

## Unparalleled 771

### Unparalleled After Ten Consecutive Draws

#### Chapter 771: Yan Wu's Invitation, An Immortal Is Teaching?

"Gruesome indeed..." Greenie shook his head upon witnessing Chu Kuangren squashing the god's head open.

The other god trembled in fear as he watched his comrades fall.

Chu Kuangren did not bat an eye at him.

With a flicker of his mind power, the Absolute Freeze Technique was unleashed.

The god was reduced to a ground of shattered ice.

With Chu Kuangren's current abilities, it would be an easy feat to slay several gods in an instant.

After that, he stored the divine fragments in his inventory.

These divine fragments contained a large amount of power, which Chu Kuangren considered a crucial resource to open up the river of time.

The successive killing of two Greater Gods had long shocked the Flame Bulwark Tribe people so badly that they did not dare to move.

The beasts were trembling uncontrollably, and their ferocious qi quickly dissipated. They were as obedient as puppies and kittens.

Chu Kuangren stared at the beasts and retrieved his Emperor Thought.

However, the beasts did not flee. They were certain that as long as Chu Kuangren desired, their lives would be gone anytime.

"Go and guard the door."

Chu Kuangren said lightly.

Guard the door?

The people of Flame Bulwark Tribe were incredulous.

These were some of the most notorious beasts in the region!

Did Chu Kuangren undermine them as mere guard dogs?!

The beasts, too, felt humiliated.

Was he joking around? They were considered the most ferocious beasts around. Yet, they were now instructed to guard the doors. How could they tolerate such disrespect?!

"What's it now? Are you refusing to go?"

Chu Kuangren said calmly.

"No, not at all. Guarding the door is my favorite activity."

"Of course, look at the size of me. I was made to guard the door."

The ferocious beasts stammered and immediately stationed themselves at various corners of the Flame Bulwark Tribe's entrances. Needless to say, their sudden arrival petrified the tribe's guards immensely.

Yan Wu took a deep breath and walked up to Chu Kuangren. "Daoist brother, thank you for getting us out of this crisis. On behalf of my tribe, I can't thank you enough for your contribution. From here onwards, you'll be regarded as the most distinguished guest of our tribe."

"You're too kind, Tribe Leader."

Under Yan Wu's invitation, Chu Kuangren and Greenie took a rest at one of the corners of the Flame Bulwark Tribe's base. It was a great opportunity for them to observe the situation around this area.

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"Master, please take me as your student."

A big, girthy brute knelt before Chu Kuangren.

The brute was one of the first warriors of the Flame Bulwark Tribe. His cultivation was only second to Yan Wu and was on par with that of Greenie.

His abilities had made him a popular figure within the Flame Bulwark Tribe.

Atu, the brute, had once sworn that he would protect this tribe to the best of his abilities.

However, when the ferocious beasts attacked and he witnessed the powers of the gods, the brute realized just how insignificant his power truly was.

That was why he decided to seek Chu Kuangren as his mentor.

Chu Kuangren shook his head.

Atu grew nervous seeing Chu Kuangren shaking his head. "Master, do you think I'm too dumb to be taught?"

"That's not the case. I'm more than happy to teach you my skills, but there's no need to regard me as your mentor."

"Thank you, Master."

Atu was overjoyed.

At that moment, Yan Wu entered the scene.

He was curious to see Atu kneeling on the ground. "What's going on, Atu? Have you made Bro Cang unhappy?"

After several days of interaction, Chu Kuangren had bonded considerably with Yan Wu, who now addressed Chu Kuangren as his Bro Cang.

"It's not that. I was hoping to seek guidance from our Master Cang."

"Stop fooling around. Bro Cang is a conjurer. There's a fundamental difference between mind power and refining qi. How can he help you?" Yan Wu admonished.

"Ah." Atu was stunned as he was not aware of such a thing. "But Master Cang said that he can teach me."

"From what I understand, a person can't train in mind power without the Conjurer's Talent," said Yan Wu.

"Although I can't teach him the usage of mind power, I do know a thing or two about refining qi." Chu Kuangren chuckled.

Yan Wu looked suspiciously at Chu Kuangren. "But why do I not sense an ounce of refining qi aura from your body?"

"I've never cultivated it."

Chu Kuangren answered nonchalantly.

Yan Wu's lips twitched.

How could a person who had never cultivated refining qi understand what it was?

This...

Did Bro Cang know what he was talking about?

Would he impart tonnes of misleading information to his student?

"Who said that one must refine qi to know what it is about?" Chu Kuangren grinned. As a person who hailed from the future, his experience far surpassed the cultivators of this era.

To address Yan Wu's doubt, Chu Kuangren initiated a formal discussion about all there was to know about refining qi. His knowledge certainly shocked Yan Wu, to say the least.

"What a surprise, Bro Cang. I didn't think you'd be so proficient both in the art of refining qi, as well as mind power."

Yan Wu exclaimed in awe.

He then said solemnly to Chu Kuangren, "Bro Cang, I've been trying to promote the art of refining qi to my tribe recently. Since you're so familiar with this topic, you'd be of great help. I hope you'll consider staying here for longer."

Chu Kuangren chuckled lightly and said, "Now that I've killed the gods, aren't you afraid that the other gods would come for revenge and wreak havoc upon your entire tribe?"

Yan Wu was visibly troubled for a moment before he settled down. "Refining qi is the only way humanity can survive on its own. Instead of living under perpetual oppression by the gods, I'm willing to take the risk!"

"Will you regret your decision?"

"Not making use of your extraordinary talents would be a far more painful regret."

"Coincidentally, I was just thinking of sharing my knowledge with other people as well. Since you're willing to take this risk, I shall gladly oblige."

Chu Kuangren said with a smile.

To overthrow the rulings of the gods was not a feat that could be achieved by one man.

Humanity needed to grow stronger.

Chu Kuangren needed all of humanity to become stronger, not just himself.

As such, he intended to pass down his knowledge to make a portion of humanity stronger, thus introducing a selection of skills that would be passed down from one generation to another.

After a few days of observation, Chu Kuangren decided there was no better place to start than the Flame Bulwark Tribe.

Soon.

The cultivators of the Flame Bulwark Tribe gathered.

Chu Kuangren planned to explain the concept of Dao to them. Although their cultivation was lacking, they still possessed decent insights into the ways of Dao.

"What does cultivation mean?"

"To cultivate means to refine qi and the spiritual powers in our surroundings..."

As Chu Kuangren began to impart the concept of Dao, waves of Daoist Rhymes began to manifest.

Suddenly, as if the Heavenly Dao was resonating with Chu Kuangren's lecture, it shook in its wake.

On that eventful day, the entire Flame Bulwark Tribe was engulfed within Chu Kuangren's Daoist Rhymes. Golden lotuses blossomed throughout the sky, prosperous clouds lowered from the firmament, while dragons and phoenixes manifested in the realm. Countless Daoist Transformations were formed during the course of Chu Kuangren's lecture.

"Bro Cang, you're so powerful!"

Yan Wu gulped as he watched Chu Kuangren bathing in the glorious lights of Heavenly Dao. He was stunned.

The cultivators of Flame Bulwark Tribe were bewildered at the sight as well. In fact, many cultivators from nearby settlements flocked to the Flame Bulwark Tribe after witnessing the conjurations. They came to know that someone was explaining the ways of Dao in their territory.

It was exciting news.

After all, during the immemorial times, the only entity who was capable of invoking such levels of transformation during their explanation of Dao was an Immortal who hailed beyond the heavens. That incident alone had lifted the cultivation of Firmament Star's civilization to another level.

Could it be that another Immortal had arrived in the Flame Bulwark Tribe?!

With that, many human cultivators flocked towards Flame Bulwark Tribe for a chance to listen to an apparent Immortal's teachings.

The incident had riled up not only many humans. Even the gods were shocked by the news.

## Chapter 772: The Gods' Response, Saint, Cultivation Revolution

"To evoke such Daoist Transformations while explaining the ways of Dao, could this person be an Immortal? Has another Immortal arrived at Firmament Star?"

"No way. There's not a single ounce of refining qi aura from him. Besides, he's one of the Divine Mind Tribe members. How could he suddenly ascend into an Immortal?"

"Then how do you explain those transformations?"

"That's right. From my experience, the only other person who can achieve a similar feat is that Immortal. How did this person manage to do it?"

"Since when did someone like this appear in the Human Tribe? Is he even human?"

The Venerable Gods gathered at the Godly Mountain.

They were having a discussion about Chu Kuangren.

Chu Kuangren's Daoist Transformations had utterly challenged their perception of this world.

From their impression, the only other time the Heavenly Dao had responded so dramatically was during an Immortal's lecture in the previous era.

The Immortal had left a lasting impression upon them.

"Immortals are terrifying beings. A single attack was all it took for the King of Gods to fall into a deep slumber until this day. If Cang really is an Immortal, then we should not provoke him any further," said the Underworld God.

The Venerable God of Ice felt a chill down his spine.

He had once implanted the Frost Seal Mark within Cang, causing him to bear the excruciating pain of the cold. If Cang had grown so much stronger, would he not come to seek his revenge?

"Wait a minute, if Cang is truly an Immortal, how is it that I managed to leave the Frost Seal Mark on him?" The Venerable God of Ice frowned. The rest of the Gods were equally as clueless.

"Alright. As long as the King of Gods has yet awakened, we shall leave Cang alone and observe him from afar."

