying is that he actually found the Dark Space-time Matter.”

Lan Ying’s face darkened.

Even if Lan Ying was hit, the destructive power of the Dark Space-time Matter would most likely injure him severely. Zhang Ruochen was nothing more than an ant in Lan Ying’s eyes before entering the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. With a stomp, he could kill him.

Lan Ying became more interested in Zhang Ruochen after learning that he had defeated Wujiang

At that moment, Lan Ying was finally afraid of Zhang Ruochen.

Lan Ying said, “If Zhang Ruochen hadn’t revealed this trump card, I might have suffered a great loss when I fought with him. Now, even if he uses Dark Space-time Matter, he might not be able to hurt me.

“Senior Brother, your sense of smell is a thousand times better than an ordinary Supreme Saint’s. Find Zhang Ruochen. Now is the best time to deal with him.”

Hong Futu’s human head cracked. It expanded several times and turned into a huge beast head.

Hong Futu’s nose was shaped like a bull’s. It took up one-third of the volume of the head. It was enormous. He inhaled deeply. Wisps of smell rushed into his body in an instant.

Suddenly, Hong Futu noticed something. His expression changed.

Lightning surged out of his blood-red muscles. Hong Futu was about to punch back with all his strength. He realized that Zhang Ruochen’s presence was in this courtyard.

“Are you sure you want to do this here?” Zhang Ruochen’s voice sounded out of nowhere.

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t be seen in the courtyard. He spoke like a ghost.

“Stop!” said Lan Ying.

Lan Ying was very calm. His eyes shone with nine lights and eighteen colors. He locked onto one of the directions and looked across the pond. He laughed evilly and said, “Amazing. You found us!”

Hong Futu dispersed his power and stood beside the Lan Ying like an iron tower.

Hong Futu didn’t dare to make a move here. After all, there were many Supreme Saints of the Yanluo Clan in the city. Once his position was exposed, it wouldn’t be easy to escape.

Zhang Ruochen appeared by the pool bit by bit and became solid.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I can sense you when you’re observing me. Even though you’ve hidden well, you can’t hide from the Eye of Truth.”

Lan Ying’s lips were flushed and his teeth were pearly white. His skin was silver in color. “Then why didn’t your Eye of Truth see through the trap?” he asked.

Zhang Ruochen hung the gourd on his waist. He looked free and easy. He said while smiling, “The Power of Oblivion can dissolve the Truth near itself into nothingness. It’s like your eyes. They can see me, but they can’t find it.”

“You’re walking into a trap by coming here. Do you really think we won’t dare to attack? You have to understand that the Yanluo Clan wants to kill you more than us,” Hong Futu said.

Zhang Ruochen provoked them with a gesture and said, “If I can escape from their attack once, I could do it again. What about you? Can you escape if The Eight Sons of Life and Death trap you in The Indestructible Great Array?”

Lan Ying’s eyes turned dark. “You’re already injured. How dare you talk so arrogantly?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Do injured people dare to come to you?”

Lan Ying looked at Zhang Ruochen with his hands behind his back.

If Lan Ying was certain that Zhang Ruochen was seriously injured, he would use the Supreme Artifact to suppress Zhang Ruochen as quickly as possible. Lan Ying would devour him before the Yanluo Clan’s cultivators arrived.

Zhang Ruochen said casually, “Actually, there is no hatred between us. The two of you only wanted to kill me on the orders of Asurendra Samay.”

“Asurendra Samay’s orders are the reason why you must die,” Hong Futu said.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Lan Ying and said, “But right now, the most important thing for us to do is to take the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. If we don’t act now, Que will swallow it.

“When that happens, his cultivation will surely rise to another level. No cultivator can keep him in check on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. You’ve been chasing him for so long. How can he let you go?”

Lan Ying's eyes kept changing. He smiled and said, "Why are you sure Que will swallow the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill soon?"

"If I were him, I would definitely save the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill for after the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. That way, I'll have enough time to comprehend the Path. Maybe I'll have a chance to condense a Grade Three Saintwill from a single Path."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Que is currently comprehending the Path of Water, and he has already reached a very deep level. Besides, you are wrong about one thing!"

"What is it?" asked Lan Ying.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Have you ever thought of trying to condense a Grade Three Saintwill from a single Path? Because it is almost impossible. He wants to condense the tenth Saintwill from the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill."

"The tenth Saintwill..." Lan Ying muttered.

Lan Ying's face became serious. The words "The tenth Saintwill" hit the softest spot of his heart.

Although the ninth Saintwill was called the limit of what a Supreme Saint could condense, the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was a rare treasure in the world.

Lan Ying thought, 'If it helped, Que might really be able to condense the tenth Saintwill.

If Que succeeded, would his body transform even more?'

Zhang Ruochen said, "Do you still remember the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill that disappeared when we fought for the Saintwill Pill? I'm sure Que took it away.

"With the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, I can condense the tenth Saintwill.

"With the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, I can merge the tenth Saintwill into my flawed Grade Two Saintwill and become a top and complete Grade Two Saintwill. This day shouldn't be far away."

Lan Ying smiled. "So, you're here to cooperate with me?"

"That's right. At least we can deal with Que. Taking the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill is our common goal," Zhang Ruochen said.

DUI

Lan Ying was obviously tempted. He asked, "Who should take the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?"

"Whoever lives gets it. Didn't you want to kill me? Once we've dealt with Que, we'll decide who lives and who dies," Zhang Ruochen said.

Lan Ying's lips twitched. He indicated Zhang Ruochen with his finger. "Good," he said with a smile. "Your suggestion is appealing to me. However, I can sense that Que has left the city. It won't be easy to find him.

"This planet is only so big. Where can he hide? Besides, the Yanluo Clan will help us find him. I'll leave first. I'm afraid your location will be exposed soon. Yan Huangtu isn't a simple person. He'll find us here.

Before Lan Ying could finish his sentence, Zhang Ruochen's body turned into a speck of light and disappeared into the air.

Hong Futu said in a deep voice, "Junior Brother, you don't really believe him, do you?"

Lan Ying laughed. "Of course, I can't trust Zhang Ruochen, but his words make sense. In many situations, we have to kill the strongest first. That's why Que must die."

"What about the Yanluo Clan? Perhaps they were even more terrifying than Que. Zhang Ruochen had grown to such a powerful level. Yan Wushen, who was as famous as him, wouldn't lag too far behind. Yan Huangtu, Yan Wushen, and The Eight Sons of Life and Death. With such a lineup, even Que must flee," said Hong Futu

Lan Ying said, "Yanluo Clan wants to deal with Zhang Ruochen the most, not us. Do you think I'll really fight Zhang Ruochen to the death after I take care of Que? I only need to sell him to the Yanluo Clan to kill him.

"Let's go. If Zhang Ruochen can find this place, so can Yan Huangtu. We shouldn't stay here for long."

Yan Huangtu appeared in the field of colorful begonias not long after Lan Ying and Hong Futu had left. His skin was as icy as ice.

Xi walked into the courtyard and asked, "Is this where Lan Ying and Hong Futu were hiding?"

"When the Dimensional Tide swept down just now, only a few places were able to resist the power. This is one of them. Unfortunately, they have already left."

Yan Huangtu's expression was volatile. His heart was filled with anger, but he controlled himself with his will, telling himself to remain calm and restrained.

One had to cultivate his mind before cultivating a path.

One had to cultivate his spirit before cultivating a technique.

Xi said angrily, "What kind of place do these people think the Yanluo Clan's home planet is? They come and go as they please. It's really hateful."

In all the Battles of Celestial-Hunting, the Yanluo Clan had never been touched before. The dignity of the Supreme Clan had been trampled on by Que, Lan Ying, and Zhang Ruochen. The Yanluo clan had lost a lot of faces!

Yan Huangtu said, "It seems that there is only one way to lure them all out and capture them all."

"Which is?" asked Xi.

Yan Huangtu said thoughtfully, "The opportunities in the home planet of the Yanluo Clan."

"This... is not very good, right? What if the opportunities in the home planet are really taken away by them?" said Xi. He was a little worried and felt that Yan Huangtu's action was quite risky.

Xi quickly said, "In my opinion, I can send ten Supreme Saints to put all the people on our planet into their robes."

"Then wouldn't it be more convenient for Zhang Ruochen to kill people? Besides, can you guarantee that Zhang Ruochen is among the people? Or Lan Ying? Or Que?"

Yan Huangtu continued, "Don't worry! Wushen had most likely taken the opportunity of the home planet. If we lure the ambitious Que, Zhang Ruochen, and Lan Ying into the underground, they'll fight themselves first. We only need to harvest the rewards at the end."

Xi said, "They're all very smart. It won't be easy to lure them into the inner parts of the home planet."

"It's precisely because they're very smart and powerful that they'll investigate even if they know it's a trap," said Yan Huangtu as he swayed his fingers and thought carefully.

After separating from Lan Ying and Hongfu Tu, Zhang Ruochen left the city and escaped to the bottom of the sea.

Using Dark Space-time Matter to break the array had indeed hurt him, and it was not light.

When he reached the bottom of the sea, he continued to descend and rushed into the mud and rocks tens of thousands of meters deep. After setting up a Cloaking Array, he spat out a mouthful of black blood.

It was the uncontrollable Power of Darkness that had backfired on him.

The impact of the Power of Time and Dimension on him had almost been resolved by him.

Using the power of the Divine Purification Flame and the Heart of the Divine Tree, Zhang Ruochen refined all the Power of Darkness in his body. Although his injuries had not fully recovered, he was no longer in serious danger.

'I should be more careful when using Dark Space-time Matter in the future,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Walking out of the array, Zhang Ruochen thought carefully. He didn't return to the ground immediately. Instead, he rushed deeper into the planet's core, intending to find opportunities in the planet of the Yanluo Clan.

Since he was already here, he had to give it a try.

With his current cultivation, he could maintain an extremely fast speed even in the depths of the planet.

To his surprise, the geological structure of the home planet of the Yanluo Clan had no other space apart from being very hard. It was completely different from the home planet of Ghost and the home planet of Immortal Vampires.

After two hours, Zhang Ruochen flew out of the deep sea on the other side of the planet and floated on the surface of the sea.

'How can this be? This shouldn't be! Is the opportunity of the home planet of the Yanluo Clan not in the planet's core?' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen didn't dare to use his spiritual power to investigate. He was afraid that the Supreme Saint of the Yanluo Clan would find out. Thus, he gave up on the idea of continuing to look for opportunities. He planned to go to the city on the home planet to get information first.

After such a long time, the Yanluo Clan couldn't just sit around and wait to die. They should have been making a move now!

Chapter 2351 Yan Zhexian

Wind-gather Island was the fifth largest island on the planet. It housed up to 10 million Yanluo clansmen.

The Yanluo clansmen were born with great strength. Even mortals could lift an elephant with one hand. Naturally, there were many cultivators among them.

Zhang Ruochen discovered a teahouse on a simple dock shortly after arriving on the island. He drank bitter, slightly hot tea from a thick porcelain bowl.

The tea was very ordinary.

Zhang Ruochen, on the other hand, calmed down after consuming it. He reflected on his initial decision to pursue cultivation.

Without so many grudges, the oppression that kept falling on him, and the special background of the "Crown Prince of Shengming" or the "Ninth Prince," he should have been able to live a peaceful life in his previous life.

Instead, he had come to this planet to rob, kill, and kill a group of low-realm cultivators and mortals who bore no ill will toward him.

They were all things he had to do, but they were not the things he most wanted to do.

He didn't know when he had become like this. It seemed that he had gone against his original intention. Where would he go next?

Zhang Ruochen looked at the tea-yellow water in the bowl.

He was so unfamiliar with the water that he did not recognize it!

Gulp

After finishing the bowl, Zhang Ruochen collected his emotions and his eyes became extremely sharp. He still had to take the next route.

He had no way to retreat. If he took a step back, he would be smashed into pieces.

Whoosh

100 spiritual power light spots flew out of Zhang Ruochen's body and landed in different areas of Wind-gather Island. They turned into 100 Spirit avatars of him.

Soon, in a small city, one of his Spirit avatars heard two Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints on the island talking about something that caught his attention.

“Buddha’s light has appeared in the North Pole. It shines for thousands of miles. It seems that the opportunity of our planet has appeared. Yan Wushen will most likely take it away.”

“I heard there’s a Rainbow Bridge of Buddha’s light that has appeared in the North Pole, spanning across the glacier continent. The sound of Buddha’s chant is coming from underground, just like the voices of ten thousand buddhas.”

“In the beginning, Yan Huangtu guessed that the fortuitous encounter on our planet might be a Buddha sarira. After all... that place has a dense Buddha aura, and its quality is shockingly high. There are also images of Buddha and Bodhi trees.”

“Don’t you know that there is the latest news?”

“What latest news?”

CV

The voice whispered, “It is said that the supreme treasure of Buddhism, the Bright Kannati, may also be there.”

At first, Zhang Ruochen was still listening carefully.

However, when Zhang Ruochen heard about “Buddha Sarira” and “Bright Kannati”, he smiled and gently shook his head.

Buddhism had been around for tens of thousands of years. There were, however, only six people who could be called “Buddha.”

The last Buddha was called the Sixth Buddha by all the Buddhists in the world. He died during the last Yuanhui period, before the establishment of the Celestial Court.

From then on, there was no longer a Buddha in the world.

The Sixth Buddha passed away and left behind 84,000 sariras. They were Buddha sariras and supreme treasures of Buddhism. The bodhisattvas and Buddhas in the Buddha sect wanted to obtain one and use it to comprehend the wondrous technique of reaching the realm of Buddha.

However, out of the 84,000 sariras, 83,990 of them turned into a Bright Kannati the moment they were born. Only ten of the sariras of Buddha were left in the ten sacred grounds of the Buddha sect.

How could a treasure like the sariras of Buddha end up in the Infernal Court?

The Bright Kannati, on the other hand, was said to be made up of more than 83,990 Buddha’s sariras. Someone later refined it into a Buddha Artifact using an unknown method.

As a weapon, the power of the Bright Kannati was comparable to a Divine Artifact.

As a Buddha’s treasure, it could help all Buddhists in the world to cultivate and comprehend the Path.

As the crystallization of the Buddha’s sariras, it could open up civilization, make all living beings intelligent, and make all living beings spiritual.

It could be said that the Bright Kannati was a treasure more precious than a Divine Artifact.

'The Buddha's sarira and the Bright Kannati. It seems that Yan Huangtu wants to use them as bait to lure me, Lan Ying, and Que to the Northern Glazier Continent.' Zhang Ruochen withdrew his Spirits and thought so.

He could see that this was a trap, but he could not suppress the palpitations in his heart. He could not help but look north.

A faint golden glow indeed appeared in the northern sky.

If there was anything better than swallowing Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills to comprehend a single top-tier Saintwill, it would have to be a Buddha's sarira.

If there was anything better than swallowing Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills to aid in Saintwill integration, it had to be the Bright Kannati.

Yan Huangtu had seen that for Zhang Ruochen, Lan Ying, and Que, cultivating the Saintwill and integrating the Saintwill were the most important things. That was why he had released this news.

If they didn't go, they would be restless and unable to enter the state of cultivation.

"Okay! To integrate the Grade One Saintwill, even if this news is only one in ten thousand, I have to go," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well how difficult his path was now. He could not let go of any opportunity.

He cut a bloody mark on his right index finger. A drop of Supreme Saint's blood dripped from it and fell into the tea bowl.

The water in the tea bowl boiled and turned into a ball of Blood Qi.

The Blood Qi condensed into another Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's clone soared into the sky and flew north.

The two Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints guarding Wind-gather Island sensed Zhang Ruochen's clone when it flew over their heads. The two looked at each other and were about to send a voice transmission to Yan Huangtu.

Suddenly.

Rumble

Wind-gather Island stretched for over a thousand miles. A terrifying spatial pressure crushed it. Mountains and rivers collapsed, causing the ground to sink.

The mountains turned into flat land. All the buildings were crushed.

A moment later, the entire island sank to the bottom of the sea. Many Yanluo clansmen were buried alive. What was more terrifying was that they didn't even know where their enemies were until they died.

“Whoa! What... What just happened?”

“Is the planet destroyed?”

At the dock, the Yanluo clansmen who were carrying goods were so scared that they sat on the ground.

They had seen the scene of the sky falling and the earth-shattering with their own eyes. Except for this dock, everything else had become a part of the sea.

The tea-maker in the tea shed was trembling. He stared at Zhang Ruochen, who was still sitting on the bench.

Zhang Ruochen had been calm and indifferent from the beginning to the end.

However, the tea-maker saw with his own eyes that when Zhang Ruochen raised his hand and pressed it down again, a vast land disappeared in front of him.

“It’s... It’s you... You Devil...” the tea-maker said with trembling lips and extreme fear.

Zhang Ruochen stood up. He wanted to pay and leave but found that he didn’t have any money on him. So, he pulled a strand of hair from his head and put it on the table. He said, “This counts as tea money!”

He turned around and was about to fly away.

The tea-maker mustered up his courage and asked angrily, “Why don’t you kill us too?”

Zhang Ruochen looked up at the sky and was silent for a while. He said, “What I can see in front of me are still living people. What I can’t see, they are already ants.”

Swoosh

Zhang Ruochen had already left when a golden light flashed.

The tea-maker climbed up from the ground with difficulty and looked at the strand of hair on the table.

“One hair for tea money. Who... Who does he think he is?”

The tea-maker’s finger touched Zhang Ruochen’s hair. Suddenly, an unbearable power of the Path surged into his body.

CRASH!

Two Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan flew up from the bottom of the sea. Both of them were seriously injured.

“Quick, send a message to Yan Huangtu. Wind-gather Island has been sunk by Zhang Ruochen. He’s heading north.”

The North Pole of the Yanluo Clan’s home planet was originally a glacial continent. But now, most of the ice that was thousands of meters thick had melted, revealing black soil and rocks.

The air was cold.

The sky was covered by golden clouds. Beams of light shot straight down from the gaps between the clouds.

