

Apocalypse 581

Chapter 581: Slapping a Tier Two Peak Expert

Everyone who can join the Anti-Sovereign Alliance is a master.

To say the least, they are all Tier Two Peak powerhouses.

Clearly, Lin Yuan's strength has not been recognized by them.

Especially this Cyan Lion Spirit, who was the first to oppose Lin Yuan.

Lin Yuan had no good feelings towards these Tier Two Peak experts in the Anti-Sovereign Alliance.

Initially, when Lin Yuan and Elder Bai were struggling against the Sovereign, they chose to stand by.

But now, seeing the fruits ready to be reaped, they decided to join in.

Their current actions can hardly be called timely help, at best, they are just icing on the cake.

Of course, Lin Yuan understood why Elder Bai was willing to form an alliance with them.

As the saying goes, "The more friends, the more paths."

Forming an alliance with them is much better than letting them side with the Sovereign and creating trouble.

Elder Bai's thinking was not wrong, but they need to know who is Xiaowang and who is the Peak.

They must understand who is the host and who is a guest in this Anti-Sovereign Alliance.

The Cyan Lion Spirit evidently does not understand the hierarchy.

"Whether I am fit to be the leader of this alliance is not for you to decide!"

"Who do you think you are?" Lin Yuan stared coldly at the Cyan Lion Spirit and said.

Cyan Lion Spirit: "???"

The Cyan Lion Spirit looked at Lin Yuan in shock, never expecting Lin Yuan to dare insult him like that.

In his eyes, Lin Yuan was just a junior.

It's one thing for a junior not to show the appropriate respect, but to openly insult him was unbelievable.

He was furious!

The Cyan Lion Spirit was truly angry, his eyes widened, staring at Lin Yuan, wishing he could tear Lin Yuan apart.

"Lin Yuan, do you really think, with Elder Bai and the Peacock Great Ming King protecting you, I won't dare to teach you a lesson?"

"Is this how you treat your seniors? Utterly uncultured!" the Cyan Lion Spirit roared in anger.

In the Cyan Lion Spirit's view, Lin Yuan was only daring to insult him because of the support of Elder Bai and the Peacock Great Ming King.

The Cyan Lion Spirit's words also served as a statement to Elder Bai and the Peacock Great Ming King: "If I act against this kid later, it's to teach him to respect his elders, please do not interfere."

The Cyan Lion Spirit's words made it clear he was only looking to teach Lin Yuan a lesson, not to hurt him seriously.

By saying so, he was also giving face to Elder Bai and the Peacock Great Ming King.

However, while the Cyan Lion Spirit was giving face to Elder Bai and the Peacock Great Ming King, Lin Yuan wasn't planning to show him any respect.

"Teach me a lesson?"

"You think you're qualified to teach me?" Lin Yuan said coldly, "All these years you've lived, your pair of eyes have been wasted."

With that, Lin Yuan no longer hid his strength, his aura burst out.

Although not yet at the Tier Two Peak, it was more than ten times stronger than before.

Lin Yuan's aura, once revealed, immediately startled the Cyan Lion Spirit.

The Cyan Lion Spirit clearly hadn't expected Lin Yuan's strength to be far greater than he imagined.

Even Elder Bai, the Peacock Great Ming King, and others familiar with Lin Yuan hadn't expected it.

In their view, Lin Yuan's progress in strength was astonishingly fast.

From his aura now, Lin Yuan was only a step away from the Tier Two Peak.

It should be noted that Elder Bai and the Peacock Great Ming King took endless years to achieve this level of strength.

Comparatively, Lin Yuan is simply a genius among geniuses.

Even though the Cyan Lion Spirit was shocked by Lin Yuan's strength, he still refused to back down, stubbornly saying, "Hmph, it's just Tier Two high level, nothing special."

"A miss is as good as a mile. Not at the Tier Two Peak, and you're just an ant."

The Cyan Lion Spirit remained stubborn, even though he knew Lin Yuan had reached this level in an incredibly short time.

For him, Tier Two Peak was nothing significant.

Hearing the Cyan Lion Spirit's words, the mother-in-law, "Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder," was somewhat displeased and said, "Tier Two Peak might be our end point, but it is not Lin Yuan's."

"How many years has he been cultivating? Cyan Lion, at his age, you were probably still a wild beast eating raw meat and drinking blood, right?"

Originally, the Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder wasn't fond of Lin Yuan, believing he would eventually die at the hands of the Sovereign, leaving Bai Ling'er a widow like herself.

But as time went on, the Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder grew more and more fond of Lin Yuan, like a mother-in-law admiring her son-in-law.

Seeing the Cyan Lion Spirit repeatedly oppose her son-in-law, the Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder couldn't stand it and directly retaliated with words.

The Cyan Lion Spirit, attacked verbally by the Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder, was left speechless.

The Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder made a valid point. By age comparison, the Cyan Lion Spirit at Lin Yuan's age hadn't even transformed, indeed just a wild beast.

The Cyan Lion Spirit almost fainted from rage but didn't dare to retaliate against the Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder.

After all, even among Tier Two Peak experts, there are distinctions in strength.

Among Tier Two Peak experts, the Cyan Lion Spirit's strength was quite average.

While the Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder's strength was top-tier among Tier Two Peak experts.

Only second to perverts like the Sovereign and the Peacock Great Ming King.

The Cyan Lion Spirit dared not confront the Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder directly, fearing she would lose her temper.

He neither dared to confront the Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder directly nor wanted to swallow his pride.

Having no choice, he could only vent his anger on Lin Yuan.

He's bound to choose the softer persimmon, and undoubtedly, Lin Yuan, to the Cyan Lion Spirit, is the soft persimmon.

"Hmph!" the Cyan Lion Spirit snorted toward Lin Yuan with disdain, "Turns out you're just a coward hiding behind women!"

"Slap!"

However, just as the Cyan Lion Spirit finished speaking, a crisp slap echoed.

Everyone followed the sound and saw a bright red handprint on the Cyan Lion Spirit's face.

Elder Bai: "?????"

Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder: "???"

Cyan Lion Spirit: "???"

Everyone: "???"

After the slap resounded, everyone present looked at each other.

None of them saw Lin Yuan's move, only heard the slap.

Among everyone, the only one who saw Lin Yuan make a move was the Peacock Great Ming King.

At this moment, the Peacock Great Ming King was also very surprised. He had clearly seen Lin Yuan's swift palm.

Just as the Cyan Lion Spirit finished speaking, Lin Yuan's hand had already slapped the Cyan Lion Spirit on the face.

This slap left the Cyan Lion Spirit unable to react, or rather, he didn't have time to react.

Nothing else matters, but in terms of speed, Lin Yuan had already far surpassed the Cyan Lion Spirit.

It's important to know, the Cyan Lion Spirit was a Tier Two Peak expert.

"Is this kid really this formidable?" thought the Peacock Great Ming King.

Chapter 582: Beating the Cyan Lion Spirit and Gaining Recognition

At this moment, the Cyan Lion Spirit felt a burning sensation on his face.

Beyond the burning sensation on his face, a strong sense of shame welled up in his heart.

In his eyes, Lin Yuan was nothing more than a junior.

Moreover, he had never considered Lin Yuan worthy of notice.

Yet, this junior, someone he had never respected, had slapped him hard in front of everyone.

The Cyan Lion Spirit was filled with shame, wishing he could find a hole to hide in.

After the shame came extreme anger.

The Cyan Lion Spirit gritted his teeth and said, "Lin Yuan, you really bully me too much."

"I'll wring your head off and use it as a ball."

At this moment, the Cyan Lion Spirit was truly furious, disregarding anyone else's dignity.

His own pride was gone, so why consider anyone else's?

Now, the Cyan Lion Spirit had decided to strike Lin Yuan, and no one could stop him.

In the next moment, in a fit of rage, the Cyan Lion Spirit attacked Lin Yuan aggressively.

Seeing the Cyan Lion Spirit make a move, the Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder and Elder Bai immediately prepared to assist.

"I'll handle it myself!" Lin Yuan stopped them, stepping forward to confront the challenge.