A silver-robed Venerable God suggested.

The rest of the gods nodded.

“The Venerable God of Spacetime is right. We shall heed your advice then.”

“Agreed. Let’s not provoke him any further.”

In terms of strengths, the Venerable God of Spacetime was second only to the King of Gods. Hence, during the King of Gods’ absence, the remaining gods looked to him for leadership.

...

Meanwhile.

In the Flame Bulwark Tribe.

Chu Kuangren was almost done with his lecture.

Below him, countless cultivators of the Flame Bulwark Tribe were immersed in his teachings. Many other cultivators were also listening from the mountains afar, with many of them reaching a state of epiphany.

After Chu Kuangren finished, the cultivators were reluctant for it to end.

They stared blankly at Chu Kuangren.

‘Don’t stop, please?’

‘The more the better. We can still go on.’

Chu Kuangren’s mouth twitched. He had been rambling on for three days now. Although he had consumed a Fasting Pill, he felt his throat was at the brink of drying out, and his body could no longer take it.

Indeed, this commoner’s body was not the best.

It seemed like Chu Kuangren needed to figure out a way to strengthen this body.

There was no way he could resort to cultivation.

After all, his cultivation would be recovered once he returned to his timeline. In this era, Chu Kuangren intended to concentrate on his soul power.

“Hmm, let’s brew some pills to beef up this body.”

Chu Kuangren muttered to himself.

“And thus concludes my sharing.”

Chu Kuangren announced.

Then, the Daoist Transformation began to vanish from the realm.

The crowd sighed in disappointment. They yearned deeply for Chu Kuangren to continue his lecture.

After all, Chu Kuangren's experience in refining qi would benefit them immensely.

The Immortal of the last era had opened humanity's eyes to the world of cultivation, setting them off on a long, meaningful journey.

When Chu Kuangren came along, his sharings had built on humanity's existing pool of knowledge. His wisdom had provided answers to many questions that were left unanswered for a very long time.

It could be said that Chu Kuangren's contribution was just as important as that of the Immortal.

"Thank you, Master Cang."

The cultivators of the Flame Bulwark Tribe stood up and bowed towards Chu Kuangren. Their faces were marked with the utmost gratitude for Chu Kuangren.

Some knowledge was so important that it could be worth dying for.

Chu Kuangren's sharings this time had benefited them tremendously.

In the distance, the cultivators who resided within the mountains also bowed respectfully towards Chu Kuangren before they left.

After this session, Chu Kuangren's reputation soared within the Flame Bulwark Tribe. Many cultivators regarded Chu Kuangren as their greatest hero.

Even Yan Wu's respect for Chu Kuangren grew day by day.

Some of the gods' worshippers had even begun to embrace the world of cultivation as their devotion toward the gods dwindled.

Several months had passed.

Throughout this period, apart from mentoring the cultivations of the people in Flame Bulwark Tribe, Chu Kuangren had also imparted a lot of knowledge regarding alchemy and weaponsmithing techniques. The Flame Bulwark Tribe underwent a cultivation revolution.

Increasingly more alchemists and weaponsmiths were nurtured in their ranks.

Chu Kuangren's contributions had allowed the Flame Bulwark Tribe to grow far stronger. He was even given the title of a saint within the tribe.

In the Flame Bulwark Tribe.

Inside a room.

Chu Kuangren swallowed a pill.

As the pill entered his tummy, its nourishment coursed through his veins and strengthened his body. Chu Kuangren was no longer the weak and feeble person he once was.

Unlike a few months back when he looked like a weakened individual, Chu Kuangren now looked like a handsome, outstanding individual.

He was a highly energized person too.

Combining that with his soaring reputation, many ladies within the tribe had begun to fall for him.

Chu Kuangren lamented.

"I'm still so welcomed despite changing my appearance completely. I guess my personality is just too irresistible."

However, he still missed his previous appearances.

To be irresistible both inside and out was how Chu Kuangren used to be. Although his current look was by no means abhorrent, it was still a far cry from his previous features.

"Bro Cang, someone's here to see you."

Yan Wu's Emperor Thought reached out to Chu Kuangren.

"Alright."

Chu Kuangren replied with his Emperor Thought.

He came to a large hall.

An elderly was speaking to Yan Wu.

When he noticed Chu Kuangren, the elder immediately stood up and greeted him respectfully. "My name's Feng Gu. It's an honor to meet you, Saint Cang."

Chu Kuangren was now a widely known saint.

Ever since he gave his renowned lecture, most cultivators would address him as a saint whenever they greeted Chu Kuangren.

"Brother Feng Gu, there's no need to be so formal."

Chu Kuangren looked at Feng Gu and could immediately determine his cultivation to be greater than Yan Wu's. He was an Upper-rank Heavenly Imperial.

It was Chu Kuangren's first time meeting a Heavenly Imperial in this era.

"Saint Cang, I've come to visit for these reasons." Feng Wu retrieved a pill and a sword.

"Oh, is there a problem with these items?"

Chu Kuangren asked curiously.

Feng Wu observed Chu Kuangren's calm demeanor for a moment before he said solemnly, "These items have originated from the Flame Bulwark Tribe. It's said that these are your inventions, Saint Cang."

"That's right. This medicinal pill is used to refine qi and increase their cultivation efficiency, while this sword is a special weapon that upon refining, can be used to strengthen one's cultivation techniques. Is there a problem with them?" Chu Kuangren smiled and said.

"There is!"



Feng Wu's breathing became quicker at Chu Kuangren's explanation. Then, he continued, "If we're able to mass-produce these items, it'll be a tremendous leap forward for humanity."

Chapter 773: Embarrassed, The Panhuman Revolt Tower's Consensus

Weaponsmithing and alchemy.

These were knowledge and techniques that transcended far beyond the era these cultivators were in. Most of what they knew was limited to the art of refining qi.

Hence, when Feng Gu noticed the medicinal pills and Dao weapons, he was so shocked, and it challenged his perception of this world.

On this day, Chu Kuangren, the inventor of these revolutionary items, was standing right in front of him.

More shockingly, Chu Kuangren seemed to be unfazed by his own inventions. It made Feng Gu question if he was somehow over-reacting.

Feng Gu could not help but lament the situation.

Chu Kuangren was such an unordinary individual. Not only did his lectures on the Dao invoke an astonishing display of Daoist Transformations, but Chu Kuangren was also the inventor of two unique items. These were groundbreaking feats for humans of that era.

Were those the typical doings of a saint?

No wonder they were considered a higher existence of beings than most humans!

"Saint Cang, allow me to pose this question. Are we able to mass-produce these items?" Feng Gu asked nervously.

"Of course."

"That's wonderful news."

Feng Gu rejoiced at Chu Kuangren's answer.

"It's just that I alone cannot produce this many quantities. I'm teaching some of the Flame Bulwark Tribe's members the arts of alchemy and weaponsmithing. Once they develop their expertise, we'll be able to produce enough for all of humanity to use."

Chu Kuangren said with a smile.

Feng Gu was shocked by Chu Kuangren's statement. "Saint Cang, did you just say you're passing on the means of production to other people?!"

In fact, Chu Kuangren was not sharing his knowledge with only a couple of people.

He was sharing it with the entire Flame Bulwark Tribe!

"My abilities are limited. I can only produce so many medicinal pills and Dao weapons. Only by leveraging the power of the masses are we able to maximize the benefits of these tools."

Chu Kuangren said determinedly.

Feng Gu and Yan Wu could not help but feel overwhelming respect for Chu Kuangren.

After all, Chu Kuangren's alchemy and weaponsmithing knowledge were unprecedented for that era.

If Chu Kuangren wanted, he could simply leverage this knowledge to amass wealth, reputation, and power with ease.

Yet, Chu Kuangren was willing to share his methods and their benefits for all of humanity.

Such generosity was unheard of. No wonder he was referred to as a saint!

Deep down, Feng Gu and Yan Wu had an endless amount of respect for Chu Kuangren.

"Saint Cang, you mentioned that your abilities are limited. But the way I see it, you've managed to turn what limited abilities you have into unlimited possibilities!"

"It's a blessing for all of humanity to have someone like you with us, Saint Cang!"

Feng Gu lamented.

Yan Wu nodded in agreement too.

"I've seen and interacted with a fair share of people throughout my life, and most of them are selfish in nature. There are far and few who are as selfless and dedicated as Saint Cang. If humanity has more people like you, we will no longer need to fear the Gods."

"That's right. Saint Cang's contribution must be written in history and celebrated in songs for many generations to come."

Chu Kuangren was beginning to feel embarrassed by their flatteries. Alchemy and weaponsmithing skills were knowledge he had picked up from the modern era. Even without him, humanity would discover them sooner or later anyway.

"That's too many compliments, you two. I'm just fulfilling my duty as a fellow human being." Chu Kuangren hastily interrupted them. If this went on, he could feel himself floating into cloud nine.

"Saint Cang, what a saint indeed. After all the stellar achievements you've made, you're still so humble. What a rare sight to beckon. I'm utterly in awe."

"If it were any other person, their pride would have swallowed them whole. A saint really is built differently from others."

Chu Kuangren was speechless.

He should have remained silent.

Greenie, who was listening from the side, agreed in silence as well.

The duo was right in every sense.

His Young Master was indeed a selfless person.