Zhang Ruochen landed on the continent and listened carefully. He vaguely heard the Buddha's chant coming from afar.

There was more than one person who chanted.

Zhang Ruochen thought, 'The Buddha Qi is so strong. My spiritual power has obviously increased after breathing and exhaling. Yan Wushen and Yan Huangtu couldn't create such a treasure land. It seems that the opportunity of the Yanluo Clan's home planet is here.

'A place with dense Buddha Qi must have a spiritual treasure of heaven and earth. After swallowing it, I should be able to increase my spiritual power.'

Zhang Ruochen released his spiritual power as he moved forward.

The deeper he went into the continent, the thicker the Buddha Qi became. It was shocking. If he didn't know that he was in Infernal Court, Zhang Ruochen would have thought that he was in a Buddha sacred ground.

The precepts of heaven and earth had changed greatly. With Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, he could only activate the Precepts in him. He couldn't activate the power of the precepts of heaven and earth.

Apart from that, a lock appeared in the space.

"Why is there a lock? Did I come to a Buddha's realm?"

Zhang Ruochen was a little excited, but he was also extra cautious.

What he was hoping for was that such an incredible Buddha realm would contain a Buddhist Sect treasure.

He was concerned that, because there was a Path lock, the Yanluo Clan had set up an impenetrable net on this continent. The road ahead was fraught with peril.

The so-called "Path Lock" was the Shackle of Deva Path.

The Shackle of Deva Path was the same as the shackles in a cultivator. It would imprison a cultivator's power. Some would imprison the physical body, some would imprison the Saint Soul, and some would imprison the spiritual power.

The more Shackles of Deva Path, the greater the suppression of a cultivator.

Generally speaking, there were many shackles in a god's divinity. They were the shackles formed by the gods' own Path.

A towering mountain appeared in front.

The shape of the mountain was like a huge sleeping Buddha that was hundreds of miles long.

Above the mountain, the golden clouds were brilliant.

Zhang Ruochen, standing 500 miles away, gazed at the sleeping Buddha. He was stunned and filled with an inexplicable sense of awe. He was even more convinced that this location was extraordinary. There has to be a huge opportunity here.

“Zhang Ruochen, I’ve been waiting for you here for a long time!”

A graceful figure emerged from behind an ice and snow-covered hill in front of him.

It was a young lady in her early twenties. She was dressed in white and looked stunning. She had long black hair and held a meter-long brush.

She looked very elegant and had the aura of a scroll.

Her temperament was similar to that of Divine Scripture Maiden.

However, there was a bit of heroic spirit and coldness about her.

Although this woman hadn’t reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm and had only broken 99 shackles, Zhang Ruochen felt a sense of danger from her.

Today, there were less than ten people on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting who could make him feel danger.

“Who are you?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Yan Zhexian of the Yanluo Clan,” she said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I’ve read about you. You’re the most powerful spiritual power genius of the Yanluo Clan in this generation. You’ve received guidance from the Supreme Leader.” “Is that all you know about me?” Yan Zhexian asked.

Zhang Ruochen observed her carefully and he said, “You are less than 300 years old this year. You should be proficient in Talismans, right? Your spiritual power should have just reached level 65. I guess your spiritual power broke through because you got an opportunity here.”

“It seems that you have some insight. It’s not unreasonable for Yan Wushen to regard you as the number one enemy,” said Yan Zhexian.

She continued, “Unfortunately, you shouldn’t have barged into the home planet of the Yanluo Clan alone, much less start a massacre. You should be aware that in history, people as daring as you have all died without a place to be buried. You are no exception.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Can you make me die without a burial place?”

Yan Zhexian picked up the brush in her hand and pointed it at Zhang Ruochen. “I am more than capable.”

Boom

Zhang Ruochen stood still. Dense Dimensional Rifts flew out from his body. Like dozens of blades dancing, he slashed at Yan Zhexian.

Affected by the Path Lock, even a Supreme Saint couldn't unleash the destructive power of something shocking here.

Yan Zhexian shook her wrist. Her brush resembled a swiping dragon. She drew a round-shaped rune quickly.

Instantly, dense light patterns wrapped around her body.

BOOM!

The Dimensional Rift hit the light patterns and disappeared.

"Heaven-halberd!"

Yan Zhexian's slender figure flew up and waved her brush toward Zhang Ruochen.

The stroke turned into a halberd and shot out like a shooting star.

The halberd pierced Zhang Ruochen's body with a bang. He disintegrated into a wisp of Blood Qi and dispersed in the air.

Yan Zhexian's eyes were cold. She raised her voice and said, "Zhang Ruochen, I know that your real body is nearby. Why don't you show yourself?"

"I have to say, the Yanluo Clan is indeed full of powerhouses. There are hidden dragons and crouching tigers. They are more powerful than I thought." Zhang Ruochen's voice sounded.

Zhang Ruochen appeared out of thin air. He walked toward Yan Zhexian with his hands behind his back and said, "But, aren't you underestimating me by coming to deal with me alone?"

"Of course, I won't be alone. But if you can't even defeat me, they don't have to show themselves," said Yan Zhexian. Her eyes were full of confidence. Her beautiful figure seemed even more breathtaking.

She wasn't afraid of a powerhouse like Zhang Ruochen. Instead, she was happy.

The joy was hidden in her heart.

"Seal Talisman-World."

Yan Zhexian held a brush in her hand and wrote the word "World" in midair and it flew toward Zhang Ruochen.

In the eyes of outsiders, it was the word "World." A magnificent world was pressing down on Zhang Ruochen's eyes. This world was extremely real, and it gave him substantial pressure. It did not seem like an illusion at all.

Chapter 2352 Flowers Dancing in the Mortal Realm and The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha

The world condensed by the Talisman was vast and boundless, covering Zhang Ruochen's field of vision. The terrifying and peerless power seemed to want to kill him and bury him under the thick soil.

The attacker wished to seize Zhang Ruochen's soul first before killing him.

Zhang Ruochen's protective Saint Qi was deformed by the Talisman's world. He could not control his body and slid backward.

BANG!

His feet sagged. He was standing on the ground. The Profound Spatial Dimension of 300 meters in width appeared out of nowhere.

He spread his hands and drew a dustpan-like shape. Then he quickly closed them and formed two palm prints.

ROAR!

The dragon elephant roar resounded throughout heaven and earth.

Three dragon and three elephant souls flew out at the same time. They combined with the power of the Palm from the two palm prints and clashed with the Talisman's world.

An earth-shattering explosion spread out from Zhang Ruochen's palm.

The Talisman's world was shattered by the power of the Palm and disintegrated.

However, the moment the Talisman's world was shattered, the shock wave exploded and sent Zhang Ruochen flying dozens of miles

again.

Zhang Ruochen's body was as light as a leaf thanks to the Profound Spatial Dimension's protection. He landed on the ground without leaving a trace of dust. He fixed his gaze on Yan Zhexian, who was as beautiful as a graceful fairy and hovered in the sky. He thought, 'What a powerful Talisman technique. A talisman is more powerful than a Nine Stratum Array. In the last thousand years in the Infernal Court, is there a Talisman Master more powerful than her?'

Lord Xia Yu's Talisman abilities were far inferior to hers, at least as a Talisman Master.

Of course, no matter how powerful Yan Zhexian's Talisman technique was, Zhang Ruochen was not afraid. He was only filled with a strong sense of surprise.

It had to be known that it took a long time for an Array Master to set up a Nine Stratum Array. As a Talisman Master, Yan Zhexian did not spend much time. He could reach the power of a Nine Stratum Array just by drawing a "World" talisman.

Any Supreme Saint would be shocked by such a strange thing

There were only two explanations.

The first was that Yan Zhexian's spiritual power was far greater than the 65th level, allowing her to summon a great talisman in an instant to fight against Zhang Ruochen, a top-tier powerhouse comparable to the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint.

The second was that Yan Zhexian had spent a lot of time drawing the talisman in advance and hiding it on her body. At this moment, she only drew the talisman out.

Talismans were easier to preserve than arrays. Zhang Ruochen felt that the second explanation was more likely.

It was already shocking that Yan Zhexian could reach the 65th level of spiritual power at her age. After all, many gods' spiritual power hadn't reached the 70th level.

If her spiritual power reached the level of a god, how shameful would it be for the gods whose spiritual power was still at the 60th level?

Zhang Ruochen could reach the 65th level in a short time, but he had obtained Sundials, Apex Intergold Qi, Heart of the Divine Tree... all kinds of opportunities. Each of these opportunities was extremely precious and was a treasure that even gods hoped to obtain.

Yan Zhexian's achievements in spiritual power and Talisman had reached a level that even Zhang Ruochen was amazed by.

However, even in the second case, it was not an easy thing

Because the more powerful the talisman, the more precious materials were needed to refine the talismans that could bear it. Not only was it difficult to refine the talisman, but the ink needed to draw the talisman also had high requirements.

In the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, it was not easy for Yan Zhexian to solve these two points.

High-Saint Talisman Master and High-Saint Array Master could be very powerful or very weak. As long as they were given enough time and materials and were well prepared, there was almost no upper limit to the combat power they could unleash.

On the contrary, if they did not have enough time and materials, their combat power would be greatly reduced.

SWISH!

The Talisman's world was shattered. Yan Zhexian's expression didn't change. She was as rock-solid as a mountain. She carried out the second round of attacks. As she danced, her posture sagged. The brush in her hand was like a dragonfly skimming the water. She kept tapping out and condensing Heaven-halberd talismans.

Each talisman was a Heaven-halberd.

The Heaven-halberd turned into dense black dots with the force of ten thousand arrows piercing the heart. It hit Zhang Ruochen on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen didn't dodge. He spread out his ten golden wings. They turned into a streak of golden light and met the Heaven-halberd rain.

Yan Zhexian finally looked surprised. She hadn't expected Zhang Ruochen to be so brave. She treated her Heaven-halberd talismans as if they were nothing. BOOM! BOOM!

The progenitor's blood patterns on the ten golden wings gave off a crimson light. Like a sky-splitting golden saber, they shattered the Heaven-halberds.

Heaven-halberd talismans weren't talismans prepared in advance, but with Yan Zhexian's attainments in talisman techniques, each talisman could pose a threat to the Supreme Saint.

Zhang Ruochen destroyed them one by one like a paper butterfly. He arrived in front of Yan Zhexian.

"Take this!" Zhang Ruochen shouted.

He threw out a punch. Dense Precepts of Fist flowed along his arm and towards his five fingers.

An illusory Celestial River appeared naturally. It circled around Zhang Ruochen's back and gave off a majestic aura.

With Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, he could use the Luoshui Fist Technique with all his strength. Even powerful figures like the Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong might not be able to take it.

Yan Zhexian did not dare to take it head-on. For a spiritual power Supreme Saint who specialized in Talisman, such a close distance and such a powerful attack was already a fatal threat.

However, her mental quality was strong. She remained calm in the face of change. She reached out the brush in her hand and drew a huge circle with a diameter of 120 feet. The circle contained the Qi of absorption.

The Luoshui Fist Technique looked soft, but it was actually very domineering. It seemed like it would never return.

However, when Zhang Ruochen wanted to break all of Yan Zhexian's defenses with one punch, his body was pulled into the circle. His vision darkened. When he regained his vision again, he found that he had returned to his original position and was still standing on the ground.

Boom

The punch hit the ground, causing sand and stones to fly and black dust to roll up.

Zhang Ruochen understood what had happened. The circle that Yan Zhexian had drawn was similar to the Spatial Wormhole Mirror. It had transported him from one space coordinate to another and neutralized his Fist technique effortlessly.

It was a Spatial Wormhole Mirror created by the Talisman technique. It was extremely brilliant.

Zhang Ruochen finally saw clearly that Yan Zhexian's talisman was hidden in the jade-green sacred brush in her hand. That brush was extraordinary and contained endless mysteries.

No one knew how many talismans she had kept in the brush?

"So you wanna play using Power of Dimensions. I'll play with you then," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's tone was cold. He looked up and saw Yan Zhexian dancing like a fairy.

The ink on the tip of the brush turned into a rain of flowers.

The sky turned dark red under the influence of the talisman.

A beautiful flower flew down from the dark red clouds.

The strange flower was very similar to the legendary Moon Crimsonia. Its petals were like silk and there were thousands of threads. Yan Zhexian stood in the center of the Moon Crimsonia and continued to draw the inscription of the Talisman technique. Suddenly, more flowers appeared in the sky, turning hundreds of miles into a sea of flowers.

The sea of flowers kept sinking, and the pressure of heaven and earth kept increasing. It pressed down on Zhang Ruochen from all directions.

‘What is this?’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen held up the 300-meter-wide Profound Spatial Dimension to resist the pressure of heaven and earth. He looked at the beautiful sea of flowers in the sky. It was simply a scene of beauty in the human world.

Unfortunately, it contained the killing intent of death. The more beautiful it was, the more it killed people.

“Flowers dance in the human world to mourn for all living things.” Yan Zhexian chanted.

Yan Zhexian continued, “If you cast this technique elsewhere, the flowers of the Moon Crimsonia would be like the bright moon shining in the sky. The brilliance could shine for 100,000 miles and the sea of flowers could stretch for 30,000 miles. Unfortunately, here, you can only see 800 miles of the sea of flowers because of the influence of the Path Lock.”

Yan Zhexian’s voice was beautiful and vast like a song.

“A beautiful woman like you should be able to dance in the world of flowers. Not doing things like mournfully bury people,” said Zhang Ruochen.

A world-shaking saint might burst out from Zhang Ruochen. Tens of millions of Precepts of Dimension surged out crazily. In an instant, the Profound Spatial Dimension grew from 900 meters in diameter to 90,000 meters in diameter.

The Moon Crimsonia and Yan Zhexian fell into the Profound Spatial Dimension.

To reach 3 kilometers of the Profound Spatial Dimension, one had to integrate the Saint Aspect of Dimension into it. The Profound Spatial Dimension was very unstable and could collapse at any time.

In the past, Zhang Ruochen would only use this move when he was in a life-and-death situation.

But now, as his spatial attainments became more and more advanced, Zhang Ruochen became more and more familiar with the control of the Profound Spatial Dimension. It will be the norm in the future.

“Dancing in the world is beautiful and moving. Please take a look at my sword dance, Lady Yan.”

“Dimensional Sword Dance.”

In the Profound Spatial Domain, invisible swords appeared. Only Supreme Saints with spiritual power could detect them. They were swords that had been condensed from dimension. There were a total of 36 of them.

The dimensional swords were like wind blades in the air and ice blades in the water.

The moment Yan Zhexian landed in the Profound Spatial Dimension, her face turned pale. She quickly bit her arm and used her saint blood to dye her white brush hair.

Swoosh

36 dimensional swords interwoven into a sword net and slashed at her.

Boom Boom

Yan Zhexian drew a blood talisman. While blocking the dimensional swords, she rode the Moon Crimsonia and fled out of the Profound Spatial Dimension.

Zhang Ruochen's fingers on the sword suddenly closed.

36 dimensional swords combined into one. They pierced through the blood talisman and the Moon Crimsonia and flew past Yan Zhexian.

The sharp sword Qi tore through dimension and her skin.

Yan Zhexian flew out and fell to the ground in a sorry state. Blood dripped from her neck, dyeing half of her white dress red. The sea of flowers in the sky was attacked by the Power of Dimensions. The flowers withered and disappeared into specks of light. The dimensional swords split into 36 again. They flew back to the 10,000-meter Profound Spatial Dimension and floated around Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen walked forward. The sword followed him like a shadow.

"It turns out that you're no match for me. But you're indeed very strong. To be able to survive the dimensional swords, you're at least two levels stronger than Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong who don't have a Supreme Artifact."

Yan Zhexian stood up straight and looked at Zhang Ruochen coldly. She said, "Don't talk to me like a victor. This battle has just begun. You'll definitely fall at my feet later."

Whoosh

Figures appeared around Zhang Ruochen with white sigils in their hands.

There were a total of 61 Supreme Saints. Each of them had spiritual power over level 60. They had all cultivated Talisman.

Yan Zhexian's appearance was even more heroic than before. The jade-green brush in her hand became 3 meters long. It turned into a spear and struck the ground. Instantly, the earth shook violently and space shook violently.

Rumble

The mountains broke through the soil and rose up.

Yan Zhexian's red lips were as bright and clear as gemstones. He said, "All the Talisman cultivators of the Yanluo clan are here. Together with me, we have prepared a large talisman to kill you."

"The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha."

There were 62 Supreme Saint Talisman Masters, including Yan Zhexian, who continued to carve Talisman inscriptions.

Some of the Talisman inscriptions flew into the sky, while others fell to the ground.

Seven mountain peaks rushed out of the ground.

ame

Each of them was ferocious and angry. They took the form of ghost spirits. They became higher and higher, and their power became more and more shocking. They squeezed Zhang Ruochen's Profound Spatial Dimension until it was only 300 meters in diameter.

It was getting smaller and smaller. Obviously, the Talisman Masters of the Yanluo Clan had tampered with this area and combined it with their Talisman.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen wasn't arrogant enough to fight against dozens of Supreme Saint Talisman Masters on his own. Besides, Yan Zhexian was in charge of the Talisman array.

The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha sealed off the seven directions.

IIS.

Each evil spirit released a powerful spiritual power and looked down at Zhang Ruochen.

"I must not let The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha take shape. Otherwise, I will die today."

Zhang Ruochen controlled the 36 dimensional swords and turned them into a streak of golden light. He rushed to the most powerful position of the Talisman Array, which was where Yan Zhexian was.

'How does Zhang Ruochen know that my position is the strongest and weakest point of The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha?' Yan Zhexian thought.

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Yan Zhexian was about to mobilize the power of The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha Talisman, but he was surprised to find that Zhang Ruochen's body had made a space jump and arrived in front of her in an instant. The dimensional sword pierced her glabella.

"It can't be!" Yan Zhexian said.

Yan Zhexian had seen the power of the dimensional sword and knew that she could never resist it. She sighed in her heart. Zhang Ruochen was indeed as outstanding as Yan Wushen. It was not unjustified for her to die under his sword.