Seeing the Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder and Elder Bai were a bit worried, Peacock Great Ming King approached them and said in a low voice, "Don't worry, the Cyan Lion Spirit might not necessarily be Lin Yuan's match."

Elder Bai: "????"

Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder: "????"

Elder Bai and the Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder were utterly shocked. If anyone else had said the Cyan Lion Spirit might not be Lin Yuan's match, they would have dismissed it as nonsense.

But the person speaking was Peacock Great Ming King.

It's known that in the Mysterious World, in terms of combat prowess, Peacock Great Ming King is second only to the World Honored.

In terms of battle strength, Peacock Great Ming King is assuredly authoritative.

The authoritative evaluation left Elder Bai and Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder no choice but to believe!

"How did this kid suddenly become so powerful?" Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder asked puzzled.

You know, the last time Lin Yuan left the Mysterious World, he was seriously injured!

Now he's returned, vibrant and full of life, not only recovered from his wounds but greatly enhanced in strength.

Since Lin Yuan left and returned, it has been hardly three months!

What kind of encounter did Lin Yuan experience in these three months?

After pondering for a moment, Peacock Great Ming King replied, "Probably an expert from their world lent a hand."

Lin Yuan had vaguely revealed some information about the dean to Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder and Peacock Great Ming King.

Hence, they were aware of the dean's existence.

At this moment, Elder Bai chimed in, "Lin Yuan's improvement in strength is a good thing for us!"

"The stronger he is, the more beneficial for us, isn't it?"

At these words, everyone nodded repeatedly.

Time is pressing!

Now, the oppressive sky of the Mysterious World, and the looming Golden Buddha beneath it, brought immense pressure upon them.

With the World Honored about to attain enlightenment, Lin Yuan's increased strength gives them greater hope in stopping the World Honored from achieving his goal.

While the three conversed, Lin Yuan and the Cyan Lion Spirit were already locked in combat.

With a thought, Lin Yuan conjured an endless sea of Netherworld Ghost Fire in the void.

The nearly limitless ghost fire surrounded the Cyan Lion Spirit.

"Roar!"

The Cyan Lion Spirit let out a Lion's Roar, dispersing the surrounding Netherworld Ghost Fire.

The Cyan Lion Spirit's strength, although average among Tier Two Peak Experts,

still made him formidable, being a Tier Two Peak Expert.

Lin Yuan and the Cyan Lion Spirit were evenly matched at first.

But as the battle progressed, Lin Yuan began gaining the upper hand, and the Cyan Lion Spirit started struggling to withstand his assaults.

Once he was on the defensive, the Cyan Lion Spirit's expression turned gloomier.

He had fought a junior at length, only to now find himself losing.

If this got out, he'd truly be unable to show his face.

Today, his dignity had already been thoroughly tarnished; he couldn't afford to lose.

With this thought, the Cyan Lion Spirit flipped over to reveal his true form.

A massive, nine-headed cyan lion appeared.

As a creature who attained enlightenment, his most powerful state was naturally his true form.

Under normal circumstances, he would only enter his true form in life-and-death crises or against overwhelmingly strong opponents.

Now that the Cyan Lion Spirit was using his true form, it meant he was truly desperate.

What use is desperation?

If desperation was useful, then what would be the point of strength?

The Cyan Lion Spirit revealed his true form, and Lin Yuan, quick on his feet, leapt onto the Cyan Lion Spirit's back with lightning speed.

The Cyan Lion Spirit felt Lin Yuan mount him and immediately tried to bite him.

Lin Yuan conjured dozens of energy arms, all punching towards the Cyan Lion Spirit's heads.

The Cyan Lion Spirit was dazed from the blows, struggling to shake Lin Yuan off.

Lin Yuan firmly rode the Cyan Lion Spirit's back, activating his Tattoo Power. At this moment, a silhouette of the Underworld manifested faintly behind Lin Yuan.

With the appearance of the Underworld silhouette, a crackling sound was heard, and all four of the Cyan Lion Spirit's leg bones shattered, forcing him to collapse weakly.

The Cyan Lion Spirit wasn't just carrying Lin Yuan but the weight of the entire Underworld.

Though a Tier Two Peak Expert, he couldn't bear the weight of the entire Underworld.

The Cyan Lion Spirit was beaten black and blue, his head bloodied, all four of his legs broken.

Seeing this, Lin Yuan withdrew his tattoo powers.

After all, the Cyan Lion Spirit was here to form an alliance, a lesson was enough.

If Lin Yuan killed him in front of everyone, it would leave a chilling effect on others.

"Do you submit?" Lin Yuan patted the largest of the Cyan Lion Spirit's heads and asked.

While speaking, Lin Yuan also waved his fist.

The Cyan Lion Spirit initially wanted to refuse but seeing Lin Yuan's huge fist, quickly relented.

"I submit!" the Cyan Lion Spirit replied, biting the bullet.

He had no choice but to submit!

If he did not, Lin Yuan might take his head and make a cooked lion's head.

"Do you now think I'm fit to be your leader?" Lin Yuan continued to ask.

Once you submit once, further submission becomes a matter of course.

"Fit!"

"Of course you are. I, the Cyan Lion Spirit, am willing to face any peril for our leader!" The Cyan Lion Spirit quickly pledged allegiance.

The Cyan Lion Spirit acquiesced, and Lin Yuan ceased to make things difficult for him, letting him go.

At this moment, Peacock Great Ming King stepped in, casting a green light on the Cyan Lion Spirit, an essence of wood energy.

The wood energy spread through the Cyan Lion Spirit's body, healing his injuries visibly.

Lin Yuan's strikes were measured. Though the wounds looked serious, they were superficial.

Chapter 583: The World Honored's Deal

Outside the Mysterious World.

In the endless Void.

In the dark Void, three giant figures stood towering.

These three figures were incomparably huge, reaching the sky and standing on the ground, their faces unclear, yet the aura from their bodies emitted a heart-palpating pressure.

The three giants stood in a triangular formation, the figure on the left shrouded entirely in black flames, and the one on the right in golden flames.

The opposing figure had a slightly weaker aura, with half its body in golden flames and half in black flames.

The one entirely shrouded in black flames was the Demon Lord among the four Innate Spirits.

And the one entirely shrouded in black flames was the Buddha among the four Innate Spirits.

As for the figure with a slightly weaker aura, half in golden flames and half in black flames, it was the World Honored.

According to the Peacock Great Ming King, the World Honored cultivated both the techniques of the Demon Lord and the Buddha, so a connection between them was normal.

Today, they met in the Void, clearly not with good intentions.

"World Honored, I never expected you could truly reach this step."

"To achieve the Innate Divine Power with a mortal body is truly astounding for us!" the Demon Lord couldn't help but praise.

These Innate Spirits were born strong, while the World Honored had become so powerful with a mortal body, indeed astonishing.

"From now on, we shall address you as a fellow Daoist!" the Buddha was not stingy with his praise either.

Only the strong gain others' recognition.

Evidently, the World Honored had proven his worth.

Thus, he earned the recognition of these two Innate Divine Spirits.

The World Honored's ethereal voice resonated: "I wish to attain enlightenment, yet I'm one step short."

"Missing this final step still leaves me behind you two fellow Daoists."

Hearing this, the Demon Lord and Buddha were momentarily stunned before exchanging glances.

Then, the Demon Lord spoke first: "This must be the reason you sought us today?"

"Whatever you wish, speak plainly, no need to beat around the bush."

After the Demon Lord spoke, the Buddha also looked at the World Honored.

The World Honored didn't visit without a reason; he invited them here for this matter.

The World Honored was one step short of attaining enlightenment, and it was likely that he needed their help.

Reaching this point, the World Honored no longer concealed his intentions and spoke directly: "My way to enlightenment is to reopen the world above the Mysterious World."

"This world is named the Western Heaven."

"The strong ones of the Mysterious World, after reaching Tier Two, can achieve nirvana and ascend to the Western Heaven, becoming Buddhas of the Western Heaven."