Then, Feng Gu began discussing alchemy and weaponsmithing with Chu Kuangren. He learned that medicinal pills and Dao weapons could be categorized into various grades. When Feng Gu realized that

the medical pill and Dao weapon he held were merely normal-grade items, he was shocked, to say the least.

Feng Gu realized that he had underestimated the potential of these items.

“If these two items are popularized, the progress of human cultivation would definitely advance greatly into the next era!”

Feng Gu and Yan Wu looked at Chu Kuangren with passion burning in their eyes. Their admiration towards Chu Kuangren was almost overflowing from within.

Chu Kuangren sighed. ‘Here comes the flattery again.’

‘Well.’

‘Come on, then. Flatter me with all your might.’

‘I can take it.’

However, the duo went silent for a moment.

Chu Kuangren was surprised.

Where was the flattery this time?

“Sigh.”

Feng Gu let out a sudden sigh.

“Brother Feng Gu, why the long sigh?”

Chu Kuangren was puzzled. Never mind that there was no flattery, but why the long sigh? Could it be that Feng Gu was planning to admonish him? That would be too much.

“I’m just lamenting how I should’ve studied hard in the past because right now, I have no words to describe how amazing your contributions to humanity are.” Feng Gu lamented.

At the side, Yan Wu shook his head as well. “Indeed. No word can do justice to the works you do for humanity.”

“...”

Chu Kuangren was all speechless again.

There was no other choice but to let the conversation flow.

Soon after, Feng Gu left the Flame Bulwark Tribe. He had mentioned that he would soon send a few representatives over to learn about alchemy and weaponsmithing.

Chu Kuangren did not decline, and neither did Yan Wu.

Feng Gu was one of the powerful pillars of humanity, so Yan Wu would never refuse his suggestion even if he wanted to.

After leaving the Flame Bulwark Tribe, Feng Gu arrived at a dark valley with a pagoda erected at the end of the valley's path.

It was named... the Panhuman Revolt Tower!

Upon Feng Gu's entrance, the interior of the tower was abruptly lit up by a series of candlelights that also conjured the apparitions of more than a dozen figures.

"Feng Gu, did you manage to meet Cang during your trip to the Flame Bulwark Tribe?"

A voice echoed through the hall.

"Yes, I did."

"Oh, what's your impression of him?"

"He is rightly a saint of our era. In fact, allow me to speak honestly. I think he's far more extraordinary than any saint that we've seen in history," said Feng Gu solemnly.

The figures in the Panhuman Revolt Tower were shocked.

"I didn't think you'd evaluate him this way."

"No, this isn't my evaluation. This ought to be the evaluation of humans that hail from the future. There's no one of this era who can rightfully judge his abilities."

The group was silent for a moment.

"Feng Gu, aren't you exaggerating a little too much?"

"Not at all."

Feng Gu then took out the medical pill and Dao weapons before narrating his entire interactions with Chu Kuangren.

The meeting fell quiet once again.

It was only moments later before someone interrupted the silence. "What a saint indeed. If what Feng Gu said is true, then his generosity and achievements deserve to be cemented in history and sung in songs for many years to come."

"The Dao weapons and the medical pills are immensely beneficial for mankind. Just how much insight would it take before one could finally invent such a technique?"

"It was said that during his Dao lecture, he managed to invoke a display of Daoist Transformations that could only be done by an Immortal. I didn't quite believe it at first, but now, I stand corrected. We must maintain a good relationship with this person."

"Cang is too important for mankind to lose. Let's make sure that whatever he needs, we'll do our best to assist him."

The warriors of the Panhuman Revolt Tower reached a consensus. Chu Kuangren's friendship must be acquired, and his animosity was to be avoided at all cost.

### Unparalleled After Ten Consecutive Draws

#### **Chapter 774: Nine-Cycle Trinity Soul Refinement, Saint, I Want To Learn Weaponsmithing**

"Congratulations, Host. You've won a God-tier cultivation technique, the Nine-Cycle Trinity Soul Refinement."

Chu Kuangren had just completed his daily draw on this day.

The God-tier cultivation technique was a pleasant surprise.

It was his second time drawing a God-tier cultivation technique. The last one he drew was the Stellar Undying Body.

Soul Refinement seemed like a cultivation technique that targeted one's soul.

As such, Chu Kuangren's eyes lit up.

He had been wanting to strengthen his soul even further. Hence, the arrival of a God-tier soul cultivation technique was perfect timing.

Chu Kuangren retrieved the technique, and a large amount of information flooded his mind.

It took him a while to learn all there was to know about the cultivation technique.

"Holy sh\*t! This is at least as good as the Stellar Undying Body, or probably even better!"

"What a God-tier technique this is. Amazing!"

At Chu Kuangren's current stage, there were only a few things in this world that could shock him.

However, the mythical properties of the Nine-Cycle Trinity Soul Refinement were enough to make him jump out of his seat.

The Nine-Cycle Trinity Soul Refinement was a cultivation technique that targeted cultivating one's soul. The nine cycles referred to the nine levels unique to this technique.

Trinity was largely related to the process of refinement.

The cultivation technique allowed a person to split their souls into three parts!

That's right, three!

The souls were named Heaven, Hell, and Earth!

Refining a soul into three parts?

That was basically unheard of.

The technique allowed a cultivator to refine their soul into three parts before eventually merging them again. If this process was repeated nine times, then the soul would ascend into what was known as the State of Immortality.

"Cultivate!"

Without further delay, Chu Kuangren began cultivating.

Having already possessed powerful soul energy, Chu Kuangren had what it took to reach the Third Cycle immediately.

His soul energy began to divide on its own before it cloned a spiritual body that looked the same as Chu Kuangren.

It was the Hell Soul. Soon, Chu Kuangren's Earth Soul was summoned as well.

Chu Kuangren's physical body was sat in a cross-knee position, while his souls were resting on lotuses above his head.

"How are you doing?"

Chu Kuangren's Heaven Soul greeted his Hell and Earth Soul.

Although the technique allowed one to split his soul into three, only one of the souls was considered the original.

That would be the Heaven Soul.

This ensured that the cultivator's souls would not harm each other during a fight for whatsoever reasons.

"Greetings."

The Hell Soul responded.

"This feels surreal."

The Earth Soul said to the Heaven Soul and Hell Soul.

The souls shared the same consciousness and memories. Yet, they were somehow independent of one another.

"I'm basically talking to myself now. Why does this feel like split personality disorder?" the Heaven Soul said mischievously.

"Technically speaking, we all share the same personality. There's no split in personalities here." The Hell Soul corrected.

"Alright. Chat's over. Let's merge."

The Earth Soul said.

The Earth Soul and Hell Soul turned into a ray of light before fusing with the Heaven Soul and forming a singular spiritual entity.

The First Cycle of the Nine-Cycle Trinity was completed!

Chu Kuangren activated the Nine-Cycle Trinity Soul Refinement again.

"Hello, we meet again." The Heaven Soul waved his hand.

"Can you stop being so lame?" The Hell Soul rolled his eyes.

"Are we not the same person?"

"..."

The Hell Soul could not refute.

"I can feel our soul energies becoming stronger."

The Earth Soul said.

"It's also more purified now."

The Hell Soul sensed his energies and said.

"Let's merge."

The Hell Soul and Earth Soul once again merged with the Heaven Soul.

The Second Cycle of the Nine-Cycle Trinity was completed.

Then came the Third Cycle!

The trinity emerged again.

"Hello there, we..."

"Skip the nonsense and merge."

"Fine."

With the remerging of the three souls, the Third Cycle was completed.

After the Third Cycle, Chu Kuangren could sense that his soul energies had become much stronger. Not only that, but his cognizance and understanding of the Dao had also improved.

"The Nine-Cycle Trinity Soul Refinement is such a marvelous technique. It improves both my soul energies and cognizance."

"Hold on. Does it mean that if I try to gain insights into new techniques now, there'll be three of me working at the same time?"

Chu Kuangren muttered to himself.

He then reactivated the Soul Refinement and attempted to complete the Forth Cycle.

However, after half a day of endeavor, Chu Kuangren had only managed to pursue a grey ball of soul flame. It was the soul flame of the Hell Soul.

It seemed like Chu Kuangren needed a much longer time to complete this cycle.

"Is this the limit?"

Chu Kuangren murmured.

He could complete the first three cycles with ease because his soul energies had met the prerequisites. Nevertheless, things were not as simple for the Fourth Cycle.

In order to cultivate a Hell Soul, Chu Kuangren would require twice the amount of soul energies he currently possessed.

To cultivate three souls would require Chu Kuangren to have four times the amount of energy.

"Being able to achieve the Third Cycle with such speed is already a great feat. I guess I should take my time for now."

Chu Kuangren said lightly.

As his soul returned to his physical body, Chu Kuangren opened his eyes and cast his Emperor Thought over all of Flame Bulwark Tribe.

From the cultivators' conversations, Chu Kuangren deduced that he had spent a month cultivating the Nine-Cycle Trinity Soul Refinement.

Feng Gu had long returned with a group of cultivators who were here to learn about alchemy and weaponsmithing.

"Let's go and meet these people."

Chu Kuangren went to look for Yan Wu and Feng Gu as soon as he exited his room.

"Saint Cang, you've come out from your closed-door meditation."

Yan Wu and Feng Gu greeted Chu Kuangren.

For reasons strange to himself, Feng Gu could somehow sense that Chu Kuangren, despite still having zero cultivation, had become more unfathomable.