The dimensional sword broke through the runes and pierced through her glabella.

However, she didn't die. She wasn't even injured. There was only a hint of coolness between her eyebrows. The dimensional sword was like a breeze blowing across her snow-white forehead. It didn't contain any lethality. Yan Zhexian touched her glabella with her fingers in disbelief.

Zhang Ruochen actually let her go? He could have killed her with a single strike, but he turned the dimensional sword back into space at the last moment.

Zhang Ruochen had already flown over her head. Like a heavenly dragon, like a swan goose, and like a cloud, he rushed toward the Reclining Buddha Hill. On the golden ground, he turned into a blood-red dot.

“Zhang Ruochen, there are 270 Supreme Saints of the Yanluo Clan guarding this place. Even if you can turn the world upside down, you will die without a burial place,” shouted Yan Zhexian as she stared at the blood-red dot in the distance.

“Thank you for the reminder.”

Zhang Ruochen’s indifferent voice was blown back in the wind.

The blood-red dot disappeared into the air as if it had been swept away by the wind.

A Supreme Saint Talisman Master came to Yan Zhexian’s side, he said, “Zhang Ruochen is too terrifying. Although The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha hasn’t formed yet, it isn’t something a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint can split apart with a single sword. But he did it.”

“What do we do now?” Another Supreme Saint Talisman Master asked.

Yan Zhexian’s gaze was cold. The jade-green brush shrunk and inserted itself into the silk belt. “The road to the Dracopent Temple isn’t that easy. Let’s chase after him. We have to stop him no matter what.”

She raised her head and looked at the golden buddha light that was swallowed by the black clouds. “The sky has changed. Has Yan Wushen taken the opportunity?”

A lightning bolt flashed across the sky. The sky darkened completely, and the Buddha’s light was swallowed up by it.

BOOM!

Then, a deafening thunder sounded. It was unknown whether the sound came from the sky or from the ground.

Chapter 2353 The Twenty Devas

This world was originally as peaceful as the purified land of the Buddhist kingdom. However, black clouds covered the ground and lightning flashed at that moment. The entire space began to boil.

It was as if an evil demon had invaded the Buddhist kingdom.

Drip-drop!

Black raindrops fell, causing the pitch-black world to become even darker and colder.

The wind blew on the ground with a chilling whistle.

The raindrops were as heavy as saint iron. When they landed, they left deep holes in the hard ground.

A drop of rain was like an arrow.

The purified land of the Buddhist kingdom suddenly became extremely dangerous.

Zhang Ruochen held up the Class Two Regal Artifact, Metal Parasol. He stood in the rain and looked ahead.

In his field of vision, it was hazy and dim.

The curtain of rain was like intermittent lines that fell from the sky to the ground.

Most of the raindrop lines were black, but occasionally, a golden line would appear. When it landed on the ground, the hole it created was bottomless and contained the penetrating power that could kill a saint.

Zhang Ruochen felt a strong sense of danger. If it weren't for the faint Buddhist light in the temple on the Reclining Buddha, he might not have wanted to continue forward.

"What is this place? Is it the Buddhist kingdom or the demonic realm?"

The path to the Reclining Buddha Hill was difficult to traverse.

To climb the mountain was even more difficult.

The Path Locks between heaven and earth were even denser. Even with Zhang Ruochen's cultivation as a Supreme Saint, he felt that the path to the mountain was very difficult to traverse.

Whoosh

A Death's Door flew through the rain not far from Zhang Ruochen.

It appeared to be a door, but it was actually a five or six-meter-long Dimensional Rift. The rift flew very fast. On the other side, the Power of Oblivion spread out.

Boom

Another demonic thunder hit the cliff, cutting down the huge rocks the size of houses and falling down the mountain.

CAW! CAW!

A strange and cold cry came from a copper tree. On the tree, there was a crow with blood-red feathers. Its eyes were like human eyes. When it stared at Zhang Ruochen, it had a bloodthirsty look.

It flapped its wings and flew toward Zhang Ruochen. It screamed sharply, "Blood! Blood! Blood..."

"I haven't even sucked any blood yet, and you want to suck my blood?"

said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen raised his hand and pointed. A strong and absolute Yang finger power turned into sword qi and flew out.

The blood-red crow flapped its wings and turned from one to a group. They rushed toward Zhang Ruochen from all directions.

The finger sword only killed three of them.

"I can't believe it can split into two," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. The white Divine Purification Flame spread out from his body and formed a huge fireball.

The blood-red crows hit the fireball and their feathers burned.

Boom

The fireball expanded with space and turned into a shockwave. It was like an autumn wind sweeping away fallen leaves. All the crows were sent flying and their bodies shattered.

Only one blood-red crow escaped and flew into the darkness.

There were too many dangers in the darkness. Zhang Ruochen didn't chase after it. He muttered to himself, "There are Nine-lives Blood Ravens of Thousand-Koan Realm here. It really isn't a treasured land of the Buddha realm."

Since it was a place to store opportunities, how could it not be dangerous?

Ordinary people couldn't reach a place of opportunity.

Zhang Ruochen held the parasol and continued to climb higher. The only sacred ground on Reclining Buddha Hill was the copper temple atop the Buddha's head.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen was standing outside the copper temple. There were 384 bronze stairs in front of him. It was magnificent. If he climbed it, he could reach another world.

Faintly, he could see the outline of the bronze temple and the thick bronze pillars in front of the temple.

Zhang Ruochen climbed the stairs one step at a time.

There were fresh bloodstains on the stairs. There were remnants of sacred artifacts. The bloodstains seemed to have merged with the bronze stairs. Even the rain couldn't wash them away. Not long ago, a fierce battle between Supreme Saints must have broken out here. Some were injured, and some might even have died.

The rain fell even faster.

The parasol made a popping sound. At the top of the bronze stairs, Zhang Ruochen, dressed in blood clothes, stood between the two bronze pillars. He turned to the right and looked at the bronze pillar on the right.

The bronze pillar was as thick as a millstone. It was more than 200 feet tall. There was a tall and mighty statue on it. It had three eyes and held a sword in each arm. It was in the posture of raising its hand to cut the sky.

Although it was a bronze statue, it gave off terrifying power. It had a terrifying aura.

Zhang Ruochen could only hold his breath in front of it. He was under extreme duress.

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A Supreme Saint wouldn't dare to look at it like that. As for cultivators below the Supreme Saint Realm, they'd most likely be kneeling on the ground before they reached the bronze stairs.

There were a total of 20 bronze pillars that surrounded the bronze temple.

The bronze statues on the bronze pillars were all different.

There were golden Bodhi Buddha trees, giants holding battle axes, celestial maidens with human bodies and fishtails, and heavenly dragons with nine heads.

Zhang Ruochen walked under the bronze pillars. He didn't dare to look at their figures carefully because he felt a splitting headache just by looking at them. It was as if they were all forbidden figures that he could look at without being a Supreme Saint.

'Who are they? Why are their bronze statues cast on the pillars of this bronze temple?' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen had read countless ancient books in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, but he couldn't find their corresponding figures.

"They're the Twenty Devas," said Yan Huangtu.

Yan Huangtu's burly figure walked out from behind the bronze pillar with the nine-headed heavenly dragon.

The divine light on his body was restrained. He lacked his usual sharpness, but he lacked any killing intent when confronted by his adversaries. He looked like any other strong man.

However, the more he did so, the more Zhang Ruochen knew that Yan Huangtu must have made a breakthrough and become even more terrifying.

A Supreme Saint in the Hundred-Shackle Realm not only had to break the shackles but also had to cultivate the Precepts.

Some Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm only had three billion Precepts in them. Some of them had ten billion Precepts. The difference in combat power between the two was like heaven and earth.

Even though they were both at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, there was still room for improvement.

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised at all when he saw Yan Huangtu. He looked calm like meeting his old friend. He said, "The Twenty Devas. What an unfamiliar name."

"The reason you don't recognize this name is that they've been around for too long," Yan Huangtu explained.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "How long?"

"At least 300,000 years, maybe longer," said Yan Huangtu.

Yan Huangtu stood by the bronze pillar and looked down at the pitch-black mountain. He continued, "About 300,000 years ago, they disappeared completely. How long ago was this name first born? Perhaps only the greatest gods know it now."

"The Twenty Devas represent the 20 most powerful gods in your universe."

"Before the Celestial Court was established, they ruled over everything, maintaining order in the world and intimidating the ten races of the Infernal Court. The gods had to bow to them. In that era, the cultivators of the Infernal Court could only live in darkness. How could they have the glory of today?"

Zhang Ruochen listened quietly. It was like a lost history book being flipped open page by page. "Every era had different Twenty Devas," Yan Huangtu said. "In the same way, they represent the strongest of that era. The bronze statues on the 20 pillars are actually the first Twenty Devas. Who knows how many tens of thousands of years have passed since our current era."

"Then why don't you tell me why the last Twenty Devas completely vanished 300,000 years ago?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Yan Huangtu didn't appear to be in a rush to fight Zhang Ruochen. "Legend has it that they went to do a big thing," he said leisurely. "All twenty Devas set out together, but only two and a half returned."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed. He was shocked and confused. He asked, "Why two and a half?"

Yan Huangtu turned around and stared at Zhang Ruochen. "You're most curious about the half, right? That half refers to Sixth Buddha."

"When Sixth Buddha fled back to the Western Buddha Realm, he was only left with half a body. According to legend, the calamity he faced not only cut off half of his Buddha body, but also half of his lifespan. That's why he died in the last Yuanhui period."

Zhang Ruochen said firmly, "Impossible."

"What's impossible?" Yan Huangtu said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Sixth Buddha is the most powerful Buddha cultivator in the entire universe in the last ten million years. He's the sixth Buddha. Who can cut off half of his Buddha body and half of his lifespan?"

Yan Huangtu's eyes were dazed, "I know why you don't believe me," he said. "It's because your master, Saint Monk Xumi, isn't even as powerful as Sixth Buddha. In your heart, your master should have invincible influence, right? Unfortunately, Sixth Buddha was among the Twenty Devas, but not him."

Zhang Ruochen knew that Yan Huangtu wanted to use this to mess with his mind.

In the Celestial and Infernal Court, Zhang Ruochen had read a lot of ancient books. He had a better understanding of Buddhism, Kunlun, and his master, Saint Monk Xumi.

According to the ancient books, even when Saint Monk Xumi had achieved great success in his cultivation, he had learned a lot from the debates with the Sixth Buddha. He often felt inferior.

In front of the Sixth Buddha, Saint Monk Xumi was only a junior.

Although Zhang Ruochen respected Saint Monk Xumi and knew that his cultivation of Buddhism was boundless, he was one of the few powerful figures in the world. However, he also respected Sixth Buddha and didn't dare to judge him easily. Zhang Ruochen said, "In the battle 100,000 years ago, how many gods in the Infernal Court died at the hands of Saint Monk Xumi? Outside Kunlun, how many planets are still blood red?"

Yan Huangtu nodded, he said, "It's undeniable that Saint Monk Xumi was indeed powerful enough to reach the level of Buddha when he died. The gods who participated in the battle against him all praised him. Unfortunately, that was his final glory. He died in an instant and didn't have the chance to become the Seventh Buddha."

Yan Huangtu entered the copper temple as he spoke.

There was a bronze statue in the temple. It had the body of a dragon, but it had three heads.

One was a child.

The other was an elder.

The middle one didn't have any facial features. There was only a "Swastika" symbol on its forehead.

Yan Huangtu bowed to the bronze statue and said slowly, "He's one of the Twenty Devas in 300,000 years, Dracopent."

Zhang Ruochen gazed at the bronze statue. He felt that the statue was growing taller and taller, forming a stronger and more oppressive force.

Yan Huangtu continued, "Dracopent is the former leader of the dragons, the dragon supreme. He has nine wives and nine sons. All of them are extraordinary. The ninth son is the most talented and has the most extraordinary achievements. His name is Ji Wang

"As a cultivator in Kunlun, you should have heard of his name, right?"

Of course, Zhang Ruochen had heard of it. It was the Dragon Lord's name, Ji Wang.

He was said to be in charge of the Shenlong Chaos Tower of Sun and Moon, one of Kunlun's ten great Divine Artifacts. He was a person who roamed across myriad realms.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You said that 300,000 years ago, only two and a half members from the Twenty Devas came back alive. Who are the other two, besides Sixth Buddha?"

"One of them is the master of the Celestial Palace of Celestial Court," Yan Huangtu said.

The master of the Celestial Palace was mysterious, and Zhang Ruochen knew very little about him. However, he was able to control the Celestial Palace and command all the realms, so he was naturally not a trivial existence.

Yan Huangtu said, "No one knows the other. Perhaps only the master of the Celestial Palace and Sixth Buddha know who he is."

"Some guessed that he is Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations. Some guessed that he is God Panyuan of the Pangu Realm. Others guessed that he is the previous clan leader of our clan."

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes. "The gods of the Infernal Court can be listed in the Twenty Devas?"

Yan Huangtu was silent for a moment. Then he added, "In fact, there's a legend that the Twenty Devas are not just twenty of them, but Twenty-four Devas. The other four Devas are from the Infernal Court."

Then Yan Huangtu laughed and shook his head. He said, "They're just legends. How can we juniors who are less than 1,000 years old figure out what happened hundreds of thousands of years ago? How can we possibly know the secrets of heaven-level figures?"

"Time has changed, and the world has changed. The rise and fall of the Celestial and Infernal Court have changed. Now, it's just the two of us talking. Whether it's the Twenty Devas or the Twenty-four Devas, they've long been in the past. All the glory of the past has vanished."

Whoosh

Outside the temple, the sharp sound of rushing wind could be heard.

Yan Zhexian appeared at the gate. Her beautiful figure was projected on the ground under the Buddhist light, leaving a long black shadow. Behind her, there were more shadows on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen looked back at Yan Zhexian and said, "I didn't know you were just stalling for time by telling me so much."

Chapter 2354 The Battle in the Temple

Yan Zhexian only stood at the entrance of the temple casually. Dense runic patterns naturally appeared around her delicate body, interweaving like a spider web.

White saint light radiated from her body, resonating with the Buddhist light in the temple.

"Since you kept your sword and didn't kill me just now, you can destroy your cultivation. I can guarantee that you will leave this place alive," Yan Zhexian said.

Yan Huangtu stared at her deeply and didn't say anything. It was obvious that he had tacitly agreed to her promise.

Zhang Ruochen held the wet black parasol in his hand and said calmly, "If I cripple my cultivation, even if I can leave this place alive, I'll soon die somewhere else."

Yan Zhexian said, "I can guarantee your life until the day you die of old age."

Yan Huangtu revealed a faint smile, he said, "The words of the direct descendants of the Yan clan must carry weight. Xian'er said that she can secure your life, so she can. Zhang Ruochen, I think this is your only choice now. Otherwise, what awaits you is death."

"You think you can kill me? Yan Zhexian, where are the hundreds of Supreme Saints you mentioned? Why don't I see them?" said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes looked contemptuous, but his heart was already tense. When he looked around, he was actually looking at the layout and environment of the copper temple.

Logically speaking, Que and Lan Ying would never miss the opportunity on the Yanluo Clan's home planet. They would definitely come.

But why didn't he see them along the way?

Since the Yanluo clan had set up an inescapable net here, they must have sent out all their powerhouses. Where had Xi gone? What happened to The Eight Sons of Life and Death? Where had Yan Wushen gone?

It was not wise to fight with Yan Huangtu at this moment.

Yan Huangtu saw that Zhang Ruochen wanted to escape. He said, "Stop looking. There is only one exit from this copper temple."

Yan Huangtu's finger was pointing to where Yan Zhexian was standing at the time.

Yan Zhexian twisted her wrist and drew a flame-shaped rune pattern in front of her to seal the temple door.

Although the flame rune pattern had not yet been activated, it emitted a shocking amount of heat, turning the Buddha platform, bronze statues, and pillars in the copper temple crimson.

"You can't leave today. The will of the Yanluo clan has never been shaken by anyone since ancient times," Yan Zhexian said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "The temple door has been sealed. Are you planning to fight me to the death here, Brother Yan?"

"I'd love to." said Yan Huangtu.

Yan Huangtu slowly rolled up his sleeves, he said again, "Since you've defeated Wujiang, you're naturally qualified to fight me. The Imperial Path I cultivate is to continuously defeat powerful enemies, accumulate momentum, and achieve a big breakthrough in the state of mind. Only then can I achieve a big breakthrough in cultivation.

"The Imperial Path is the supreme will that can control all the ways in the world. Only with a big breakthrough in the Imperial Path can I integrate more Saintwill and breakthrough to the level of the Grade Two Saintwill.

"That's why I can't do what you can do by consuming the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills. What I want is to defeat all the opponents in the world or kill them."

Yan Huangtu's aura continued to rise, and wisps of golden divine light shot out of his pores and filled the entire copper temple.

ROAR!

Dragon roars came from within his bones, and they were deafening.

The fire runes that Yan Zhexian had drawn trembled from the impact. She was shocked and thought, 'Fifth uncle's cultivation has become even stronger!'

Yan Zhexian knew that Yan Huangtu was able to fight head-on against a peak Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint.

To other Supreme Saints at the peak of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, this was something unimaginable. Because they were still pursuing the ranking below the Thousand-Koan Realm, Yan Huangtu was already vying for the position of the top elites below the Banshi Isshou Realm.

The difference between the two was thousands of miles.

Now, Yan Huangtu has become even more unfathomable. Yan Zhexian felt that he could no longer see through him.

“It seems that Yan Huangtu can take down Zhang Ruochen without our help in this battle.” A Supreme Saint Talisman Master laughed behind her.

Yan Zhexian stared at him coldly. “Zhang Ruochen isn’t easy to deal with. If he counterattacks and triggers the Dark Space-time Matter, have you thought about the consequences?”

The destructive power of the Dark Space-time Matter had long spread throughout the Yanluo clan. Even the Supreme Saint’s expression changed when he heard it.