"The opening of the Western Heaven truly lacks Buddhas; I ask you both to help me slay all the Tier Two powerhouses of the Mysterious World, leaving their souls to reshape them into golden bodies after the Western Heaven is opened."

Originally, the World Honored planned to let the followers from his sect ascend to his Western Heaven as Buddhas after its opening.

Unfortunately, his sect was annihilated, and all his followers were killed.

By the time the Western Heaven opened, without Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, the World Honored would remain alone.

Lacking his sect, the World Honored aimed to complete the Western Heaven after its opening.

Thus, only one move remained, which was to kill the strong and leave the weak.

And at a critical moment, the World Honored couldn't spare time for this matter.

Unable to act himself, the only solution was to seek external assistance.

The World Honored had no choice but to seek help from the four Innate Divine Spirits.

Because only these four Innate Divine Spirits could accomplish this matter.

The World Honored was not deep in acquaintance with the Daoist Venerable and Wa Huang, so he could only turn to the Demon Lord and the Buddha.

After hearing the World Honored's request, the Demon Lord and Buddha exchanged a glance.

They had once agreed with the last Human Emperor not to personally descend.

However, as the saying goes, where there's a will, there's a way.

Not descending personally doesn't mean there are no other methods.

Over thousands of years, they've recruited countless talents for their use.

These talents originated from either the Mysterious World or the Real World.

Since joining their sect, they were brainwashed and utilized.

Their followers could assist the World Honored in accomplishing this task.

Previously, the old man with the hemp garment who easily trapped the Peacock Great Ming King was a disciple of Wa Huang's Palace.

"Now, isn't it somewhat overstepping to discuss with just us two and not inform Wa Huang and the Daoist Venerable?" the Buddha hesitantly asked.

The four Innate Divine Spirits had always kept consistent in their schemes over this world.

Especially given the past protection of the Human King over this world.

"Hmph!" However, as soon as the Buddha finished speaking, the Demon Lord snorted coldly: "Now, the Human King is dead, and this world has no supreme powerhouse left, unworthy of uniting the four of us."

"Moreover, the Daoist Venerable and Wa Huang both want to have their cake and eat it too. Even if sought, they might not agree to cooperate."

"Instead, why don't the three of us collaborate and have fewer people to share the benefits with?"

The Demon Lord appreciated the World Honored's way of handling things.

If they can't urinate into a pot together, why force it?

After the Demon Lord's speech, the Buddha no longer spoke.

Evidently, he had agreed.

Why not take the benefits that come their way?

Since the Human King's death, indeed none remain worth fearing in this world.

Even someone as powerful as the World Honored is only successful due to practicing their techniques.

Indeed, they highly recognized the World Honored.

After all, the World Honored had seamlessly integrated their opposing attributes in cultivation techniques.

"World Honored, you should know, there's no free lunch in this world."

"We help you; how do you plan to repay us?" the Buddha looked at the World Honored and slowly asked.

This is a transaction; the World Honored couldn't solely benefit, as he also needed to pay a price.

The World Honored naturally understood this principle.

Once he sought external assistance, he had already considered the price to be paid.

Moreover, he was certain that the Demon Lord and Buddha couldn't refuse him.

"Proselytization!"

"I will allow you to proselytize and send agents to preach in this world."

"I will ensure the safety of your representatives and the continuation of your sect!" the World Honored offered his terms.

Why did the four Innate Spirits scheme for this world?

The purpose was to cultivate this world's myriad tribes as "cows" to provide them Power of Faith.

By allowing them to proselytize, though slower than direct cultivation, it provided a channel to obtain Power of Faith.

Chapter 584: Demon King Bosun

Once the World Honored proves the Dao, this world will become his territory.

Then, if they intend to farm this world, the World Honored certainly won't agree.

Stopping the World Honored from proving the Dao would bring them no benefit at all.

Helping the World Honored prove the Dao ensures the safety of their representatives and the continuation of their sects, meaning they share this world with the World Honored.

Of course, without a doubt, the World Honored takes the major share, while they receive the smaller portion.

Right now, the choice given to the Demon Lord and Buddha is either follow the World Honored and drink soup or get nothing at all.

The choice is obvious.

They have coveted this world for a long time.

Previously, they tried repeatedly but achieved nothing.

Now, no matter how they see it, this is an excellent opportunity for them.

First, insert their sect into the world, then seek thriving development.

Buddha and Demon Lord exchanged a glance and nodded in agreement, "Agreed!"

"This matter, agreed!"

Even though they agreed, the World Honored did not speak, remaining quietly awaiting.

This matter is not merely about agreeing.

Besides agreeing, you must take actual action!

Seeing the World Honored's expression, Buddha and Demon Lord understood his intention.

Buddha pondered for a moment, then said, "I'll let my four great disciples follow your orders."

After Buddha spoke, Demon Lord also said, "My four Great Demon Kings will likewise follow your orders."

Buddha's four disciples and Demon Lord's four Great Demon Kings are Tier Two Peak Experts.

Though not as formidable as the Elder in Wa Huang's service, they are still top experts among Tier Two Peak Experts.

After considering for a moment, the World Honored found that having these eight Tier Two Peak powerhouses was temporarily sufficient.

"Thank you both!"

"The day I prove my Dao will be the day you establish your sect." The World Honored thanked Buddha and Demon Lord.

However, Buddha's eyes flashed with cunning as he smiled like an old fox, saying, "There's no rush to establish the sect."

"We should prepare first, and only establish the sect after the worlds have completely merged and stabilized."

Buddha was indeed an old fox, as although the myriad races of the Mysterious World could generate Power of Faith,

the Human Race's faith is the most abundant, the most devout.

Thus, naturally, he would wait until the two worlds fully merged before establishing the sect, maximizing the benefits.

At this moment, the World Honored truly had limited options.

"Agreed!" The World Honored replied.

Here, the World Honored, Buddha, and Demon Lord, two Primordial Spirits, formed an alliance.

Meanwhile, Elder Bai and their Anti-Buddha Alliance were also established.

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Mysterious World.

Nine Bends Mountain.

This is the Cyan Lion Spirit's domain, the very Cyan Lion Spirit taught a lesson by Lin Yuan, beaten as a warning to others.

Although the Peacock Great Ming King healed the Cyan Lion Spirit's wounds,

his physical injuries were easy to heal, but the injuries to his spirit are hard to cure!

For the Cyan Lion Spirit, the shame of being beaten by Lin Yuan was no less than the Jade Emperor being beaten by the monkey.

After Lin Yuan's thrashing, Cyan Lion Spirit developed depression.

To put it simply, he was beaten into despondency.

After the Anti-Buddha Alliance meeting ended, the Cyan Lion Spirit returned to his domain, spending his days drinking away his sorrows.

"Lin Yuan! Lin Yuan, you were too harsh!"

"Look at how you've beaten me, which of my nine heads did you spare!"

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Drunkenly muttering, Cyan Lion Spirit suddenly felt a chill on his neck, and in the next moment, blood sprayed out as he saw his headless body.

Cyan Lion Spirit: "???"

Cyan Lion Spirit was bewildered, finally realizing his head had been chopped off.

With Cyan Lion Spirit's head severed, a humanoid figure emerged from the void.

With a vicious face, dark skin, and a fiery aura emanating from his body,

the figure looked at Cyan Lion Spirit's corpse, slightly frowning, and asked in confusion, "Why is there no soul?"

The figure was none other than Demon King Bosun, under the Demon Lord, leader of the Four Great Demon Kings.

After the Demon Lord loaned them to the World Honored, the World Honored instructed them to kill these Tier Two experts.

The first target Demon King Bosun chose was the Cyan Lion Spirit.

One could say, this Cyan Lion Spirit was truly unlucky.

When Demon King Bosun attacked, he was careful only to sever Cyan Lion Spirit's head without harming his soul.

He expected the soul to emerge once the head was cut off.

Yet, Cyan Lion Spirit's soul did not vacate his body.

In truth, Demon King Bosun didn't misjudge.

It was due to Cyan Lion Spirit's unique nature.

Cyan Lion Spirit had nine heads; other than the main central head, the remaining eight weren't fatal if cut off.