What a mad lad.

One month was all it took for him to produce such fascinating changes.

No wonder he was called a saint.

Feng Gu's eyes were filled with admiration.

"Yes, Brother Feng Gu. I've taken notice of the people that you've brought here with you. From now onwards, they shall stay in the Flame Bulwark Tribe and learn the techniques of alchemy and weaponsmithing," Chu Kuangren smiled and said.

"Thank you, Saint Cang."

Then, Chu Kuangren went to meet the cultivators brought here by Feng Wu.

These cultivators were some of the earliest warriors who existed in history, and their abilities would make them formidable sky-prides even in the modern era.

Chu Kuangren said to them, "Alchemy and weaponsmithing are no simpler than refining qi. It requires a large amount of endeavor and sacrifice to master these skills. Spreading your attention over multiple



disciplines will only lead you nowhere and delay your progress in refining qi. Please think this through before committing to a decision."

Upon hearing this, the cultivators hesitated.

"Saint Cang, is there no way to perfect my techniques in both disciplines?"

"Unless you're blessed with extraordinary talents, I'd suggest you pick a discipline and focus all of your attention on it. If you feel that qi refinement doesn't suit you well, perhaps you can try out alchemy or weaponsmithing," said Chu Kuangren.

"Looks like I was too greedy," said Feng Gu.

One could not have everything in this world.

Choices existed for a reason.

After all, how many people could possess abilities as impressive as Saint Cang?

"I want to stay."

A cultivator interrupted.

It was a young, muscular cultivator whose cultivation was amongst the weakest in the group.

In his hand was a steel sword. The young cultivator was utterly in awe of it. He said to Chu Kuangren, "Saint, I wish to learn weaponsmithing."

Chapter 775: Star Destruction Tribe, The Messenger's Disbelief

"Saint, I wish to learn weaponsmithing!"

The young brute said to Chu Kuangren.

Chu Kuangren narrowed his eyes as he stared closely at the young man in front of him. His looks seemed rather familiar.

Have they met before?

The more Chu Kuangren looked, the more familiar he became. "What's your name?"

"I'm Chi Yang."

"Chi Yang..."

Chu Kuangren remembered now. Was he not one of the twenty-four Daoist Celestials in the future? Specifically, the Crimson Sun Daoist Celestial? Did his weaponsmithing skills originate from Chu Kuangren?

If so, that would be amazing.

Chu Kuangren recalled that his Self Descendant Sword was still in the Crimson Sun Daoist Celestial's possession. He wondered how his sword was doing now.

"If that's your desire, then do stay back."

Chu Kuangren smiled and said.

Then, some of the cultivators chose to stay, while others left the camp.

...

A saint had appeared in the Flame Bulwark Tribe.

News of this appearance soon spread far and wide, and many cultivators had come to visit from afar. Although few of them had managed to meet Chu Kuangren in person, the growing strength of the Flame Bulwark Tribe was evident.

There were no doubts in their minds that the rumor about the saint was true.

As time flew by, several months had passed.

Although a few months could be considered insignificant to many, it was enough time to bring about unprecedented and revolutionary changes within the Flame Bulwark Tribe.

Besides the booming increase of cultivators, the benefits brought upon by alchemy and weaponsmithing had significantly enhanced the quality of the cultivators.

There were ten major tribes in Firmament Star at that point. The strongest amongst them was known as the Star Destruction Tribe. Meanwhile, the Flame Bulwark Tribe used to be one of the weakest amongst the major tribes.

However, Chu Kuangren's arrival had significantly strengthened the influence of the Flame Bulwark Tribe, so much so that it was showing momentum of catching up to the Star Destruction Tribe.

In the Star Destruction Tribe.

A middle-aged man sat on top of a leather chair.

The man boasted a majestic figure and eyes that shone brightly as if infused by starlight. He was none other than the leader of the Star Destruction Tribe, Zhan Xing!

Zhan Xing was no ordinary person as he was hailed as one of the most stellar leaders mankind ever had. With his rulership, the Star Destruction Tribe had grown from a small settlement of a thousand people into a formidable force of mankind.

Such achievement had made Zhan Xing one of the most renowned humans to exist during that era. However, strictly speaking, Zhan Xing was only half a human.

He was actually a Demigod.

A being that was born out of the wedlock between a human and a god.

The matrimony between a human and a god was no bizarre incident during the times when humans and gods resided on the same land. It was common for some gods to fall in love and marry the women they were fond of.

It was considered a blessing for many humans.

However, considering humans and gods were fundamentally different beings, they were not supposed to birth a child.

Zhan Xing was one such exception to this rule. In all of humanity's history, he was the one and only being who had been born out of human-god matrimony.

His exceptional circumstances had made him renowned since birth, and countless people had high hopes for him.

While the gods were eager to use Zhan Xing as a tool to keep mankind in line, many humans saw Zhan Xing as a blessing from the gods. They took great care of Zhan Xing when he was young and devoted their lives to him when he was older.

Zhan Xing did not disappoint at all, too.

The god's blood that coursed through his vein had endowed him with extraordinary divine powers. Zhan Xing managed to conquer many settlements and tribes with ease. At the same time, the human portion of Zhan Xing's blood allowed him to embrace the world of cultivation and improve his abilities continuously.

This was a feat that not even the gods could achieve.

"Interesting." At this moment, Zhan Xing was studying a medicinal pill and a Dao weapon closely.

"Apparently, a saint has appeared in the Flame Bulwark Tribe. It seems like the rumor is true after all."

A bulky brute, who had a lion skin draped around his shoulder, said, "Leader, if the Flame Bulwark Tribe continues on their current trajectory, they'll surely pose a threat to us. Should we send someone to get rid of that saint?"

The brute did not care whether there was a saint or not.

The way he saw it, any threat towards his leader and his tribe must be eliminated immediately.

Zhan Xing replied calmly, "There's no need for now. However, we should try persuading the saint to join our ranks. Send someone over with loads of luxurious gifts. Let's see if the saint's willing to join our tribe."

Soon, the Star Destruction Tribe sent forth their messenger.

The messenger was a prideful individual. He had always thought that the Flame Bulwark Tribe was a far inferior settlement to the Star Destruction Tribe, even though it was one of the ten major tribes in this world.

As the messenger strolled on the streets of Flame Bulwark Tribe, accompanied by two other members, he could not help but snark about most of the tribe members dressed in torn clothes. "How does a saint even appear in a place like this?"

He shook his head and continued, "I guess people are too easily impressed now, too eager to celebrate the tiniest of achievement. There can only be so many saints throughout history."

"If a saint was to exist in this era, it would've been our leader. The Demigod is the only being who is fit to be called a saint."

The guards of Flame Bulwark Tribe frowned bitterly when they overheard the messenger's remarks.

Their respect for Chu Kuangren forbade them to hear such mockeries of their widely admired saint.

However, they were also aware that the messenger had come from the largest tribe of that era, the Star Destruction Tribe. They knew better than to make a fuss out of it.

Clank, clank, clank...

At this instance, the sound of metals clanking against one another blasted from a corner of the street. It made the messenger mildly annoyed. "What's the irritating noise?"

He traced the source of the sound.

The messenger arrived at an empty piece of land where a brawny man was striking on a heated piece of iron.

Soon, the iron was struck into an elongated shape.

"What's going on here?"

"They're forging weapons."

A Flame Bulwark Tribe's guard answered.

The messenger glanced across his surroundings and saw dozens of racks placed in each corner. Every single rack contained a neat assortment of weapons.

The messenger could pick any weapon from the rack blindly, and it would still look more impressive than the most remarkable weapon of the Star Destruction Tribe. The blades of the weapons were so sharp that they reflected chilling rays of lights back to the messenger. Lines of peculiar symbols were also vaguely hovering around the weapons.

The messenger grabbed a piece of weapon and injected his spiritual powers within. Then, a bright sword ray shot out right from the tip of the blade, leaving a deep sword mark on the ground.

The Star Destruction Tribe's messenger was bewildered. It used to take at least thirty percent of his energies to create a sword mark as deep as that. However, he did not even use one-tenth of his strength with this impressive weapon.

He stared at the assortment of weapons before him as if it was a pile of precious treasures and tested his strengths again on a longsword. It had the same effect of amplifying his spiritual power.

"What are you doing here?"

Chi Yang, who was forging his weapon, noticed the Star Destruction Tribe's messenger.

The messenger replied politely, "Sir, may I ask if what you're doing is called weaponsmithing?"

"That's right."

“Are there many like you who’re into weaponsmithing?”

“More or less. I haven’t started too long myself.”

Chi Yang answered nonchalantly.

The Star Destruction Tribe’s messenger was dumbfounded. If a fairly inexperienced weaponsmith could produce such powerful weapons, he wondered just how much stronger a weapon would be if it was forged out of the legendary saint’s hands.

His previous mockery of the Flame Bulwark Tribe was completely gone now. Instead, the messenger felt growing anxiety over the renowned saint, whom he had never met.

If such a person could not be utilized by the Star Destruction Tribe, then he must be treated as the tribe’s greatest enemy.

Chapter 776: The Gods’ Intent, Destroying Flame Bulwark Tribe

After witnessing the miracle of Dao weapons, the Star Destruction Messenger was shocked again when he witnessed alchemists brewing pills on the street.

His concerns about Chu Kuangren only grew stronger.