The copper temple was so small. If Zhang Ruochen was forced into a life-and-death situation, it was entirely possible that he could use the Dark Space-time Matter to perish together with Yan Huangtu.

“Does this mean that Zhang Ruochen is invincible?” said the Supreme Saint Talisman Master as his face turned solemn. He was no longer as optimistic as before.

“How can there be an invincible person in the world? If Zhang Ruochen uses Dark Space-time Matter, he will be the one to die.”

Yan Zhexian stated solemnly. Then she said, “Help me carve runes. I have to draw another flower dance runes and bury Zhang Ruochen in grief.”

BOOM!

A bolt of dark purple lightning fell from the clouds and hit the top of the copper temple. Instantly, dense lightning covered the temple.

Lightning also spread out from the temple, taking the form of a dragon and a snake dancing

Yan Huangtu and Zhang Ruochen’s power had reached a climax at that point.

Yan Huangtu took the lead. His fist wrapped in divine light struck out like a shooting star.

When Yan Huangtu struck, a massive golden shadow rushed out of his body, resembling an ancient Emperor God.

Zhang Ruochen was unafraid. He struck out with his palm, and the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King rushed out of his body.

Boom

OW.

The fist and palm collided, producing a more deafening sound than the thunder just now. The sound reverberated in the copper temple, shaking the space so much that it seemed like it was going to explode.

If it had been a Supreme Saint of the Neverwilt Realm, he would have fallen to the ground with blood pouring from his seven orifices if he was in the temple right now.

Their bodies separated in an instant.

BANG!

Zhang Ruochen flew backward and hit the copper wall behind him, which was more than 30 meters away. The sound of metal colliding was like the sound of the Great Lyu Bell being hit.

Ancient Divine Marks appeared on the copper wall, blocking all the impact.

Zhang Ruochen's body was strong and uninjured. He slid down from the copper wall and quickly recovered.

Yan Huangtu took four steps back and steadied himself, he said, "No one under the Thousand-Koan Realm can match my power. Not Lan Ying, not Luo Shengtian, not Wujiang, not you. If you want to continue this battle, Zhang Ruochen, you'd better show your true ability."

Yan Huangtu's ultimate power and defense had been established by the Royal Divine Frame.

It was said that when Yan Huangtu had just broken through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he had received a punch from a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint. Although his flesh and blood had been destroyed, his bone structure was undamaged and could regenerate flesh and blood.

His Saint Soul and Sainthood Source were inside his bones.

Even a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, let alone a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint, would struggle to kill Yan Huangtu at his current level of cultivation.

'Yan Huangtu is indeed powerful. If I want to compete with him in power, I need to break at least 80 shackles in my body. Warlord Mara was also very powerful, but he's far inferior to Yan Huangtu,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

In terms of power, Que and Lan Ying were probably not as powerful as Yan Huangtu.

Only Luo Shengtian, the divine prince, might be able to fight him head-on. After all, Luo Shengtian mainly cultivated power. He had a pair of natural divine eyes and refined two active Divine Planets.

If Yan Huangtu's physical body was not extremely powerful, how could he withstand two active Divine Planets?

Zhang Ruochen said, "On the path of cultivation, not only physical strength is refined, but also the Path. I'd like to see how much power you can burst out under the suppression of the three Great Paths of the Ancients."

Crash

The Profound Spatial Dimension, Null Time realm, and the Realm-frame of Truth rushed out of Zhang Ruochen's body at the same time and covered the entire copper temple.

Zhang Ruochen stood where he was. His hands moved slowly. Dense Precepts of Time rushed out of his sea of Qi and revolved around his body, turning into the illusory image of a long River of Time.

"Take this too!" Zhang Ruochen shouted.

Zhang Ruochen struck out with his palm. The illusory image of the long River of Time continued to rush toward Yan Huangtu.

Under the suppression of the Profound Spatial Dimension, Null Time realm, and the Realm-frame of Truth, Yan Huangtu seemed to have fallen into a swamp. It was as if there were thousands of chains wrapped around his body, and lava poison was corroding his body.

Boom

Yan Huangtu's foot stomped on the ground, and golden Yama Qi surged out crazily, forming a world map scroll.

At the same time, the Gate of Destiny appeared behind him, finally blocking the suppression formed by the three Great Paths of the Ancients.

Splash

The sound of water flowing could be heard.

The River of Time passed through the golden world created by Yan Huangtu, crashing toward his chest.

Yan Huangtu didn't dare to let the River of Time touch him. He quickly performed the high-level Thousand-Koan Realm saint technique and shouted, "Streams of Myriad Dragons."

He punched out and countless dragons flew out. They were all golden and turned into a river of myriad dragons.

The river of myriad dragons collided with the River of Time. There wasn't any earth-shattering sound, but the two continued to cancel each other out.

'The Nine Dragons Divine Marks on Yan Huangtu's Royal Divine Frame are truly enigmatic. They can actually block the attack of the long River of Time after combining with the fist technique of the Streams of Myriad Dragons,' Zhang Ruochen thought, secretly amazed.

Yan Huangtu was even more taken aback. In this punch, he had used all of his strength. The combined power of the Divine Marks and the Thousand-Koan level fist technique could only compete with Zhang Ruochen. It was amazing.

The River of Time flowed from beginning to end. Yan Huangtu's fist power had also been exhausted.

In this short break, it was time to test the two of them.

The person who changed their moves the fastest would be able to strike the second strike first. They would be able to gain an advantage in the next battle.

As a Master of Time, Zhang Ruochen clearly had a huge advantage. He didn't spend time condensing a saint technique. Instead, he picked up the Violet Gourd hanging by his waist and used the Great Dimensional Shift to smash at Yan Huangtu's head.

Yan Huangtu was shocked. No cultivator had ever dared to fight him in close combat. Was Zhang Ruochen courting death?

And what was he holding in his hand?

A gourd!

Yan Huangtu didn't have time to use the saint technique. He had to raise his arm to block.

Yan Huangtu's body was the most powerful shield, thanks to the Divine Royal Frame. He was unconcerned about any attacks.

BANG!

The Violet Gourd cracked Yan Huangtu's arm. Blood splattered everywhere.

This injury was like an old itch to Yan Huangtu. He was about to counterattack, but Zhang Ruochen moved sideways and swung the gourd toward his back.

If it were any other cultivator, they would have to close their eyes and wait for death when Zhang Ruochen changed his move so quickly.

But Yan Huangtu wasn't afraid. He arched his back and a boundless divine light burst out from his body. The Violet Gourd hit his back and broke the divine light. There was a loud bang.

Yan Huangtu's body rolled on the ground like a rubber ball.

"Take that," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen used the Great Dimensional Shift and appeared next to him again. He smashed the gourd in his hand like an invincible Divine Artifact. He didn't waste time activating the Supreme Power contained in the gourd. Zhang Ruochen wanted to suppress Yan Huangtu so that he couldn't fight back.

Outside the copper temple.

Yan Zhexian and the Supreme Saint Talisman Masters were stunned.

They had been looking forward to the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Huangtu. After all, they were both geniuses of the generation. They would definitely use all their skills to fight. Watching this battle might benefit them.

But who could tell that two peerless Supreme Saints were fighting in the temple?

What was the difference between fighting with two local ruffians and hooligans?

One was smashing with a gourd, while the other was blocking without rhyme or reason.

A Supreme Saint Talisman Master found it hard to understand, he said, "That shouldn't be! Yan Huangtu has already reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. With the Royal Divine

Frame, his physical strength should far surpass Zhang Ruochen's. How can Zhang Ruochen be his opponent in close combat?"

"Yes, in close combat, Yan Huangtu is absolutely invincible," said another Supreme Saint Talisman Master, feeling depressed.

The battle between the two in the temple disappointed him greatly. There was no elegance, no wonder, and no earth-shattering.

However, Yan Zhexian saw otherwise and said, "You only talk about strength, but forget about speed. Which one of you can see Zhang Ruochen's moves clearly?"

The Supreme Saint Talisman Masters looked carefully and found that there were as many as 17 figures of Zhang Ruochen in the temple. With their cultivation, they could only see seven of them as afterimages. They could not tell which of the other ten were real bodies.

They were helpless because Zhang Ruochen was too fast!

Yan Zhexian said, "Although Yan Huangtu's power was strong, he is suppressed by Zhang Ruochen's speed."

Then she said, "In fact, Yan Huangtu's speed is not slow. However, being trapped in Zhang Ruochen's Profound Spatial Dimension and Null Time realm, even if it has 100% speed, it can only exert 70%."

Yan Zhexian thought to herself, 'if I am trapped in the current situation of Yan Huangtu, what will happen to me?'

Yan Zhexian shook her head and told herself, 'If I fight with Zhang Ruochen in the future, I must not enter within 3 kilometers of him, at least outside the Profound Spatial Dimension.'

It wasn't until now that Yan Zhexian realized that Zhang Ruochen hadn't used his full strength when fighting with her.

"The narrower the space is, the more advantageous it is for Zhang Ruochen. The plan to assassinate Zhang Ruochen in the copper temple appears to be a blunder." Yan Zhexian sighed softly and thought about how to help Yan Huangtu.

Zhang Ruochen was a strong enemy. He was more difficult to deal with than expected.

At this moment, the battle in the copper temple took a turn for the better. Taking the risk of withstanding three strikes from Zhang Ruochen, Yan Huangtu took out the Supreme Artifact, the Scepter of Heaven's Pass. He waved his hand and struck out, sending Zhang Ruochen flying.

Because he had been hit on the head three times by the gourd, Yan Huangtu's scalp was broken. His face was covered in blood. Holding the Scepter of Heaven's Pass, he stomped his feet and gritted his teeth. "Come on, who's afraid of who?"

The bloody Yan Huangtu looked like a ferocious ghost. Just his appearance alone could scare off many cultivators.

Zhang Ruochen wiped the Saint Blood off the gourd and his robe, "Forget it," he said. "If we had to use the Supreme Artifact and fight in such a small space in this copper temple, the power of the Supreme Artifact would have killed both of us before the winner was determined."

"You'll die, but I won't. Fight! Keep Fighting!"

Yan Huangtu had suffered so much just now. He was being chased and beaten by Zhang Ruochen. It didn't matter if it hurt, but it was a loss of face. So how could he let it go?

Chapter 2355 Slaining Hong Futu

Of course, Zhang Ruochen didn't want to continue fighting. Yan Huangtu was too resilient. It had been hit so many times by the Violet Gourd, but it hadn't hurt him at all.

Zhang Ruochen probably had to use the Power of Time to destroy Yan Huangtu's lifespan. Or Zhang Ruochen could use the Divine Purification Flame to refine it slowly. Only then would he have a chance to kill Yan Huangtu.

However, the Nine Dragons Divine Marks on the Royal Divine Bone in his body could resist the erosion of the Power of Time. Even if he stood still, it would take a lot of effort and time for Zhang Ruochen to kill him with the Power of Time. It was not an easy task.

As for refining Yan Huangtu with the Divine Purification Flame, it would take even more time.

In other words, with Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, he could not kill Yan Huangtu.

Moreover, Zhang Ruochen had come to the Yanluo clan's home planet to take the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and continue to fight with Yan Huangtu. It was harmful to him and not beneficial.

RUSTLE!

The fragrance of flowers drifted into the copper temple.

Beautiful spiritual flowers bloomed at the temple's entrance, beneath Yan Zhexian's feet, and soon covered the entire copper temple.

Not only were the spiritual flowers runes, but even the fragrance of the flowers were runes as well.

I can't stay here any longer. Yan Huangtu has the help of dozens of Supreme Saint Talisman Masters. He is at the advantage now.' Zhang Ruochen thought as he gazed at Dracopent's statues in the center of the temple. The Buddhist light in the bronze temple was emitted from a round ancient mirror on Dracopent's chest.

The ancient mirror was only the size of a palm, and its surface was full of light and colors.

As a Master of Space, Zhang Ruochen had sensed a strange Power of Dimension fluctuation from the ancient mirror when he stepped into the bronze temple. The Precepts of Dimension around the ancient mirror were distorted.

"I'll leave first. I'll fight again in the future," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen moved quickly and rushed toward the ancient Buddhist light mirror. At the same time, his body shrank rapidly.

“Where are you going?”

Yan Huangtu shot out and chased after Zhang Ruochen. He raised his arm and activated some of the Supreme Inscription on the Scepter of Heaven’s Pass, emitting a blinding saint light.

This attack was aimed at stopping Zhang Ruochen.

If Zhang Ruochen continued to rush toward the Buddhist light ancient mirror, the illusory image of the Scepter of Heaven’s Pass would definitely strike him. If he was hit by the Supreme Artifact, Zhang Ruochen would be heavily injured even if he didn’t die.

Once Yan Huangtu forced Zhang Ruochen back and fell into the sea of flowers runes, he would naturally have more ways to deal with him.

It could be said that the angle and speed of this attack contained everything that Yan Huangtu had learned all his life. It wasn’t a saint technique, but it was more terrifying than a saint technique.

“If I wanted to leave, you won’t be able to keep me,” said Zhang Ruochen.

A black-light flew out of Zhang Ruochen’s hand and landed on Yan Huangtu’s chest with a whoosh.

The black light was from the black parasol of Class Two Regal Artifact that Zhang Ruochen kept in his sleeve. This attack was like a sword in his sleeve. It had an unexpected effect.

Yan Huangtu frowned. He quickly changed the direction of his attack. The Scepter of Heaven’s Pass struck the black parasol accurately.

The black parasol exploded, turning into pieces of iron cloth and metal shards.

The Class Two Regal Artifact was very weak in front of the Supreme Artifact. It couldn’t withstand a single blow.

When Yan Huangtu looked up again, Zhang Ruochen had already rushed into the ancient Buddhist light mirror.

Entering the mirror was like jumping into the water.

Yan Zhexian stared at the bronze statue and said worriedly, “Zhang Ruochen broke in after Que and Lan Ying. Yan Wushen can’t handle them alone. We...”.

Yan Huangtu interrupted her, “Zhang Ruochen and Lan Ying’s main goal is to take the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Under normal circumstances, they won’t attack Yan Wushen.

“Besides, with Yan Wushen’s intelligence and strength, he’ll definitely have a way to deal with it. We don’t need to worry.

“On the contrary, when we send a large group of people in, Zhang Ruochen, Lan Ying, and Que will sense danger. They’ll definitely turn around and deal with the Yanluo clan first. This isn’t good.”

Yan Zhexian felt that Yan Huangtu's point made sense. She nodded slightly and said, "In that case, we'll set up more powerful runes and arrays in this copper temple. It's best to seal all three of them inside until the Celestial- Hunting Festival ends."

The 62 Supreme Saint Talisman Masters, including Yan Zhexian, and a large group of Yanluo Clan Array Masters gathered outside the copper temple and began to carve inscriptions.

Zhang Ruochen bumped into the surface of the ancient mirror, creating spatial ripples. Then, his vision darkened, and his body was pulled into another space out of control.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen regained his vision and found himself in a green world.

There was a ray of good luck all around him. Around him, ancient golden trees grew. They glistened like pure gold.

There was also a lake.

The water in the lake was green.

No, what's that?' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen's expression froze. He saw a huge green mountain in the eastern sky. Looking from a thousand miles away, he could feel its towering height.

The average height of the mountain was more than 100,000 meters, and he couldn't see its end.

WHOOSH!

A deep breath sounded between heaven and earth.

Rustle

The metal tree shook violently in the wind, and a lot of golden leaves fell down.

At that moment, the green mountain range seemed to rise and fall, and it trembled slightly.

When the wind blew away the clouds and mist, Zhang Ruochen finally saw some details of the mountain range. He found that the mountain was covered with giant scales.

It wasn't a mountain range. It was a giant green beast.

However, its body was humongous. He couldn't tell what creature it was.

The three Thousand-Koan Realm dragon souls in Zhang Ruochen's left arm let out anxious moans. They were very nervous and uneasy.

What exactly did the Fane of Destiny hide inside the ten home planets? Why do such terrifying creatures always appear?' Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't someone who would be blinded by fortune and treasures. Seeing the mountain ridge entrenched here, he was even more certain that there was no so-called Bright Kannati or Buddha sarira, he wanted to retreat.

At that moment.

Boom

A loud sound came from hundreds of miles away.

Then, a powerful nine-colored chaotic light burst out from the direction of the loud sound. The force swept away all the leaves on the golden trees near Zhang Ruochen.

The golden trees became bald.

“It’s Lan Ying’s presence,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power was affected by the Path Lock and he could not be detected hundreds of miles away. So he took off and hovered in the air near the clouds.

Around 500 miles away, Lan Ying, Hong Futu, Que, and Yan Wushen were fighting in shambles.

Lan Ying, Hong Futu, and Yan Wushen were all attacking Que at the same time.

“Leave behind the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, and I’ll let you leave this place,” said Yan Wushen. He activated his Golden Giant Mode. He was valiant and fierce, and his body was surrounded by eighty-one Buddha halos as he attacked with a palm after palm.

“You think you can snatch the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?” said Que.

Even though Que was suppressed by the Path Lock, his technique was still as smooth as flowing water, and his body appeared and disappeared at times.

Whoosh

Suddenly, Que appeared in front of Hong Futu in a flash and waved out an invisible force.

Hong Futu’s face changed in shock. He quickly retreated. At the same time, he activated the power of lightning as quickly as he could. He raised his arms and crossed them to block in front of him.

CRACK!

Hong Futu’s arms were broken. His body was thrown hundreds of meters away, leaving a long ravine on the ground.

Hong Futu was in extreme pain. Apart from his broken arms, a one-meter-long wound appeared on the chest of his four-meter-tall body. Saint Blood gushed out like a spring.

What was even more terrifying was that the Power of Oblivion invaded the wound.

With the wound as the focal point, Hong Futu’s body faded away, gradually fading into oblivion.

One had to know that Hong Futu was a pure-blooded Divine Beast, Bloodborne. In the future, he would at least be a pseudo god.