When Cyan Lion Spirit transformed into human form, he topped his body with one of the other eight heads, not his central one.

The head cut off by Demon King Bosun was one of those other eight.

Thus, Cyan Lion Spirit survived.

Seeing Demon King Bosun question why his soul hadn't appeared, Cyan Lion Spirit knew he couldn't continue pretending.

If he kept pretending, Demon King Bosun might discover something amiss.

In that swift moment, as Demon King Bosun turned away from Cyan Lion Spirit,

a new head instantly grew on Cyan Lion Spirit's headless body.

At the same time, a large machete appeared in Cyan Lion Spirit's hand.

"Whoosh!"

The machete, with a fierce wind sound, struck Demon King Bosun's forehead.

However, as the machete touched Bosun's forehead, his body transformed into flames.

His body turned into a dark flame, engulfing the machete.

Under the blaze, the machete softened, then melted into molten iron.

"Sizzle."

"Sizzle, sizzle."

The melted machete dripped onto the ground, corroding the surface.

Cyan Lion Spirit shivered, quickly backing away and asking, "Who are you?"

"Why did you ambush me?"

Cyan Lion Spirit examined Demon King Bosun thoroughly, confirming he didn't know this Tier Two Peak Powerhouse.

"Could it be one of the Outer World People that Peacock Great Ming King mentioned?" Cyan Lion Spirit thought with a frown.

Tier Two Peak Experts within the Mysterious World are limited in number; although relationships are varied, they at least recognize each other.

They had never seen the person before them, which suggested he was likely an outsider, like the Elder in Wa Huang's encounter.

Chapter 585: The Cyan Lion Spirit Fiercely Battles Demon King Bosun

In Demon King Bosun's view, the power of the Cyan Lion Spirit is quite ordinary.

In his eyes, this Cyan Lion Spirit is already a dead man.

Therefore, concerning his own identity, Demon King Bosun naturally did not hide anything.

Demon King Bosun looked the Cyan Lion Spirit up and down coldly and said, "Since you wish to know who I am, very well, I'll let you die knowing."

"Listen well, I am Demon King Bosun."

Demon King Bosun?

The Cyan Lion Spirit had never heard of such a figure as Demon King Bosun in the Mysterious World.

Since he hadn't heard of his name, then only one possibility remained.

Outer World People.

A trace of panic flashed in the Cyan Lion Spirit's eyes, and he thought to himself, "It's over, today I'm truly done for."

Although the Cyan Lion Spirit had never met the Outer World People, he had heard the Peacock Great Ming King speak of them!

Indeed, even the Peacock Great Ming King found himself helpless and trapped when facing an Outer World Person.

The Cyan Lion Spirit knew his own capabilities were far below those of the Peacock Great Ming King.

Today, encountering an Outer World Person - wasn't it a path leading to death?

Since the Cyan Lion Spirit had only recently engaged with Demon King Bosun, he didn't know his true strength.

Therefore, he was very anxious.

"Enough!"

"I've fulfilled your wish by letting you know my name."

"Now, you can die!" With these words, Demon King Bosun moved to strike.

"Wait!" At this, the Cyan Lion Spirit hurriedly stopped Demon King Bosun, shouting, "Demon King Bosun, we have no grievances, why do you want to kill me?"

"My master and the World Honored reached an agreement, and by the World Honored's command, I am here to send you off."

"Enough, don't waste words, just hurry up and leave!" Demon King Bosun said coldly.

Upon hearing this, the Cyan Lion Spirit couldn't help but feel shocked.

The World Honored, once again, the World Honored.

The World Honored's foundation is indeed deep, even when the situation seems dire, there are still such trump cards.

Facing death, the Cyan Lion Spirit couldn't care about face any longer.

"Demon King Bosun, tell the World Honored I am willing to withdraw from the Anti-Buddha Alliance and no longer oppose him!"

"Could the World Honored spare my life?" The Cyan Lion Spirit pleaded.

At this moment, the Cyan Lion Spirit couldn't bother about what would happen after the World Honored achieved enlightenment.

Whether the World Honored would make him a slave or servant after enlightenment,
or whether he would dismember him and make roasted lion's head after enlightenment,
in summation, the Cyan Lion Spirit couldn't care anymore.

If today's matter is not handled well, he would immediately face death.

The Cyan Lion Spirit had put aside his pride, trying to stay alive.

Clearly, Demon King Bosun had no intention of sparing him.

Demon King Bosun turned to glance at the Cyan Lion Spirit, sneering, "The orders I received have no room for you to live."

"So, the words you just spoke—let them be your last words."

Demon King Bosun offered no escape, angering the Cyan Lion Spirit.

An uncle could endure, but an aunt couldn't.

Despite his humble pleas for life, he was still pushed to a dead end.

How could it be?

If his nine-headed lion had not displayed anger, did they really think he was Hello KT?

"I just want to live, but since you insist on taking my life."

"Then I have no choice but to fight you!" The Cyan Lion Spirit gritted his teeth and prepared to fight desperately.

With these words, the Cyan Lion Spirit revealed his true form.

Since the Peacock Great Ming King had already warned his allies about the Outer World People,

and informed them of his own encounters with them,

the Cyan Lion Spirit instinctively feared the Outer World People.

He dared not be careless; with no delay, he revealed his true form and fought with all his might.

"Roar!"

Accompanied by a low roar, a giant cyan lion with eight heads appeared before Demon King Bosun.

Originally, the Cyan Lion Spirit had nine heads, but one was just severed by Demon King Bosun.

Thus, only eight remain now.

The cyan fur of the Cyan Lion Spirit stood on end, with sixteen blood-red pupils glaring at Demon King Bosun.

Currently, the Cyan Lion Spirit hated Demon King Bosun to the extreme, wishing he could eat him alive.

Demon King Bosun looked at the majestic Cyan Lion Spirit and couldn't help but remark, "A fine mount indeed, but unfortunately, my orders are to send you off."

Cyan Lion Spirit: "????"

Upon hearing these words, the Cyan Lion Spirit was truly furious.

This was too much—bullying the lion too much!

Not only did he insist on killing him, but he even wanted to make him a mount?

"Roar!"

The eight heads of the Cyan Lion Spirit roared furiously together.

This roar was not impotent fury; it was the Cyan Lion Spirit's unique skill.

Lion's Roar.

With a group attack nature, the Lion's Roar was quite powerful and invincible.

Among the same level, few could withstand his Lion's Roar.

The roar aroused waves of energy, sweeping debris and grass toward Demon King Bosun.

The energy waves mixed with fragments of stones and grasses akin to a meat grinder.

As a Tier Two Peak Expert, the Cyan Lion Spirit had some strength.

Indeed, he had some strength, yet Demon King Bosun didn't consider him a significant threat.

Then, Bosun conjured from the Void a treasure sword enveloped in black demonic flame.

This treasure sword, its aura was extraordinary.

With one hand, Demon King Bosun wielded the sword, and as the energy wave swept toward him, he lightly pointed upwards.

The powerful demonic flames encircled the energy wave, and the scorching heat directly evaporated the energy wave entirely.

The mountain rocks and grass within were burnt to ashes, leaving not a trace.

Following the energy wave, the Cyan Lion Spirit had already lunged forward, intending to wait for Demon King Bosun to be tangled by the energy wave and then seize the moment to attack.

However, against an expert like Demon King Bosun, such a sneak attack was futile.

The Cyan Lion Spirit never anticipated that Demon King Bosun would effortlessly overcome his Lion's Roar.

Due to his miscalculation, the Cyan Lion Spirit didn't expect the energy wave to be dispelled so quickly.

As his paw reached for Demon King Bosun, it collided with Bosun's treasure sword.

"Slice!"

Indeed, Demon King Bosun's treasure sword was a divine weapon and a sharp blade.

With just one cut, he severed the Cyan Lion Spirit's front paw.

"Slice."

"Clang."

The Cyan Lion Spirit only heard a "slice," followed by a burst of blood, and his front paw dropped to the ground.