At last, he arrived at the tribe’s great hall.

There, the messenger was quickly brought to the Flame Bulwark Tribe’s leader, Yan Wu.

“Greetings, messenger.”

“Greetings, Tribe Leader Yan Wu. I’ve come to pay a visit to the saint of your tribe. Are you willing to fulfill this arrangement?”

“Of course.” Yan Wu nodded.

Soon, Chu Kuangren was notified of the messenger’s arrival.

When the Star Destruction Messenger finally saw the frailest, young saint in a coat, he was incredulous.

The messenger had always assumed that a saint capable of inventing alchemy and weaponsmithing would look like a powerful elder.

How was it that he was only a young person?

Not only that, but the messenger could not pick up any qi refinement aura from his body. How did such a person even invent alchemy and weaponsmithing in the first place?

If it were not for Yan Wu’s overly respectful gesture around Chu Kuangren, the messenger would have assumed that it was all a prank.

“Are you Saint Cang?”

“Greetings, messenger. Just call me Cang. I’m unfit to be called a saint.”

"If you are truly the inventor of alchemy and weaponsmithing, the stature of a saint does seem to be fitting for a person of such achievements."

Yan Wu was frowning now. "Messenger, what are you insinuating? These things were, of course, invented by none other than Saint Cang. Are you doubting his credibility?"

The messenger chuckled and said, "Tribe Leader Yan Wu, you're mistaken. I don't mean any offense by my statement. It's just that Saint Cang seems much younger than I anticipated. I was just taken by surprise, that's all."

"Hmph, the arts of alchemy and weaponsmithing have never existed in the history of mankind. There's no doubt that these techniques originated from my Young Master." Greenie snorted.

"It may be unseen in the history of mankind, but perhaps it may have originated from the gods..." The Star Destruction Messenger said intently.

"Messenger, are you saying that I'm somehow related to the gods?"

Chu Kuangren chuckled.

"Ridiculous. My Young Master is widely known to have slain the gods themselves, and you somehow think he's related to them?"

Greenie said with mockery.

"Never mind, let's drop this topic. Saint Cang, I've come here on the order of my leader to invite you to be part of the Star Destruction Tribe."

Yan Wu frowned irritably.

That b\*stard was here to steal his talents!

"I'm flattered by the Star Destruction Leader's kind offer. However, I'm more than comfortable here. You can save the trouble."

"Saint Cang, you must know that the Star Destruction Tribe is the strongest tribe to ever exist. It's only there that you can maximize your potential. Besides, you must've heard about my leader's reputation before. He's the Demigod, a prophet of the gods themselves. If he's willing, the incident of you killing the gods can be swept under the rug."

The Star Destruction Messenger persuaded.

Chu Kuangren was utterly unfazed. Without replying to the messenger further, he turned to Yan Wu and said, "Tribe Leader, I still have some issues to attend to. I'm sure you'll host the messenger well."

He then left along with Greenie.

"Cang, are you that oblivious to what's at stake here?" The messenger attempted to make Chu Kuangren stay, but it was no use.

"Messenger, do you have any other unsettled business? If not, please leave," Yan Wu said with little regard to the messenger's mood.

Respect was no longer required after the messenger's blatant attempt to steal Chu Kuangren away.

"Flame Bulwark Tribe, I wish you all the very best."

The messenger snorted and swiftly left the scene.

...

In the Star Destruction Tribe.

"This was what happened."

The messenger notified Zhan Xing about his encounter with Chu Kuangren.

"He declined our offer?"

Zhan Xing sat seat while his fingers were unconsciously tapping on the handle of his chair. "What does the rest think about this?"

"What else is there to consider? The way I see it, we should just send forth our armies. I don't think the Flame Bulwark Tribe can possibly overturn this situation."

The brawny brute, with tiger skin hung over his shoulders, said. His body was seething with boiling ferocious qi. It was a clear indication that this person had fought a hundred battles.

"That's right. It's time we stop this menace right where it should be. The Star Destruction Tribe's powerful army is more than enough to annihilate them," said another white-robed man.

Zhan Xing looked at the messenger and asked, "You've been to the Flame Bulwark Tribe in person. What do you think we should do?"

The messenger went quiet for a moment before he answered, "Their alchemy and weaponsmithing techniques should not be underestimated. Although Cang is young, he has somehow managed to invent these techniques on his own. He's no ordinary young man. If this goes on, the Flame Bulwark Tribe will surely be the greatest threat to our tribe."

"So you agree that we attack too?"

"Yes."

Zhan Xing went silent.

It was not the Flame Bulwark Tribe that he feared.

However, with the Flame Bulwark Tribe's growing strength, attacking them would consume large amounts of resources. There was no guarantee that other tribes would take advantage of the situation to attack the Star Destruction Tribe.

After all, the growing strength of the Flame Bulwark Tribe had inspired many other tribes. This had made the Star Destruction Tribe particularly uneasy.

"What are you hesitating about?"

At this moment.

A clear voice echoed through the hall.

A bright light pillar descended from the sky.

Waves of majestic divine might engulfed the scene.

Apart from Zhan Xing, all of the other cultivators were pressed to the ground and could not move a single inch.

A figure emerged from the light tunnel. It was a stern-looking figure dressed in a suit of golden armor and was wielding a golden spear.

“Greetings, Lord Father.”

Zhan Xing hastily bowed and greeted the figure.

The figure before him was none other than the Venerable Titan God, one of the thirty-three Venerable Gods. He was Zhan Xing’s father.

Years ago, the Venerable Titan God was wandering around the lands of Firmament Star, and he stayed the night in a settlement. The settlement’s tribe members, eager to serve the visiting God, had sent forth their most beautiful maiden to spend the night with him.

Thus, Zhan Xing was conceived that night.

He was the only Demigod to ever exist for countless years.

Dozens of years later, the Venerable Titan God was shocked to learn of Zhan Xing’s existence. He did not bother too much at first until he found out about Zhan Xing’s enormous potential.

Zhan Xing was one of the very few to possess divine powers and could also cultivate, which made him one of the strongest means to conquer mankind. As a result, the Venerable Titan God was eager to nurture him.

“Hmm. The incident of Cang killing gods has undeniably provoked the rest of us. The gods have decided that Cang should perish alongside his tribe, and I shall bestow this duty upon you.”

The Venerable Titan God said.

Zhan Xing’s impressive abilities had made him one of the most powerful entities to exist during that era apart from the Venerable Gods. In fact, he was as powerful as some of the weaker Venerable Gods themselves.

As such, the gods had decided to let Zhan Xing deal with Cang.

They wanted to use Zhan Xing to test just how strong Chu Kuangren was.

“The gods have spoken? I understand.”

Zhan Xing nodded.



He was previously worried that other tribes would use this opportunity to harm the Star Destruction Tribes during the invasion. However, now that the gods themselves had spoken, the other tribes would not risk provoking the gods.

Soon, words of the gods ordering the Flame Bulwark Tribe's destruction spread throughout the lands of Firmament Star.

Chapter 777: The Best Way To Eradicate Fear, The Phantasmal Seven Emotion Tune's Uses

As words of the gods' commandment for Zhan Xing to invade the Flame Bulwark Tribe spread across Firmament Star, it was just a matter of time before the Flame Bulwark Tribe was notified too.

Every member of the tribe descended into panic.

Although the Flame Bulwark Tribe had gotten stronger, they were still no match for the strongest tribe during that era, the Star Destruction Tribe.

More importantly, the members knew that the leader of Star Destruction Tribe was a Demigod. To them, he was the prophet of the gods in this mortal land.

To go against Zhan Xing was to go against the gods themselves.

The gods could crush the people so easily with just their auras.

How could they possibly put on a good fight?

"Leader, what should we do now?"

"The Star Destruction Tribe boasts an army of more than ten million soldiers, with many cultivators included among their ranks. Zhan Xing himself possesses divine power and has emerged victorious in all the battles he has fought. We're no match for him."

"That's right. It's said that a cultivator once sought to challenge Zhan Xing, only for him to be sliced into halves by the Wind Slayer Sword that the gods bestowed upon Zhan Xing."

"Why don't we just surrender?"

"Surrender my foot! I'd rather die fighting than become a coward."

"But why should we fight knowing that it's impossible to win this battle? Is it worth it to throw away our lives like that?"

"You haven't even fought this battle. How do you know that it's a lost battle?"

The upper ranks of the Flame Bulwark Tribe called a discussion. Currently, the warrior, Atu, was quarreling intensely with an elder.

One insisted that they fight while the other insisted that they surrender.

The Flame Bulwark Tribe was faced with a huge dilemma.

"I didn't know this day would come so quickly."

Yan Wu murmured. He had long anticipated that this day would come when he invited Chu Kuangren into the Flame Bulwark Tribe.

It was just much quicker than he expected.

Besides, it was not the gods but the Star Destruction Tribe who wanted to attack the Flame Bulwark Tribe. It was an obvious plot from the gods to have humanity kill one another.

"Everyone, please calm down."

A pristine voice interrupted the flow.

A caped young man entered the room. Somehow, the words of the young man managed to create a mystical Dao ripple in the room.

The agitation and anxiety of the people quickly faded away.

The young man was none other than Chu Kuangren.

"Greetings, Saint Cang."

"Saint Cang, do you have any strategies in dealing with the Star Destruction Tribe?"

Chu Kuangren chuckled at the person's question. "I won't call it a strategy, but we'll just cross the bridge when we get to it."