Hong Futu, as a young Divine Beast, could instantly kill an opponent in the same realm, and he could even kill cultivators from the Celestial Court across multiple realms.

His battle strength was not unparalleled, but it could also be said to be at the top of the line.

However, under the circumstances of being besieged, he was actually seriously injured by one move. It could be said that he had suffered a great blow in his heart.

Crash

Hong Futu gritted his teeth, and a fierce light flashed in his eyes.

After activating the ancestral divine power contained in the divine blood, he resisted the Power of Oblivion that invaded his body and slowly refined it. His severed arms grew back.

Just as Hong Futu stood up and prepared to fight again...

Suddenly, an ice-cold hand silently grabbed his neck from behind.

Whoosh

A Dimensional Sword cut off his head.

Hong Futu's life force was strong. Even after his head was cut off, he still let out an earth-shattering roar, "Who? Who are you?"

Divine Power and lightning surged out of his scalp.

"Shh! Lower your voice," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen held the antennae in the shape of a pagoda above Hong Futu's head. Divine Purification Flame erupted from his palm, condensing into a Deific Flower of Flames. It encircled his head, including the Divine Power and Lightning that had been released from his head.

In the Deific Flower of Flames, curses and screams could be heard.

A moment later, Hong Futu's head was reduced to ashes and scattered on the ground.

Only a fist-sized Sainthood Source remained in Zhang Ruochen's palm.

The Sainthood Source was unusual. It was brimming with divine material and Divine Marks. It was gleaming and gleaming. Inside the Sainthood Source, there was also the Soul Shadow of the Divine Beast, Bloodborne.

"The Sainthood Source of a pure-blooded Divine Beast is indeed extraordinary. It's very close to the Divinity Source. This is good stuff. If a Supreme Saint refines it, he might become a pseudo god. At the very least, it's possible to even become a Demigod."

Zhang Ruochen nodded with satisfaction and put away the Sainthood Source.

Hong Futu's headless body still had a strong spiritual will. He waved his fist and attacked Zhang Ruochen. Rays of divine light appeared on his fist.

Even if Hong Futu was at his peak, Zhang Ruochen wasn't afraid of him, not to mention that his head had been chopped off.

Hong Futu was sent flying like a scarecrow by a wave of Zhang Ruochen's hand.

Swoosh

Several Dimensional Rifts cut his body into seven pieces.

Hong Futu was dead. Seeing that his body was about to turn into the original form of a young Divine Beast, Zhang Ruochen quickly put its body into the Violet Gourd.

Zhang Ruochen had killed Hong Futu in the Profound Spatial Dimension. From the outside, nothing could be seen there. Everything was silent.

However, Hong Futu's original form was hundreds of miles long. It was definitely huge.

That was why Zhang Ruochen had to put away its body before it turned into its original form. He couldn't let Que, Lan Ying, and Yan Wushen find out that he was hiding nearby.

This time, Zhang Ruochen wanted to sit back and watch them fight before making his move.

Because of Asurendra Samay, Hong Futu and Lan Ying, including the Fane of Barasingha, were Zhang Ruochen's biggest enemies. On the surface, Zhang Ruochen went to find Lan Ying to form an alliance, but everyone had their own ulterior motives. How could he be lenient when he had the chance to kill him?

Zhang Ruochen had always been decisive when facing enemies that could threaten his life.

As for why he didn't kill Yan Zhexian earlier, it was because Zhang Ruochen had enough enemies in the Infernal Court. He didn't want to form an irreconcilable hatred with the Yanluo Clan anymore.

In the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, Zhang Ruochen killing the clansmen of the Yanluo clan on their home planet wouldn't create too much hatred.

After all, it was unlikely that 100 million or hundreds of millions of Yanluo clansmen would give birth to an ordinary Supreme Saint. Their value was very limited.

However, Yan Zhexian was different. She was a direct descendant of the Yanluo clan and had extraordinary talent. Her future was limitless.

Killing her would definitely anger the god of the Yanluo clan behind her. It would do Zhang Ruochen a lot of harm and no good.

Zhang Ruochen didn't know when, but he had learned to consider the way he did things from the perspective of benefits. He didn't think about right and wrong and good and evil like before.

Perhaps this was the price of growth, a helpless act to survive in a cruel environment.

However, he had lost part of his original self and heart.

The inner demon would not appear for no reason.

After cleaning up all traces, Zhang Ruochen carefully observed the Battle of the three people not far away.

Even if Zhang Ruochen hid in the Profound Spatial Dimension at another time, he would not be able to hide from the senses of Que, Lan Ying, and Yan Wushen. However, they were in the midst of an extreme battle. They were extremely focused, so how could they have the spare energy to care?

“Yan Wushen’s cultivation has increased so much. He broke at least 20 shackles. How did he do it?” Zhang Ruochen was extremely shocked.

One had to know that he could break 30 shackles because he had eaten nine Ampliofruits and a large number of Fugue pills. He had also cultivated in the Dark Star for ten years.

Yan Wushen must have gotten a great opportunity to break these shackles.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the green mountain ridge in the distance and said to himself, “Is it related to that creature?”

He needed not only talent and hard work to become a Yuanhui level genius, but also a great inheritance and luck. He had to reach the limit in all aspects.

Obviously, Yan Wushen’s luck was not much worse than Zhang Ruochen’s.

The Path of Oblivion that Que cultivated was indeed strange and unpredictable. It could change without a trace. However, Lan Ying and Yan Wushen were not easy to deal with.

Lan Ying released more than 13 billion Precepts in him, which evolved into a nine-colored embryonic universe. He also developed the Asura World with Qi of Slaughter to suppress Que’s Power of Oblivion.

Yan Wushen, on the other hand, activated his Light of Origin and Profound Spatial Dimension, forcing Que to reveal his true form. He could not turn into oblivion to escape.

Zhang Ruochen, ‘The Precepts cultivated by Lan Ying actually reached 13.7 billion. Wujiang had only cultivated 9.7 billion, and Yan Huangtu has just broken through 10 billion. As expected of a Divine Fetus that was nurtured by the Divine Qi and Qi of Slaughter for three Yuanhui periods.

It is said that in the past Battle of Celestial-Hunting, only on rare occasions would a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm breakthrough 8 billion Precepts. Sometimes, in thousands of years, there would not be a Supreme Saint at the Hundred-Shackle Realm’s Great Perfection stage with more than 8 billion Precepts.’

Zhang Ruochen was even more certain that killing Hong Futu was the right decision. Killing him was equivalent to cutting off one of Lan Ying’s arms.

Chapter 2356 The Ultimate Battle

‘The Power of Oblivion doesn’t seem to be invincible. Under the interference of Dimension, Origin, Slaughter, Chaos... all kinds of powers, it’s faintly suppressed!’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen observed and comprehended carefully. He knew too little about Oblivion.

Every time, Que’s body turned into oblivion. Zhang Ruochen’s vision and spiritual power couldn’t sense his existence. However, in an instant, Yan Wushen and Lan Ying released a domain that could force him out again.

Yan Wushen hasn't cultivated the Path of Destiny, but he has cultivated the Light of Origin. He's becoming more and more difficult to deal with. This person is my enemy for life.' Zhang Ruochen.

No one had ever put so much pressure on Zhang Ruochen.

No one had ever received such a high evaluation from Zhang Ruochen.

Although Zhang Ruochen had fought Yan Wushen three times and Yan Wui seemed to be slightly better than him three times, he had used all his trump cards and won very narrowly.

If he was not careful, he might lose.

In the Infernal Court, Zhang Ruochen had the help of the Sundial and all kinds of opportunities, but he still could not pull the gap between the two.

He suspected that he would be surpassed by Yan Wushen if he relaxed a little.

Yan Wushen's existence was like a fierce beast chasing after Zhang Ruochen. Sometimes, he could even keep up with him, forcing Zhang Ruochen to not dare to stop.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen was not afraid of such an opponent. On the contrary, he hoped that there would be more such opponents.

Only in this way could he always keep an enterprising and hard-working heart.

Humans could not live without pressure.

Wargod Bloodximus would not have been able to reach his current cultivation level after just over 100,000 years of cultivation if it hadn't been for Huang Tian during the last Yuanhui period.

The Light of Origin was a light that could only be formed when one cultivated the Path of Origin to an extremely high level. It was known as the first ray of light at the birth of the world.

With the Light of Origin, there would be all things.

This light could create all things, destroy all things, and reshape all things.

Of course, all things included the cultivator himself.

Where the Light of Origin shone, the soil, water, trees, and flowers all turned into tiny particles that were difficult to see with the naked eye. The entire world was like sand, and it was rapidly disintegrating.

Even Que was affected by the Light of Origin shone on him.

There was a Power of Oblivion surrounding his body, blocking the Light of Origin. His body did not decompose. However, the Power of Oblivion was also suppressed.

The Path of the Ancients countered each other.

'The Light of Origin can suppress the Oblivion, forcing Que to show up and fight them. Can Dimension and Time do the same?' Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen thought of a strategy to deal with the oblivion and Que, but he was disappointed to find out. If Que entered the oblivion state, he could only use Dimension and Time to escape immediately. At most, he could only guarantee his life.

Not more than five people could survive Que's pursuit in the Thousand-Koan Realm. Wujiang, Luo Shengtian, and even Yan Huangtu might not be able to do so.

There were very few Supreme Saints in the Thousand-Koan Realm who could survive a fight with Que.

Zhang Ruochen was confident that he could survive. It seemed to be a great achievement, but it was not what he wanted.

Zhang Ruochen could only save himself by fleeing because once Que entered oblivion, he would no longer be in Time and Dimension and could no longer be harmed.

It was a state of jumping out of the three realms and out of the five elements.

"I've got it! Null time," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes lit up.

Null time had something in common with oblivion, which might be able to restrain it.

The so-called null time was actually time that was out of the scope of the Precepts of Time. It was no longer in time.

The reality was positive.

Null was negative.

People always stood at a certain point in the River of Time. Time was in front of them and null time was behind them.

If Zhang Ruochen's time attainments were higher, he would be able to condense more Self-Defined Marks of Time. Then, he could combine them with the Null Time realm he had cultivated to form the Absolute Null Time realm.

The Absolute Null Time realm would definitely be able to restrain Que.

If the Absolute Null Time realm was strong enough, it was very likely that there would be time reversal. In other words, time was negative.

Even a moment of time reversal was enough for Zhang Ruochen to do a lot of things.

However, it was too difficult to reverse time. With Zhang Ruochen's current time attainments, he could only condense several Self-Defined Marks of Time at one time. It was still far from condensing the Absolute Null Time realm.

"Is there really no way at this point?" Zhang Ruochen stated.

Zhang Ruochen had always thought that Que must be under some kind of restriction, so he did not dare to kill anyone on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. This speculation was confirmed at that moment. He had been restrained in his fight with Lan Ying and Yan Wushen.

But what about after leaving the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?

How could he fight with him then?

Zhang Ruochen sighed softly and closed his eyes. He completely immersed his mind to perceive the power in Que.

'Time and Dimension are part of the Path of the Ancients. They must be able to restrict Oblivion in some way. The reason why I find it difficult to deal with it must be because I don't understand Oblivion well enough.' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Gradually, the sounds of battle became softer and softer.

Zhang Ruochen's heart became more and more tranquil. He entered a mystic realm. Specks of starlight scattered from his body and evolved into a starry world in the Profound Spatial Dimension.

The Heart of Truth shone brightly in his body.

All of a sudden, Que's movement in the distance, the changes in his moves, and the changes in his footwork appeared in Zhang Ruochen's mind.

This strange realm lasted for a moment and then disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly opened his eyes and smiled, he said, "My Path of Time and Dimension have not cultivated the Saintwill, let alone the augmentation of the Canon. At present, it is indeed difficult to fight against Que's Oblivion.

"However, in the Path of Truth, I not only have the Canon, but also the Heart of Truth. How can Que's oblivion escape the perception of the Heart of Truth?"

Zhang Ruochen suddenly understood.

At the same time, he made up his mind to find Saint Monk Xumi's final resting place immediately after the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Only there would he have a chance to find the Canon of Time and Canon of Dimension. Only then could he achieve a big breakthrough in his Path of Time and Dimension.

Zhang Ruochen used the Heart of Truth to sense him and Que felt a chill run down his spine while he was fighting with Lan Ying and Yan Wushen.

Que immediately realized that there must be a powerhouse hiding nearby.

'Forget it. Let's end this quickly.' Que thought.

Que was uneasy. He stopped fighting with Lan Ying and Yan Wushen.

A long sword flew out from between his eyebrows and fell into his hand. The sword was four feet and two inches long and as thin as a cicada's wings. It emitted a dazzling white light, like a sword condensed from light.

SWOOSH!

Que swung his sword backward with no grace. The Sword Qi shone like divine moonlight. It landed at an awkward angle on Yan Wushen's Golden Giant Mode.

Yan Wushen's defense was probably not much weaker than Yan Huangtu's Royal Divine Frame with the Half-Buddha Physique and the golden body.

Whoosh

The sword dragged on the golden arm, emitting golden spots of light.

Yan Wushen was unable to block it in the end, and his huge golden body was sent flying.

A shallow sword scar appeared on his arm.

Yan Wushen's heart trembled. Que's seemingly casual sword had fused with the Power of Oblivion, and it had almost broken through his golden body.

On the other side, Que's sword had broken through Lan Ying's embryonic universe, leaving a deep gash on his tender face, and his head had almost been split into two.

Lan Ying and Yan Wushen stood on both sides of Que and stopped for a moment. Both of them were obviously shocked. They realized that Que had finally become serious and was a lot stronger than before.

Que's body was sometimes illusory and sometimes real. He elegantly raised the long sword and gently stroked it with two fingers. He said, "This sword is my Imperial Artifact of Precept. It has always been nurtured by my Sainthood Source. Today is the fourth time it shows its appearance in front of people.

"If you don't die today, you should remember its name, Kagemaru."

Yan Wushen clenched his five fingers tightly. Golden light flashed and the sword mark on his arm disappeared. He smiled and said, "To cultivate an Imperial Artifact of Precept to your level, you can be considered the number one person below divinity in this Yuanhui period."

Que said, "You don't understand the meaning of the existence of the Imperial Artifact of Precepts. Was the Supreme Artifact very strong? Was a Divine Artifact very strong? Yes, they were! But, they were all external objects.

"If you want to truly become a peerless figure in the universe, you have to cultivate yourself.

"The Imperial Artifact of Precept is made up of the precepts that I have grasped. It is a part of me. The more perfect the Precepts I have comprehended, the more perfect it will be. "If my Path deviates, it will tell me immediately.

"My future is not to control a Divine Artifact, but to nurture my own Imperial Artifact of Precept into a Divine Artifact. A Divine Artifact is immortal, and I will be Immortal with it."

Most cultivators cultivated the Imperial Artifact of Precept as if they were honing their own Path.

Very few cultivators actually used the Imperial Artifact of Precept as weapons.

For Que to be able to cultivate to such a high level, not only was his mind outstanding, but he also had a unique understanding of the Path. He was definitely not someone ordinary people could compare to.

“So, you have also cultivated the Swordsmanship, and you have even integrated the Swordsmanship and the Oblivion,” Lan Ying licked his lips and said with a stern smile. There was no fear in his eyes.

Que raised his sword and stood proudly, he said, “How could I integrate the Swordsmanship and the Oblivion? I’m just walking the path of my predecessors. The Oblivion Sword was created many years ago after my master lost to the Sword of Time and spent a Yuanhui period creating it.

“Now, my master’s sword technique has reached the Mahayana stage. Unfortunately, the person who defeated him back then has already died. He won’t be able to avenge himself.”

Lan Ying’s hand reached into his chest and grabbed a blood-red sword from his flesh.

The sword was long and slender, and it emitted a demonic light.

“Since we’re both sword cultivators, why don’t you try my Sword of Asura first?”

THUMP!

Lan Ying’s finger flicked on the sword.

Instantly, Supreme Power and Qi of Slaughter surged outward.

Lan Ying had a total of six swords, and each of them was extraordinary. Two of them were Supreme Artifacts, while the other four were Divine Artifacts.

The Sword of Asura was ranked first among the six swords, so he brought it to the Celestial- Hunting Battlefield.

There were countless legends about the Sword of Asura. There was a saying that it once belonged to an ancient god Asura the Great. It was originally a Divine Artifact. The Sword of Asura, however, was shattered in an earth-shattering battle.

The Asura descendants had collected all the fragments and reforged the sword, but only one Supreme Artifact had been forged.

Lan Ying was able to obtain the Sword of Asura because he had climbed Mount Asura, the ancient god Asura’s burial ground.

No one knew what kind of opportunity Lan Ying had gotten on Mount Asura. They only knew that he had taken the Sword of Asura and cultivated the Asura Sword Technique after he left the mountain.

Que had already witnessed the power of the Sword of Asura after being pursued by Yan Huangtu and Lan Ying. “Zhang Ruochen, since you’re here, don’t hide any longer,” he said solemnly.

There was a strange look in the eyes of both Lan Ying and Yan Wushen.

Zhang Ruochen put away the Profound Spatial Dimension and revealed himself. He slowly walked toward them, “No wonder you’re ranked first in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle

Realm," he said. "You still have the strength to sense that I'm hiding nearby when you're fighting two powerhouses."

"I'm just bluffing. I'm not sure if you're really hiding nearby," Que said.

"It doesn't matter!" said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes swept over Lan Ying and Yan Wushen. "Let's kill him together first, then fight for the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill."

"I didn't expect that I would join hands with you one day," Yan Wushen said with a smile. Lan Ying's body released colorful lights that reflected the entire world. The Sword of Asura in his hand had already been swung out. "Kill! Kill! Kill..."

In this area, sounds of killing rose in all directions and blood light filled the air.

A battlefield of thousands of soldiers and horses appeared. There were Ghost Knights holding Bone Spears, Giants holding sharp swords, and spirits of the dead in black robes... the sword moved, and the Asura world appeared. The four of them seemed to have arrived at an ancient battlefield.

"Dimensional Sword Dance."