His front paw was severed, yet initially, the Cyan Lion Spirit felt nothing but cold at the wound.

Upon looking down, witnessing the severed paw, the painful roar extended continuously.

Chapter 586: The Golden-Winged Roc Escapes Death

The Cyan Lion Spirit screamed continuously, but Demon King Bosun showed no mercy.

After severing the Cyan Lion Spirit's front paw with his sword, his second strike followed swiftly.

The sharp blade, emitting black demonic flames, sliced through, and the Cyan Lion Spirit, still screaming, was caught off guard and lost another head.

After successive hits, the Cyan Lion Spirit dared not remain even a little careless.

Quickly shrinking his size, he endured the pain and cautiously guarded against Demon King Bosun's attacks.

After receiving several strikes, the Cyan Lion Spirit finally realized.

In battle with Demon King Bosun, his large size was not an advantage.

On the contrary, because he was too big, he was frequently hit by Demon King Bosun's sword.

After attempting to reduce his size, the Cyan Lion Spirit fought Demon King Bosun.

His mind was extremely tense, exerting every bit of his strength.

However, the huge gap between the two was nearly impossible to bridge.

In the battle with Demon King Bosun, the Cyan Lion Spirit suffered repeated sword strikes, leaving him with only three heads.

Once those three heads were severed, he would meet his ultimate demise.

Logically, a Tier Two Peak Powerhouse's demonic body is quite formidable, yet the Cyan Lion Spirit's body under Demon King Bosun's sword was as fragile as tofu.

"Now, it's do or die!"

"Otherwise, I'm certainly dead!" The Cyan Lion Spirit resolved inwardly.

"Roar!"

A deep roar was heard.

Suddenly, the surrounding sand and stones swirled back.

All the surrounding sand and stones were sucked into the Cyan Lion Spirit's belly, determined to swallow Demon King Bosun alive.

The Cyan Lion Spirit had another trump card: live swallowing.

There was another universe in his stomach; once swallowed, his gastric acid would transform into yin and yang energy, dissolving trapped foes into pus.

In battles against foes, the Cyan Lion Spirit once swallowed a hundred thousand of his enemy's demon soldiers at once.

The Cyan Lion Spirit had defeated numerous adversaries using this move, yet those opponents were always weaker.

Facing a stronger opponent, he was attempting such a move for the first time.

The Cyan Lion Spirit knew swallowing a foe stronger than himself was risky.

But now, the Cyan Lion Spirit had no alternative.

This trump card was his final chance for a comeback.

Swallowing Demon King Bosun might lead to the Cyan Lion Spirit's death.

Yet if he didn't, death was inevitable.

Facing the Cyan Lion Spirit's last fight, Demon King Bosun remained unperturbed, letting himself be swallowed easily.

He wanted to see what could possibly lie within the Cyan Lion Spirit's belly.

Demon King Bosun vanished from the spot, swallowed by the Cyan Lion Spirit.

Witnessing this, the Cyan Lion Spirit rejoiced silently, immediately activating his gastric acid to transform into yin and yang energy to digest Demon King Bosun.

However, Demon King Bosun, inside the Cyan Lion Spirit's stomach, ignited intense demonic flames.

The next moment, black demonic flames also engulfed the Cyan Lion Spirit's body.

With the flames burning, the Cyan Lion Spirit emitted agonized growls and screams.

Yet, all was of no avail.

The Cyan Lion Spirit lost!

When the Cyan Lion Spirit's body had completely burned to ashes, Demon King Bosun reappeared.

In his hand, he held the phantom of a nine-headed lion.

This phantom was the Cyan Lion Spirit's soul.

Mission accomplished, Demon King Bosun's figure flickered, disappearing from the scene.

The Cyan Lion Spirit was the first victim but definitely not the last.

Bear in mind, the Demon Lord dispatched the Four Great Demon Kings, and Buddha sent his Four Great Disciples.

Now, Demon King Bosun has acted; others surely haven't been inactive.

In reality, Tier Two Peak Powerhouses stand no chance against these Outer World People.

Conservatively estimated, at least eight Tier Two Peak Powerhouses have been victimized.

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East Sea.

Elder Bai's dojo.

The Golden-Winged Roc, covered in blood, rushed into Elder Bai's dojo, looking rather miserable.

Since the Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder's Qingqiu Mountain had shifted to the Real World, the Grand Elder stayed temporarily at Elder Bai's dojo for cultivation.

Seeing the Golden-Winged Roc's condition, the Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder and Elder Bai instantly grew solemn.

"Elder Bai, something terrible has happened!"

"Something terrible happened!" The Golden-Winged Roc said gravely, enduring his injuries.

Elder Bai quickly asked, "What on earth happened?"

"How did you end up so badly hurt?"

Hearing this, the Golden-Winged Roc replied, "I was ambushed by the Outer World People mentioned by the Peacock Great Ming King."

"I am not their match, fortunately my speed allowed me to narrowly escape."

The Golden-Winged Roc, like the Cyan Lion Spirit, was among the first targets ambushed by the Outer World People.

However, the Golden-Winged Roc was significantly stronger than the Cyan Lion Spirit.

Most crucially, the Golden-Winged Roc was fast.

The Golden-Winged Roc's flight spanned ninety thousand miles in a single flap.

While unable to defeat those Outer World People, his escape made them unable to stop him.

This allowed him to deliver the news.

Elder Bai's face turned grave, and he said, "We must immediately convene all allies for a meeting; I suspect you aren't the sole victim of attack."

"Ascertaining the number of victims is necessary to judge the exact situation."

Elder Bai's words quickly gained the approval of the Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder and the Golden-Winged Roc.

The Grand Elder helped the Golden-Winged Roc heal, while Elder Bai used a Secret Technique to contact all allies.

Informing them of the Golden-Winged Roc's ambush.

And promptly inviting them to his dojo for a meeting.

Elder Bai, cautious in actions.

He particularly urged them not to come alone but to arrive in groups of three or five.

If facing danger, they must relay the news immediately.

Nearby allies must go first to rescue upon receiving a distress message.

Elder Bai's strategy could temporarily sidestep ambushes with the advantage of numbers.

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Meanwhile.

Under the Demon Lord were the Four Great Demon Kings, under Buddha, the Four Great Disciples, now gathered together.

Among the eight, seven were proud and lofty, heads held high.

Except for one strong monk, who appeared dejected, like a defeated rooster.

This was Buddha's second disciple, Kshatriya.

He had ambushed the Golden-Winged Roc but was disappointed, failing to kill the Roc, allowing its escape.

Everyone else succeeded, only he failed, naturally his reputation was somewhat tarnished.

"Kshatriya, you truly are useless, aren't you?"

"Because of you, the news leaked, making ambushes harder in the future."

"Facing them directly, we are at a disadvantage with fewer numbers." Demon King Bosun taunted mercilessly.

Chapter 587: Narrowly Avoided Infighting

The four Primordial Spirits, while united against outsiders,

harbor their own internal strife and rivalry.

Particularly, the Demon Lord and the Buddha, whose cultivation techniques are inherently opposed.

Such opposition naturally breeds a desire to determine superiority.

Being such prominent figures, the Demon Lord and the Buddha wouldn't stoop to a direct confrontation.

However, their subordinates show no such restraint.

The Four Great Demon Kings under the Demon Lord and the Buddha's four disciples often clashed when outside the heavens.

Now, having come together for cooperation, they refrain from taking physical action against each other.

But if they can't fight, they can at least resort to verbal jibes!

Especially after Kshatriya made a mistake, Demon King Bosun naturally seized the chance to mock him.

Being publicly mocked by Demon King Bosun, Kshatriya flushed with embarrassment.

Not only did Kshatriya turn red, but even the Buddha's other three disciples felt disgraced.

"Bosun, don't push us too far!"

"It was just a momentary lapse on my part. If you keep creating trouble, watch out; I'll turn against you!" Kshatriya, face flushed with anger, rebuked Bosun.

Practicing Buddhist Dharma strictly warns against anger. Seeing Kshatriya consumed by rage from Bosun's taunts showed his incomplete mastery of the path.