The attendants stared at one another.

What strategy was that?

"To remain calm is how we can deal with a million changes," Chu Kuangren continued.

With his abilities, Chu Kuangren no longer needed to fear the attack of any tribe members. In fact, this may even pose an opportunity for him.

Chu Kuangren could use this battle to make his reputation soar even further.

Soon, he would be crowned the king.

The stature of a saint was not enough for him.

Chu Kuangren needed undeniable results so that his display of power could match his reputation.

"Saint Cang, are you sure you're able to deal with the Star Destruction Tribe?"

Yan Wu asked curiously.

"Yes, Tribe Leader. Don't worry."

Chu Kuangren chuckled lightly.

He mobilized his Emperor Thought and activated the Phantasmal Seven Emotions Tune. Under Chu Kuangren's influence, the attendants' worries faded into the recesses of their heads. Now, there were only looks of determination across their faces.

“In Saint Cang we trust.”

“That’s right. The Flame Bulwark Tribe will come out victorious.”

In the meantime.

In the Panhuman Revolt Tower.

“Feng Gu, the Star Destruction Tribe is planning to invade the Flame Bulwark Tribe. Go ahead and check with Saint Cang to see if we can be of any help.”

“Hmph, Zhan Xing, the gods’ bootlicker, is planning to attack Saint Cang? We won’t just stand by and watch.”

“That’s right.”

Feng Gu nodded solemnly. “Zhan Xing, the Demigod? Alright, I’ll pay a visit to the Flame Bulwark Tribe.”

This was a grave matter.

Feng Gu immediately went to the Flame Bulwark Tribe.

At first, Feng Gu was expecting to see a demoralized tribe.

After all, they were about to face the Star Destruction Tribe, the strongest tribe to exist at that point.

Yet to his surprise, Feng Gu came only to see the tribe members going about their daily routines. There was no sense of urgency at all amongst the members.

“Could it be that the Flame Bulwark Tribe has yet to receive the news?”

Feng Gu wondered.

It could not be. The news had spread all over Firmament Star.

He asked a passer-by curiously, “My Daoist Brother, do you know that the Star Destruction Tribe is planning to invade this place?”

“Of course. It’s public news by now.”

The cultivator looked at Feng Gu strangely, thinking that Feng Gu was weird for not knowing such important news.

“If that’s the case, aren’t you afraid?”

Feng Gu continued.

“Heh. With Saint Cang on our side, what’s there to be afraid of? Besides, what use is there to be afraid? Our fear will not stop the Star Destruction Tribe’s invasion.”

“The saint has said that the best way to eradicate fear is to face it! As long as we face our fears bravely and work together, there’s no challenge that we can’t overcome.”

The cultivator said triumphantly as he stood tall. The mention of the saint was sufficient to provoke a look of admiration across his face.

Feng Gu was puzzled.

The cultivator had somehow managed to make him speechless.

What was the saint doing?

Had he somehow brainwashed these people?

Fear was the oldest known emotion to mankind. Yet, the people of Flame Bulwark Tribe were utterly fearless about the incoming invasion by the Star Destruction Tribe.

It was as if they were blindsided.

Feng Gu finally found Yan Wu.

He observed Yan Wu closely and noticed that Yan Wu was not as blindly optimistic as the rest. Although Feng Gu could not pick up fear from Yan Wu, he could tell that Yan Wu was taking this issue seriously.

Feng Gu heaved a sigh of relief.

That was more like how a normal human would react.

If even the upper ranks of the Flame Bulwark Tribe were as optimistic as their commoners, Feng Gu would have doubted whether the tribe had lost their minds.

“Where’s Saint Cang?”

“He’s resting in the garden.”

“Okay, I’ll wait for him here then.”

Feng Gu said.

In the garden.

Greenie was cultivating below a lofty tree.

At the side, Chu Kuangren was lying down on a resting chair that he had carved out of tree branches.

In the past few days, the Flame Bulwark Tribe members were panicking when they learned about the Star Destruction Tribe’s planned invasion. Luckily, he had used the Phantasmal Seven Emotions Tune to calm their emotions.

Otherwise, who knew what chaos would have ensued in the tribe? Nevertheless, Chu Kuangren was careful not to go overboard on applying the same technique on the tribe’s upper ranks.

After all, for the commoners to become blindly optimistic would not have much negative repercussion. However, it was crucial that the leaders of the tribes maintain their objectivity to manage their tasks.

This incident taught Chu Kuangren another layer of nuances about the Phantasmic Seven Emotions Tune.

Soon, Chu Kuangren went to greet Feng Gu, and when asked whether he required any help, Chu Kuangren merely asked for the Panhuman Revolt Tower to stand by.

It was still not the time to reveal the full strengths of humanity yet.

Chapter 778: Star Destruction Tribe Invades, Just a Small Matter

“Although I don’t like to admit it, Zhan Xing’s combat strength is very powerful. It can be said that in this land, apart from the Venerable Gods, no other gods, humans, or fierce beasts is his match.”

“This person not only possesses divine power, but he is also proficient in refining qi. Divine power aside, his prowess in refining qi alone has reached the High-rank Heavenly Imperial Realm. Saint Cang, are you really confident in beating him?”

Feng Gu said solemnly.

He glanced at Chu Kuangren.

There was still no trace of qi refining on the opponent’s body. Although the mind power he displayed was amazing, Feng Gu still felt a little skeptical.

“Oh, of course, I am.”

Chu Kuangren smiled faintly. A calm expression was etched on his face.

Zhan Xing alone was not enough to cause him any concern.

Shortly after.

The vast army of the Star Destruction Tribe was already approaching the Flame Bulwark Tribe. From a distance, there were soldiers armed with sabers and pikes, cavalry mounted on various wild beasts, and people beating the drums. The drum sounds were thunderous, and they reverberated through the land.

This army was vast and powerful.

Before they were nearing the Flame Bulwark Tribe, their innate ferocious qi had already covered the sky. The Manticore, the Thunder Beast, and several wild beasts who stood guard at the gates were so frightened by such an incredible force that they trembled. They did not feel like they could overcome their enemies at all.

“It’s terrifying. Has the human race evolved to such greatness?”

“With cultivation methods popularising over the last few years, the human race is no longer as weak as it used to be. It’s just shocking how capable they are of developing to this level.”

Several wild beasts were communicating.

Behind them was the Flame Bulwark Tribe army that was also waiting for battle. Standing at the very front of their army was none other than Chu Kuangren.

He looked into the distance and vaguely saw a magnificent golden chariot in front of the Star Destruction Tribe.

The chariot was pulled by a nine-headed Manticore, and on it was a mighty man in gold armor. He was sitting on a large animal leather chair with his arms tightly closed in front of his chest and a big sword in his hand, with his eyes slightly closed.

He sat there very steadily, like a sculpture.

Although his eyes were closed, his poise and aura were still extremely terrifying.

"It seems to me that this man is Zhan Xing. Lil Ai, help me analyze him."

Chu Kuangren said in his mind.

With that, the Omniscient Spirit activated.

Information about Zhan Xing flowed into his mind.

"A Demigod who has titanic divine power and qi refining. No wonder he's invincible against everyone in the world." Chu Kuangren chuckled.

If there were no Chu Kuangren, Zhan Xing would have very good prospects of becoming the leader of the human race. On top of his strength, his rival also had the support of the gods. On this basis alone, few would be able to compare with him.

Even the current Antigod Pavilion would not have enough power.

A while later.

The army of the Star Destruction Tribe arrived at Flame Bulwark Tribe.

There were at least a million of them.

An army of this size was still very rare in this era, not to mention the many strong cultivators among them.

The people of Flame Bulwark Tribe clasped their weapons tightly, their faces pale out of terror, and their bodies could not help but shake.

"Can we really beat such an army?"

The faiths of some soldiers were already wavering.

Even Yan Wu and Feng Gu could not keep the grim looks away on their faces.

"Don't be afraid, everyone. We still have Saint Cang."

One of the soldiers said.

When everyone heard that, they all stared at the white figure standing at the frontline.

Chu Kuangren was wearing a white cloak. His body may look a little frail, but his posture looked more stalwart than everyone else.

The sight of that figure alone gave them a reassuring feeling.

"Our saint truly is incredible to be able to face an army of this size so indifferently. It is as if the situation does not bother him at all."

"Yes, that's simply amazing."

Everyone looked at Chu Kuangren's silhouette, with admiration in their eyes.

"The fact that the saint is so indifferent makes me feel at ease."

Yan Wu said with a smile.

"It's just a small matter." Chu Kuangren laughed.

Upon hearing what he said, Yan Wu and Feng Gu's mouths twitched several times. Did he just call this a small matter? In that case, what was regarded as a big matter?

He really lived up to his title as a name. He was absolutely incomparable.

In fact, Chu Kuangren could not care less about this army that was coming at them at all. In his opinion, this army was not worth paying attention to in terms of their size, strength, equipment, and more.

After seeing hundreds of millions of troops and warships on the Extraterritorial Battlefield, facing this army is just like a trivial fight to him.

The Star Destruction Tribe's army stopped in front of the Flame Bulwark Tribe.

A man riding a wild beast came forward and announced aloud, "We're here in the name of the gods, and we've come to the Flame Bulwark Tribe for a crusade. However, the gods are kind. As long as you surrender and give us the Godslayer Cang, the gods might be able to let this one go and spare all of you!"