Zhang Ruochen activated the Realm-frame of Truth and 36 Dimensional Swords appeared around him.

The swords flew around his body. They combined with the Precept of Truth and exploded with more and more powerful waves of power. When the waves of sword Qi increased tenfold, they flew toward Que like a rain of swords.

"Thousand Heads and Bodies."

Yan Wushen created 999 shadows that spread out in all directions. He was actually using the Yanluo Clan's forbidden technique, the Great Yanluo Thousand Heads and Bodies Technique.

His true body and 999 shadows formed a Pagoda of Origin.

As the 1,000 Pagodas of Origins pressed down on Que, they brought the Light of Origin with them.

"Ever since I stepped into the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, today, I finally feel a sense of danger. If I kill all of you, I will be the only one in this era," said Que.

The divine light in Que's eyes shone brightly, and the aura on his body rose to its peak. His long hair shot up.

The Kagamaru in his hand drew a snake-shaped scar. It tore open the Asura World and blew away thousands of soldiers. The sword Qi was like lightning as it clashed with the Sword of Asura in Lan Ying's hand.

The Oblivion devoured the Supreme Power on the sword.

Boom

IS.

as

A loud sound that could shatter the Supreme Saint's eardrums rang out. Lan Ying was sent flying backward. His feet landed on the ground again and he retreated several miles before he stabilized himself.

"Fight!"

Without any hesitation, Lan Ying roared and charged forward again.

Chapter 2357 All of Them Were Powerhouses

The Dimensional Sword Dance was a technique that Zhang Ruochen had combined dimension and sword technique into one. It had invincible destructive power. With the enhancement of the Path of Truth, the Dimensional Sword exploded with ten times the attack power. Its power was terrifying.

SWISH! SWISH!

The 36 swords cut many of the Path Locks in this world.

Even with Que's cultivation, he didn't dare to take them head-on.

He displayed a move as fast as a ghost and kept dodging. No matter how fast he was, how could he dodge all 36 swords?

WO

One of the swords stabbed directly into Que's heart.

Just when Zhang Ruochen thought that the attack would heavily injure him, Que's body became illusory. The Dimensional Sword seemed to pierce through the air and pass through his body.

Then, four more Dimensional Swords slashed at Que's body, which was resolved by his blurry state.

'As expected, the blurry state of Que is no longer in dimension. Even the Dimensional Sword can't hurt him.' Zhang Ruochen thought and his heart sank slightly.

The Path of Truth's ten times attack power was only temporarily increased.

The power of the 36 Dimensional Swords was quickly diminished. They were no longer unstoppable.

Bang Bang

Que's Kagamaru Sword struck out 36 times in one-thousandth of a breath, destroying all 36 Dimensional Swords.

The oblivion broke the dimension.

SLASH!

Yan Wushen drew 1,000 Pagodas of Origin above his head. The wind force was also locked onto Que as a result of the pressure. Que, on the other hand, had the time to swing his sword at Zhang Ruochen.

Then, Que raised his sword and soared into the sky. He took the initiative to face the Pagoda of Origin. His figure was elegant and graceful, containing an invincible power.

The sword Que swung at Zhang Ruochen contained the Power of Dimensions. The densely packed Precepts of Dimension trembled. Then, the sword Qi created a space jump and appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen in an instant.

The Sword Qi was not sharp, but there was no fluctuation of power.

It was like a ray of light without any offensive power.

The more it was like this, the more Zhang Ruochen felt the danger. However, in his Profound Spatial Dimension, with just a thought, his body had retreated 300 meters.

“Condense!” Zhang Ruochen shouted.

Zhang Ruochen put his hands together, and the space in front of him froze layer by layer.

The Sword Qi broke the frozen space by 230 meters before it dissipated.

If such a powerful attack had hit a planet, that planet would have been split into two.

The purpose of Que’s attack was not to kill Zhang Ruochen. He only wanted to force Zhang Ruochen to retreat so he could break Yan Wushen’s Pagoda of Origin and the Great Yanluo Thousand Heads and Bodies Technique.

He did it!

Que’s body turned into an illusory light beam and shot into the sky, destroying all the 1,000 Pagodas of Origin.

Que’s Kagemaru struck Yan Wushen’s chest with incomparable precision. When it collided with the golden body, a golden bell chime that reverberated for tens of thousands of kilometers rang out. Yan Wushen clasped his hands together and clamped onto Kagemaru, dissipating a portion of its power.

“Your golden body is even harder than I imagined,” said Que.

Que wanted to retract his sword, but he realized that Yan Wushen’s hands were grabbing onto Kagemaru tightly.

“Asura Heaven’s Kill,” said Que.

Lan Ying’s body appeared behind Que, transitioning from blurry to solid.

Que’s Sword of Asura exploded with Supreme Power. Light broke through the clear sky, and he executed the Asura Sword Technique, slashing out horizontally.

Que snorted lightly, and Kagemaru turned from solid to blurry, leaving Yan Wushen’s palms.

In an instant, the sword turned from blurry to solid again.

SWISH!

SWISH!

Que waved more than 300 swords in a row, interweaving into an Oblivion Sword Domain. Dense sword light filled the entire world.

The Sword of Asura and the Asura world collided with the Oblivion Sword Domain.

BOOM!

The attack was evenly matched with Lan Ying's. Both Lan Ying and Que were sent flying at the same time.

It seemed that they were evenly matched, but Lan Ying was not happy at all. That was because he had attacked with all his strength and activated the Supreme Power.

However, Lan Ying didn't have time to accumulate power. He had received his attack in a hurry.

Such a result was already shocking enough.

The four people present were all peerless figures. They had been through more than a hundred battles. Each of them knew how to seize the opportunity and perform the most lethal moves.

As soon as Que was thrown out, tens of thousands of starlight beams flew out from Zhang Ruochen's Realm-frame of Truth. They hit him like thousands of arrows piercing through his heart.

Que gritted his teeth and put his body into a blurry state.

"Come out!"

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen shouted at the same time.

Their Profound Spatial Dimension was pushed to the extreme and suppressed the space where Que was. Then, the Light of Origin and the Null Time realm descended, forcing Que to reveal his body again.

Boom

The light of the stars in the shape of the Realm-frame of Truth hit Que.

Even though he was on the verge of death, Que was able to defend himself thanks to his incredible reaction time.

He blocked with his sword. Dense Precepts appeared on the sword and formed a circular arc of light to resist the light of the stars.

'How could I block it?' Que thought.

He flew backward again like a cannonball.

Lan Ying had already calculated the best time to attack. He sneaked out from behind Que and slashed across his waist.

Crack

Saint Blood splashed all over the place.

Que fell to the ground. A long sword wound appeared on his waist, and he bled out Saint Blood continuously. Lan Ying laughed loudly, "I've fought with you so many times. Finally, you're bleeding!"

Lan Ying had previously been injured every time they fought, but Que had escaped unscathed.

How could Lan Ying not be happy? Seeing the wound on Que's waist, even Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were slightly relieved. They thought to themselves, 'It seems that he's not invincible.'

"Nobody has ever been able to harm me. You're pretty good," Que said.

Que's gaze turned extremely sharp.

He suddenly stomped on the ground. Suddenly, thick ice appeared on the ground under his feet and spread to the three people standing in three directions.

The ice rose from the ground and turned into three ice dragons. They let out deafening dragon roars. "Om!"

The Buddhist light on Yan Wushen's body was boundless. He spat out the first syllable from The Six Syllables Mantra. The ice dragons that rushed in front of him instantly exploded and turned into pieces of ice crystals.

"Not good," said Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen's spiritual sense was astonishing. He sensed that danger was approaching

He immediately understood that the three ice dragons that Que had shot out were used to block the Light of Origin.

Without giving Yan Wushen a chance to react, a light sword as thin as a cicada's wings appeared on his upper right.

The sword slashed at Yan Wushen's neck.

BOOM!

The collision caused golden light to fly everywhere.

Yan Wushen's golden body was broken by the Power of Oblivion and flew out like a scarecrow. A long gash was left on his neck and he almost lost his head.

"How is this possible? How can the Power of Oblivion be so terrifying? My Golden Giant Mode and my Half-Buddha Physique can not be broken by even a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint," said Yan Wushen.

The golden light on Yan Wushen's body dissipated. He was worried that Que would continue to chase after him. Even if Yan Wushen did not die if Que has struck again, his head would most likely be severed.

Hence, after landing on the ground, Yan Wushen immediately fled into the distance, pulling a certain distance away.

Que was also very shocked. Yan Wushen was only slightly injured after being hit by his full-strength attack?

It should be known that he planned to kill Yan Wushen in one attack.

This was the most important part!

Because once Yan Wushen died, Que would be able to deal with Zhang Ruochen and Lan Ying without the suppression of the Light of Origin.

But the attack didn't work this time. Que had already been attacked by Zhang Ruochen and Lan Ying, so he'd missed his chance to kill Yan Wushen.

“Asura Cross-slash!”

Lan Ying's body seemed to split into two in an instant. He slashed out two swords at the same time.

The two swords crossed each other.

The Sword Qi was formed from the Qi of Slaughter, the chaotic qi, the Divine Qi, and the Supreme Power. More importantly, the Asura Sword Technique was amazing.

The Sword Qi Cross seemed to contain a unique space in the center that crazily absorbed everything in this space.

Que only felt that the space was divided into four parts, forming another four walls of Sword Qi.

“Mirror of Oblivion.”

Que's Kagamaru dispersed, and all the Precepts of Oblivion sank, forming a round, smooth mirror under his feet. The space around the mirror became distorted, and the sword Qi immediately turned into oblivion as it approached.

Lan Ying's Asura Cross-slash was swallowed by the Mirror of Oblivion as soon as it got close and silently dissipated.

Lan Ying's tender face revealed a hint of surprise.

BANG!

Que displayed unparalleled speed and punched Lan Ying's chest, causing his body to explode and turn into a colorful and chaotic light fog. “Huh?”

Que was a little surprised. No matter how weak Lan Ying's defense was, he shouldn't have been killed so easily, right?

Que didn't have time to investigate Lan Ying's life or death and he diverted his attention to Zhang Ruochen.

Kagamaru has condensed on Que's hand again.

Que and Kagamaru merged into one. They turned into a sword of flowing light and flew out, hitting Zhang Ruochen's River of Time.

The sword broke the River of Time.

The tip of the sword struck Zhang Ruochen's right palm from the head of the River of Time to the end of the river.

Zhang Ruochen's speed was not much slower than Que's thanks to the Profound Spatial Dimension and Null Time realm. He moved out at the first opportunity, avoiding the sword.

It could be said that only Zhang Ruochen's speed could compete with Que's.

Swish Swish

Kagemaru slashed again, but Zhang Ruochen dodged it again.

Each holds a sword, one chasing, and one dodging.

It didn't take long for Que to slash out thousands of swords. Finally, he caught up with Zhang Ruochen, forcing him to a corner.

The white light sword was right in front of Zhang Ruochen's eyes, filling his pupils. Yan Wushen's golden body was also shattered. Que's Oblivion Sword must have been terrifying. If he was hit, his body would be split into two.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the Violet Gourd and hacked it out at the critical moment. It slammed into Kagemaru. Sword Qi erupted and spread in all directions.

Zhang Ruochen slid back more than 10 miles. His body was hit by the Oblivion Sword Qi, leaving four bloody holes in his chest.

Swoosh

Kagemaru flew in a circle in the air and landed on the ground, revealing Que's tall and thin figure.

He stood there as if he was standing in the center of the universe, displaying a King's Qi of the first place on the list of Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Zhang Ruochen had to raise his understanding of Que to another level after the battle. A person who could cultivate the Grade Two Saintwill and the Master of Oblivion was indeed a rare existence in a Yuanhui period.

"Why did you stop?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Que said, "If I continue to attack, you won't be able to fight back. In the end, you won't be able to escape death. But I'd like to see your Grade Two Saintwill before you die."

Grade Two Saintwill couldn't be seen all the time.

In an era, the probability of two Grade Two Saintwill appearing at the same time was very small.

Of course, Que wanted to see Zhang Ruochen's Grade Two Saintwill. Perhaps he could comprehend something from it. It would help him perfect his Grade Two Saintwill.

“Aren’t you afraid that you’ll die under my Grade Two Saintwill?” Zhang Ruochen understood Que’s intentions and smiled.

Que said, “With your cultivation of breaking 30 shackles, if you can threaten my life, I deserve to die at your hands.”

“Okay, as you wish,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen spread his ten golden wings on his back and flew up.

Then, the huge Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King appeared behind him, giving off a dazzling golden light. He displayed the saint technique, Incarceration of Divine Demon, and combined it with the Saint Aspect.

As Zhang Ruochen’s aura became stronger and stronger, Que’s eyes became more and more serious.

In this world, Zhang Ruochen could be considered one of the cultivators who could make him cautious.

The sword in Que’s hand drew out sword moves one after another. He also mobilized the Saintwill he had cultivated and merged it with the sword moves, reaching a natural state.

His Grade Two Saintwill was a combination of the Path of Oblivion, Swordsmanship, Path of Flowing Light, and the Path of Wind.

He was so fast because he had excelled in both the Path of Flowing Light and the Path of Wind. He had also bred the top-tier Grade Four Saintwill.

The Path of Flowing Light was the fastest among the speed category Path. It was one of the best among the 72 Paths of Supreme Saint.

Que closed his eyes and completely immersed himself in the sword technique.

He had to go all out with this strike. He had to not only break Zhang Ruochen’s Saintwill but also kill Zhang Ruochen. When he entered the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, he did have the restriction of not killing anyone. However, Zhang Ruochen, Yan Wushen, and Lan Ying had joined forces and threatened his

life.

How could he just sit there and wait for death?

“Yin Yang Five-Element, Incarceration of Divine Demon.”

The Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill and the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King merged into one. Zhang Ruochen stepped on Que while standing in the center of the Divine Demon’s shadow.

With the support of the Saintwill, this attack triggered a heaven and earth phenomenon. Thunder and lightning struck the nine heavens above the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King.

There were hundreds of millions of corpses below. It was the scenery of hell.

The entire world was dark.

“Oblivion Sword form, A Thousand Revolutions and One Sword.”

When Que flew up, his body disappeared. He merged with Kagamaru and attacked the Yin Yang Five-Element light cloud below the Divine Demon Shadow’s feet. As soon as they came into contact, the Yin Yang Five-Element light cloud turned into a Taiji Mark.

Chapter 2358 The Last Seal

The Taiji Mark spun rapidly, emitting five-colored saint light.

Five different powerful forces surged within. Like a Doomsday Millstone, they could crush everything in the world.

Zhang Ruochen was confident that he could compete with a Supreme Saint at the pinnacle of the Thousand-Koan Realm with this attack.

Even if it was as powerful as Kagamaru, when it hit the Taiji Mark, it was pulled in by the spiral Qi contained in the mark. The sword’s direction was shifted.

However, soon, 16 billion Precepts burst out from the sword. With a loud bang, the Taiji Mark was broken.

Boom

The Incarceration of Divine Demon was also pierced through by the sword.

Kagamaru was like a beam of light. It passed through the huge Divine Demon’s shadow and stabbed straight at Zhang Ruochen, who was floating in the center of the shadow.

Zhang Ruochen did not panic amid a life-or-death situation. Instead, his thoughts were unmistakable.

Zhang Ruochen did not understand enough about Que.

However, Zhang Ruochen understood his own power very well.

With the 3.6 billion Precepts that Zhang Ruochen had cultivated, it was easy for him to defeat other Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Zhang Ruochen did not think much of the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints who had cultivated more than ten billion Precepts and had already transformed into Path.

Because the more Precepts, the better. One had to know how to use them exquisitely.

But Que also knew how to use the Precepts in the best way. The number of Precepts was many times more than Zhang Ruochen’s. It could be said that Zhang Ruochen knew that he would lose without a doubt before the battle even started.

He might even die.

However, Que had made a fatal mistake.

He should not have given Zhang Ruochen the chance to use his strongest attack when Yan Wushen was still alive and Lan Ying’s life was uncertain.

He was too conceited!

The conceit was the biggest weakness of all geniuses and powerful people.

Zhang Ruochen had the opportunity to save his life and change the outcome today because of Que's error.

As long as Zhang Ruochen could block Que's sword, even if it was only for a short time, Yan Wushen and Lan Ying would seize the opportunity to give Que a fatal blow.

When Que attacked with all his strength, his defense would be at its weakest.

Zhang Ruochen's challenge was to see if he could block Kagamaru for a split second. The outcome, their life and death, their success and failure, all depended on this split second.

Yan Wushen stood on the ground in the distance and his neck wound had healed.

Yan Wushen's eyes burned like fire as he watched the shadow of the Divine Demon collapse. Kagamaru was getting closer and closer to Zhang Ruochen, he couldn't help but say, "Zhang Ruochen, no matter what, you can't die under Que's sword. Otherwise, I will regret it for the rest of my life. You must die under my palm if you want to die."

Boom

Yan Wushen's palms collided. His body shone with a peerless golden light again. His golden body grew bigger and bigger, transforming into Golden Giant Mode.

Inside the golden body, there were thousands of Buddha chants, and the sound of Buddha was like thunder.

A Spatial Wormhole Mirror appeared in front of him. He was ready to cross space and attack at any time. Even though it was very dangerous to walk through the Spatial Wormhole Mirror in this world full of Path Locks, he wasn't afraid at all.

After Lan Ying's body exploded, he turned into a colorful and chaotic light fog and filled the world.

At this moment, all the chaotic light fog started rolling. Like boiling water, energy tides burst out.

Of course, Que knew that Lan Ying was probably not dead. He also knew that Yan Wushen would definitely attack.

Therefore, Que didn't just want to kill Zhang Ruochen. He wanted to lure Lan Ying and Yan Wushen to attack and kill them too. Otherwise, if Lan Ying, Yan Wushen, and Zhang Ruochen wanted to escape, he could only kill one person at most.

If Que wanted to kill, he had to kill all of them.