Kshatriya's anger played right into Demon King Bosun's hands.

Why was Demon King Bosun taunting so provocatively?

His purpose was precisely to provoke Kshatriya's anger.

"Tsk, ts!" Demon King Bosun looked Kshatriya up and down, sarcastically commenting, "Impressive, truly impressive!"

"But you're only impressive in your own den!"

"Even a little Golden-Winged Roc could escape you, yet now you dare challenge us?"

"What? Are you going to kill us all? Would the Golden-Winged Roc then die with us too?"

Demon King Bosun's words were indeed sharp.

This kind of sarcasm left Kshatriya speechless.

Among the Buddha's four disciples, Kshatriya was known for his swift, aggressive nature.

After Demon King Bosun's mockery, he could no longer endure.

"Ah!"

"Infuriating! How infuriating!"

"Bosun, I will kill you!" Kshatriya readied to fight.

Seeing Kshatriya about to strike, a monk beside him quickly stopped him, whispering, "Junior brother, don't be reckless!"

The monk who restrained Kshatriya was Brahma, the Buddha's chief disciple.

As the top disciple, Brahma still held a broader perspective.

Their mission remained incomplete, and internal conflict would only bring shame.

Moreover, any failure due to their infighting would leave them unable to account to their master, the Buddha.

"Bosun!"

"It's my junior brother who made a blunder, and we'll make amends."

"It's merely a Golden-Winged Roc; I have my means to take its life."

"Rather than entangle with us here, think of how we will hunt those Tier Two strongholds later."
Brahma's tone was also displeased.

Over a minor slip, Bosun's domineering stance angered Brahma as well.

In all matters, there's a point where it is best to stop.

Foul-ups would leave the four disciples unable to face the Buddha.

Similarly, the Four Great Demon Kings couldn't report to the Demon Lord.

Thus, Demon King Bosun couldn't relentlessly ensnare them in this matter.

"Enough!"

"Let this issue rest as it is; let's focus on our own tasks. Just make sure you don't mess up again!" Demon King Bosun finished, then departed with the other three Demon Kings.

The eight of them certainly couldn't see eye to eye, and it was only out of respect for the Demon Lord and the Buddha that they didn't end up fighting.

Once Demon King Bosun and the others had left, Kshatriya indignantly said, "I say we should take them out first and handle this ourselves!"

No sooner had Kshatriya spoken, Brahma curtly responded, "If you thought things through before acting, the mere Golden-Winged Roc certainly wouldn't have escaped!"

"Take them out? Do you even have the ability to defeat them?"

After Brahma's scolding, Kshatriya indeed had no retort.

They had fought with Bosun and the Four Great Demon Kings countless times.

Each battle ended in a stalemate.

Either side achieving victory was impossible.

Take them out?

If they had truly possessed the strength to eliminate the Four Great Demon Kings, they would have done so by now.

Dismayed by Demon King Bosun's taunts, Kshatriya felt defiant.

But against the reprimand from his senior brother, Kshatriya dared not say more.

In a short while, Kshatriya had no choice but to yield, bowing to his senior brother, expressing, "Today, I must thank you, senior brother, for resolving the situation for me."

"Otherwise, I would have lost all face today."

Having expressed gratitude to Brahma, Kshatriya immediately inquired, "So, senior brother, you mentioned a method to eliminate that Golden-Winged Roc. What is it?"

As soon as Kshatriya's words ended, Brahma stretched out his hand, revealing seven pitch-black embroidered needles.

"This item is a treasure I fortuitously obtained."

"This artifact has been kept unused for many years, but today it might finally serve its purpose."

Upon Brahma's words, his three junior brothers exchanged puzzled looks.

Their family's treasures, regardless of the effects, invariably had a sense of righteousness.

The artifact Brahma produced gave off an eerie aura, not seeming like something from their heritage.

"Senior brother, what is this thing?" Kshatriya asked, puzzled.

Brahma calmly explained, "This is the Life-Stealing Soul-Chasing Needle, capable of retrieving an enemy's head across endless space."

"It might even transcend time to take lives."

Hearing Brahma's explanation, the artifact indeed seemed formidable.

Time holds supremacy among all attributes, while space is sovereign.

If this artifact can transcend time and space to claim lives, undoubtedly, it's a causality-based treasure.

Realizing this, Kshatriya eagerly asked, "Senior brother, how does one use this?"

Brahma glanced at the inquisitive Kshatriya and replied, "No time for explanations now; let's first use this to claim the Golden-Winged Roc's life."

"You protect me while I employ it, doing what I tell you to do."

"Understood!"

"Understood!"

"Understood!" Brahma's three junior brothers instantly agreed.

Just after they had spoken, Brahma addressed Kshatriya again, "Hand me the Golden Feathers you brought."

The Golden Feathers Kshatriya had were ones shed by the Golden-Winged Roc during his ambush attempt.

Others would return with the souls of their targets as proof, but he had returned with a bunch of feathers instead.

Chapter 588: Causality-Type Magical Treasures

These seven pitch-black embroidery needles are magic artifacts of causality.

And to wield causality magic artifacts, a medium is required.

The feathers brought back by Kshatriya are the medium for these magic artifacts.

Even though some time has passed since the Golden-Winged Roc fled,

and it is very likely that the Golden-Winged Roc has already leaked their information.

But Brahma still wants the Golden-Winged Roc dead.

If the Golden-Winged Roc does not die, where is their dignity as disciples of the Buddha?

Do they really want Demon King Bosun to look down on them?

Brahma reached out, and a ball of scorching golden flame appeared in his hand.

The golden flame burned the golden feathers, turning them into ashes.

The ashes formed from the golden feathers were like a handful of golden soil.

"Pinch it!"

"Pinch it into the shape of the Golden-Winged Roc!" Brahma instructed Kshatriya.

Although Kshatriya was a bit puzzled, he still complied with his senior brother's words.

He tentatively pinched the ashes into a figurine of the Golden-Winged Roc.

At this level of cultivation, the mind can easily manifest intentions.

Such a task as molding clay figures is quite effortless for them.

Kshatriya handed over the clay figurine of the Golden-Winged Roc, saying, "Senior brother, the Golden-Winged Roc looks like this."

Brahma nodded, took the clay figurine, and began inscribing secret spells on it.

These secret spells densely covered the entire figurine of the Golden-Winged Roc, resembling tadpoles.

After inscribing the secret spells on the figurine, Brahma took out the seven pitch-black embroidery needles.

Now, every stick of incense, a needle must be inserted into the figurine.

In the time of seven sticks of incense, after all seven needles are inserted, the Golden-Winged Roc will immediately perish.

"This is a causality-related treasure, killing through causality must lead to backlash."

"Let us four each take a turn inserting the needles. I, the second, and the third will each insert two needles, and the fourth will insert one."

"This way, we distribute the causality equally, and it will not affect our cultivation," proposed Brahma.

The strength of the four of them far exceeds the Golden-Winged Roc.

Even if Brahma did it all himself, and killed the Golden-Winged Roc, he would at most be severely injured.

However, they have tasks ahead, and if Brahma were to be severely injured now, it would surely affect them.

Therefore, distributing the causality is the best choice.

No one disagreed with Brahma's suggestion.

They are four great disciples of the Buddha, they are senior and junior brothers.

If this task is not handled well, they would all be shamed together.

But Kshatriya felt a bit embarrassed for causing trouble and relying on others to clean up his mess.

"Agreed!"

"Agreed!"

"Agreed!" The three others unanimously agreed.

As his junior brothers agreed, Brahma was the first to pick up a pitch-black embroidery needle and was about to insert it into the clay figurine of the Golden-Winged Roc.

However, just as the needle was about to pierce the figurine,

Brahma suddenly withdrew the needle without inserting it.

The other three looked at each other in confusion.

"Senior brother, what's wrong?" Kshatriya asked.

Brahma said, "I think it would be better to take this opportunity to lure more people and ambush them."

"When using this treasure, I will deliberately reveal some energy. With luck, it can lure others closer."

Upon hearing Brahma's words, the three junior brothers suddenly brightened up.