His words caused a commotion in the crowd.

Yan Wu stood up and said, "Saint Cang has taught our tribe the marvelous ways of refining pills and weaponsmithing, and he has also saved the entire Flame Bulwark Tribe once. Hence, we owe our lives to him. We absolutely cannot and will not give him to the gods. If you want to wage a war, then war it shall be!"

"War, war!"

The Flame Bulwark Tribe's army roared loudly.

Chu Kuangren gave lectures on the Dao in the Flame Bulwark Tribe, as well as taught them cultivation techniques, methods of refining tools, alchemy, and some survival experiences from the later generations. For example, they were smelting textiles, terrace planting, water conservancy, which had greatly improved people's livelihood.

From the cultivators to ordinary folk of Flame Bulwark Tribe, all of them had massive respect for Chu Kuangren. It could even be said that Chu Kuangren had even successfully replaced the gods in their places and become their whole new faith.

Now, the enemies were asking them to surrender their faith.

Why would they comply?

"Stubborn fools."

The person who persuaded them to surrender let out a cold scoff before he turned and walked back to his army.

Then, a man dressed in tiger skin and had a fierce aura walked out from the army. "Since you've chosen not to surrender, only death awaits you. I am the Star Destruction Tribe's Tormented Tiger! Now, which one of you is bold enough to fight me?"

Yan Wu's expression was rather solemn. "This person is the Tormented Tiger, the best warrior in Star Destruction Tribe. He is so powerful that he has already affirmed his Dao as an Emperor."

No matter the era, an Emperor could be regarded as an elite. There used to be only one Emperor in the Flame Bulwark Tribe too, which was Yan Wu.

"Let me have a go at him." Atu, who was next to Yan Wu, said eagerly. He was wearing black armor and holding a spear.

"Atu, you've only just become an Emperor. I'm afraid this person is not your match."

Yan Wu still had some concerns.

Atu, the top warrior of the Flame Bulwark Tribe, had become an Emperor under the guidance of Chu Kuangren. However, in terms of cultivation, he was still a lot worse than an elite such as Tormented Tiger, who had been an Emperor for so many years.

"Let him have a try." Chu Kuangren chuckled.

"Ha! See, the Saint has faith in me."

Atu smiled in delight. He stepped forward and came before the Tormented Tiger, the Emperor aura on his body erupting into the sky.

"You, what's your name?"

Tormented Tiger sneered.

"Flame Bulwark Tribe's most elite warrior, Atu!"

Atu responded loudly.

"Judging by your aura, you must have just ascended into the Emperor Realm not long ago. How can someone with your strength think of beating me?"

The Tormented Tiger jeered and dished out the long-handled saber in his hand.

Atu also took the spear in his hand and stabbed it toward his enemy.

The long saber and the long spear clashed violently into each other. Despite Atu's much inferior cultivation base, he managed to hold his own against the Tormented Tiger on the battlefield.

"How is this possible?!" Tormented Tiger's face changed slightly.

Then, he let out a furious roar, and the long-handled saber in his hand swung repeatedly at his opponent, hitting the spear in Atu's hand strike after strike.



His combat skills were very brilliant, and it did not take long before he grasped his opponent's weakness. With a yank of his saber, he slashed Atu's body and blasted his opponent off his feet.

"Pfft, so that's all you got." Tormented Tiger scoffed coldly.

"Are you trying to tickle your granddaddy Atu?"

Suddenly, an unscathed Atu was seen standing upright.

The soldiers on the Star Destruction Tribe's camp stared wide-eyed when they saw this.

Chapter 779: It's Embarrassing to Fall, Surging Murderous Qi, The Army Falls Silent

"No way. How is this guy unscathed after taking a saber strike from General Tormented Tiger? This is simply impossible."

"Exactly. How did he do it?"

"Such an unbelievable elite exists in Flame Bulwark Tribe?!"

The people of Star Destruction Tribe were utterly shocked.

The Tormented Tiger found it hard to believe too. Then, he seemed to have thought of something as he looked at the armor on Atu's body. "This must be the work of those fabled weapons and armor refining techniques, isn't it? It's truly incredible."

He could see through the situation clearly now.

His opponent only managed to block his saber strike because of the protection provided by the armor on his body. Moreover, his opponent's cultivation level was obviously not as good as his own, but the fact that he could match his prowess was mostly thanks to that pike in his hand.

"Haha, this is all the saint's doings."

Atu patted the armor on his body and smiled.

He was not as good as the Tormented Tiger in terms of cultivation level.

However, in terms of equipment, not even ten of the Tormented Tiger could match one of him.

"I'm intrigued to see how many saber strikes of mine you can take on!"

Tormented Tiger sneered before delivering killing blows at his opponent with his saber once again.

Clang, clang, clang...

Sounds of iron and steel clashing and clattering rang out incessantly.

Sounds of iron and steel clashing and clattering rang out incessantly.

The two fought till dust was all in the air, making the sky dim and the land dark. Daoist patterns intertwined in the void, and powerful energy waves continued to radiate.

Boom!

A figure was blasted into the air, spitting out mouthfuls of blood in mid-air.

It was the Tormented Tiger!

Moments earlier, Atu took his opponent's attack head-on, all in exchange for exposing the latter's vulnerability and using that opportunity to severely wound him.

"D\*mn it, d\*mn it!"

The Tormented Tiger was furious, and the ferocious qi on his body was boiling wildly.

He could not believe that he, the best warrior of the prestigious Star Destruction Tribe and the strongest man after Zhan Xing, would be overpowered by a guy who had just ascended to the Emperor Realm. What made it worse was that it happened in front of his very own army.

"Tormented Tiger, I think it's time to step back."

At this moment, Zhan Xing, who was sitting on the chariot, said politely.

"Commander, I can still fight him!"

The Tormented Tiger said bitterly.

"I said, step back!"

Zhan Xing's tone became harsher.

The Tormented Tiger shook in fear. He did not dare to disobey his commander's orders. He looked at Atu reluctantly and then retreated back into his army. Although he did not want to admit it, he knew that he might not have the upper hand if he continued to fight.

"Hey, Commander Zhan Xing, the top warrior of your tribe has been defeated. So what now? Are you going to come down and challenge me yourself?"

Atu pointed at Zhan Xing and said arrogantly.

Defeating the Tormented Tiger had brought Atu a lot of confidence.

"You're an ignorant fool seeking your own death."

Zhan Xing said indifferently. Then, he suddenly opened his eyes, and a surge of majestic strength qi gushed out instantly with an overwhelming force.

The strength of this force made Atu's pupils shrink.

There was no way he could stop it!

He had absolutely no means of stopping this power!

Even the armor he was wearing did not give him the slightest sense of security. Was this the strength of the strongest tribe lord?!

It was incredibly terrifying!

It was not at all at the same level as him!

'I... will get killed!'

Atu was petrified. He could only watch as this tremendous force approached him.

Just when he thought he was going to die, a breeze blew past him, and magically, the overwhelming force dissipated in front of the breeze.

Atu felt relieved. His body nearly gave in on him and collapsed.

Right at this moment, a hand was placed on his shoulder from behind to support him. A cold voice rang out. "Everyone is watching. If you fall, it will be very embarrassing."

"Saint Cang." Atu turned around and saw Chu Kuangren's indifferent face. At that moment, an unprecedented sense of security suddenly washed over him.

He knew that it must have been Chu Kuangren who rescued him just now.

"Alright, leave this to me. You should head back first."

Chu Kuangren remarked.

"Saint Cang, you must be wary of our enemy."

"I know."

Atu turned around and returned to the Flame Bulwark Tribe.

Now, only Chu Kuangren was left there facing the millions of soldiers in front of him. In comparison to that, he looked way too minute.

"Saint Cang, the fact that you can block my attack proves that you truly live up to your name."

Zhan Xing commented on the chariot.

Then, he continued, "This method of weaponsmithing you've invented has amazed me. It is indeed spectacular to be able to allow an ordinary Emperor to defeat the strongest warrior under my command."

"Thank you for the compliment."

"It's just a pity that you have become an enemy of the gods. Hence, I can't have you under my service, and you can't be allowed to live as well. However, be rest assured that I will make good use of the weaponsmithing and pill refinery methods that you have passed on."

"Heh, I don't think I need your help with that."

"Why? Do you really think you are capable of overcoming this million-strong troop of mine, Saint Cang?"

Zhan Xing said nonchalantly. As if the army behind him resonated with his words, they let out a loud battle cry. "Kill, kill, kill!!"

For a moment, the cries stirred the clouds and shook the sky and the earth.

Chu Kuangren merely chuckled. "How would I know if I don't give it a try?"

He took a step forward.

In an instant, an incredibly terrifying murderous qi surged out, disturbing the clouds. Millions of troops were wrapped in a bone-piercing coldness like they were in an ice cellar.

Everyone looked at Chu Kuangren with horror.

That was when they saw what looked like countless evil spirits emanating from this man, turning the entire place into a horrifying scene of Ashuran Hell.

They had never seen such a magnitude of murderous qi before. Not even the combined murderous qi of their million-army soldiers was as good as one-twelfth of his.

This man was too frightening.

How many people had this person killed?

If there were to be a God of Carnage in this world, the person in front of them would be absolutely well-deserving of the title!

“Are you guys seriously comparing murderous qi in front of my face? Amateurs.”