Kagamaru finally broke through all of Zhang Ruochen's defenses, and the tip of the sword hit the bottom of Zhang Ruochen's left foot.

If any other cultivator faced such a threat, he would most likely perish, even if his cultivation had advanced to the Banshi Isshou Realm.

However, Zhang Ruochen's leg was not ordinary. It was a divine leg.

Whoosh

His entire left leg turned golden in an instant. 10 million crimson Divine Marks of Flame appeared. A large number of divine flames surged out from his foot and clashed with Kagamaru. It suppressed the sword's momentum for a moment.

At that moment.

Yan Wushen stepped into the Spatial Wormhole Mirror and appeared beside Kagamaru in an instant. He struck out with all his strength.

Although Que had merged with Kagamaru and seemed to be one with the sword, he was still injured.

However, as long as Yan Wushen hit him, it would still hurt Que.

"I've been waiting for you for a long time!"

Que's voice was heard.

Kagamaru, which had collided with Yanshen's leg, changed its attack direction and slashed down vertically.

The sword tip reached the top of Yan Wushen's head and wanted to split his body into two.

This was a premeditated killing sword!

Yan Wushen was obviously prepared. He demonstrated the adaptability and reaction speed of a peerless genius at this critical moment of life and death. He shouted, "Bridge of Vaitarna!"

An ancient stone bridge flew out from between his brows and collided with Kagamaru.

The Bridge of Vaitarna was not a Supreme Artifact, but a stone bridge formed naturally from heaven and earth. It had been formed for tens of millions of years.

Legend had it that this bridge was once located in the distant dark starry sky between Celestial Court and Infernal Court. Although it was a bridge, it was connected to many worlds.

The bridge was hundreds of millions of miles long when it was fully opened. It has the potential to cross the galaxy and connect all worlds.

Later, many gods of the Yanluo clan worked together to take the Bridge of Vaitarna away.

Even with the power of the gods of the Yanluo Clan, they could not refine the Bridge of Vaitarna into an artifact. They only left a large number of secret engravings on the bridge. They could easily use the Bridge of Vaitarna as a weapon by controlling the secret engravings.

The Bridge of Vaitarna that flew out from Yan Wushen's glabella was not its actual body, but a light shadow condensed from a secret art.

BOOM!

Kagemaru was indestructible and cut the Bridge of Vaitarna in half. The sword light landed on Yan Wushen's body.

Yan Wushen turned around and jumped into the Spatial Wormhole Mirror.

Crack

The Spatial Wormhole Mirror appeared on the ground a hundred miles away. Yan Wushen rushed out and crashed heavily into the ground. His body was covered in blood and he was severely injured.

Que was also in great danger. When he was controlling Kagemaru and attacking Yan Wushen, Lan Ying rushed out with the Sword of Asura in his hand from the colorful and chaotic light fog.

Flames were burning in Lan Ying's eyes, and the Sword of Asura in his hand was so red that it was dripping blood.

"Take my strongest move, World-destroyer Asura."

With this attack, Lan Ying activated his Saintwill and released all the Precepts in his body. The Sword of Asura in his hand became extremely heavy. He held the hilt tightly with both hands and used all his strength to slash out.

The Asura world within a thousand miles turned completely red.

Boom

The Sword of Asura and Kagemaru collided heavily.

In an instant, Que reappeared. He held the hilt tightly and fought against Lan Ying.

In the end, Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen's cultivation was still too low. Only Lan Ying was Que's strongest enemy and the one who could threaten him the most.

The two held each sword in a stalemate.

On Lan Ying's child-like face, a sinister smile appeared. He said, "Zhang Ruochen's Incarceration of Divine Demon and Yan Wushen's Bridge of Vaitarna have long exhausted your Saintwill's power. You are now an arrow at the end of its flight. Rather than struggling, it's better to save your energy to escape."

Que didn't say a word. His face was as grim as iron, and his eyes were sharp and fierce.

Lan Ying was right. Most of Que's strongest sword power had been consumed by Zhang Ruochen's Grade Two Saintwill and Incarceration of Divine Demon. However, there was also a strong Swordsmanship power that rushed into Zhang Ruochen's left leg through the soles of his feet.

Zhang Ruochen's left leg was a god's leg. It could indeed burst out a strong power, but that power was not completely under his control.

Que's sword attack contained a strong Power of Oblivion. It broke through the last seal that Moon Goddess had placed on Yanshen's leg.

Suddenly, the divine power and divine flame, which were ten times stronger than before, gushed out crazily.

This power could only be controlled by comprehending the Divine Mark of Flame. However, Zhang Ruochen had only comprehended 10 million Divine Marks of Flame. After the seal was broken, the number of Divine Mark of Flame had reached 100 million.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't possibly control it.

Zhang Ruochen's plan was to wait until he had reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm before he could break the fourth seal that Moon Goddess had placed on the leg. Then, he would seclude himself for some time and slowly comprehend 100 million Divine Marks of Flame without anyone disturbing him, he would control all the divine power contained in the leg.

Zhang Ruochen's plan was disrupted, and he fell into a desperate situation instead.

The divine flame in his left leg was raging uncontrollably. His flesh and blood were burned red like a hot iron. They glowed golden as if they were about to melt.

Zhang Ruochen tried his best to control 10 million Divine Marks of Flame to suppress the divine flame, but he failed.

The divine flame spread to his waist through his meridians, sainthood meridians, and blood vessels. His whole body gradually burned.

The Demigod-level physique was indeed powerful, but the divine flame was cultivated by Yanshen. It could be used to burn and refine gods. Wasn't it easy to burn and refine a demigod?

Zhang Ruochen clenched his fists. His body was writhing in agony. The fire melted his meridians, sainthood meridians, and blood vessels. His body was turned into gold by the fire.

Even after suffering so much, Zhang Ruochen still didn't give up. He struggled to activate the Heart of the Divine Tree and recover his melted body.

"Precepts of Water!" Zhang Ruochen called out.

In the Heavenly Stream, a large number of Precepts of Water rushed out of his sea of Qi to fight against the divine flame.

However, it was a drop in the bucket.

Tens of millions of Precepts of Water couldn't stand up to the blazing divine flame.

The more dangerous the moment, the clearer Zhang Ruochen became. Suddenly, he thought and said, "Yin Yang five elements, Elemental Conversion."

The power of the five elements countered each other.

Since Zhang Ruochen could transform the power of metal contained in the Apex Intergold Qi into water, fire, earth, and wood, he could transform the power of fire contained in the divine flame into metal, wood, water, and earth. With the conversion of the five elements.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and let the divine flame burn his body. He cultivated the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill and activated the Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture.

In the distance, the green scale-covered mountain range raised a huge dragon head. On the top of the head, there was a swastika mark. "His body has integrated the Apex Intergold Qi. It seems that he has passed the Tiger's preliminary test. He's indeed a peerless hero. He actually thought of cultivating the Yin Yang five elements and achieved incredible results." said the Swastika Seiryu.

The Swastika Seiryu had been paying attention to the battle between Zhang Ruochen and the other three. He was actually quite amazed. Their talents, minds, and methods were all Grade One.

He had waited here for 30,000 years and seen countless talents of the Yanluo Clan. However, there were only one or two who could reach the level of the four of them.

The Swastika Seiryu said, "It's a pity that this kid's body contains the power of the divine flame. It's so powerful that he can't control it. The five elements conversion was indeed a good method. Unfortunately, the divine flame was too powerful. The conversion speed couldn't keep up with the refining speed of the body.

"It's been 30,000 years here. I can't sleep anymore. Since I've decided to come out, Tiger, you should come out with me!"

The Swastika Seiryu decided to help Zhang Ruochen. After all, if he was burned to death by the divine flame, the Intergold Tiger would lose its guide. Who knew how many years it would take before it could be born.

If one is to be born, both must be born together.

Just as Zhang Ruochen's internal organs began to melt, a cool dragon-shaped Qi flow surged into his body.

This dragon-shaped Qi flow was the same as the energy released by the Heart of the Divine Tree. It was also of the wood element. It protected his body and bought him more time.

Zhang Ruochen didn't have time to care about where this dragon-shaped Qi flow came from. He just greedily absorbed it. While recovering his burned body, he continued to activate the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill to transform the divine flame.

Boom!

Inside his body, there was an explosion. It was the thirty-first shackle. The divine flame had shattered it.

Boom

A moment later, the thirty-second shackle was broken.

Lan Ying and Que's swords collided. In the end, the Sword of Asura broke Kagamaru and slashed at Que's chest, leaving a deep bloody scar.

Que's body was almost broken into two.

Lan Ying laughed. "Now you know that the so-called Imperial Artifact of Precept is not as strong as you think, right?"

"You are too proud!" Que snorted.

The broken Kagamaru turned into dense Precepts, and soon, it condensed into a sword again.

Que ignored the wounds on his body and attacked with all his strength. He slashed out with his sword, and Lan Ying could only defend passively.

After more than two thousand strikes, Que broke through Lan Ying's defense and pierced through his chest. The Power of Oblivion burst out, and Lan Ying's chest became a transparent hole.

Lan Ying screamed and retreated quickly.

His speed was incomparable to Que's. He was caught up in an instant.

"Slash!"

Que used another sword technique of Oblivion to cut into Lan Ying's right arm.

His entire right arm was swallowed by oblivion and disappeared.

Lan Ying was shocked and scared. He looked around to find Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen. He was no match for Que alone. It was even difficult for him to escape.

Unfortunately, Yan Wushen disappeared after he fell to the ground with serious injuries.

Zhang Ruochen was hit by Que's sword. His body burned up and he fell to the ground. A large area of golden land was burned into a lava lake. Most of them had died from self-immolation.

How could Que be so powerful? The three of them had failed miserably together.

Lan Ying had never accepted his fate. He had never been afraid of anything. But at this moment, he felt a trace of despair. It was not because of Que, but because of oblivion.

No matter how strong Que was, if he had not mastered the Path of Oblivion, he would definitely not be able to do anything to him.

Que followed closely behind Lan Ying, he said, "Aren't you the Spirit of Slaughter? Don't you have an undying body? I want to see what will happen when the nine-colored chaotic qi and the Qi of Slaughter in your body completely turn into oblivion."

Chapter 2359 Lan Ying's Downfall

"If you want to kill me, you will have to pay a heavy price," said Lan Ying.

Lan Ying's face turned ferocious, and silver demonic marks appeared on his face.

The Power of Oblivion continuously devoured the chaotic energy and Divine Qi in his body, making him weaker and weaker. If he continued to sit and wait for death, he would definitely be worn to death.

Instead of doing that, he might as well fight back with his life.

"Chaos beginning, birthing Asura."

The Sword of Asura flew out of his hand and floated above Lan Ying's head, emitting an astonishing blood light.

The sword light turned into sword Qi, forming a circular sword domain.

In the sword domain, Lan Ying's missing arm grew back. Soon after, his body became chaotic, like a human-shaped nine-colored universe.

Three hundred years ago, Lan Ying had absorbed all the divine Qi and Qi of Slaughter from an ancient battlefield relic before he was born.

He was a cultivator in Saint Realm when he was born.

Although he had become a Supreme Saint, there was still a large amount of divine Qi and Qi of Slaughter hidden in the depths of his body.

At this moment, Lan Ying used a secret technique to draw out the hidden power by burning his divine Qi.

Que sensed that Lan Ying's aura was getting stronger and stronger. He knew that he was going to give it his all. His eyes turned cold and he took two steps forward. Kagamaru in his hand left a long sword mark and slashed at the Sword of Asura's domain.

Whoosh

The blood-red sword domain was torn apart by a twelve-meter-long gash.

"It's useless to burn your divine Qi in front of absolute strength."

Que raised his sword and rushed into the sword domain. His sword was like a light as it stabbed at the center of Lan Ying's brows.

"Is that so?"

Lan Ying, who was standing in the center of the chaotic light, suddenly opened his eyes. Two beams of colorful lights flew out from his pupils and collided with the sword light that was coming straight at him.

Rumble

The collision of two powerful forces shook the sword domain until it collapsed.

Que retreated backward until he was outside of the chaotic fog. Only then did he stabilize his body. He stared at Lan Ying and muttered to himself, "He has become so much stronger?"

Burning his divine Qi was to burn the foundation of his godhood in exchange for a short period of powerful strength.

The Qi of Slaughter on Lan Ying's body surged. He grabbed the Sword of Asura and chased after Que.

"As long as I kill you, I'll be first on the list of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

Lan Ying's aura was ferocious. He slashed down with his sword vertically.

Que used his nimbleness to escape at high speed. He did not confront Lan Ying head-on.

Que had to pay a huge price to burn his divine qi. As long as he could stall Lan Ying for a while, he would collapse without attacking.

“Where are you going?”

Lan Ying raised the Sword of Asura above his head. The sword qi and the Qi of Slaughter condensed into an Infernal Asura in the sky. As he slashed down with his sword, the blood-red Infernal Asura also pressed down.

Que looked up as he ran away and immediately mobilized the Power of Oblivion.

Whoosh

In an instant, Que’s body turned into oblivion and disappeared from the ground.

The suppression of the Infernal Asura caused the land within a thousand miles to shake violently.

The sword Qi of the Sword of Asura was like a blood-red aurora, piercing through the golden land from north to south.

Crack

Que appeared from oblivion and was hit by the Sword Qi of the Sword of Asura. His body was split into two, flying left and right, and a large amount of blood spilled on the ground.

However, the two halves of his body quickly got up from the ground. A dazzling light appeared on both halves of his body, and the other half grew out. Instantly, two identical figures stood on the left and right, as if they had used the clone technique.

Both Que and Yan Wushen raised their heads at the same time and looked at the eastern sky with sharp eyes.

There was a blazing sun floating in the sky.

The blazing sun emitted the Light of Origin.

In the center of the blazing sun, there was a heroic figure. It was none other than Yan Wushen, who had disappeared earlier.

Previously, if Yan Wushen hadn’t used the Light of Origin at the critical moment to force him out of the oblivion, Lan Ying’s attacks would have been ineffective.

Lan Ying let out a sinister laugh as he walked over step by step, “You’ve already been invaded by the Qi of Slaughter, you’ll definitely lose today. Hand over the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and I’ll let you live.”

“I’ve already swallowed the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.” Que’s split bodies spoke at the same time, making a series of overlapping sounds.

“What did you say?” Lan Ying asked angrily.

The Qi of Slaughter on Lan Ying’s body became even more intense. His eyes were about to pop out of their sockets, and he was extremely angry.

Lan Ying had to pay a huge price to burn his divine Qi. He wanted to snatch the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and make up for his losses.

If Que had already consumed the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, then Lan Ying had only one option.

“I’ll devour you,” said Lan Ying

A vast, chaotic mist surged out of Lan Ying, emitting colorful lights as it spun rapidly.

Even a large portion of Lan Ying’s body turned into mist, enveloping Que’s split bodies and pulling them toward the center of the vortex.

Devouring was the innate ability of the Lan Ying.

Once any powerhouse was absorbed into his body, they wouldn’t be able to escape the fate of being refined. There was no way for them to break free. This was because the body of the Lan Ying was formed from Qi of Slaughter. It was the Spirit of Slaughter.

If one couldn’t break through the Qi of Slaughter, they wouldn’t be able to escape.

Que appeared extremely calm as he said, “If you wish to devour me, you are only destroying yourself.”

Que, who was standing on the left, executed the Path of Flowing Light and charged towards the center of the vortex at his fastest speed. His body emitted a blinding light as his body exploded.

“Return to oblivion,” said Que.

Lan Ying let out a terrified cry, “You want to die... together...”

Boom

After Que’s body exploded, the Power of Oblivion that was formed devoured the colorful and chaotic light that spread for hundreds of miles and instantly turned into oblivion.

Even the golden soil on the ground, as well as the space itself, vanished.

The area with a diameter of hundreds of miles directly turned into oblivion. At the edge of the oblivion, there was a space-shattering zone. Half of it was golden and the other half was black.

Lan Ying had fallen!

No one would have thought that Lan Ying, who should have unlimited possibilities in the future and had the potential to become a deity, would actually die here.

Que’s other body stood at the edge of the oblivion, holding Kagamaru in his hand. He stared at the sun in the eastern sky and said, “How do you wish to die?”

Yan Wushen was extremely shocked. He still could not accept the fact that Lan Ying had died. After a long time, he finally calmed down, he said, “You self-destructed half of your body to kill Lan Ying. Your combat power must have dropped drastically. Do you think you can still kill me?”

Que said, “Blow up half of my body and my battle power will definitely drop? Your understanding of me is still too little.”

The battle intent on Que did not decrease. He burst out with extreme speed and charged straight at Yan Wushen.

Kagemaru was like a shooting star that pierced through the sky. In front of the tip of the sword, oblivion was formed.

“The Six Paths of Reincarnation.”

Behind Yan Wushen, the huge shadow of Progenitor Yama appeared. He punched out, forming a scene of The Six Paths of Reincarnation. The world shook.

Kagemaru broke through The Six Paths of Reincarnation with a crushing force. The sword slashed across Yan Wushen’s face, leaving a deep bloody scar.

Que changed his move quickly and swept the sword across.

Yan Wushen froze the space, forming layers of Spatial Shields. However, he was still hit by Que’s sword, leaving a bloody wound on his abdomen. He was almost cut in half.

BANG!

Yan Wushen fell heavily to the ground, creating a huge pit with a diameter of dozens of meters.

‘Half of his body was self-destructed, how come it didn’t weaken at all?’ Yan Wushen thought. He flipped over and stood up with one hand on the ground. His pair of Divine Eyes of Origin stared at Que, who was floating in the air, trying to see through him?

“This era is my era after all. It’s over. Send my regards to Lan Ying!” said Que.

Que held his sword with both hands and raised the white light sword above his head. Streaks of lightning-like white light connected the sword and the sky, illuminating him as if he was a divine being.

Just as Que was about to slash down, he sensed a spatial fluctuation.

Above his head, a palm-sized Spatial Wormhole Mirror appeared.

A black droplet flew out from the mirror.

BOOM!