They thought this is a great plan!

This way, not only can they clean up the mess, but also ambush more Tier Two experts.

Brahma was indeed brilliant, no wonder he was the senior brother.

"Let's do it this way!" Kshatriya said excitedly.

Brahma said, "To lure people, we are not in a hurry. We need to first find a suitable place for an ambush."

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Elsewhere, after Demon King Bosun and the Four Great Demon Kings left, they prepared to continue ambushing other Tier Two Peak powerhouses.

However, after receiving a warning from Elder Bai, these Tier Two Peak powerhouses grouped into threes and fives.

Moreover, they kept in contact with one another, leaving no chance for a surprise attack.

Of course, given Demon King Bosun and his group's strength, they could fight head-on and kill some Tier Two Peak powerhouses.

However, fighting head-on would mean exposing themselves completely.

If they succeeded in one deal, future deals would be hard to come by.

Most importantly, if they were surrounded, it would be difficult to escape.

After all, two fists cannot fight against four hands, a fierce tiger cannot withstand a pack of wolves.

Since Demon King Bosun and his group couldn't find a suitable chance to strike, they had to lie low for a while.

Meanwhile, on the other side, all Tier Two Peak powerhouses of the Anti-Buddha Alliance gathered at Elder Bai's Dojo.

Once all allies arrived, the first thing Elder Bai did was take an account.

Elder Bai had to check who had come and who hadn't.

Those who had not yet arrived at this time had probably been assassinated.

The audit gave Elder Bai quite a shock.

Among the Anti-Buddha Alliance, a total of seven Tier Two Peak powerhouses had not come.

Except for the escaped Golden-Winged Roc, the others had been poisoned.

"Those outsiders, such ruthless hearts!"

"It seems they have colluded with the Buddha!"

"Sigh! Who knows how many outsiders have acted!"

"Do we still have any way out?"

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Lamentation echoed in the grand hall, everyone was downcast, showing no spirit at all.

In truth, one could hardly blame them.

A total of seven Tier Two Peak experts had died silently.

This was truly terrifying!

Today, it was those seven who died; tomorrow, it could be them.

At this moment, Peacock Great Ming King's voice rang out: "There should be a power gap among the outsiders."

"The outsiders whom the Golden-Winged Roc encountered should be far inferior to the one I encountered last time."

"If they encountered the one I met, the Golden-Winged Roc would not have had a chance to escape."

The last time, the outsider whom Peacock Great Ming King encountered had trapped him with merely an earthen bowl.

Peacock Great Ming King was far more powerful than the Golden-Winged Roc, and could easily trap Peacock Great Ming King; killing the Golden-Winged Roc would be like crushing an ant.

Lin Yuan's gaze turned steely, his voice solemn: "Find them!"

"Then, Peacock Great Ming King and I will eliminate them."

Currently, within the Anti-Buddha Alliance, in terms of combat power alone, Lin Yuan and Peacock Great Ming King were the strongest.

If the two of them took action together, they should be confident of success.

Chapter 589: Nearly Unsolvable Causality Magical Treasures

These Outer World people, suddenly attacked the members of the Anti-Buddha Alliance.

This almost certainly means they have already teamed up with the World Honored.

Since they have already teamed up with the World Honored, then they are Lin Yuan's enemies.

Towards enemies, Lin Yuan is never merciful.

Ever since the Peacock Great Ming King mentioned his encounter with the Outer World people, these Tier Two Peak powerhouses in the Anti-Buddha Alliance subconsciously believed these Outer World people were very powerful.

Their thoughts about these Outer World people were also to avoid them if possible.

Lin Yuan's proposal to proactively eliminate these Outer World people indeed surprised everyone.

It's undeniable, Lin Yuan's idea is very aggressive.

Although the idea was aggressive, Lin Yuan's proposal was not without reason.

These Outer World people, since they have already aligned with the World Honored, must be dealt with quickly.

Otherwise, during the final battle with the World Honored, the reappearance of these Outer World people would still be a problem.

Since it's an uncontrollable problem, naturally resolving it as early as possible is best.

When Lin Yuan finished speaking, the scene fell into silence.

Elder Bai, Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder, and others did not speak up proactively.

Compared to Lin Yuan, they are relatively conservative.

"Okay!"

"I think Lin Yuan's idea makes sense."

"Solving these troubles early allows us to focus on our battle with the World Honored!" Peacock Great Ming King agreed with Lin Yuan's proposal.

Peacock Great Ming King, like Lin Yuan, also has aggressive ideas.

Of course, their aggressive ideas are supported by considerable strength.

Lin Yuan proposed, Peacock Great Ming King agreed, so the opinions of others are no longer important.

Because, ultimately, it's still Lin Yuan and Peacock Great Ming King who will execute it.

Elder Bai knows that once Lin Yuan and Peacock Great Ming King have agreed, the decision is practically set.

However, out of concern, Elder Bai still asked: "You two, can you manage?"

Elder Bai worries about the strength of the Outer World people being too strong, and if Lin Yuan and Peacock Great Ming King get entangled, the whole plan could be jeopardized.

Peacock Great Ming King thought for a moment and said to the dean: "Since the Golden-Winged Roc was able to escape alive, it indicates that the Outer World people this time aren't too strong."

"At the very least, if I were to ambush the Golden-Winged Roc, he absolutely wouldn't have a chance."

Peacock Great Ming King compared himself to the ambusher Kshatriya and felt his own strength should be superior.

As for Lin Yuan, Peacock Great Ming King already finds it hard to gauge Lin Yuan's strength, in his perspective, Lin Yuan's strength is likely not weaker than his own.

Upon hearing this, the Golden-Winged Roc's face flushed, thinking, "At least give me some face in front of everyone!"

The way you say it makes me seem really weak.

"Ahem!" The Golden-Winged Roc coughed softly, weakly reminding: "I'm not weak, it's because that bastard is strong, and it was also an ambush."

"If it wasn't an ambush, I should be able to hold... hold out for quite a while."

The Golden-Winged Roc is still stubborn, and as for the "long" time he could resist, it's unknown.

Elder Bai looked at Lin Yuan, meaning: How about you? Can you handle the Outer World people one-on-one?

Lin Yuan understood, and said to Elder Bai: "Same here, if I were to ambush, the Golden-Winged Roc would definitely not escape."

"Since now the Outer World person let the Golden-Winged Roc escape, it shows he's definitely weaker than Peacock Great Ming King and me."

"You two are crossing the line!"

"Can you stop comparing to me, give me some face, please!" said the Golden-Winged Roc, not in the best mood.

Just as the Golden-Winged Roc finished speaking, he suddenly spat blood with a "huff".

Peacock Great Ming King: "????"

Lin Yuan: "????"

Everyone present: "????"

The sudden bleeding of the Golden-Winged Roc startled everyone.

What happened just now? Why did he suddenly spit blood?

Could it be, he was angered by Lin Yuan and Peacock Great Ming King?

"Don't worry, don't worry!"

"At your age, how can your temper be so small?" Black Bear Spirit comforted.

Golden-Winged Roc: "????"

The corners of the Golden-Winged Roc's mouth still seeped blood. He endured the pain, gave Black Bear Spirit a glance, and said in a bad mood: "Go, fool."

"Trouble, I seem to have been tricked."

Hearing this, everyone present instantly changed their expression.

The Golden-Winged Roc was tricked, it doesn't take much to know it must be those Outer World people behind it.

Elder Bai quickly went forward to help inspect the Golden-Winged Roc's body.

Although Elder Bai's combat strength is not as high as Peacock Great Ming King and Lin Yuan, he has lived long and seen much.

Such matters are Elder Bai's expertise.

After a round of checking, Elder Bai roughly understood the situation.

"It's a Cause and Effect Treasure."

"However, using it once only severely injures the Golden-Winged Roc, not taking his life," Elder Bai muttered in confusion.

Having already made a move, why not directly take the Golden-Winged Roc's life? What's the point of severely injuring him then?

Elder Bai observed some clues from the Golden-Winged Roc. Similarly, Lin Yuan also saw the clues.