Chu Kuangren scoffed gently. He stared at the millions of soldiers in front of him without the slightest emotion in his eyes like he was staring at a million useless stalks of grass.

He had killed way too many creatures in the Extraterritorial Battlefield.

Almost countless.

Although something like that was not worth boasting about, he dared claim that of the entire Firmament Star, no one had a higher kill count than him.

Back on the battlefield.

Only the sound of wind whistling could be heard.

An army of millions fell silent. They were close to being suffocated by the murderous qi of one person, and none of them could move. No longer able to bear the terrifying murderous qi that hit his mind like a violent torrent, a soldier fainted on the spot.

Then, one by one, the soldiers fell to the ground.

Even the cultivators could not endure it.

In the end, those who managed to come through were some cultivators with the toughest minds and the cultivation of at least the Sage Realm.

As for the others, they had fallen to the ground long ago.

Chu Kuangren stood at the same spot, having done absolutely nothing. All he did was release his murderous qi, which was enough to make millions of troops break down!

The scene made everyone in the Flame Bulwark Tribe stunned.

“Is this Saint Cang’s ability? It’s so powerful.”

“What a terrifying murderous qi. Has Saint Cang killed the entire Firmament Star’s beings twice over? Otherwise, where did he gain such murderous qi?”

“There’s no way that’s possible. This should be a certain ability of his, just like weaponsmithing and refining pills. Saint Cang is always full of surprises.”

Everybody voiced out their opinion as they looked at the white-clothed figure, who was not tall but unusually stalwart. Their admiration toward this person was beyond words.

Feng Gu, Yan Wu, and the others exchanged glances with each other.

They were initially worried about what method Chu Kuangren would use to deal with the Star Destruction Tribe. Yet now, they only had one thought in their minds.

This battle had been settled!

Chapter 780: Zhan Xing’s Morale Crumbles, Saint Cang, You’re Too Aggressive

“What kind of person is he?” Zhan Xing looked at Chu Kuangren with a solemn expression that he had never had in his eyes before.

His opponent clearly had no cultivation base at all. Yet, that frail body was able to explode with murderous qi capable of shocking millions of people.

People called him a Saint, but he had such murderous qi.

“I guess I should have a go at you myself.”

Zhan Xing said nonchalantly while holding the giant golden sword next to him. He slowly stood up, and majestic Emperor qi waves erupted from him within an instant.

The Tormented Tiger and others looked at him with hope in their eyes.

“The commander is about to take action.”

“That’s great news. I don’t think anyone other than the commander can deal with this person.”

They had full confidence in Zhan Xing.

Seeing that Zhan Xing was preparing to make a move, the expressions of the Flame Bulwark Tribe members turned grim. “The Demigod is finally about to make a move.”

Zhan Xing was a name that men called legend among the Human Tribe.

No one dared to underestimate him, even those among the gods.

He was the only child born from the union of man and god over the past countless years, possessing both divine power and qi refinement. He was uniquely endowed by nature.

Chu Kuangren also looked at his opponent with interest.

“Let this battle decide who between you and I is qualified to become the leader of the Human Tribe!” Zhan Xing yelled and attacked with his sword.

As he made his move, surges of majestic golden sword qi unleashed vigorously into the air.

At the same time, Daoist patterns also spread out his body and combined with Emperor qi to form a miniverse that enveloped Chu Kuangren within.

An invisible suppression force erupted.

“Not many below the level of a Daoist Celestial would be able to take this blow,” Chu Kuangren said as his invisible mind power flowed.

Surprisingly, when the majestic energy arrived before him, it dissipated automatically.

It did not even lift the corners of his sleeves.

The Tormented Tiger and others were so shocked that their pupils shrank.

“This kind of mind power... How is it possible?”

Zhan Xing, too, could not help himself from feeling shocked.

Chu Kuangren was a member of the Divine Mind Tribe, so it was not a surprise that he could utilize mind power. However, Zhan Xing had met the Divine Mind Tribe Leader before, but the latter’s mind power was not comparable to his at all.

Therefore, he did not pay much attention to Chu Kuangren at first.

Yet now, the mind power that his opponent had displayed was many times stronger than the Divine Mind Tribe Leader. In fact, they were not on the same level at all.

“Your qi refining cultivation base is considered pretty good in this era. Unfortunately, it is still too weak.” Chu Kuangren shook his head and said.

Then, he continued by saying, “Why don’t you show me your divine power too? Let me witness the true potential of a Demigod.”

Zhan Xing could feel an invisible pressure enveloping him.

This compelling sense of oppression...

“Divine Titan Might!”

With a sharp cry, a golden ray of light shot out from Zhan Xing’s body, and endless divine might spread out from his body.

Divine power and Emperor qi.

The two types of energy combined on Zhan Xing’s body and turned into an incredible form of power. The sheer power of his poise shook millions of kilometers radius in area.

The whole land was quaking like crazy.

Even the void began to burst open.

“The commander is starting to unleash his full strength.”

“This power is almost as strong as a Venerable God!”

The Tormented Tiger and others stared at Zhan Xing from behind with their eyes bright. In all these years, they had rarely seen Zhan Xing utilize his divine power.

Based on qi refining alone, he was already close to being invincible.

Besides, the power unleashed through the combination of divine power and refining qi could even match the prowess of Venerable Gods, which nobody in the entire human race could compare to.

“Cang, for so many years, you’re the first who has managed to force me into using my full strength. As a gesture of respect toward you, I will be giving you my strongest, ultimate move! Are you ready?!” Zhan Xing growled in a low tone.

“Bring it on,” Chu Kuangren said calmly.

Zhan Xing then slowly raised the golden sword in his hand.

A gust of wind blew.

Mixed in the wind, the golden strength qi tore the ground beneath them apart.

The wind became increasingly violent.

Similarly, the golden strength qi also got increasingly denser.

Before long, a golden tornado had formed around Star Destruction Tribe, and the horrific power continued ripping the void apart.

“Titanic Storm Slash!”

Zhan Xing’s eyes gleamed with flashes of light.

With a slash of his sword, a golden storm swept out mightily.

Everyone looked at this storm with terror. The power of this blow was comparable to that of a Venerable God. Of the entire firmament, hardly many cultivators could survive this.

“Is that all?”

Chu Kuangren let out a chuckle.

He slowly raised his finger and tapped it at the void.

In the blink of an eye.

Countless Daoist patterns spread out along his fingertips.

Along with that, his mind power surged.

His mind power and Daoist patterns fused to form a miniverse, which shattered the one that Zhan Xing cast in an instant.

The moment the golden storm was enveloped in the miniverse, it turned from violent to peaceful before it finally became a slight breeze that blew past Chu Kuangren.

Zhan Xing was baffled.

Everyone else was perplexed as well.

Was that it?

That was his ultimate move?!

“Impossible. This is impossible!”

Zhan Xing was utterly flabbergasted. Ever since he was born, things had always been smooth-sailing with the power he possessed, and he had never encountered any setbacks at all.

Yet, how did his opponent manage to pull off what he just did?!

How was it even possible for his opponent to negate his ultimate move in just a single move?

“No, I don’t believe it!”

Zhan Xing’s morale crumbled. With the huge golden sword in hand, he dashed toward Chu Kuangren and then slashed at his opponent’s head with the sword.

However, just as his sword got closer to Chu Kuangren, it was blocked by an invisible barrier and halted in mid-air.

A circle of ripples spread out in the void.

“The combination of divine power and qi refining has indeed increased your strength by a great deal. However, this is as far as you can get.”

Chu Kuangren said peacefully.

He gently tapped out a finger, where powerful mind power fluctuations gathered on his fingertip, and lightly touched the huge golden sword.

Crick, crick...

A crisp sound sounded.

The great Wind Slayer Sword, which had been rumored to be the gods’ gift, started to show cracks on its surface. In the end, it turned into fragments with a snap and scattered all over the ground.

However, the mind power fluctuations were still spreading, and they eventually swarmed in on Zhan Xing’s body.

Unable to spare itself from the destruction, The golden armor on Zhan Xing’s body suddenly exploded and blasted Zhan Xing backward into the air as a result. He spat out a mouthful of blood as he was



slammed into a distant mountain range with great force. A large amount of dust and dirt rose from the ground.

He laid inside the pit, the armor on his body completely broken, with only a few rags left shielding his body. His hair was messed up, and he looked distraught.

“This is impossible. Impossible...”

Zhan Xing kept mumbling to himself. He could not believe what just happened. Even the rest of his people had the same reaction.

Zhan Xing was a well-known legend.

One that no human could compete with.

Yet in front of Chu Kuangren, he was absolutely defenseless.

“Saint Cang, that was too aggressive!”

“Is mind power alone really capable of such incredible strength?!”

Yan Wu, Feng Gu, and a few other cultivator elites, who were secretly watching from the dark, were all dumbfounded. They were left staring at Chu Kuangren in amazement.

The Flame Bulwark Tribe’s army, on the other hand, was very high in spirits.

“Cang, Cang, Cang...” They hailed Chu Kuangren’s name in unison, their eyes expressing a fanatical faith toward their new savior.

Chu Kuangren patted his cloak, adjusted his hair, and then raised his head to look at the sky without saying much. With a flicker of his mind, a gust of wind that contained thousands of mystical Daoist patterns swept out toward the sky, smashing into the clouds.

Suddenly, a divine light flickered among the clouds!