The black droplet exploded, forming a terrifying destructive wave. It contained Darkness, Dimension, and Time, three different attacking powers.

Even though Que’s reflexes were extremely fast and he had escaped for miles in an instant, he was still pierced through by a Dimensional Rift. The Power of Darkness and Time invaded his body.

Yan Wushen, who was in the pit, had already activated the Bridge of Vaitarna between his brows. He intended to fight Que to the death.

The sudden accident made him slightly stunned. He looked up into the sky.

He saw a crimson fire cloud appear.

Every cloud was like a ball of divine fire, burning fiercely and releasing a terrifying power that made one’s heart palpitate.

The sea of fire clouds covered the entire sky, with no end in sight.

A foot as big as a mountain broke through the clouds and stepped on the top of Que's head. "Zhang... Ruo... Chen... Chen..."

Que felt a strong and hot air pressure pressing down on his body, making him unable to move.

Being attacked by the Dark Space-time Matter, Que was extremely weak at the moment. He immediately used the Power of Oblivion and his body rapidly turned into oblivion. Only by turning into complete oblivion could he neutralize the power of Zhang Ruochen's kick.

"I knew you wouldn't die so early."

Yan Wushen coughed up blood and laughed. He released the Light of Origin and the Profound Spatial Dimension at the same time and suppressed Que's body, forcing Que to be unable to completely turn to oblivion.

Rumble

Finally, Zhang Ruochen's Yanshen's leg and Que's palms collided.

The golden earth couldn't withstand the impact and sank. The powerful Qi waves sent Yan Wushen, who was standing in the distance, flying for more than ten miles.

When all the power fluctuations calmed down, Yan Wushen looked over. Zhang Ruochen stood on the ground, his left leg still burning with divine flames. The ten golden wings on his back were like ten clouds.

Que's presence didn't disappear, but it became very weak.

Whoosh

Que flew out from the broken ground. He was covered in blood. Standing in front of Zhang Ruochen, he glanced at Yan Wushen in the distance. His eyes were filled with unwillingness and coldness.

Que had killed Lan Ying in today's battle, but he hadn't expected to end up in the hands of Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen, two cultivators whose cultivation was still far from the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You are seriously injured. Lan Ying's Qi of Slaughter, the Power of Dimension, Darkness, and Time of the Dark Space-time Matter, as well as the divine flame power of Yanshen's Leg, have all invaded your body and are destroying your flesh and Saint Soul. Do you still want to fight?"

"You seem to have become stronger!" said Que.

It was obvious that Zhang Ruochen had broken eight more shackles.

The total number of broken shackles reached thirty-eight.

"It's all thanks to you," Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Wushen walked up from another direction, forming a triangle with Que and Zhang Ruochen.

Obviously, Yan Wushen no longer regarded Que as his biggest enemy but was also on guard against Zhang Ruochen.

Que knew that Yan Wushen still had a trump card that he had not used yet, so he could not ignore him. He suggested, "Zhang Ruochen has mastered the Dark Space-time Matter and has achieved a great breakthrough in cultivation. Why don't we join hands and kill him first?"

Yan Wushen said, "If you give me the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, I'll join hands with you."

Then he added, "Don't tell me that you've already eaten the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Only Lan Ying will believe that."

Zhang Ruochen picked up the Violet Gourd and injected Saint Qi into it. The Supreme Inscription inside the gourd revived and released more and more power.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You'd better think it through. This is the home planet of the Yanluo Clan. Even if you and Yan Wushen join hands to kill me, you won't be able to escape. Only if you and I join hands will we have a chance to survive today. I only want the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. I don't want your life."

Zhang Ruochen continued, "Outside, the Yanluo clan cultivators must have set up an impenetrable net at this point. We can't break out by force. Only if we join hands to capture Yan Wushen can we make them fear the consequences."

Que asked, "You want to work with me?"

"There are no eternal enemies in the world, only eternal interests," Zhang Ruochen said.

Que took out the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and held it in his left palm. The pill was sealed inside a crystal, emitting a dazzling light. There were dense pill ley lines that spread outward and interweaved like a spider web.

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen's eyes tightened.

Que indeed hadn't swallowed the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

The Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was rare. It was a treasure that even the Grand Supreme Elixir Master couldn't refine. No one knew how amazing its power was. It could even help a cultivator condense a single Grade Three Saintwill.

Any cultivator who saw it couldn't control their desires.

Que smiled and said, "You all want the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Who should I give it to?"

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were both extraordinary people. They quickly restrained their emotions and forced themselves to calm down.

"Why don't I take it myself?"

Que's eyes turned cold. With a crack, he crushed the crystal on the surface of the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. He pinched the pill between his fingers and fed it to his mouth.

"Dimensional Freeze."

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen used their strongest Power of Dimension at the same time to suppress Que.

At the same time, a golden pillar of light formed by Supreme Power rushed out from the Violet Gourd and charged toward Que's chest.

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen's swift and fierce attacks forced Que to not be able to swallow the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Que had to use the Oblivion Sword to break through the frozen dimension. Then he swiftly dodged the Violet Gourd's attack.

"Dimensional Sword Dance."

"Yama Naraka."

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen reached a tacit understanding. They rushed forward and used their skills. They wanted to kill Que first before fighting for the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

Chapter 2360 A Sudden Turn of Events

The strange mark on Yan Wushen's forehead emitted an extremely dim light, causing the Buddha aura and precepts of heaven and earth to continuously gather towards him.

At the same time, the nearly four billion Precepts in his body surged out and formed a materialized Infernal world.

The cold wind whistled, and tens of thousands of ghosts wailed.

In that Infernal world, Blood Suns were hanging in the sky, tens of thousands of tombstones, divine coffins floating, and white skeletons marching. When Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen first fought in Luoshui, he was forced to use the Sundial to resolve this powerful attack.

Now, Yan Wushen's cultivation was many times higher than it was back then, and he had developed the Yama Naraka again. Its formation had suppressed Zhang Ruochen to a certain extent.

'He has already cultivated four billion Precepts, 400 million more than me.' Zhang Ruochen thought as he was a little surprised. He didn't know what Yan Wushen's opportunity was, how he could have improved so much.

"A mere Yama Naraka can't suppress me," said Que.

In front, Que let out a long whistle.

Kagemaru was like a white rainbow piercing the sun. It flew into the sky and clashed with the Infernal world.

One sword split into eight swords, then sixty-four swords, evolving into five hundred and twelve swords.

TO

Finally, ten thousand swords flew together.

"If I was at my peak, I would only need one sword to break his Yama Naraka."

Que used all his power to tear Yama Naraka apart with ten thousand swords, turning them into wisps of ghastly ghost mist. At the same time, he spat out blood and suffered the backlash from all the power in his body.

Pfft

Zhang Ruochen's thirty-six Dimensional Swords combined into one and hit Que's chest.

Que's hands formed sword fingers and controlled the ten thousand swords to block his chest. The dense sword light was like sparks on water, colliding fiercely with the Dimensional Swords.

Bang Bang

The ten thousand swords shattered.

The Dimensional Swords pierced through Que's chest with crushing power and flew out of his back.

The impact of the sword sent Que's body flying backward. He crashed into a golden mountain and created a deep pit on the cliff.

Zhang Ruochen didn't give him time to catch his breath. He flew to the top of the golden mountain. His left foot burst out with earth-shaking divine power and pressed down heavily.

The golden mountain was more than 3,000 meters high. Its geological structure was compact and even more stable than a mountain made of gold.

Boom

The mountain sank under the foot of the Yanshen's Leg. A large amount of soil and rocks melted.

A moment later, the golden mountain disappeared. There was only a divine flame fire domain and a golden lava lake below.

Zhang Ruochen spread the ten wings on his back and controlled his body to balance. His spiritual power locked onto Que's Qi fluctuation. He secretly mobilized his Saint Qi and injected it into the Violet Gourd to activate the Supreme Inscription.

Yan Wushen arrived not far away. His gaze was solemn. The strength of Zhang Ruochen's leg astounded him.

The strange mark between his brows flashed with dark light again. He didn't know if he wanted to activate Yama Naraka again or the Bridge of Vaitarna.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Yan Wushen from the corner of his eyes. He was on guard.

CRASH!

Que turned into a black light beam, broke through the golden lava, and flew into the air.

His injuries became more serious. His skin was charred black by the divine flame. He no longer had the heroic bearing of number one on the list of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He was no longer human, and blood kept gushing out of the wounds on his body.

Que looked at Zhang Ruochen with his eyes and waved his right hand.

"Zhang Ruochen, here is the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill," said Que.

A ball of bright light flew to Zhang Ruochen at an extremely fast speed.

Zhang Ruochen was worried that there was a trap. He used the Power of Dimension contained in the Profound Spatial Dimension to neutralize the impact of the light fog, causing it to slowly stop in front of him.

Upon closer inspection, it was indeed the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill in the light fog.

Although Zhang Ruochen was extremely excited, he did not lose his mind. He quickly understood.

This was a delaying tactic and a diversion.

Que was very clear that the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was a hot potato. It was the root cause of the siege.

Even if Que ingested the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill right now, he would almost certainly be captured by the Yanluo Clan, thrown into the pill furnace, and refined into a pill once more.

Hiding in the Yanluo Clan's home planet was a brilliant strategy.

Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen's cultivation had far exceeded his expectations. They were the two biggest variables in his defeat today.

At that moment, the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill could not be kept. Que could only give it away.

The keeper of the pill could only be Zhang Ruochen.

This was because even if Zhang Ruochen received the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he would not refine it immediately. Instead, he would save it and further enhance his Grade Three Saintwill.

'I'll leave it with you for now. When I recover, I'll take it back myself,' Que thought.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen knew that if he took the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he would be attacked from all sides and end up like Que. But he still reached out and took the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill without hesitation.

"The path I'm taking now is too difficult. I can't do it without the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill." Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen took the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Without thinking, he rushed to the exit of this world at his fastest speed.

Ahead.

Specks of light scattered in the air.

The specks of light were nine-colored and formed a small vortex.

A blood-red sword flew out of the nine-colored vortex. It dragged a dozens-meter-long tail and slammed into Zhang Ruochen's chest.

"Sword of Asura!" Zhang Ruochen exclaimed.

Zhang Ruochen's pupils contracted. He was both surprised and shocked.

Zhang Ruochen thought, 'Who was controlling the Sword of Asura?

'Was it the sword spirit or Lan Ying?'

Not to mention Zhang Ruochen, even Yan Wushen and Que were shocked.

The speed and power of the Sword of Asura were extremely powerful. Moreover, it was very precise in timing. It had been hidden perfectly.

The sword attack contained profound sword comprehension and rushed toward Zhang Ruochen's weakest point.

How could the sword spirit do it?

At that critical moment, it was too late to use any means. However, Zhang Ruochen had used three moves in a row to resolve the crisis of death.

The first move was to use the power of the Profound Spatial Dimension to perform Dimensional Freeze instantly.

The second move was to rapidly shrink his body.

The third move was to bend the ten wings on his back and wrap his body inside, turning it into a golden ball the size of a marble. With the strength of the golden wings and the power of the Progenitor's blood vein, this move was always effective in the face of sudden danger.

BANG!

The Sword of Asura seemed to break through the layer of paper, piercing through the frozen space. The tip of the sword hit the golden ball with astonishing accuracy.

The golden ball was covered in blood streaks. It turned into a streak of golden light and flew backward.

The golden ball hit the ground and stirred up a thick layer of dust.

Zhang Ruochen's figure reappeared in the dust. All ten golden wings on his back were pierced through and golden blood flowed out. A bloody hole appeared on his back. The Qi of Slaughter invaded his body.

As Zhang Ruochen mobilized the Divine Purification Flame to refine the Qi of Slaughter, he released his spiritual power to guard against Que, Yan Wushen, and the Sword of Asura.

Zhang Ruochen smiled bitterly. He understood Que's previous situation. Being attacked by a group of freakishly strong geniuses was indeed a huge pressure.

More importantly, these freakishly strong geniuses couldn't die no matter how they fought.

Just like Lan Ying, he seemed to have survived the fatal attack.

Wisps of colorful light mist rushed out from the Sword of Asura and condensed into the figure of Lan Ying.

Lan Ying stood on the sword with his bare feet and said, "Don't look at me with such strange eyes. You are not qualified to kill me."

“Did you swallow the sword spirit and become one with the Sword of Asura?” Yan Wushen said with a smile as if he was deep in thought.

Lan Ying glanced at him coldly, “You don’t know how great the Sword of Asura is. It’s just that after it was reforged, it couldn’t give birth to a sword spirit. That’s why it remained at the level of a Supreme Artifact and couldn’t advance any further.

“I ascended Mount Asura and became its sword spirit. That’s why I was able to take it away.

“In the future, it and I will both step on the peak of gods and Divine Artifacts.

“Que, if you want to nurture a Divine Artifact, why wouldn’t I want to nurture a Divine Artifact as well?”

Lan Ying wasn’t a human, nor was he a living being or a dead spirit. He was a Spirit of Slaughter nurtured by the Qi of Slaughter on the ancient battlefield.

Because of that, Lan Ying could become the sword spirit of the Sword of Asura.

The Qi of Slaughter and the sword spirit could exist at the same time.

A trace of disdain could be seen in Que’s eyes as he looked up, he said, “We are different. My future has unlimited possibilities. And your future will definitely be restricted by the Sword of Asura. When you decide to take control of the Sword of Asura and become its sword spirit, the so-called Divine Fetus is already dead!”

The Light of Slaughter on the Sword of Asura surged unceasingly, showing how intense the emotional fluctuations of Lan Ying were.

Just as Lan Ying was about to activate the Sword of Asura and attack Que, a loud laugh came from the direction of the golden world’s exit. “Why hasn’t your battle ended yet? Looks like I’m early!”

Yan Huangtu put his hands behind his back and strode forward, dragon shadows weaving around his body.

The Eight Sons of Life and Death followed closely behind Yan Huangtu and lined up in a row. The Yama Qi on the eight of them intertwined and complemented each other. The burst of power was much stronger than that of Yan Huangtu.

Zhang Ruochen’s expression didn’t change, but he looked toward the exit of the golden world. His eyes shone with a deep light.

Yan Huangtu glanced at Que, Lan Ying, and Zhang Ruochen one by one. He smiled. Everything was planned.

“All three of you seem to be seriously injured. Who has the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill? Hand it over immediately!” Yan Huangtu’s tone was strong, and his eyes were sharp.

Before the other three could speak, Zhang Ruochen pointed at Yan Wushen and said, “Yan Wushen has already taken the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.”

“That’s right. I gave it to him personally,” Que said.

Standing on the Sword of Asura, Lan Ying could clearly see the situation, he said coldly, "Yan Wushen's cultivation speed is too fast. Even I underestimated him. I didn't expect him to become the final winner. In my opinion, Yan Huangtu, you are no longer his match. He is the number one powerhouse of the Yanluo Clan."

The three of them knew very well that to break the dominance of the Yanluo Clan, they could only divide and alienate them.

They were all top geniuses. They didn't believe that Yan Huangtu wasn't jealous of Yan Wushen's talent at all? He didn't care about being surpassed by Yan Wushen?

Even if he wasn't jealous, he didn't care. The cultivators of the Yanluo clan would probably have many discussions.

Besides, did Yan Huangtu really not want the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?

Yan Huangtu might be able to surpass Yan Wushen and become the number one person in the Yanluo clan if he swallowed the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Such a temptation is not for everyone.

Yan Huangtu's gaze swept over the four people. At least, he couldn't find any flaws in Zhang Ruochen, Que, and Lan Ying. Finally, his gaze fell on Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen stared deeply at Zhang Ruochen and said, "Using an Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill to test the will of the Yanluo cultivators is probably the wrong idea."

"Brother Wushen, what do you mean?" Zhang Ruochen asked curiously.

Yan Wushen's breath in and out deeply. He obviously didn't expect Zhang Ruochen to be so shameless and ruthless.

Yan Wushen stared at Yan Huangtu and The Eight Sons of Life and Death and said, "The Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill is with Zhang Ruochen. Forget it. Whether it's with him or not, we have to kill all three of them. They're all heavily injured. There's no better chance than this."

One of The Eight Sons of Life and Death looked like a scholar. He asked in a puzzled tone, "Why do we have to kill all of them?"

"Yes! What if we can't find the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill after killing them?" Another one of The Eight Sons of Life and Death said.

Yan Wushen's eyelids shrank. "What do you mean? Do you really doubt that I have the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill? So what if I do have the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill? Are you qualified to take it?"

Yan Huangtu's gaze turned cold as he stared at the two people who had just spoken, he said, "The Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill should have been given to Wushen to swallow. If it was really on him, how could he lie? The two of you should stop spouting nonsense and let outsiders see you as a joke."

Yan Huangtu's words seemed to be reprimanding the two Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. However, Yan Wushen thought he heard an alternate meaning and his heart sank slightly.

Maybe Yan Huangtu didn't care about the title of the number one powerhouse of the Yanluo clan before, but he did care about it after being called too many times.

Maybe Yan Huangtu didn't envy Yan Wushen's talent before, but he would always change his mind when compared with others.

"Will he be dissatisfied with me taking away the opportunity of our clan's home planet?"

This thought flashed through Yan Wushen's mind. He laughed and said, "My cousin knows me well. Today, I have to keep the three of them. Leave Zhang Ruochen to me. You can split the other two."

As soon as he finished speaking, Yan Wushen put his hands together. His body emitted two lights, one extremely bright and the other extremely dark. The powerful and chaotic Yama Naraka Qi gushed out from under his feet and turned into a sea of Qi that was bright and dark.

"Nothing can be done on the Bridge of Vaitarna and the flowers bloom on the other shore."

Rumble

The air churned, the space vibrated, and the whole world shook violently.

An ancient stone bridge rushed out from between Yan Wushen's eyebrows.

The stone bridge was only a few hundred feet long, but it dominated the landscape for a thousand miles. Many secret patterns resurrected on the bridge and formed Path Locks that resembled chains, all of which fell on Zhang Ruochen's body.