"This Cause and Effect Treasure might still have a second and even third attack!"

"Since they've already made a move, they absolutely won't let the Golden-Winged Roc live," Lin Yuan supplemented.

Upon hearing Lin Yuan's words, the Golden-Winged Roc's face sank, he gritted his teeth and said:
"Damn! I'm truly unlucky!"

"I'm not afraid of dying, but at least let me die honorably on the battlefield!"

"Just being killed like this, I feel frustrated!"

Upon hearing the Golden-Winged Roc's words, everyone collectively turned their attention to Elder Bai.

"Elder Bai, save him quickly?" Black Bear Spirit urged, scratching his head.

Elder Bai's expression was somber, he sighed, and said: "Ah!"

"Cause and Effect Treasures aren't easy to break, I can't figure it out in a short time."

Elder Bai can discern the Outer World people using the Cause and Effect Treasure against the Golden-Winged Roc, but it doesn't necessarily mean he can break this type of tool.

With Elder Bai unable, everyone turned their gaze to Peacock Great Ming King.

Hoping Peacock Great Ming King could save the Golden-Winged Roc.

Peacock Great Ming King shook his head, saying: "I only excel at combat. As for such strange secret techniques, I don't know much."

Now, with both Elder Bai and Peacock Great Ming King having no solutions, it practically means the Golden-Winged Roc has been sentenced to death.

Chapter 590: Mirror of Evil, Revealing Karmic Cause and Effect

"Then let me die!"

"Lose my head, I'll just have a bowl-sized scar!"

"If you all manage to defeat the World Honored, come let me know at my grave—I'll have a good laugh about it!" the Golden-Winged Roc said to everyone.

At this moment, the Golden-Winged Roc had come to terms with it.

The other eight attacked together were all dead—only he had survived until now.

He'd already profited by living longer than the others.

And now, in order to kill him, these Outer World People had even resorted to Cause and Effect Treasures.

Since there was no way to escape the fate of death, then so be it—he'd just die!

Everyone looked at each other in helplessness, none able to help the Golden-Winged Roc, making the atmosphere extremely heavy.

There was nothing they could do.

Faced with these Outer World People's tactics, everyone felt a deep sense of helplessness.

Now it was the Golden-Winged Roc waiting for death—would the next to wait for death be one of them?

"I have an idea!"

Just as everyone was in despair, Lin Yuan spoke up.

"What?"

"You have a way to break a Cause and Effect Treasure?" Elder Bai asked in surprise.

Lin Yuan's strength was undeniable—even Elder Bai acknowledged that.

However, breaking a Cause and Effect Treasure was not just about strength.

This kind of Qimen Technique required very deep knowledge.

Lin Yuan shook his head honestly. "No, I don't know the method to break it."

Elder Bai: "????"

Everyone: "????"

When Lin Yuan said he had an idea, the Golden-Winged Roc felt a jolt of hope.

After all, who wants to die if they can live!

But when Lin Yuan said he didn't know how to break it, the Golden-Winged Roc's heart sank again.

In just a short time, the Golden-Winged Roc's mood had been like a roller coaster.

"I'm already about to die, can you not mess with me!" the Golden-Winged Roc said dejectedly to Lin Yuan.

But Lin Yuan really wasn't joking—he did have an idea.

It's just that his idea wasn't to break a Cause and Effect item.

With Cause and Effect Treasures, even someone like Elder Bai, who'd lived for countless years, couldn't break it. Lin Yuan was even less likely to manage that.

To be honest, he hadn't even figured out cause and effect himself!

How could he break it?

Besides, Lin Yuan felt that if others cast spells and they were forced to break them, that wasn't a good solution either.

That would mean getting led around by the nose.

"My plan is simple and direct!"

"We can't break the Cause and Effect Treasure, true. But—we can kill the caster!"

"Once the caster is dead, isn't the matter resolved?" Lin Yuan said to the group.

At Lin Yuan's words, everyone's eyes lit up.

That's right!

If you can't solve the problem, solve the person who caused it.

In the end, the result is the same.

"How do we find the caster's location?" the Peacock Great Ming King asked.

As soon as he finished, Lin Yuan said, "I have a way."

Lin Yuan couldn't break a Cause and Effect Treasure, but finding the caster—he could do that.

At this moment, Lin Yuan's soul already bore the imprint of the entire Underworld system—all the Yin Spirits, buildings, and so forth.

In the palace of King Qin Guang, one of the Ten Yama Kings, stood a tall Stone Mirror.

This Stone Mirror hung to the east, inscribed with the words, "No good man before the Mirror of Evil."

This Stone Mirror was the Mirror of Evil—also called the Karma Mirror.

This Karma Mirror had little combat power, but it specialized in illuminating cause and effect.

If you stand before the Mirror of Evil, any cause and effect entangled with you can be traced to its source.

Lin Yuan planned to shine the Karma Mirror to see where the cause and effect originated.

With this thought, Lin Yuan activated the Tattoo Power on his soul and summoned the Karma Mirror.

Once the Karma Mirror appeared, Lin Yuan had the Golden-Winged Roc stand in front of it.

At this moment, nothing appeared on the Karma Mirror's surface.

It seemed they'd have to wait.

They would have to wait until the Outer World People cast their spell a second time, then they could trace the cause and effect to find their location.

"Don't move in front of the mirror. As soon as they use that Cause and Effect item, this mirror will reveal their location."

"It's up to your luck; as long as this second spell doesn't take your life, after that, it's our turn to take theirs!" Lin Yuan said, cheering on the Golden-Winged Roc.

After waiting a bit longer—about the time it took for an incense stick to burn since the Golden-Winged Roc first spat blood—

"Pfft!"

The Golden-Winged Roc spat out blood a second time. As the fresh blood stained the Karma Mirror, an image appeared on its surface.

In the image, four figures appeared—none other than Buddha's four great disciples.

"Four of them!"

"Their strength is formidable, all much stronger than me," Elder Bai said in a low voice.

After speaking, Elder Bai looked to Lin Yuan and asked, "What's the plan?"

The Peacock Great Ming King nearby said, "Shall I take people and go?"

Lin Yuan shook his head. "I'll go!" he said.

"Once they sense us approaching, they may run."

"I can control the Karma Mirror—keep tabs on them at all times. They can't get away."

Lin Yuan and the Peacock Great Ming King were both top-tier powers; individually, they were stronger than these four Outer World People.

Since Lin Yuan was in charge of pursuit, that left the Peacock Great Ming King to cover defense.

Lin Yuan gave a rough assessment of both sides' power and calculated how many he'd need to bring along.

"Elder Bai, Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder, you'll come with me. Also, I need..." Lin Yuan began calling names.

Besides the Qingqiu Mountain Grand Elder and Elder Bai, Lin Yuan named seven or eight other Tier Two Peak Powerhouses.

With so many people, plus himself, it should be enough to deal with the four Outer World People.

The Black Bear Spirit was left behind by Lin Yuan to look after the Golden-Winged Roc; his combat power wasn't high among the group, and he moved rather slowly.

His only strength was his defense—just right for standing guard.

The other Tier Two Peak Experts summoned by Lin Yuan had no complaints; when the sky falls, the tallest takes the brunt. With Lin Yuan leading the charge, he would be at the forefront in battle.

"Fellow Daoist Kong, I'll leave this place to you!" Elder Bai cupped his hands in farewell to Kong Xuan.

Soon after, Lin Yuan took the group and followed the Karma Mirror's guidance towards Buddha's four great disciples' location.

Right now, Buddha's four great disciples were completely off guard.

They harbored murder in their hearts for the Golden-Winged Roc.

They had to kill the Golden-Winged Roc, clean up Kshatriya's mess, and shut Demon King Bosun's mouth.

Their original plan was, after inserting six needles, to deliberately show a flaw on the seventh prick.

That way, not only would they kill the Golden-Winged Roc, but they would also draw out the other Tier Two Peak Powerhouses.

They intended to kill two birds with one stone.

They never expected that, before they could set up their own trap, Lin Yuan had already found their flaw.